

IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING US?

This is a vital clue in answering one of the most absorbing questions yet posed . . .



. . . it is a picture of a "flying saucer" taken by William Rhodes, of Arizona, in 1947.

● Today, The Argus presents exclusively the first part of one of the most remarkable scientific documents ever published — the report by noted science investigator, Gerald Heard, on "Flying Saucers." After months of inquiry, he tells of . . .

DISCS THAT FLY

BY GERALD HEARD

AT 1000 M.P.H.

THIS report covers just over three years — from midsummer, 1947, to autumn, 1950.

It is clear now, beyond any reasonable doubt, that something has been continually haunting the upper skies.

Further . . . what has been seen is some sort of super flying machine. But

some are clearly not "planes" in any exact sense of the word.

The problem then arises: Who controls them; whence do they come.

Considering the craft and their performance, what can we learn about them, their possible crews, their possible home base?

Considering the way they have behaved toward us, can we make any suppositions as to

the kind of mind that is behind these quick-flashing, enigmatic masks?

That is what this report has attempted to do.

On Tuesday, June 24, 1947 Kenneth Arnold

1947, Kenneth Arnold, aged 32, a successful business man, was flying his own plane. He flies a lot, and lives at Boise, Idaho.

He was returning there from Chehalis, Washington. But he made a detour. For pilots had been asked when flying in that district to keep a look-out. A large air-transport carrying troops was believed to have crashed near Mount Rainier.

Arnold rose to nearly 10,000 feet and skirted the huge platform from which the peak itself rises.

The weather was so good that he could give all his attention to the view. Then a flash caught his eye.

Nine objects were flying like a line of geese, swerving in perfect formation in and out of the peaks. Arnold thought they must be 20 miles from him.

For two minutes he watched them, timing himself by his cockpit clock. He estimated their speed by the rate at which they passed the snow

they passed the snow peaks he knew.

The speed was about 1,000 miles an hour. But it was the shape that stumped him. They were unlike any plane he knew. They were discs—saucers.

Arnold talked about what he'd seen as soon as he was down. Then the story spread. A reporter in Boise believed he saw discs in the sky. So did Johnson, news editor of

the "Daily Statesman" of the town.

A United Air Lines plane going out of Boise also, in July, reported seeing the saucers.

Soon similar reports came from all over the West. The "Arizona Republic," a paper which publishes in Phoenix, reproduced photographs taken by a Mr. Rhodes, of Phoenix.

They showed a thing more like a black rubber heel with a small hole in the middle of it than a saucer.

It was certainly some

It was certainly some sort of flying plane with the back of the heel acting as the prow.

THE disc reported as having been seen by the United Air Lines pilot flying from Boise is worth particular attention. For it was seen on the afternoon of July 4.

That day—Independence Day—is, of course, a great one for Americans. At Portland, Oregon, and Seattle numbers of people saw discs flashing about in the sky—competent estimation gave the height as 40,000ft.

Experts who didn't get a look naturally said there was really nothing to see. One of them was the captain of the United Air lines "ship" leaving Boise.

He didn't have to wait long. Close to sunset, right ahead of his plane

right ahead of his plane appeared five "saucers."

The captain and his first officer sent for the plane's hostesses. The three watched the five objects, and after some minutes they saw four more join the original five.

The space circus performed in front of the three observers for about 10 minutes, and then disappeared.

The three reported what they had seen. The U.S. Air Force and the Navy both said they had nothing of that sort on the earth, still less in the sky.

Meanwhile came what we may call the Maury Island mystery. The pilot Arnold—who saw the discs near Mount Rainier—was asked by a club at Boise to address them on the queer topic.

He mentioned a rumor that the harbor patrol staff at the Washington port of Tacoma had not only "seen things." They had fragments of something dropped from the sky.

sky.

IT was suggested to Arnold that he ought to follow up this clue, and he agreed.

Arriving at Tacoma, he rang up Dahl, one of the harbor patrol staff, who told his tale.

Maury Island is a small, uninhabited place out three miles from Tacoma port. The patrol boat was close to the island's shore.

Dahl had two crew men and his son with him. It was close on 2 p.m., June 21.

