

WFO

96



TO GENE

AUTRY?
TIERNEY?
DUPLANTIER?
O'NEIL?
STEINBERG?
LOSH?
PHILLIPS?
MURPHY?
RAYMOND?
TUNNEY?

EDITORIAL

The Editor hopes that you will be receiving this special Publication before Christmas, and if you do, you can consider it a Christmas Card of sorts. By the time we pay for the Printing of this grab bag of Ufological vignettes, there will likely be no money left over for the buying of said greetings.

We don't know how to write an Introduction to this mass of saucer Data, for it is almost totally unorganized and completely un-understandable to the Editor. It is not intended to be a Serious Work, though it may well be that a subconscious seriousness does run through it. I suppose it could be said to be a satire on Ufology in general, and on the people who participate therein.

There is no intent to harm or ridicule anybody (unless, of course we are speaking of the Silence Group, The International Bankers, Negative Forces from Orion, or astrophysicists in general). I suspect that I like and look up to most everybody who has been satirized or burlesqued broadly in this strange book.

Due to the Advanced Thinking and Great Evolvment represented in this volume, it cannot be distributed generally. It has indeed been difficult to decide just whom the book could really be sent to. Off hand, I can think of several thousand people I could NOT send it too. I have followed a kind of system in sending it out, and have addressed it to those rare individuals who, during a thorough perusal of the contents, are very likely to stumble onto the solution to the Flying Saucer Mystery which no doubt lurks within these pages!

There has been no exact rule as to what to include in the book, and that is likely responsible for its lack of organization. We have used the "A Moment With" format to give it the small amount of order which it may possess.

I think that in general the book represents a rather fond look at the Early Days of Saucers, which, sometimes, have a way of stretching forward to yesterday.

When we began compiling the material you will soon read we, at that time, wondered just where we would find enough to fill up a book

of the size we hoped to publish. As it so often happens, though, we today began counting the finished pages and found that the book was completed, unless we added some extra pages. If we began doing that, there might be no end to it, and we wouldn't know where to stop.

The Editor must therefore, with much regret, leave out a great many interesting features.

Such as the lengthy letter from a Washington, D. C., correspondent who offered to appoint both Ray Palmer and myself as Angels, if we would fulfil certain conditions. The writer of the strange letter has been an angel for many years. When he and his wife go walking down town, they carry a special Staff through which they receive communications from other higher angels. Often when they try to cross against a light, or some traffic danger is imminent, the angels shake the Staff violently, to warn our correspondent. The Staff contains a special crystal-like knob on the top, through which higher angels can look out through the world. In other words, the device is something like a television transmitter. The angels take great glee in looking through the staff. What we like about our correspondent, however, is not so much his angelic position, but because he is so kind and liberal-minded that he often permits the Devils, also, to look through the staff, because they get so much pleasure out of it! We think that "Saucerology," in general, also expresses some compassion upon devils, and that is probably the reason so many of us have functioned so long in this field.

Some of the other things we would like to have included:

Some of our early correspondence with George Hunt Williamson; transcript of the Long John Show the night he was Cut Off the Air; George Adamski's Detroit Press Conference; transcripts of James W. Moseley's parties; transcripts of James W. Moseley's kiddie show appearances; self portrait by August C. Roberts; the Church Lights Report by August C. Roberts; Dominick C. Lucchesi's seance transcripts; transcript of a Certain Trial; miscellaneous Tract or Tracts; lengthy material by Richard Ogden; details of James W. Moseley's Only Contact; the Psychic Blood incident at Giant Rock; various "Mulberry Place" writings; the Poetry of Gray Barker; the Project M Weekend, etc.

We cannot, however, resist the appending of some odds and ends which seem to be left over. For example, this odd manuscript, which is by an anonymous Researcher, and is titled "Sidelights On Keyhoe Lecture in NYC," with a dateline of 1955. We think this likely is the report on a lecture given by Keyhoe and sponsored by the Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York:

MC introduced various visiting celebrities, had them stand up. I was sitting with Jim Moseley and the mysterious "Dr. D," the atomic scientist who writes for Jim, and has a Q Clearance.

They introduced me, then Jim. I got big applause, but Jim got decidedly less. His Earth Theory kick is unpopular around NYC. I nudged him and said, "You can see who they like around here!" This sort of upset Jim's graph, I think.

Dr. D. challenged Keyhoe on some point (Dr. D. is for the Earth theory) and Keyhoe started giving his explanation of why he (Dr. D.) was wrong. Suddenly Keyhoe looked closer at the questioner, paused, and said, "Let me ask you, aren't you Dr. D.?"

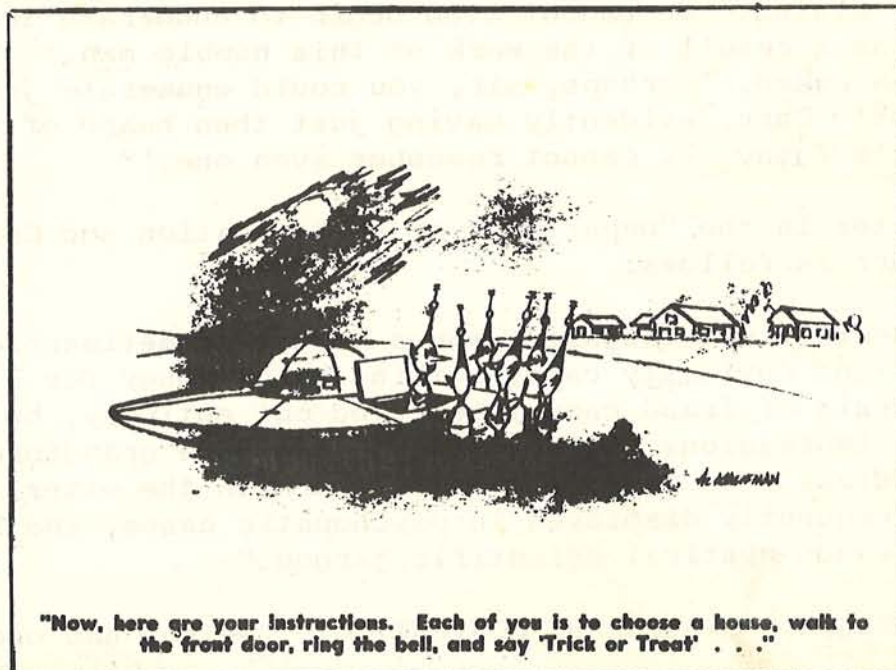
An "Ahhhh" went through the audience as they all turned and looked our way.

Now and then there was a giant thumping of some kind upstairs over the lecture hall. I think we were in an athletic stadium.

"That is the Silence Group," Jim whispered to me, "trying to drown Keyhoe out!"

Keyhoe was talking about how when Mars was in apposition every two years saucer sightings stepped up. Earlier he had said the A.F. accused his book of being responsible for additional sightings. Jim and I got to whispering about how it might be that since Keyhoe's books came out every two years, corresponding to the apposition, it might be the books and not Mars which caused the bi-annual saucer flaps. Somehow, at the time, this seemed to be extraordinarily funny, and we found it hard to keep straight faces.

Keyhoe talked about a spectroscopic analysis of the bridge on the Moon which he is certain was built by saucerians. He said that an analysis showed it to be metallic, when a spectroscope had been used. I wondered, to Jim, if you could make such an analysis of metal not in the burning state, and he wasn't sure.



Some more odds and ends: We ran across a sort of review of an issue of the CSI NEWSLETTER, publication of Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York City. The copy doesn't give the date of the newsletter, but evidently it came out after a rumor had been spreading that CSI had been "hushed up." We'll quote some of the review here:

CSI STILL ACTIVE

Civilian Saucer Intelligence of NY, one of the few dedicated "objective" (meaning anti-contact) groups now remaining, has not been "shut up," according to a lengthy 28-page issue of CSI NEWSLETTER just issued. Although it is dated July 15th, it just came out. In an Editorial, the Research Section states they wish to apologize for the long delay in publication.

"We shall not tax your patience...making elaborate explanations of these delays," the Research Section writes. "Some members are already familiar with the chronic and demoralizing difficulties encountered in trying to operate an organization like C.S.I....."

The current issue has some good sightings, reported objectively, as is usual with CSI, but the best parts of the publication is comprised of various editorial comments -- mainly about the Contactee Camp:

ON THE STRAITH LETTER: "Since the furor has now died down almost entirely we will only add that in our opinion UFOlogy has enough genuine problems with which to wrestle, and needs nothing less than it needs these bogus mysteries and controversies fomented by irresponsible amateur Machiavellis." What the "genuine problems" were, CSI did not state.

ON OTIS T. CARR: "The editors quote a Long John panel show on which OTC appeared with cohort Colton. Nikola Tesla was mentioned whereupon Carr stated: 'We cannot even begin to enumerate the discoveries made as a result of the work of this humble man.' Whereupon Charles Leedham asked, 'Perhaps, sir, you could enumerate just one or two of them?' Carr, evidently having just then heard of Tesla, replied, 'That's funny---I cannot remember even one.'"

A page later in the "Department of Amplification and Correction," CSI sums up Carr as follows:

"Carr himself lives frugally, works hard -- sometimes for 24 hours a day -- and obviously cares nothing about money for himself.The hypothesis of fraud cannot be ruled out entirely, but contrary to first impressions, it seems that the whole grandiose scheme represents a delusion of grandeur, expressed with the utter assurance that is frequently displayed in psychopatic cases, and further supported by pseudo-mystical scientific jargon."

