

A MOMENT WITH....

Ray Palmer



Dear Gray:

Okay on your mailing pieces. We'll prepare as soon as they arrive. Will ship them out very swiftly once we swing into action.

Glad you liked the current FS. I'm loaded with continuing data, which I'll keep shoving out in future issues. I'm curious to see what will happen when all the researchers get into this thing.

Regarding this Otmar Kaub deal--I hear you've accepted the invitation. Okay. Here's what I'd like to say about it for your gear only.

First, he states that the CIA is aware of it, and will cooperate. This is quite a statement, you will admit.

It might just be that this is only the level. If they do come to pick you up, here's what to watch for: Might be a man in a 1958 Buick, or Pontiac, or even some older car. He'll have a load of saucer fanmags with him. Lots of other fan material. He'll be "on the level", a real enthusiast. Will go to great lengths to create that impression.

Whatever happens, and what you do, is up to you. But here's what to watch for. Under no circumstances relax your mental guard. Don't fall for any hypnotic tricks. Shy away from bright lights, glittering objects, monotonous voice pitch. Don't let your attention get too fixed on anything being done or said. Sit back and be alert. Don't drink. Don't let yourself be doped. Don't be tired or sleepy.

You might get yourself a real story. You can't get less than a big laugh, if this is a hoax, or a fan trying to be smart.

If you actually discover that something along the line of hypnosis is being attempted, go along with it, pretend to be hypnotized. But don't underestimate the ability of the hypnotizer! This isn't any ordinary hypnotic gimmick. If it's done at all, it will be right out of Shafer. It'll be a real "rodite mech".

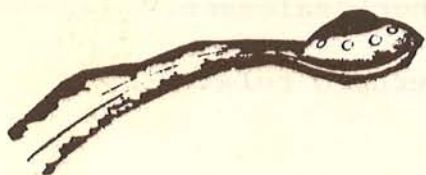
There are two possibilities about Aganski's trip to the fancy ship Davidson had so much fun with--Adamski's lying, or the mech is a reality. If it is, we got a real problem.

Kaub is out on a limb with he mentions the CIA--and I think it's a big mistake on his part. Foolish, if it isn't so, and far-reaching, if it is.

Note that the latest "capsule" pickup was the same old failure--no sight or sign of the thing at all. This time it didn't "disengage!"

Ray

A MOMENT WITH....



Dr. Bernard

gress South Latitude in Santa Catarina, South Brazil where the Order is establishing a New Age Community in a Beautiful, Fertile Subtropical Valley, four miles square and covered with tropical Fruits. Those who join this Biospherical Community will then be Prepared and Selected, so that when the Coming Radioactive Catastrophe, brought on by a Nuclear World War, occurs, which will Exterminate all Living Beings on the Earth's Surface, the Ones who are Worthy will be Brought into Certain Tunnels built by Atlanteans, who still live here in Subterranean Cities, and will be Taken to a New Subterranean World Free from Fallout, where Life may continue after it no longer can on the Earth's Surface. If interested to join

A Moment With Dr. Marlo could not be complete without some Moments with Dr. Raymond Bernard, of Joinville, Brazil, who also at times had used the name, Dr. Walter Siegmeister. Bernard, among other accomplishments, wrote a mimeographed book titled "FLYING SAUCERS FROM THE EARTH'S INTERIOR," and offered to sell shares of a land development project. People were urged to settle in the development, where they were promised less atomic fallout than would be present in the U. S.

Apparently Bernard accepted Dr. Marlo's saucer ride with a great deal of seriousness, for he invited Marlo to have the saucer land at his home. That was to be the destination of the trip to which so many researchers and famous people were invited.

Bernard wrote to Marlo as follows on December 24, 1959:

Dear Friend:

I received your welcome letter with the good news, saying you have arranged a flying saucer trip to Sao Francisco Island, to pick me up, and then proceed via north polar opening to the interior of the earth in the last week of January, 1960, the 27th or 28th. Is this to be to the interior of the Earth or just the North Polar Opening?

You say you want land from me on the island to settle. I will give you all you want.