Dahl, at the wheel, suddenly noticed (this suddenness of the appearance is one of the odd but consistent features of these visits) half a dozen large discs directly above the boat some 2,000ft. (they judged) up in the air.

They first seemed to hang motionless. Then five could be seen to be moving

could be seen to be moving slowly round one in the centre. That was moving, too. But it was settling down, sinking toward the sea till it was judged to be no more than 500ft. above the water.

There it paused. The monsters made not a whisper, seemed to be about 100ft. across, and each had a large hollow axis. They shone in the sun.

The crew — not un-

**PART 1 OF THE REMARKABLE REPORT BY
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naturally—were frightened and turned their boat to the beach.

Next came a boom and the disc nearest the water suddenly let fall first a light-colored and then a dark metal. The fragments on touching the water raised steam.

The disc, so lightened, rose again. And the whole six went off out to sea.

This exit out over the Pacific seems incidentally.

Pacific seems, incidentally, a favorite closing line of their performances when on the U.S. West coast. It raises the question whether they have no fear of the sea and regard it rather as a safe hideout from human attention.

An oil tanker, the Ticonderoga, for instance, on November 12, 1947, reported when 25 miles off the Oregon coast that two discs were sighted rush-

discs were sighted rushing along going out to sea, headed south - west — south-west that leads to the earth's greatest space of empty water.

Dahl gave his superior officer, Crisman, fragments of the metal which he claimed had fallen from the sky.

Crisman showed Arnold the metal. Arnold was disappointed. He felt it was only lava rock.

Continuing his investigations, Arnold brought to Tacoma Captain E. J. Smith, the skipper of the airliner from Boise who had seen nine discs.

And military Intelligence sent up in a bomber from Hamilton Field, the air centre near San Francisco, Lieutenant Brown and Captain Davidson.

The slag fragments were

shown to them. Brown and Davidson did not seem impressed. When they took off to fly back to Hamilton Field they took a fair-sized cardboard box of the stuff with them.

On the way their plane crashed and both were killed.

The crashing had a number of odd features about it. Why did two other occupants, enlisted men, get safely out in parachutes 11 minutes before the plane itself crashed; and why, considering the time the pilots had between the engine catching fire and the plane crashing, was the plane—itsself not on fire—not slowed down to lessen the crash?

Captain Smith next got in touch with a Major Sanders, of Air Intelligence. The major heard Arnold's story. "The metal's just slag," he said, "and the story is a hoax."

That became the Defence Force's official answer to all reports for some time.

But very soon it became clear that the various official sources of air information were not uninterested in the question

interested in the question whether they alone had the sky as their patrolling ground.

SAUCER reports came rapidly from 40 of the 48 States.

Idaho had a disc that swooped so low at Twin Falls that the tree tops bowed to it.

In the Cascade Mountains in Oregon a prospector saw five or six discs flashing in the sun. He was able to range his telescope on them while they played aloft for 50 seconds.

What made his view doubly important was the fact that he was wearing a compass. Glancing at it, he saw the needle in great agitation.

This is a small thing, but throughout we shall be coming across hints that the powering of the discs may be a form of energy of which today we have only

which today we have only the faintest speculative notion—in other words, they may be run by some type of magnetic power and so resist the pull of gravity.

To the fact that discs had been seen so frequently in the sun came now evidence of their presence at night.

The oddest thing about them so far, was, of course, not their

shape, nor even their speed. There could be a disc plane—a giant quoit is a shape for which plane designers believe there's something to be said—in the future.

Their speed, so far, seemed to be about 1,000 miles an hour—high, right over that Speed of Sound (up above the 700 miles an hour level) which so many theorist experts said we'd never pass—till it leaked out we had in the autumn of Disc Year 1947.

But the oddest fact about the saucer was not something it had, but the thing it didn't have—the ordinary plane's torrent of "give-away" sound.

The discs were dumb.

The thing tore its way through the atmosphere as

through the atmosphere as silently as a beam of search-light.

Typical was a big flight viewed in the stillness of the late evening in Louisiana. In perfect silence and yet at headlong speed across the sky ran scores of such objects, and they were luminous.