ON BUCK NELSON'S SPACECRAFT CONVENTION: "Nelson had ordered a

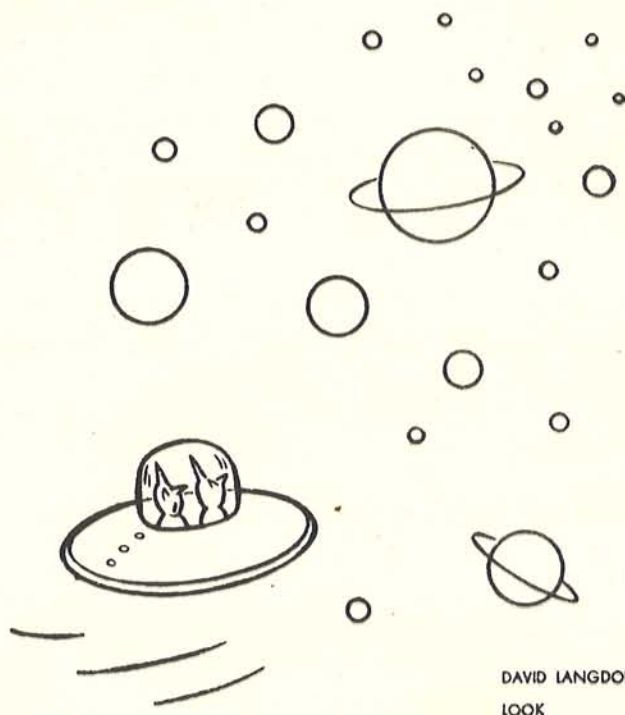
truckload of hotdog buns for 10,000 guests he anticipated. A mere 300 showed up; needless to say, this number included the ubiquitous Maj. Wayne Aho."

ON MENGER'S EAST COAST CONVENTION: "He was at work on a book, FROM OUTER SPACE, to be published by Gray Barker, the former UFO researcher of Clarksburg, West Virginia....Visitors could listen to Otis T. Carr, Andrew Sinatra....and other bizarre and uninhibited personalities....Meanwhile we contemplate with pleasure the possibility that what took place at Lebanon in September, 1958, may prove to be the Last Eastern Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention."

ABOUT "THE THIRD EYE": "Devotees of 'Rampa,' anxious as they may have been to have their third eyes opened, were most unwilling to open their other two."

The editors devoted a page to the CSI ANNIVERSARY MEETING, and among the comments is that "Six reputable books on UFO's were offered for sale at the meeting, and NICAP literature was distributed."

We wonder if these are the same books which are being offered at sacrifice prices on CSI's order blank: FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY; THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, FS AND THE STRAIGHT LINE MYSTERY, REPORT ON UFO by Ruppelt, and THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT.



"The trouble with Venus is, it's so darned suburban."

There is really little more to say, except to warn you that the information contained within just may be the knowledge that will bring the Three Men In Black to your door.

If you notice a blank page any place in this book it may be because we have been discussing YOU on that page or afraid that this certain page will wound your sensibilities.

Be sure to write us a long letter Commenting upon this book.

Sincerely,

Elwood P. Suggins

SUPER HORROR AND SCIENCE-FICTION

Published by NIGHTCAP (The National Integrated, Ghastly, Horrifying Theories Concerning Astral Phenomena)

Vol. 111, No. 10

DECEMBER, 1963

AIR FORCE STEALS CONGRESS PROOF

WHAT WE DO HERE AT NIGHTCAP HQR.

Some members think of NIGHTCAP merely as a saucer magazine office. Others believe that the Fight for Congressional Hearings takes most of our time. Some think we are in it only for the money and point to the fancy home of the Director as an excuse for not donating. To give a more accurate picture, here is a partial list of the work done by our three full-time staff members, one part-time helper, and spies from SAUCER NEWS, who volunteer to work, pretending they are not stealing information. (Twenty-five workers unfortunately had to be dismissed when caught circulating a copy of FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED surreptitiously among our more loyal staff members).

(1) Collecting, rewriting, slanting UFO reports from the U.S. and foreign countries, through extensive correspondence, long distance calls, telegrams, then having all of this given another rewrite by Henry Holt.

(2) Public education. Preparing and delivering lectures, preparing and taking part in numerous radio and television programs; breaking into said programs with Men from Mars call by telephone; planning departures from scripts so that maximum public attention can be obtained when we are Cut Off the Air;

(3) Rejecting contact stories.

(4) Attempts to Secure Hidden Reports.

(5) Hiding in Pentagon restrooms to pick up bits

of scuttlebutt.

(6) Writing threatening letters to the AF

(7) Suing the Seattle NIGHTCAP outfit which is stealing our data and titles.

(8) Other office routines, such as answering angry calls from creditors, dumping wastebaskets, dusting, loafing,

(continued on page 3)

NIGHTCAP REMOVES MORE "CRANK" MEMBERSHIPS

Editor of the Vatican Newspaper, "L'Osservatore Romano" was removed from the membership rolls after the paper published a commentary on the possibility of meeting and talking with men from other planets. The paper attached a religious connotation to saucers.

Also removed from the rolls: W. B. Smith, James Moseby, Richard Keyhoe, Cora Lorenzo, Immanuel Swedenborg, Douglas MacArthur, Hank Edwards, Albert Bendwell, Henry Hoffa, M. Barber, Col. Friend, Ivan San-

(continued on page 2)

NEW A.F. ATTACKS ON NIGHTCAP

Many new attacks were instituted against NIGHTCAP by the Air Force since the last issue.

The Director was accused of being a science fiction writer but it was suggested that his stories were dull.

NIGHTCAP was accused of not cooperating with the Air-

(continued on page 3)

After years of study and research, and after sizeable contributions by certain anonymous members made it possible, NIGHTCAP'S Report To Congress was snatched by a man in Air Force Uniform from the hand of Janitorial Editor Richard Hull as he was returning the document from the postoffice.

Due to the lack of renewals on the part of some members, and our decreasing operational budget, Hull did not have enough money with him to mail the large package and was returning to NIGHTCAP Headquarters to see if the Director would dig into his own pocket as he constantly has done to serve this great cause.

Unfortunately, as a result of this latest action of the Air Force, NIGHTCAP is again in the red, and seeking funds to type up the lengthy report again, and for additional postage so that we will not be again cut short.

The stolen report listed in detail several of the Air (continued on page 4)

MEMBER GETS PROOF SILENCE GROUP EXISTS

A NIGHTCAP member, who wishes to remain anonymous, performed what may be the UFO coup of the year when he sneaked into the actual Silence Group Headquarters and secured proof that it existed.

The Silence Group (Actual location and documentation in our files) was discovered in a boiler factory, which was built to cover up the existence of this secret organization.

Jackie SANDERS

Jacqueline Sanders is a California saucerenthusiast who, in the old days of THE SAUCERIAN, kept editor Gray Barker "up" on the more important goings on in her bailiwick. One of her early articles, "The Van Tassel Saucer Meeting," is hereunder reprinted from the September, 1954, SAUCERIAN.

"Let's go to the Van Tassel Saucer meeting tonight!"

This enthusiastic proposal by my family came as no surprise. We had wanted to go over ever since we had heard that Mr. George Van Tassell, author of I RODE A FLYING SAUCER, communicated with the saucers, by telepathy, every Saturday night.

We are now agreed that, whether or not you BELIEVE in Mr. V. T., attending one of his meetings is a fascinating and an out-of-the-ordinary experience!

The decision made, we scurried around, and scorning thought of motels, threw camping equipment hurriedly into the car. Our destination was Giant Rock Airport, in the desert about 125 miles southeast of Los Angeles, 16 miles north of the 29 Palms Highway from Joshua Tree. It is a CAA approved, public airport operated by V. T. and family.

The population seems to consist of V. T., wife, three grown daughters, one son-in-law, several members of V. T.'s organization, and assorted and sundry goats, cats, dogs and chickens. We arrived in time to see V. T. before the meeting began. He is a vigorous, suntanned man, intelligent and easy to talk with. He is proud of what he terms his "Twenty years experience in the air game," most of it spent as a test flight engineer.

We stood in the crowded little lunch room and talked. He was friendly, and seemed pleased to be asked to describe his experience in boarding the saucer. He told us that his first contact with the saucerpeople was on the brilliant moonlit night of August 24, 1953, at 2:00 A.M. As he walked through the magnetic vortex surrounding the disk he became extremely dizzy and nauseated. This seasick feeling vanished, however, as he entered the saucer. Remove all metal from our person, he warned us, if we ever approach a saucer. If we do not we will be burned by the heat of its melting -- as he had been burned by his flashlight.

The man in the saucer was described as looking like a "young


Ronald Coleman without the mustache." He had no visible hair on his body other than the dark hair on his head. Neither he nor his people had an evil intentions toward us, V. T. said. We learned V. T. has a record of $4\frac{1}{2}$ years' communication with the saucers. He told us they came from some 51 solar systems, and others came from Venus, Mars and the Moon. They hover overhead, but we cannot always see them. They do not use food, or at least food as we know it. The saucers vary in size from two feet to several thousand.

About 8:00 P.M. we went down into the office and lounge -- and I do mean DOWN. A large room has been hollowed out under the Giant Rock. The rock itself is more than 50 feet in diameter and about seven (house) stories high.

The setting and atmosphere was certainly conducive to putting us all in the proper mood for strange goings on!

About 30 or 40 were there, including several children. We sat on divans, chairs, benches, the stairs, and those of us in jeans, on the floor. Many different types and classes of people were present, in all manners of dress.

V. T. welcomed us with a short speech -- with a special welcome to the "government man" he knew was present, and to the saucerman he "suspected" was also present! He asked if there were any questions before proceeding with the meeting. Someone asked, "Have the saucers ever contacted Washington, or landed on an airfield?" He answered that all governments have been contacted, but that he could not make a statement as he was not at liberty to say -- and anyhow, he did not want to go to jail. We were informed that, in order to make contact with the saucers, it was necessary to turn out the lights and go through certain procedures to establish proper level of vibrations and harmony.

The only source of light was a glowing symbol  on the wall to my left, and starlight from a small window just below the ceiling directly in front of me.



"Frankly, I don't recommend it. After reading it I couldn't sleep for three nights!"

We sang many songs, popular and religious, suggested by the audience. V. T.'s daughters sang songs they said had been given them by the saucerpeople. The singing was interspersed with long periods of silence for meditation. Occasionally Mrs. V. T. would break in with a chant, "Peace-----Love-----Harmony-----Breathe deeply----- exhale-----." We exhaled on a long drawn out "Peeee-eeee-ace!"