I live in Joinville but in view of your coming on saucer Jan. 27 or 28, I intend to live in my house on the island and on night of Jan. 27, at 8 P.M., I will shine a flashlight up to the sky in a circular motion.

Please confirm with your Saucer Friends that it will be all right to do this and whether they can land Jan. 29 about 8 P.M. near my house?

If what you say is true I consider you one of the greatest men in human history to have made such an important discovery of a New World!

Please reply immediately and tell me who is coming on the trip.

Sincerely,

Dr. Raymond Bernard

Later, in correspondence with Otmar Kaub, Dr. Bernard would express regret that he had been somewhat taken in by Marlo. Apparently Bernard, himself quite a promoter of what evidently must have been worthless land, was quite easily taken in by other "salesmen."

In a letter of March 16, 1960, to Ray Palmer, Bernard related how a fake Inca had done him out of some dough:

"In your March, 1960 issue of 'SEARCH' I understand you published a letter I wrote for a fellow here who was doing tunnel investigations for me who used the name of 'The Inca.' This fellow swindled \$1000 from me and ran off. After he did that, I became rather suspicious of his story and wrote you to stop publication, but it was too late. He said he entered a certain tunnel, came to a door, which opened and there he met an Atlantean Superman, who came up from the hollow interior of the earth on a subterranean vehicle operated by 'vril,' the strange power described by Bulwer Lytton by which the subterranean people run their machines. He said that when he entered the door, the Atlantean put him inside of a plastic capsule and then carried him into a radioactive decontamination chamber where he left the capsule whose door automatically opened and he was given a decontaminating steam bath, containing vapors that free the body from radioactivity. It all seemed very reasonable that a Superman living in a world free from radioactivity would regard us surface people as dangerous to come near to them, because we are all so highly radioactive.

"Then the fellow, named the Inca, told me about flying saucers coming from the interior of the earth and coming to the surface through certain openings and claimed to have traveled on a saucer through the earth's crust to the inner atmosphere. He spoke about the subterranean world capital known as Shamballah, where resides the King of the World, who was an Atlantean, many thousands of years of age.

"So the Inca continued, building up his romance until what I wrote down composed a fair sized book which I planned to publish, believing it all true. At that time I sent you that letter which I wrote, based on things he told me. But after he robbed \$1000 from me and ran off, his hypnotic spell was over and I became very cautious and suspicious. Finally one of his accomplices told me the truth, that it was all a bluff, designed to rob my money."

This Swindle did not, however, convince Bernard that the weird story was not at least partly true, as we learn from continuing with the above letter:

"Now don't jump to conclusions, my friend Palmer, and say that because this 'Inca' was a crook, liar and swindler, that Atlanteans do not exist under here, and that they do not travel on subterranean vehicles and that they do not have 'super televisions' by which they

can see whatever is happening anywhere on the earth or machines that can form three dimensional images of themselves at a distance, or of flying saucers, which can thus suddenly materialize and disappear when the imagine-projecting machine cuts off the three-dimensional image. All this is absolutely true. I think the 'Inca' learned about this from others, who had telepathic power and read my mind, and so invented his story. I believe that the origin of the idea of Dr. Meade Layne that flying saucers are 'etheric' is due to the power of these projecting machines to project three-dimensional images of flying saucers and then cut off the image. I am a realist and materialist and don't believe in anything supernatural. Flying saucers are perfectly material machines, as material as automobiles, and are not 'etheric.'

Publication of the weird "Inca" story in the Palmerzine drew a number of strange replies, as Bernard notes in a continuation of his letter below:

"I received a number of letters sent to the 'Inca' who ran from here with my money, with the police chasing him. Of all the letters, this was the strangest. Please publish it, and ask the one who sent it, called 'White Thunder God,' Son of Quetzalcoatl, to write me and send me his address and to read my reply. I will quote the letter just as it appeared and am sending you the original in confirmation."

Montezuma's Castle
North America
March 8, 1960

The Inca

Estimable Senor:

You are hereby warned against your proposed plan to enter members of the non Indian race into the secret caves.

You know very well that we have many billions of dollars, pesos or whatever you figure them, in wealth. Many tons of same which are the sale and private property of the Inca Nation.

