

MET A FLYING SAUCER PILOT

This is the most amazing story of our time. It happened in the Californian desert at about 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 30th November, 1952,

to George Adamski, of Mt. Palomar.

He had been a sky-watcher with telescopes, and had actually photographed, he claims, flying saucers and cigar-shaped space-craft. Four others who had seen saucers and become interested in his disclosures got into touch with him; and with them, his secretary and a Mrs. Alice Wells he motored to a point 10.2 miles from Desert Center towards Parker, Arizona, a likely place for flying saucer observation.

First, an ordinary 'plane flew over. Then, towards a mountain ridge near by, they suddenly saw a gigantic cigar-shaped silver ship, without wings or appendages, flying silently. It seemed to stop, hover.

"Someone take me down the road—quick!" Adamski exclaimed, thrilled with excitement. "That ship has come looking for me and I don't want to keep them waiting!"

As the car moved along the strange ship moved with it. Half a mile or so off the road Adamski took his telescope, two cameras and film-holders, sent the car back, and decided to investigate alone.

Instantly the ship vanished over the mountain crest as a number of U.S. 'planes roared overhead in an apparent effort to circle the gigantic stranger. Then Adamski's attention was attracted by a flash in the sky, and a beautiful little craft settled silently in a cove between two peaks about half a mile off, resting partly on the crest.

He took photographs of it, and suddenly saw a man standing at the entrance to a ravine about a quarter of

trance to a ravine about a quarter of a mile away, motioning him to go to him. With a strange feeling, Adamski approached. The man was wearing ski-type trousers. His long, sandy hair reached to his shoulders.

FELT LIKE A LITTLE CHILD

Suddenly, Adamski thought: A human from another world! The beauty of his form surpassed anything ever seen. I felt like a little child in the presence of one with great wisdom and much love, and I became very humble within myself," he says.

He extended his hand in greeting. The stranger merely held his, palm to palm, just touching. It was delicate, like a baby's, but firm, warm. The fingers were long, tapering.

He was about 5ft. 6in., weighed about 135lbs., looked about twenty-eight, was possibly much older. The face was round, with very high forehead, large grey-green eyes slightly aslant at the corners, high cheek-bones. His suit, of woven material, was in one piece. His soft, flexible shoes were ox-blood in colour.

They began to talk—through feelings, signs, telepathy, since they had no common language. Adamski gathered that the other came from Venus. When asked he nodded, repeated "Venus."

He made Adamski understand that their coming was friendly, but they were concerned with radiations from atom-bomb explosions which were affecting outer space and also dangerous to us on Earth. "Boom! Boom!" he exclaimed, to indicate the explosions.

"EYES" OF MOTHER SHIPS

Had he come from Venus in the ship Adamski had photographed? No, but in a larger "Mother" ship carrying the smaller craft. By what power were they operated? This was a difficult technical question, but somehow by signs it emerged that they were

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by signs it emerged that they were operated by the laws of attraction and repulsion. When Adamski said "magnetic," the stranger repeated . . . "magnetic."

He gathered, too, that the little discs so often reported sighted were really the eyes of larger craft—either saucers or mother ships—remotely controlled, not piloted. When we saw a bright flash, with explosion, something had gone wrong with them, they could not be brought back to the ship, so the control had caused a short circuit and blown them up.

Could Adamski take a photograph? He showed no signs of fear, but objected. He indicated that other planets were inhabited by human life, and that their bodies died, like ours, but not their heads, their minds; he had once lived here, on this Earth.

LANGUAGE LIKE CHINESE

As the "talk" drew to a close he kept pointing to his feet, talking in a language that sounded like a mixture of Chinese and some ancient tongue, and Adamski observed that he was making strange, deep prints with his shoes in the ground.

Then they turned and walked side-by-side to the waiting ship, a small, bell-shaped craft, translucent, of exquisite colour, and evidently built of a specially processed metal which made these craft so elusive to our eyes. A shadowy form moved within it.

It hovered, a foot or two above the ground, with its three-ball landing gear half lowered below the covering flange. Gusts of wind caused it to wobble at times, then the sun reflected beautiful prismatic rays from it. The top was domed and capped by a round ball that glowed like a heavy lens. At one of the portholes a beautiful face looked out for a fleeting second.

STARTLING SEQUEL

Before he embarked the visitor

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Before he embarked, the visitor, seeing the negatives of photographs Adamski had taken, indicated he would like one, which he took, and that he would return the holder—how, when, where, was left a mystery. Adamski begged for a ride in the ship. Smiling, the man refused, then vanished inside. Silently the craft rose and moved away.

On December 13th—a startling sequel. The space-craft returned, flying over Adamski's Palmar home . . . dropped to within about 100 feet. A porthole opened slightly, a hand dropped the negative holder to the ground, then waved. Instead of the original photograph was a strange one, with weird symbolical signs, which might have been intended to explain the saucer and its methods of propulsion.

Believe it or not, that is Adamski's amazing story. He cites witnesses: the other six who saw the craft's prismatic reflection in the sun; Mrs. Wells, who watched the interview through binoculars and made a sketch of the space-man. This was reproduced, together with drawings of the shoe-prints after casts had been taken of them, photographs of saucers and space-ships taken previously, and of the plate with the hieroglyphics. What do you think of it all?