It was a weird experience, and I for one was in the proper mood. If someone had said "Boo!" I would have gathered my ectoplasm together and zipped out of that hole like a bullet!"

No one knows how closely I came to doing just that. I felt a cold breeze, and skylighted by the window, I could see a little man with a large head moving slowly in front of me! I reached out cautiously, prepared for anything, and discovered one small boy crawling slowly and silently in the direction of his mother!

The preparation for contact seemed to go on interminably before V. T. finally was heard to say, "Yes, we are here. Who am I talking to?"

We listened for several minutes to a one-sided conversation, V.T. sounding as if he were on the receiving end of a telephone. It seemed the method of communication they were using involved an instrument called the "OMNI-BEAM." It had been practically forgotten, having not been used for hundreds of years. It was explained as being similar to our telephone, or TV, in that it projected pictures and voices, but required nothing more than a "brain" as a receiver.

They were having difficulty in adjusting the machine and all we could hear was the voice of V.T.: "NOW who am I talking to? Well, somebody else keeps butting in! CONFOUND IT, YOU KEEP SWITCHING AROUND ON ME! Let's settle on who is to do the talking tonight!"

Suddenly V. T. began speaking in a loud, harsh voice! The "voice" identified itself as "Knut."

"I AM KNUT. I BRING YOU LOVE."

He explained to us that he was speaking through V. T. from a saucer and would answer any questions. We learned he was in a 300 ft. supply ship, approximately two miles to the south, and 5,620 feet high. He was engaged in the task of transferring supplies to other craft. The saucer maintained its position in the sky by an anchoring system: "Much as you would anchor something to a concrete floor."

A "transitor beam" was used to move objects, transport material ---and PICK UP PEOPLE. Their method of propulsion? Riding beams of light. Knut claimed that with a device called the "Nullifier" they could shut off "everything electrical" on earth and paralyze all communications.

The "Cynthoscan" is an instrument whereby an area of about 200

feet in diameter can be selected and "tuned in" on. All TV, radio and thought waves can then be received and analyzed.

Sometime during the evening an intermission was called. We scrambled out from under the Rock with faces lifted to the skies. It was a beautiful, nippy desert night, with millions of stars -- but no Knut, and no saucers. We finally gave up the saucerwatch and went into the little cafe for free coffee and donuts (At no time were we asked for contributions).

After intermission, and under the Rock again, we went through the same procedure as before. This time our contact was "Lupon," who was explained as being "sort of like our president."

We were suddenly interrupted by a loud, coarse and heavily accented voice coming from V. T.'s son-in-law. With body jerking, feet shuffling, and words coming laboriously, he chanted a weird melody in a strange and unknown tongue. The halting voice then informed us that a saucer had crashed high in the Himalays, and the Russians were trying to recover it. He assured us, however, that they would not succeed; that the disk would not fall into the hands of the Reds.

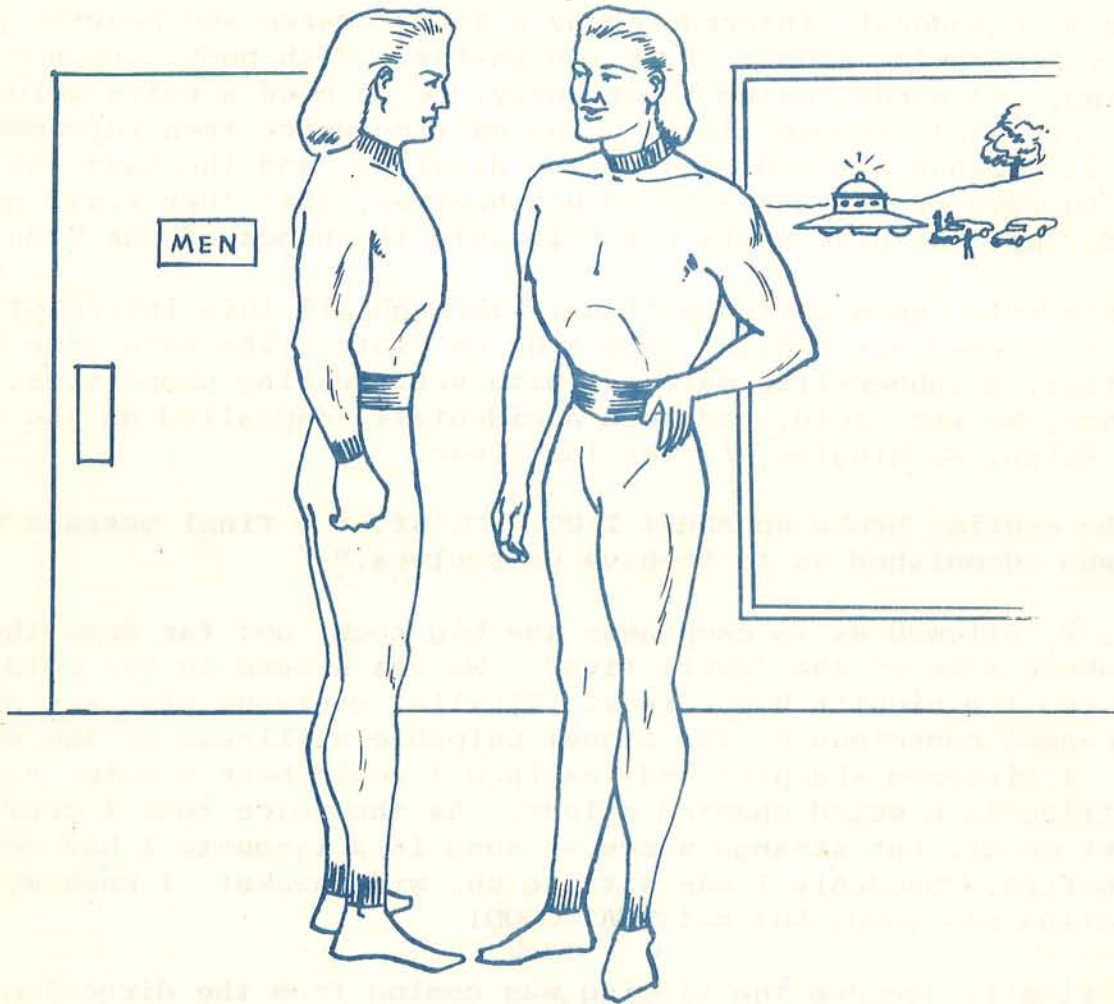
Meanwhile Lupon waited patiently through all this interruption, and then resumed his recital of mining on Pluto. The substance mined was Suffon, a rubber-like material with self-sealing properties. This substance, we were told, had been accidentally deposited on the field of the Kelso, Washington, farmer last year.

The meeting broke up about 1:00 A.M. after a final message from Lupon who admonished us to "behave yourselves."

V. T. allowed us to camp near the big rock, not far from the house where some of the family lived. We sat around in the cold discussing the night's happenings. Finally, everyone else was asleep and I became conscious of the almost palpable stillness of the desert night. I listened sleepily and imagined I could hear a voice rising and falling in a weird chanted melody. As the voice rose I could make out words, but strange words -- sung in a language I had never heard before. Suddenly I was sitting up, wide awake! I knew my imagination was good, but not THAT GOOD!

I finally decided the singing was coming from the direction of the Van Tassel house.

The voice was good, the songs were pretty, and I soon drifted off to sleep. But --- human voice? --- or saucer voice? --- I suppose I will never know!



".....and then, contrary to the Cosmic Rule of Non-Interference, I'm afraid I slapped him!"

A MOMENT WITH....

H. T. Wilkins

10 Jy 1954



Dear Mr. Barker:

Your letter -- air -- arrived this morning. Although your suspicions of Adamski, which I share, lack the factual basis, I still hold the view that he is not to be relied on. At the moment this other guy Desmond Leslie, who by the way is a Roman Catholic propagandist and no piker at the gentle art of securing the limelight and space in sensational columns, is out in S. Cal. engaged on what he calls "research into saucers," along with Adamski. I should call it by another name: hatching up another blasted spoofer for this next joint magnum opus. He has a narrow-faced ingenue young Hungarian woman as wife -- who is acting in Wilde's Salome here -- and he cabled her this week he'd seen his first sosser, and everybody was happy. She has a lunch with a hack Daily Mail write-up bloke, hands him the cable and so kills two birds with one stone. The books they write act like the Gresham Law in relation to serious books, No, I do not know how my book is going, either here, or in the U. S. On this side, I have had to check the publisher over and act of daylight robbery. This guy behaves as if an author were just a dumm partner to be kept in the dark, and told nothing, and then presented with faits accomplis. I am too old a man for that. He has already been guilty of bad faith, over another book, to pay me out for calling his bluff over this U. S. edition. No, I fear I shall be lucky if my sales reach even 5,000 -- whereas this walking United Nations guy, Leslie, has already scored 40,000, and fiddled his way nicely into this B.B.C. racket -- whose Caledonian claques are silent about myself.

My advice to you over the Saucerian is to print as many incidents as you can. My intuitions -- right or wrong -- is that this saucer drama is working up to a climax. Already, I am assured, five 4-D saucers have landed in S. Cal. at an airbase, and sent the technicians and scientists clean off their rockers. Eisenhower has ordered silence. Proof? None! As to the U. S. edition of my book, I am advised the publisher not to use this title ("Flying Saucers On the Attack" -- Ed.). it may invite action from your own Air Force. However they -- and you are the first to tell me of it, for I have not seen the U. S. edition -- have ignored my warning. It may be O.K., but equally it may not be. Ah yes, but unfortunately these books on the level do not pay one's bills. For two years I have fallen below even the low income tax level here. And it is low for this is the most highly taxed country in the world. I have never claimed to hoax or cash in on the half-baked credulous. There are, on your side, some nice gentlemen who would be very glad if I did hoax. They wait just that opening.

Yeah, lambaste as many blasted Messiahs as you can; but treat the amiable guys with kid gloves. It is these dollar-raking humbugs

and spoofers whom you should go for.