To their eerie silence was now added an eerie hue. At

we come upon a new mystery—a completely different pattern from that of the discs—unknown

headlong through the night emitting lights as strange as their strange shape.

Up till now we have had to depend largely on the evidence of people on the ground caught suddenly by surprise, or men in planes large distances away.

What was most needed was observation made by trained fliers abreast of their quarry and really close to it. All this was now to be granted.

Captain C. S. Chiles, with his first officer, J. B. Whitted, was flying an Eastern Lines passenger plane up from Houston, Texas, on July 23, 1948.

At 2.45 a.m. there was a good moon coming through some broken cloud. On to this well-lit, quiet scene suddenly a brilliant super-giant torpedo dashed toward the plane.

MONSTER SUPER-GIANT TORPEDO
dashed toward the plane.

Both the officers saw it. It was coming straight down the air traffic lane they were on, but a bit above them.

Then it suddenly swooped down. Captain Chiles swung his plane violently to the left. Fortunately the monster veered as sharply, too, to the right, and they rushed past each other.

The monster flew past only some 700ft. away. It was close enough for the pilots to see that it had no wings!

About 100ft. long, this cigar-shaped body was sinister enough. But its lighting seemed even more baleful.

It had a fore-cabin or look-out port. So it was evidently a "manned" or inhabited object — or, to be still more cautious, let us say it seemed to need to see.

But the light that came from

the cabin surely would make anyone inside incapable of seeing anything outside even in the daylight, let alone at night. For this fore-port glared as though someone was burning magnesium flares inside.

Nor was that all. Right along the side of the monster, all down its length, ran a vivid purplish band of glowing light.

Thirdly, to complete its uncanny illuminations, there

canny illuminations, there spouted from the back of the hull an orange flame, which, as it fanned out, spreading in a tail, turned into a more delicate yellow.

This fan of flame was half as long again as the 100ft. craft that spouted it.

A LIFELIKE if not a human touch was given by two rows of windows. But in the moment that they flashed by the two pilots did not see any faces pressed against the panes.

Clearly some guiding intelligence, and one wishful to avoid disaster, was in control of this great shaft of speeding force.

His way of doing so nevertheless was alarming. The black whale suddenly doubled its awful fantail of flame. This gave the craft a kick as though fired from a gun. It shot up like an arrow and plunged into the clouds.

Its leap caused a violent "wash," rocking the plane considerably.

Captain Chiles went into the passenger part of his ship to find out if anyone else saw what they had seen.

what they had seen.

It was the dead-hour of the night. But one passenger, a Mr. McKelvie, did see the light rush past close to them. And he did note that it was a light unlike any light he had seen.

Tracking the story—it was found that about 2 o'clock that morning air observers at the flying field of Macon, in Georgia, had seen rushing overhead a long, dark, wingless tube, with a huge flame spurting from its stern.

The Navy authorities suggested as their contribution to the discussion "What in heaven's name was that?" — Well, it might be one of the super-rockets being experimented with in New Mexico.

But surely even the most self-guided missile could hardly prove as obligingly considerate, and willing and able to yield right of way as this super-torpedo showed itself to be?

D ID any other report come to hand of this "new" type of unknown flier—a non-disc. The answer is "Yes."

A big wingless shaft of a thing like a log in a stream plunged across the traffic lane at Bethel, Alabama, and was pursued by two airmen working for a

two airmen working for a local flying service. But this one seemed to have no glow and no wake.

The two airmen tried to follow it, but it outpaced them.

That was in August, 1947. To start 1948 well, on January 1 a "ship" of the same cut showed up over Mississippi.

Again a couple of fliers tried to follow. But just by doubling its pace almost at a bound, as usual, it got away. People on the ground saw it, too.

At this point we get a confirming report from far outside the United States—from Holland.

A few days before Captain Chiles and his colleagues had their experience, a wingless skycharger, straight as a pole, but showing lines of windows or ports, had rushed across the Netherlands very fast, very high.

Now, we may ask, "Surely someone could grapple with this kind of trespasser?"

It is precisely because someone did try to grapple with one of these "things" it is precisely because the "thing" was still odder, more monstrous than the other two so far sighted, that tragedy for the first time stepped into the story.

What had been odd became sinister and grim.