As high priest and supreme ruler of the North American Indians I have no authority over things in South America. However, I do feel an obligation as a brother in faith with the Supreme Inca of South America to warn him of this matter I find published in a North American publications.

You will remember that when the Supreme Inca was driven underground by the Spaniards four hundred years ago, I too was driven out of Mexico. Just as the Inca learned the white man's language and lost himself among his white enemies, so too did I become lost among my white enemies. That does not mean we are dormant, but rather that we are using military strategy.

It is for the good therefore of your fellow Incas as well as the well-being of the entire Indian American race that I ask you to stop this evil and follish move at this time.

If you will take the time to think seriously, you will observe that the evil white race civilization will be totally bankrupt and

devoid of gold in ten years and that then we will be able with our thirty billions of gold to buy up both continents and restore Indian America.

Use your head, man. Don't sacrifice your own future and your people.

White Thunder God
(Son of Quetzalcoatl)

To the Editor it looked as if White Thunder God might have quite a task when it came to dealing with the white men to buy back the two continents, especially considering his gullibility concerning "The Inca."

When Ottmar Kaub began talking seriously of moving to Dr. Bernard's colony, he received the following rather illuminating letter from him. Bernard informs Kaub that the colonization venture is not such a paradise, after all, and speaks rather disparagenly of Dr. Marlo:

Dear Mr. Kaub:

In reply to your two letters I refuse to answer your questions nor invite you here until you first (that is both you and Marlo) clear up the past and prove to me you are honest, and if you made a mistake, you are decent enough to admit it, and start a new leaf. If you are willing to do this, I will do all I can to help you, but if you refuse, then do not write me any further.

What I mean is this: From my association with you and Marlo both a good thing and a bad thing happened. The good thing is the book, FLYING SAUCERS FROM THE EARTH'S INTERIOR, which is considered by some as the best book in the saucer field and people are buying 4 to 5 copies at a time to distribute among friends. The book sells for \$3.00 and was published by Wilborn. I did not get a penny royalty. I wrote it, editing your material, as a service to humanity

The evil thing is that my name was ruined and I am classed among swindlers and frauds because I spoke so highly of Dr. Marlo and his trips to the center of the earth, so people concluded that if he is a fraud I must be one too. Ray Palmer is so raging mad at me that he refuses to open letters and returns them, and took my name off even the subscription list. I had no end of trouble.

Now it will be up to you and Marlo to clear up the mess, or I wish nothing to do with you:

1. Either, prove to me that Marlo actually did go to the hollow center of the earth by flying saucer or have Sol-Mar and Zola (if they exist) take me for a trip too, and not shower all their favors on one man -- Marlo. You admit you never saw them or even a saucer, yet were his secretary. Hence must conclude it was a bluff.

2. Be honest, decent and big enough to confess the whole story, admit your error and start a new honest life. Then I will receive you cordially. But I don't want vain pretenders, deceivers or money-making schemers here.

No colonists arrived. There is no colony on Sao Francisco island. I bought a tract of land there about a mile square and built a rustic house in a banana grove, but never occupied it. I have promised its use to a young yoga adept and teacher who plans coming. I also promised the house to Dr. Lozensky who has financed this project and plans coming. But when either come I don't know. I waited 4 years and nobody came.

I never started this to make money or would not have traveled 28 years to find the Promised Land and spent \$45,000 on this experience. My kind mother financed me. I spent \$10,000 in Joinville in my effort to start a community. Yet nobody came. People today are poor pioneers.

Nobody will give you anything free, here or anywhere. You must earn what you get. Others invested as much as \$20,000 in this and it would be unfair for an outsider who invested nothing to get free land.

There are no houses in Joinville for rent. You must live in a hotel. The land we are selling for colonization is not on the island but on the mainland and sells for \$100 an acre. I don't sell it. A real estate company does. As for the island land, it is not for sale. There is nobody in either place and the land is too far off and without an auto you cannot live there (mainland), though islands can be reached by bus or train.