Adamski photos: Yes, after a long look, I too can see strange faces (see drawing, end of letter -- Ed.), and eke shameless arse-holes peeping out of the portholes. Some of em has a face like skeleton mask, but after a rotary motion followed by coruscations I see emerge a sign that is familiar to me, somehow: like this \$. Another guy with a remarkably heavy jaw has come out by the stern, arse-backward, and on his seat of honor, I see this, many times repeated: £3.6/2-£3..., and abaft the conning tower the heavy-jawed guy hoisteth a black flag, with the mystic letters I.H.S., meaning, I guess, "I have spoofed." Not, "I have sinned."

No, this rotter Scott, of the N.Y. kikish firm pubg. Man to Man did not ask me for sossers, but for 7 other mystery features. But if it the muck you say it is, it is a pity I did not first ask to see this lousy dirt magazine, he runs with others. Slant? Yes, to the W. C. the place alone fit for such muck; albeit I doubt it is not too gory to be comfortable, for any good man's bum.

Yes, Shaver is the man who for years wore a queer turban sort of hat which gave me the idea he was one of those! But while his fiction is so crude it gives one a pain in the belly, he yet -- and I suspect it comes from seances -- really has some remarkable non-fiction, prehistory Americana stuff that is quite beyond him to have written himself. The trouble, as in all these cases, is to know where, in the dirty bath water, you'll find the baby. Of course, Amero-Indian folk lore is full of the tunnels, and I think is not all haywire.

Palmer pleads he is near bankrupt when I ask him wot about sending stuff. As for the guy Webster (Robert N. Webster, a house name credited with being editor of FATE for many of the zine's earlier years -- Ed.) -- whose sign manual strikes me as being oddly she-male in style of write of hand -- he has so far defaulted on using stuff of mine and paying for it. In confidence: Palmer strikes me as too good to be true. There are other guys -- no names mentioned -- who are too true to be "good." Work it out for yourself. Palmer looks like a gnome that fell among bad men in ole Chic.

Yep, you have met another "medium" in G. Sai. Anyone who embarks on this supernormal occult ship and deep sea must ever keep in mind that Allah, if he has given him oss sense, meaneth it to be used. All I say is just the mot de Cambroone: Merde, in A-Saxon meaning shit or turd. But there be no latrines where these spooks be. Go there and read the Bible with him. Mebbe he won't mind if you do down a brimming quart pot of beer to help out Charlie with another thundering yarn, all hot from hell.

Well, if you yearn to meet a sossor man, there is always open to you a holiday down on that Wyo farm with the guy, mystic Charlie who was saved from the devil and all by angels coming mighty handy when their demons flukes were near on stuck in the back of Charlie's

pants (Wilkins refers to William C. Lamb, whom we also have "a moment with elsewhere in this publication -- Ed.). I am sure he is always ready to offer you a port in any storm. Go west, young man, and meet up with Charlie, and introduce him to this ex R.A.F. pilot. Sure, Charlie, and Bro Adamski might have a lot in common -- or wd they? Charlie had best not advise Leslie to read his Bible, or learn all about Ananias.

Now about this Seneca Smelk (See famed article by Smelk elsewhere in this publication -- Ed.). When I saw this name, Smelk, I bethought me of years long ago about an odd guy who was a lawyer's practice clerk. He -- as I did -- marked on London office stairs in Aldersgate, in the 1920's, a sign on the wall, "Gentlemen will not spit on these stairs. Others are asked not to." A vulger fellow altered the "p" to "h". But this lawyer clerk told me he once called on a firm with the name writ large on a brass plate: W. C. SMELT. Mebbe or not; but I guess them thar old London bum fodder shops did and all. Smelked like hell in summer. Say, you'd better not print this in the Saucerian; or you'll have the Philadelphia Public Morality Council laid on your trail. As for the Yankee editor, serve him darned well right. He demogalissed and deceeved the public and now he will never be the man George Wash. was.

Alas! Yourn, till the pips doth squawk in hell.

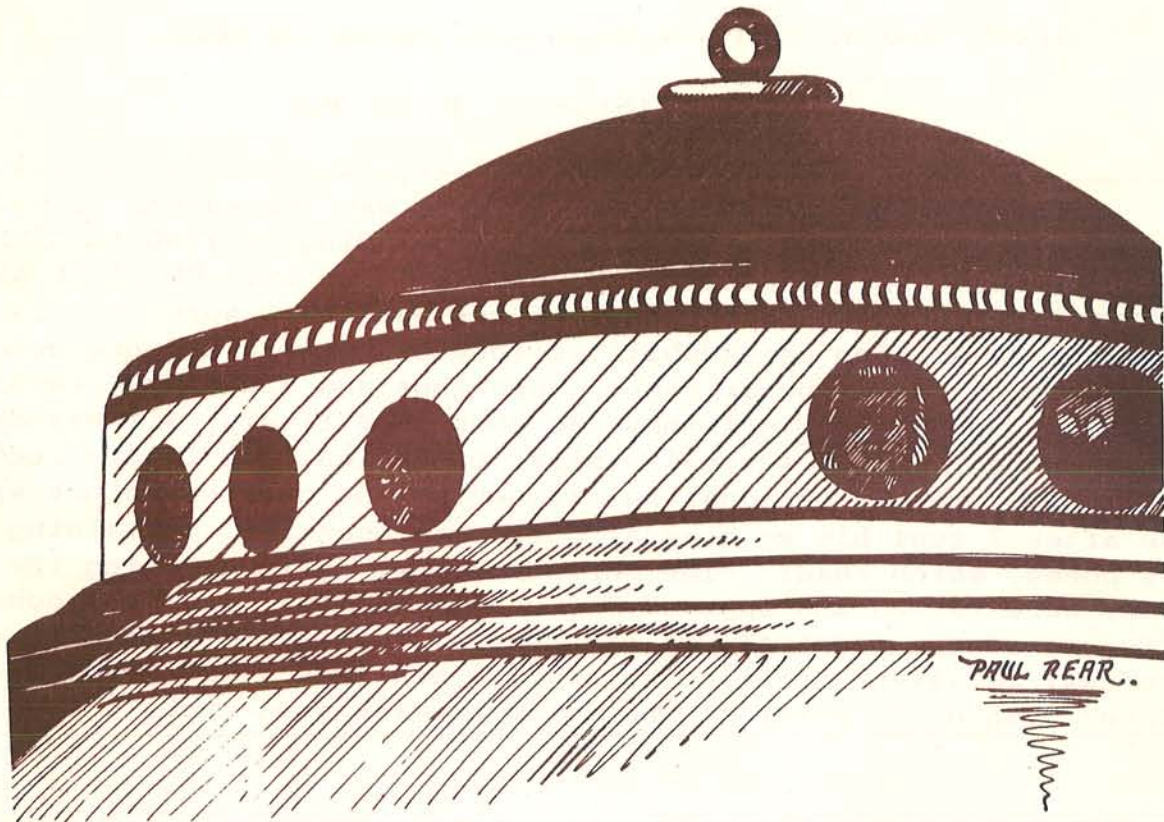
(Signed: H. T. W.)

(Note): The late Harold T. Wilkins was the author of several flying saucer and other weird works, including "FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK," "FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED," and "MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT SOUTH AMERICA." While the most of his published works are characterized by an amazing unreadability, they do contain a storehouse of saucer sightings, inexplicable happenings and old wives' tales. Wilkins' unpublished writings are even more lively, witnessed by this letter, one of several similar communications I have received. Wilkins broke off personal relationships and correspondence with me after I sent him an unusual Christmas Greeting, containing one of my poems, which read: "The Christmas tree fell, crushing the candles. Many were maimed and injured." Perhaps Wilkins' greatest contribution to saucer research was his general irascibility and his constant refusal to attend British saucer club meetings. He is not to be confused with H. P. Wilkins, the noted British moon expert.

THE FACES IN THE PORTHOLES

The "Moment with H. T. Wilkins" refers to the faces in the portholes of the spacecraft George Adamski photographed. While re-reading the letter I decided to go back through the old "Saucerian" file to find what he referred to.

Reprinted below is a drawing by Paul Rear, Pasadena, California, saucerenthusiast, who sent us the sketch which we published in the Spring, 1955, edition. Rear wrote that if one looks closely at the photograph which is the frontpiece of the book, "FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED," he can see faces peering out. The sketch represents the type of faces Rear saw. Not let's all get out our Adamski book and see what sort of faces we can discern. All of this is printed, of course, in the true spirit of saucer research -- Ed.





A MOMENT WITH....

H. P. Wilkins

35, Fairlawn Avenue,
Bexleyheath,
Kent,
England
28,7, 56

Mrs. _____
Dallas, Texas

Madame,

Your letter duly received. Thank you for your detailed accounts. Since I SAW three U.F.O's while on a flight to Atlanta, Georgia, nobody can persuade me to the contrary. Then later on I met the man in Mt. Hope and he had seen queer things; I may say that when I returned to Britain I received a letter which contained a request that I said nothing more. It appears from the writer that similar things had previously been seen in that part of U.S.A. This was not the gent. from Mt. Hope.

I find it very difficult to believe that a plane could lose its tail as the result of hitting a duck! This is one of the best 'tall ideas' I have ever come across. As for burning off gas in the woods this again is a lot of nonsense. We know there are often bush fires in various states. Of course reflections cannot be picked up on radar. I have seen thunderstorms both here and in U.S.A. and they do not travel thousands of miles an hour.

There are some very queer things seen on the moon from time to time. Glows, points of light, details which seem to be only visible for brief periods etc. For instance I and a friend saw a narrow regular ridge, like a causeway near the east border of the plain known as the Mare Crisium one night with my 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch telescope. This was something new. But when we looked later on, after two months, when this district was again well placed, nothing was to be seen. I asked my friend, 'We did see it?' And we could only conclude that something had happened in the meantime because part was still visible but the remainder had seemingly been demolished.

Things of this sort are very strange. Of course to be orthodox they could not happen because except for my own books such things have not been reported. Again glows in craters etc. certainly appear from time to time and have been seen by others, all quite orthodox of course. But they include people who have studied the subject for many years and therefore are of importance.

I am pleased to know that Mr. Brower is interested in the I.L.S. (International Lunar Society, which Wilkins organized in 1956) and

hope others will. We will publish facts without regard to the opinions of Pentagon minded people.

Yours sincerely

(Signed) H. P.* Wilkins)

*Not to be confused with H. T. Wilkins -- Ed.

Note: H. P. Wilkins, who passed on a few years ago, was known as an expert on Lunar matters. He wrote books and articles about the moon, and enjoyed great prestige. However, after discovering the "bridge on the moon" (see photo section), and seeing three flying saucers after taking off from the Charleston, W. Va., airport, in a commercial plane, Wilkins was, to quote him, "violently attacked by the British Astronomical Association." The unfavorable statements from that learned society was, however, counterbalanced by great faith in Wilkins displayed in the U. S. by Major Donald E. Keyhoe and other scientific figures of great prestige.

Facing Page: Somewhat reduced in size, illustration shows the "LONDON ILLUSTRATED," and its careful, scientific reporting of Wilkins' Bridge On the Moon. It is interesting to note, from Wilkins' letter, that although some of the bridge details had vanished on re-examination, this served to prove that something funny was going on up there -- for why and how had the bridge been so speedily removed???? This is the classic saucerian syllogism which is often called into play by many researchers.

SAUCER CREWS



**IN THE TELESCOPE, THE
TWENTY-MILE MOON
BRIDGE IS JUST A SPECK**

Dr. Percy Wilkins has worked for sixteen years on his map of the moon, so big that it fills his living-room when it is unrolled. The newly discovered moon bridge, seen in an artist's impression (right), is twenty miles long and two miles wide, but appears as a minute speck in the telescopic picture of the moon (above). Its position, between two promontories, Lavinium and Olivium, is seen below on an enlarged section of Dr. Wilkins's map.

Josh K. ...

SAUCER CREWS

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE SAUCE AND UN-PLAIN BESTIAL EVENTS RESEARCH SOCIETY

SAUCER CREWS EDITOR HUSHED!

In a dramatic announcement from Bellevue Hospital, J. Willett Moseby resigned as editor of "SAUCER CREWS" after 10,000,133 Men In Black Showed up in his Swank New Jersey apartment and "gave me certain information."

In an important shake-up here at SN Headquarters a new editor was immediately appointed. He is generally known in UFO circles as "The Mystic Larder." Immediately upon taking over his duties, the new Editor announced that he was projecting Psychic Emanations at the 10,000,133 Men In Black, and that they would be, in his words, "under control soon."

Former editor Moseby was reported to be in "good condition," and in "excellent spirits." His wife, the former Jeanne O'Neil, reported Moseby was his "normal self," and had just asked for scissors and paper.



The new Editor is scheduled to go on the "Short John" Program soon to explain the situation and to announce a startling new theory which will involve glandular locations.

A MOMENT WITH....

Seneca Smelk



The "Smelk" to which H. T. Wilkins referred, is, of course, the legendary J. Seneca Smelk, who caused more than a mild twittering among avid saucerenthusiasts in 1954.

While they raved about George Adamski's contact with a Venusian, "YANKEE," a very staid New England publication, with some solemnity, came out with its May, 1954, issue, which contained an article, "Emissary from Venus," by the unknown contactee, Smelk.

This article was mentioned to me by some now forgotten fan quite seriously, and I hastened to write for a copy of the magazine. I must confess that I read the article twice before my credulity gave way to hearty guffaws. I had been taken in by a spoof of the Adamski story!

Other enthusiasts, however, refused to get the joke and harassed "YANKEE's" editor with a flood of subscriptions and requests for additional information.

When I, taking advantage of the situation, submitted an ad to the zine, its editor returned my check with the rather amusing reply which is printed three pages ahead.

Digging out the old issue of "YANKEE," I decided to reproduce it, in somewhat enlarged form (optically, that is, since we had to "blow it up" to fit this page size) and it is there, on the following two pages, for your edification and amusement.

The editor explained later that the saucer in the photographs had been constructed from odd parts, including a hub cap and ping pong balls.

Of course this rather obvious humorous approach made by Smelk could well have been a means of covering up the real story, and getting part of the truth to the Public, without interference by the Air Force or the C.I.A.!!!!!!

Emissary from Venus

by J. SENECA SMELK



I WAS EATING a solitary supper on April 2, 1954 in my house overlooking Mount Monadnock, in New Hampshire. There was still an hour of sunlight as I sat munching health bread, and I was looking out at the golden light when suddenly I stopped chewing, and stared.

There was a silver dot in space, which grew larger as it approached over the mountain. It was like watching a balloon being inflated. I knew that this was a flying saucer; I had watched for seven years, whole fleets of them dart by in noiseless flight, following this course which I believe is a natural magnetic vortex by which they recharge their energy.

But I had the feeling that this ship was significant—that this one was for me! A strange force seemed to pull at my consciousness and rivet my whole being on the approaching phenomenon.

Then it abruptly stopped dead, a quarter mile from where I watched, spellbound. I was powerless to resist the will that drew me outdoors, but I did have the presence of mind to grab my camera.

The bell-shaped ship hovered motionless just above the ridge, reflecting golden light from the sinking sun. But my attention was drawn to a figure

standing on a flat rock, silhouetted against the sky. It was beckoning.

A stranger, but nonetheless I felt an instant affection for it. As at last we stood face to face, I knew I was in the presence of a superior being, a person of boundless love and pity and understanding. Though the long hair blowing in the chill wind had made me suppose this was a woman, I now saw it was a young man of remarkably fair appearance, medium height and slim build.

"From Venus?" I asked, pointing to the sun and making two circles, and he nodded and said, "Venus," in his boyish voice, making the same motions. I extended my hand and he brushed my palm with his, in what I suppose is the Venusian greeting.

Then we both stood back and framed mental questions, concentrating to telegraph our thoughts. A question in his mind made me look down at my new car in my driveway. The Venusian made steering motions and said, "Prrrt! prrrt!" intense curiosity in his face.

I murmured, "Really, it's nothing at all," and began a mental image of his saucer. But pictures of my car kept crowding into my consciousness and the Venusian seemed to be getting quite excited, pointing at the car and king

gibberish. To placate him, I concentrated on valves and cylinders, tires, steel, gasoline, and roads. He looked amazed; but when I began to think about 150 horses yoked together to give the idea of horsepower, he reached into a concealed pocket in his tunic, pulled out a sort of notebook and scribbled furiously, talking to himself in what sounded like a tape-recorded speech rewinding at high speed.

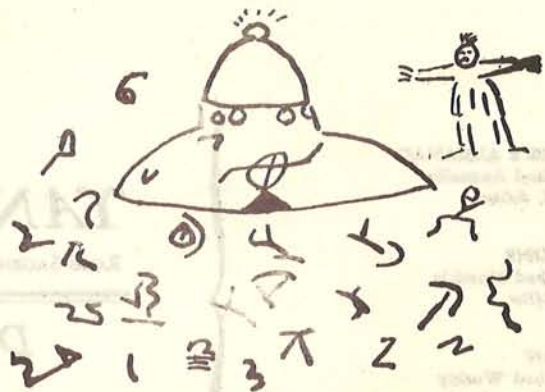
I wished to ask him a great many questions—whether all other planets were inhabited, whether they really lived up to spiritual laws better than we earthly materialists, whether cosmic dust from our atom bombs was endangering the whole galaxy, etc. But nothing I could think or signal had any effect. He waved aside my questions, and kept me at work on the car, scratching madly in his notebook.

Then abruptly he put away his notes, smiled beatifically and gestured farewell. His ship lowered to within a few feet. As he turned to go, he held out a slip of paper.

I found myself standing there staring at a diminishing dot. All I had to show for my experience was a picture of the "flying saucer" I had taken, and the strange hieroglyphics on the note in my palm.

I think I've found a fairly close translation of the Venusian's message, but I'm disappointed and puzzled. Working from translations of ancient forgotten languages, which I found in the Ramayana, the Sanskrit Samarangana Stutradhara and Dead Languages of the Atlanteans, (I have always agreed with philosophers who believed Earth's civilization came from another planet), I came up with this: "The all powerful, supremely omniscient Plut of Venus may commission me to purchase a large number of machines like your own—we on Venus have no terrestrial means of locomotion. I shall return with an extra vimana like the one you saw, which, together with 1000 spoles, I will give you in exchange for your machine."

I expect a return visit from my friend from Venus any day now, and then at



Venusian handwriting—see Smelk's translation below.

last, I'll be able to follow my thoughts into outer space. Only yesterday I had the distinct feeling that some force was at work on my mind again.

* * *

(Editor's Note): Saucer-researcher and authority J. Seneca Smelk's foregoing account bears striking resemblances to the extraordinary story of George Adamski's meeting with a Venusian on the California Desert, recounted in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, published by the British Book Centre in September, 1953. Note in particular the nearly identical likeness of the saucer photos in Adamski's book and Smelk's, although Smelk's with its slightly larger port-holes, may well be a later model.

Going up at 3000 mph from a standing start! Smelk "panned" to stop the action in this extraordinary shot.



THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC
Est. 1792 - Published Annually
ROBT. B. THOMAS, Editor

YANKEE MAGAZINE
Est. 1935 - Published Monthly
R. MERRIFIELD, Editor

DUBLIN OPINION
Est. 1948 - Published Weekly
(Twice a month, Nov. - Apr.)

E. B. VAN ZILE, Director of Advertising

YANKEE • INCORPORATED

ROBB SAGENDORPH, President B. M. RICH, Vice President P. S. WORCESTER, Secretary

DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

May 26 1954

Mr Gray Barker
Box 981
Clarksburg W Va

Dear Mr Barker

Thank you kindly for your check, letter, and a copy of the Saucerian.

I am returning the check as quite frankly we just plain have enough "nuts" -not for publication -on our subscription lists without adding any more in the FS field. Our article created a lot of interest and to my amazement was taken seriously by a lot of people who really should know better. Such are the times in which we live.