As renting a house is out of the question you must build. As the dollar now is worth 5 times more than when I came, living costs are cheap. As for fruits, they are seasonal. Sometimes you find them plentiful, sometimes not. Pineapples are mostly a summer crop. Now is winter. However there are some occasionally at nearly all times.

I don't want you to come and then blame me for misrepresentation. I am not a rich man. I was penniless for years due to terrific losses, swindles and robberies of over \$15,000 here. I was gullible and believed all the swindlers.

Joinville is not a paradise. It has times of the year when it is chilly, though houses are never heated and a fireplace would be welcome. The first year here it rained about 8 months daily, which was blamed on nuclear explosions, and was unusual. This year was normal, though rains here occur the year round and sometimes last a few days as drizzles, never as torrential downpours, as in the tropics. In spite of occasionally damp and rainy weather, it is a healthy climate because in dry areas the air contains much more radio active dust than when precipitated by rainfall.

I do not care to sell you land. If you want land for \$1.00 an acre, go to the Amazon jungles.

Who will pay back the \$35,000 it cost to find this ideal region for you? One man wrote he spent \$15,000 travelling and found nothing

If you prove you are honest I will help you. Otherwise not. Remember you and Marlo must do either No. 1 (confession, which proves honesty) or No. 2 Proof -- not mere claims and pretenses -- of saucer trips to the earth's interior. Let me meet Sol-Mar and Zola. Strange that you as his secretary never did.

(Note by Editor: Kaub wrote me that Marlo often promised him meetings with the two spacemen, but the meetings did not materialize. On a few occasions, however, Kaub was told that he barely missed seeing them, for they had been there and had just left)

Marlo is a magician and knows the tricks of human psychology, but one blunder was committed; if he introduced Sol-Mar and Zola to his dentist, his cousin, in whose barn the saucer was kept, and rest of the family, WHY IN THE WORLD DID HE NOT INTRODUCE THEM TO YOU? WHY DID HE NOT BRING YOU TO THE FARM TO PERSONALLY INSPECT THE SAUCER? Why all the secrecy. You as secretary should be the first to meet Sol-Mar and Zola, so you speak from experience, not things Marlo tells you. This led me to conclude it was a bluff.

My connections with the "saucer trip to Santa Catarina" gave me a black eye from which I never recovered and I don't want to be connected with any future hoax. You know very well no such trip ever was to occur and yet you broadcasted it to the world. Such actions do not speak well of a person, and we must adopt a policy of absolute honesty. If you will now confess the whole story, then I will know you are honest and help you to a better life. That is the only basis for any dealings.

Sao Francisco Island is sandy and soil poor. The soil cannot bring one a living. That is why I abandoned the property to get some richer land on the mainland, but takes nearly 1½ hours to reach by auto, and without an auto, nobody can live in such an isolated place. You must stay in a hotel. The cheaper hotels are usually full and you must stay in a more expensive one. It is not possible to do cooking in a hotel room. All that remains is to buy land and build a house in Joinville. That will require capital, and then you have the problem how to make a living.

One young man coming here decided to first establish a mail order business there, which could later be transferred here to bring him an income. He is acting very wisely. Because if he came without an income he would be stuck and eventually stranded. I lasted here only because I have a kind mother to help me.

Also without sufficient capital, at least \$5000, the Brazilian consul will not give a permanent visa, entitling you to remain here forever. All you can get is a tourist visa good for 3 months. That

is one of the biggest problems in coming here, to prove to the consul you have enough capital and are coming as an agriculturist and not to go into business, which Brazil doesn't want. In some cases consuls require people to show deeds for land before they can come. If this letter seems uninviting, I am telling the truth. It is better to know the truth than to have illusions and be disappointed.

I am not writing to discourage you, but to tell you the truth, so you later don't accuse me of misrepresentations or attack me, as you did before. I spent \$45,000 on this thing, furnished by my mother, and now want to spend the rest of my life in peace and not be obligated to anyone or be attacked by anyone in case someone comes and imagines it a perfect paradise and then runs into a month of rain and must live in a hotel as I did 4 years. Well that is the situation. Do as you please. I am not inviting you, but if you want to come on your own, travel is free to anyone, and you can come to Joinville as to any other city, but I am not responsible in any way. I told you the absolute truth, so don't later accuse me of acting otherwise.