For this same reason we don't really want the article reprinted. We are just plain too lazy to answer all the foolish questions.

In any event I wish you the best of luck and certainly appreciate your offer.

Cordially yours,

Robb Sagendorph
Robb Sagendorph

RS. t

*Note it is for 3.70 & not 4.70 as you letter stated.

AIA

HARRY J. McCOMB . . . 6708 Jackson Ave., Hammond, Indiana . . . Westmore 1-2075

a r c h i t e c t

April 17..1959

Mr. Gray Barker
Saucerian Publications
Box 2228
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Dear Gray:

It is a dubious honor to be included among the "select 50" (or 5000) to be offered the new Howard Menger book at the reduced pre-publication price. Personally I have met with Menger, John Otto, Van Tassel, Edwards, Schmidt; et al, and must say that Howard is "farther out" than most of the boys. That is saying something, when you consider the hopped-up verbiage emanating from the likes of Bethrum, Adamski, Van Tassel, Allingham, and many others. Keyhoe and Edwards at least are sensible, and perhaps basically honest, albeit tinged with a modicum of normal larceny.

Logically I am in no sense immune to the proposition that outer space may be inhabited by intelligent life. I should be more than surprised if it was not. However, the foisting of Menger's drivel onto the nations crack-pots is an unkind act. The "Outer Spacians" should not have to scrape the barrel in order to find a fair-haired messenger.

Of course, you didn't help with your wild "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH.....", other^{than} to help yourself to a fast buck. Then, too, you may not have been smoking factory made cigarettes at the time.

I, too, met a pretty blonde near a rock many moons ago, but I persuaded her to forget about returning to any celestial homeland. We have been reasonably content with our mundane malfunctions...but have not closed the door to greener pastures.

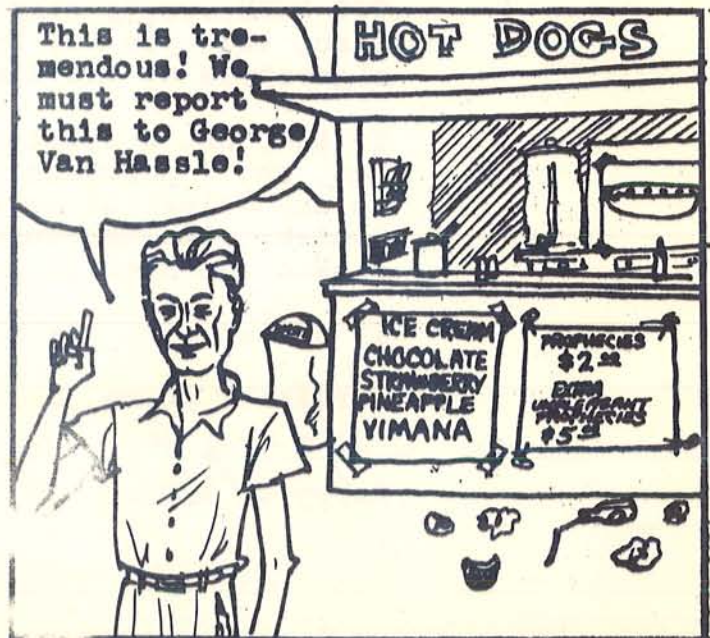
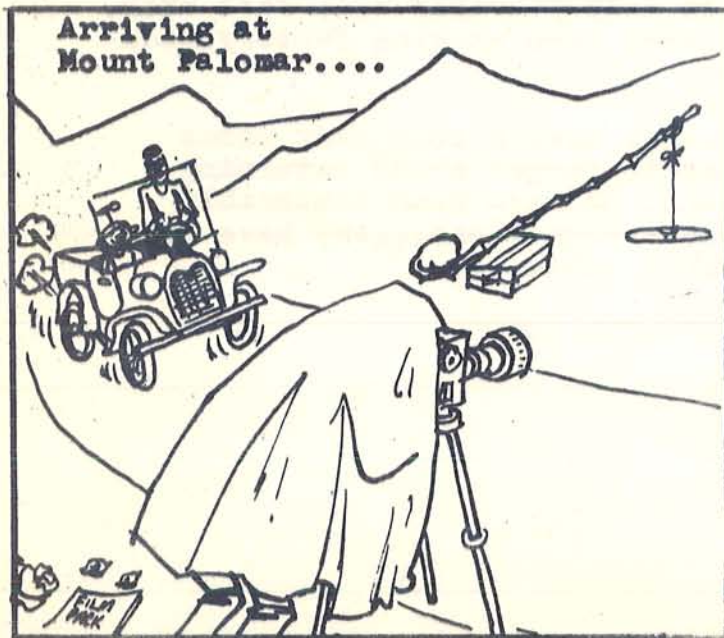
It's been nice "talking" with you.

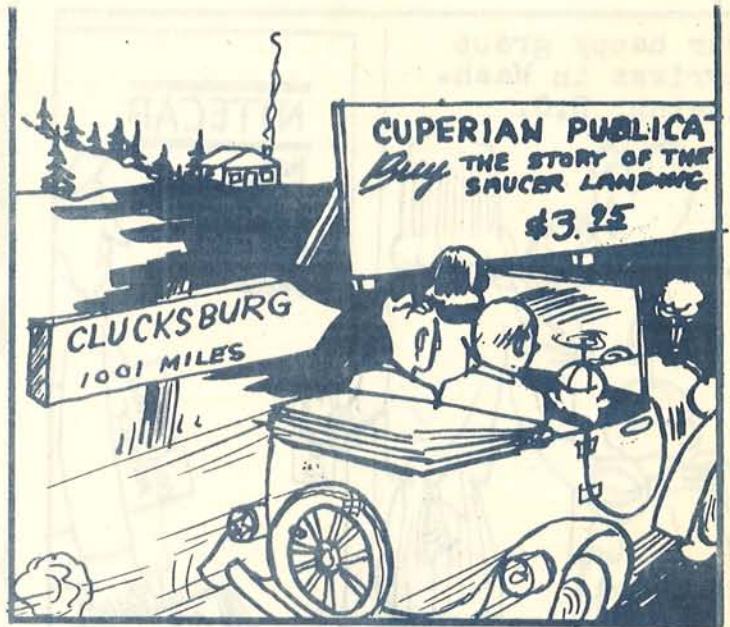
Cordially yours,

Harry J. McComb
Harry J. McComb

THE ADVENTURES OF JANE NOSLEY

Little Jane Nosley lives on a chicken farm. She has a very unhappy home life because her parents constantly argue and fight. This builds up a psychotic complex, and she turns to the study of the strange and supernatural to compensate. She takes up the investigation of flying saucers and has compiled lengthy files of data.

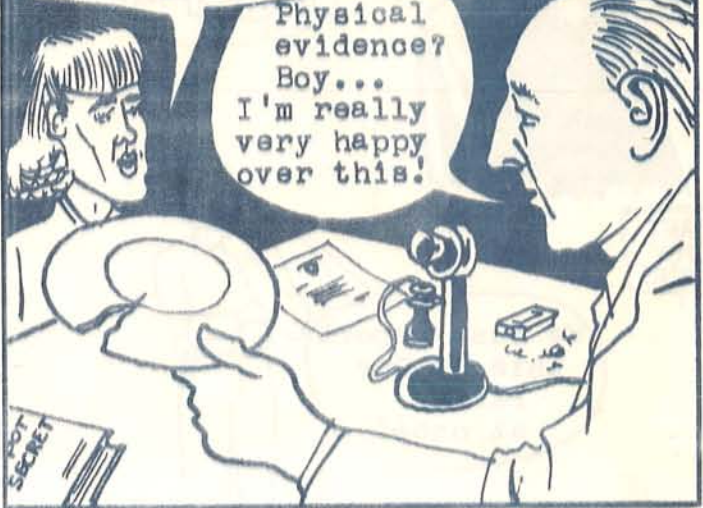




Our happy group arrives in Washington, D.C.

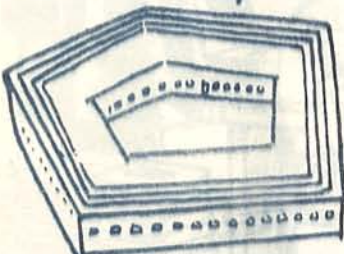


We must use this proof with which to confront the Air Force



THE PENTAGON

Our information officer has issued a long AIR FORCE REPORT on this incident. This report concludes the saucer was a piece of weather balloon!

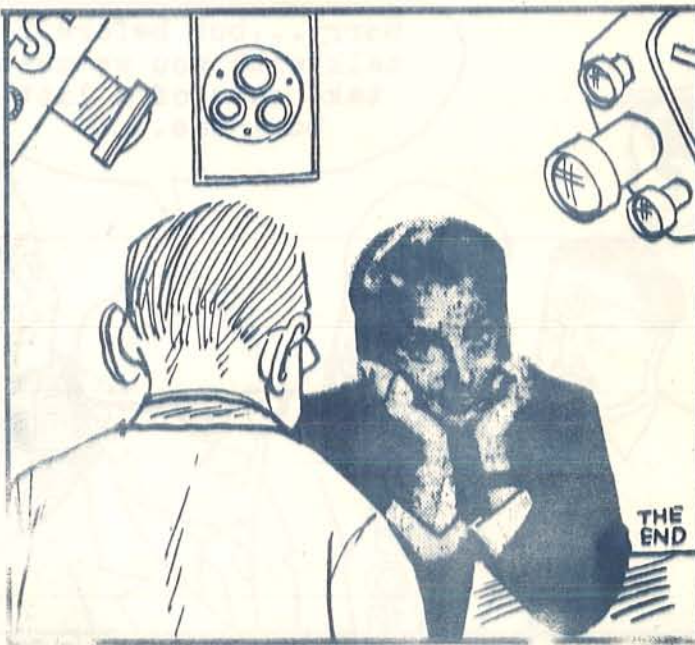


This is outrageous! Since we cannot get Congressional Hearings, we're going right to the top man!

AIR FARCE HDQS. PANTS ARE GONE



This is tremendous! However I never make a ruling until I consult my top advisers!





**A MOMENT WITH....
Wm. C. Lamb**

3/18th, '58----

Dear Mr. Barker:

Our "UFO HOT AIR CLUB" is in receipt of your recent card, asserting that your results were "Assuave-assumptive Asservations," -- must have been "Mental-Telephyzied," to the "Asteroida," of "THE INFERNAL REGIONS," in that your "Head Quarters," were "Demolished," ---being assailed and assaulted by "THE GREATLY EVOLVED BEING," who is associated with the association of "Old Scratch," and his Demons ---who assert their assertive from the stand-point of the asservatory!

"ADAM SKY --- as main speaker --- in his assidious assignation's, pertaining to his --- "Venusian-Super-dupeing," --- and that "Saucermen," are "Super-saintly," & etc --- will indicate that they have been "Satanically-asteriated," and seem to be asthermanous by the aspectual, in that they have been "aspergillumized," and this the type of "DRINKS," --- from the "Asperorium" that "ADAM SKY," sipped on that --- "SPACE SHIP RIDE," that he assimilated into his asphyxia, that didn't asphyxiate! & etc---

Thus --- when "The Greatly Evolved Being," up-set the "Pillars," upon the "SAUCER-BELIEVERS," their Aspiratory-aspirators," aspired into the asyndeton, enabling their astral-astucious astrigent --- to astride --- into the asynchronismatic --- and thus they all escaped the "Catastrophic," as back into the "Astrospheres!" (Get it?)

Now they will undoubtedly (this space intelligence) will be vising our "UFO HOT AIR CLUBS," from henceforth -- working hovic's --- and all "Clubs" should be alerted to the effect -- that in case this happens, our UFO CLUB'S ASSEMBLAGES should kick their astern into the asylum --- these "UFO OUTER SPACE ASSES" as claimed to be here to assist us in the "Aspectual," & etc.

SOME of our "CLUB MEMBERS," --- who have red the "SHAVER MYS-

FLERY," --- are now Nuts, or fit occupants for Lunatic Houses!

They seem to be suffering with "Interplanetary-Ophthalmophogia," and think the "Deros and Teros." are watching them, -- and trying to contact them, --- and have "Fits," "Froth at the mouth, have Delearium Tremens," --- and see snakes --- grab them by the nect, and choke them to death between their uppers and lowers?

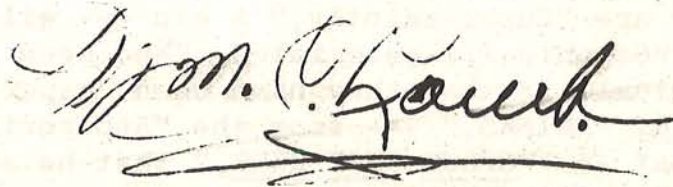
And Dr. Geo. Marlo, --- has really got it! He don't know that there are "Insane Familiar Spirits," --- now camafleged as the "Deros & Teros," --- and feeding him a line that would choke a "Prehistoric Bull Dinosaur --- 78,000,000 Years B.C.

Dr. Marlo, --- like other "Trance-Mediums," --- can only contact the "Space Brothers," (Lunatic Spirits) while in "Trance," -- and also will take you "Suckers," -- on that "Trip," -- while you all are "Hypnotized," "Mesmerized," "Tantalized," and "Paralized," and in a "TRANCE," --- and not as a physical "Space Ship," ride.

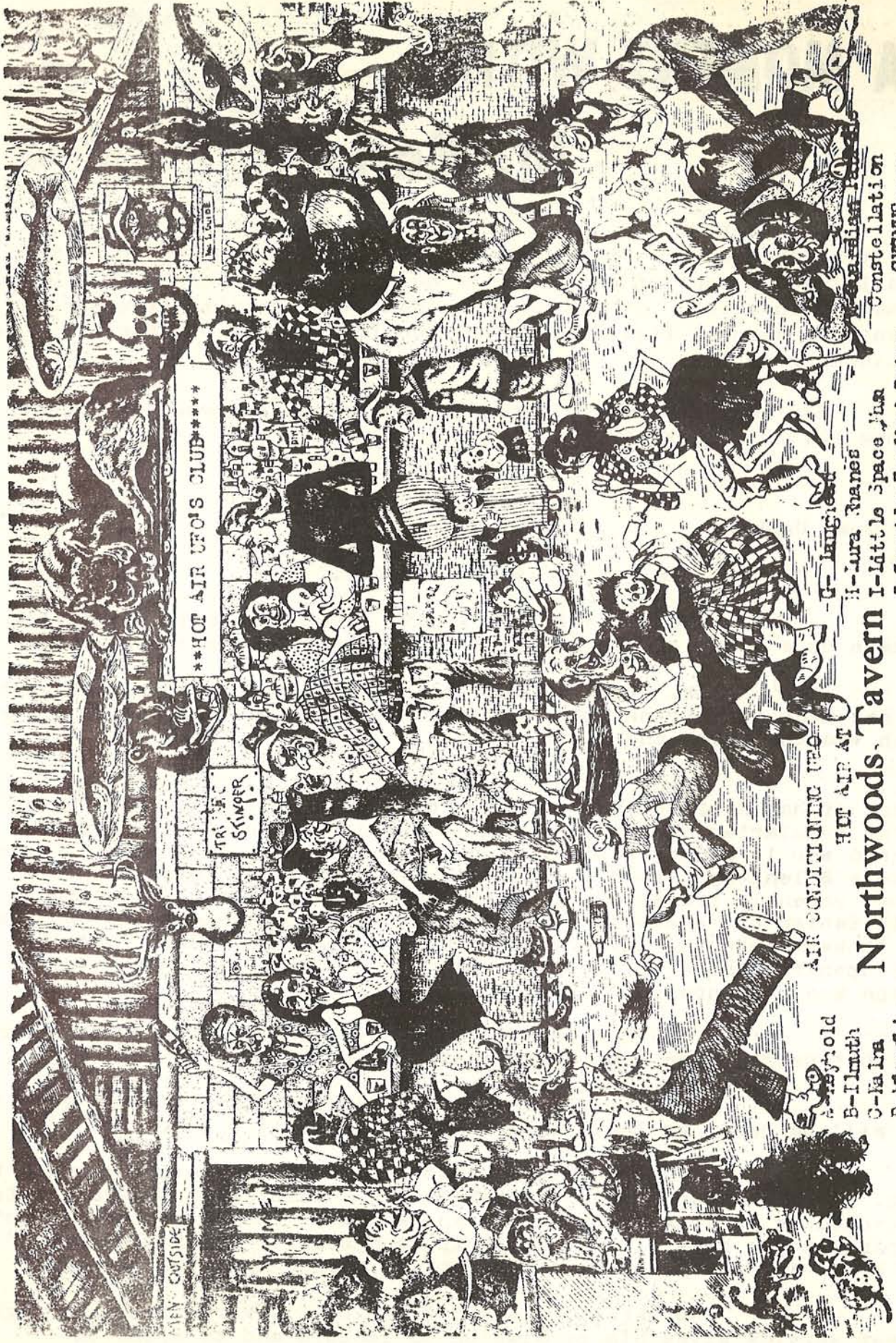
If you go to St. Louis, -- take along some "Diapers," --- because UFO's --- on U. S. Radar, --- travel over 36,000 miles per hr. None but Angels, and the Spirits of Devils -- can travel this fast!

And so I am letting you in -- on how you will take the Trip, -- and if you get back alive, --- see a Psychiatrist --- and get ready, to take treatments in Psychiatura-petics --- and thereby keep out of the "Nut House." And don't be a "Crack-Pot," as it is a reputation -- hard to get rid of?

Nuff said,



Editor's note: Most serious researchers are familiar with the type of communications received from Mr. Lamb. Mr. Lamb is the gentleman who "Saw the Devil in a Flying Saucer," and wrote up this event for an early issue of "THE SAUCERIAN." Mr. Lamb's rubber-stamped letterheads have often been printed up as "The Devil In Flying Saucers," and "THE UFO HOT AIR CLUB." On the opposite page we reproduce one of the strange picture postcards Lamb sent out to his friends, this one, as usual, containing the typed-in notations of the Newcastle, Wyoming, saucerenthusiast. Although Lamb's letters appear, on the surface, to be completely nutty, it could be that they are in reality much saner than those received from the average fan.



A-May-old
 B-Ilmuth
 C-Kalra
 D-Manski
 E-Skully
 F-Um

AIR CONDITIONING UFO
 HOT AIR AT

Northwoods Tavern

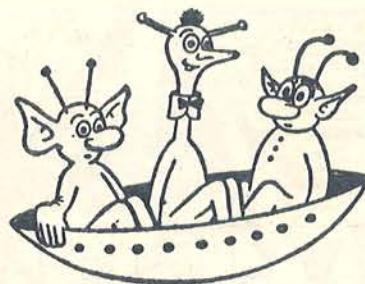
"Here "Space People," and
 UFO-Expositors Meet!"

G-Laughton
 H-Lara-Ranes
 I-Little Space Jua
 J-Greatly Evolved Being
 K-Dana-Back from Venus
 L-Moseley

Constellation
 CYGNUS
 UZ56---Dereb
 Calling & etc

A MOMENT WITH....

Dr. Marlo



"A Moment With Dr. Marlo" could best be begun by printing a letter received from Ottmar Kaub, a one-time cohort of Dr. George Marlo, and a sort of secretary or business agent for the St. Louis saucerenthusiast. It was Kaub who handled the invitation arrangements, passenger list, and general publicizing of Dr. Marlo's first "saucer ride."

Imagine the Editor's surprise and enthusiasm when he received this letter from Kaub:

October 15, 1959.

Dear Gray Barker;

This letter is confidential.

The Space Brothers have given Dr. Marlo permission to make up a party of 20 people to take a trip on a space craft.

Dr. Marlo confers with them several times each week and has made many trips into space and 5 trips into the center of the earth via the North and South poles.

The trip will probably be a half a day trip to the island of Sao Sanfrancisco off the coast of Brazil---southern Brazil, to the vegetarian colony there under the direction of Dr. Raymond Bernard who is a member of U. F. O. Research---our new name. Dr. Bernard wrote a lengthy letter in October Search Magazine about the 40 mile tunnel recently traversed by three men who inspected the advanced civilization of vegetarians who have lived there since Atlantean times and it was there the Incas went to escape the Spaniards. There are many openings there Dr. Bernard says and he intends to join them to escape the poisonous radiation in the air.

The Brothers immediately knew the name of this man and that he has been contacted already by them.

Six people whom I have invited have already accepted and will be ready to leave when the date is set.

We are writing this letter to invite you to make this trip. If you accept, regard it as merely a first trip that may later on eventuate in longer trips, and who knows----one to another planet----or perhaps you have already had trips and been to other planets and this letter is certainly not to sound out any secret that you may have.

A letter received today by Dr. Marlo from the highest secret service gives him permission to lecture and to speak on radio but not on television. They admit the craft but do not want to inform the public at present.

The U. S. O. Research is very powerful and has plenty of money behind it. They can and will provide transportation here for you and return or pick you up right there. Dr. Marlo seldom tells very much but the time is very close for less secrecy.

Because of your great service in the past and truly great possible service to come I hope that you will accept and we will then put your name on the list to be given to the Brothers.

The Mitchell sisters are being invited and I am now writing to Ray Palmer.

Sincerely yours,

Ottmar Kaub
5205 Neosho,
St. Louis, Missouri,
FL. 2-1620.

Dr. George Marlo
3648a Montana
St. Louis, MO. 16,
FL. 3-4478.



The Editor hastily accepted the invitation, but was somewhat disappointed when the trip was postponed. Some sources had it that the trip had been postponed because Ray Palmer had refused to go along -- though Ottmar Kaub claimed Palmer had accepted. Palmer seemed to be leery of the proposed trip and hinted that one should beware of any strangers who might try to hypnotize an invitee.

Meanwhile Kaub was still setting up the trip, the exact date of which was not announced at the time. Let me quote from the invitation sent to George H. Williamson:

"Dr. George Marlo and myself, his Secretary, are happy to invite you on this historic trip on a gigantic spacecraft to the Island of Sao-Francisco off the coast of southern Brazil. This island was purchased a few weeks ago by two of the multimillionaire and active members of the UFO World Research.

"About 50 to 100 people are being invited. A representative of the U. S. Government will be on board at their request. I have written a letter of invitation to the president of Brazil.

"Among those accepting so far are Gray Barker, Ray Palmer, Jack Benny, Art Linkletter, Jack Paar, Arthur Godfrey. We are also inviting Allingham and Trench of England (The writer apparently did not know that Allingham had either died or disappeared about two years prior). Distance is no obstacle to the Space Brothers. All will be picked up in scout ships and transferred into the big mother ship.

"If you accept, the Brothers contacting you will show you their credentials. You may bring your cameras. Adamski and his secretary are also invited. Also Buck Nelson.

"Dr. Marlo is now free to reveal that in his 14 years in this work he has been in the spacecraft a total of 60 times, 4 times with his automobile and seven times inside this inhabited inner earth. He confers with the Brothers almost daily and has a two-way communication device for talking with the Brothers."

Evidently Dr. Marlo agreed with Ray Palmer's argument that the earth was hollow, for he issued a bulletin titled "NORTH POLE -- FLYING SAUCERS -- AND YOU," in which he claimed:

"The so-called 'Island In the Sky' is the land beyond the North Pole or the 'Inner Earth' and has untold wealth. The nations are seeking for the entrance to it. Many nations know the entrance, but the big problem is how to get there alive.

"The race of wonderful people there are 700 to 1,000 years ahead of our nation in inventions. Their huge machines control everything there and on our earth. They have huge machines which control the weather, and among other things, control people too. No question about it, they are responsible for some of the strange things we see here on our side of the earth. They mean us no harm."

We have on file voluminous correspondence, mainly from Kaub, addressed both to the Editor and other persons. The following is from a letter Kaub wrote Ray Palmer after he suspected the latter to be the individual who had warned the Editor about hypnotism:

"Dr. George Marlo just phoned me that he was in personal conference with the Brothers and they gave instructions for him to instruct me to write you a very special letter. They think highly of you and your magazine and Marlo said to tell you that he agrees with your article about the North Pole.

"Gray Barker...refers to a certain person who claims that Dr. Marlo is going to hypnotize all of the people who are invited to take this trip and then while they are hypnotized, to make them believe that they are taking a trip in a spacecraft.

"So Dr. Marlo wonders if that certain person is yourself? So you are invited to bring with you on the trip the finest specialist in hypnotism and a notary public, both of whom will testify that no hypnotism took place. Bring Dunninger along if you wish or any expert of your own choosing.

"Dr. Marlo...said to tell you that the C.I.A. has nothing to do with this trip. They are not giving it their approval and have nothing whatsoever to do with it."

It was not too great a surprise when the saucer ride was postponed a second time. Dr. Marlo later wrote the Editor that a mysterious Dr. Zucco had interfered with the trip, but later agreed to allow it to take place if Marlo would wangle him an invitation

to meet the space people. Dr. Marlo continued with a great deal of correspondence, though at one time his writing schedule was interrupted for a few weeks while he was away on one of his trips to the Inner Earth.

The proposed saucer ride was discussed a number of times on the Long John Show, and on one occasion the Editor spoke with Frank Edwards and Jackie Gleason on the program via a conference call beeper phone hookup. Gleason offered to bet me \$10,000 to \$500 that the trip would not actually take place.

Since Long John refused to loan me the \$500 I could not take up Gleason on the bet, but Dr. Marlo heard of the matter and challenged the famous performer. It seemed that a mysterious multimillionaire, a Mr. Xillier, had joined Dr. Marlo's UFO World Research, and was willing to put up money for such a bet.

Ottmar Kaub wrote Jackie Gleason, care of the Shubert Theatre where he was appearing, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Gleason:

"Mr. Xillier, one of the two Assistant Directors of U.F.O. World Research, has just sent a special letter to Dr. George Marlo instructing him to have me write you this letter and to state that he is accepting your offered bet to Gray Barker of \$10,000 to \$500..... ONLY,.....he will put up \$25,000 to your \$10,000 that the trip will take place and that plenty of proof will be brought back so that it will be proven it was made on a free energy craft made on another planet, and that the trip was to the North pole and thence to southern Brazil all within a shorter time than the trip could be made by any craft made on this earth.

"Dr. George Marlo has also authorized me to invite you to put up another \$10,000 that the trip will not take place with plenty of subsequent proof, and that I will bet you that it will take place with plenty of proof afterwards, and that Mr. Xillier will be most happy to back me up with the \$10,000."

(Signed: Ottmar Kaub, Sec. to U.F.O. World Research)

It is assumed that either Gleason didn't accept the bet, or that Mr. Xillier didn't come up with the money. Dr. Marlo gave a number of excuses, subsequently, as to why the many proposed trips did not materialize. After he became disassociated with Kaub, Dr. Marlo said the most of it was Kaub's fault. For one thing, he had invited too many people and got too much publicity over the matter.

Dr. Marlo continued making rather dramatic contact and other claims. He and another man came up with a device known as a "psychoid headband," a piece of copper wire, partly insulated, which

was to be worn around the head. We have lost the sheet giving the various claims for the headband, but we remember it was supposed to make the wearer feel better generally, reduce tension, etc. The headbands, which Marlo sold at \$1.00 each, was discussed in the following letter from the good Doctor:

Dear Gray:

I can't understand your letter. Dr. Burgdorf was just talking to me on the telephone. He certainly is not fictitious. He is a fine fellow. I don't blame him for getting a nice job. I can't offer him \$10,000 a year. He is a valuable man in the UFO Field. I may take a job myself if I can get what I want in the UFO Field. I don't, however, want to live in Japan. I refused a job last week to go to Japan.

I have developed a device to contact Spacepeople with. \$1.00 post-paid. A new super Headband.

What is so special about me? St. Louis, Mo. has hundreds of contactees. Big fuss about me and my contacts. I will arrange a ride for you and Rev. LeVan in March for sure, in Clarksburg, West Virginia. Rev. LeVan won't go on a T.V. and the radio here so he says. I will not meet him here but I will see you in Clarksburg both March 15th for sure.

Yours truly,
Dr. Marlo

Dr. Marlo's marketing of the "psychoid headband" leads us to what we might term "A Moment With the Postoffice Department," in form of a letter which was sent by that agency to Dr. Marlo. The written comments are those of Dr. Marlo. Apparently Dr. Marlo followed the advise of the Assistant General Counsel, for we heard nothing further from him on the subject of headbands.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE GENERAL COUNSEL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

Dr. George Marlo
3648-A Montana Street
St. Louis 16, Mo.

Re: Marlo-Hoffmann Engineering Co.

Dear Dr. Marlo:

It has been brought to the attention of this office that you are engaged in the advertising and sale of a "Psychoid Headband" through the United States mails under the above name.

Among other things, you represent that your band will give the wearer mental peace and serenity; that wearing the headband for only a few hours daily will induce a higher order of inner calmness, tranquility, self-confidence and clear thinking, will subdue gnawing, depressing thoughts, improve one's personality and curb tempers. It is the opinion of this office that such claims and representations are in violation of 39 U.S. Code §4005 (copy enclosed).

In view of the foregoing it is believed pertinent to inquire whether or not you will immediately cease the advertising and sale of this product through the mails in order that this office may have a basis upon which to withhold the institution of administrative fraud proceedings pursuant to the statutes cited above. May we hear from you concerning this matter within 10 days from the date of this letter.

Sincerely yours,

Louis J. Doyle
Acting General Counsel

By: *Richard S. Farr*
Richard S. Farr
Assistant General Counsel
Fraud and Mailability Division

Enclosure

4 others from Wash. D.C. copies
(letter #3)

Complaint probably came from Medical American Dist. in this letter.
A.M.A.

Complaint from A.M.A. of headband for

letter impounded since (space contact)
from Mr. Cignoni you know who is Wash. D.C.