Sincerely,
W. Siegmeister

The latest on Dr. George Marlo comes to us by way of James W. Moseley, who reports that Marlo has been silenced by a mysterious "Mr. Alexander."

"Mr. Alexander" contacted Moseley in the New York area prior to moving to St. Louis to silence Marlo. He insisted to Moseley that he was from another planet and promised him a free trip around the world, which did not materialize.

KILTY

By ERIC GURNEY



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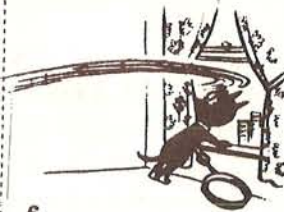
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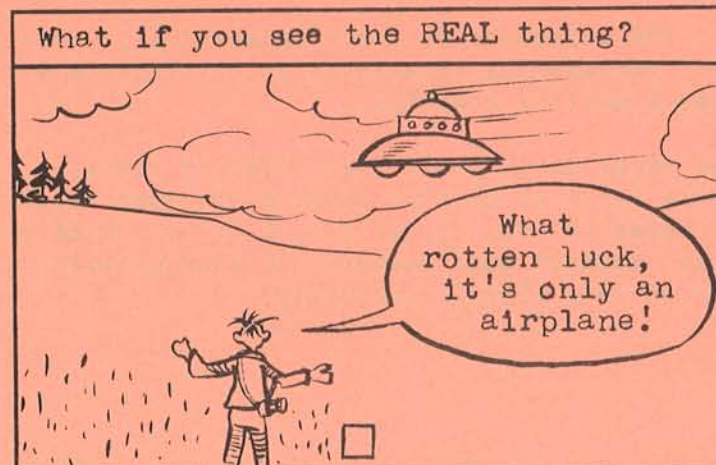
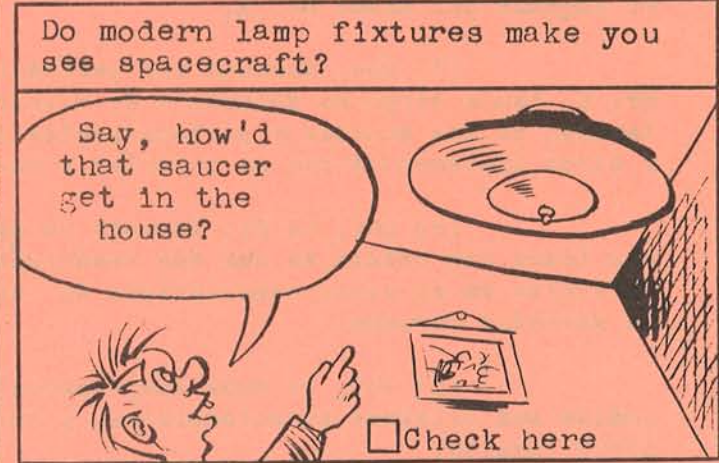
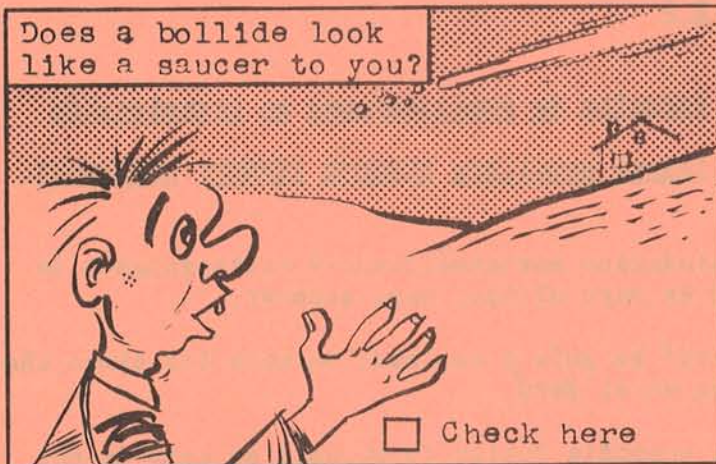
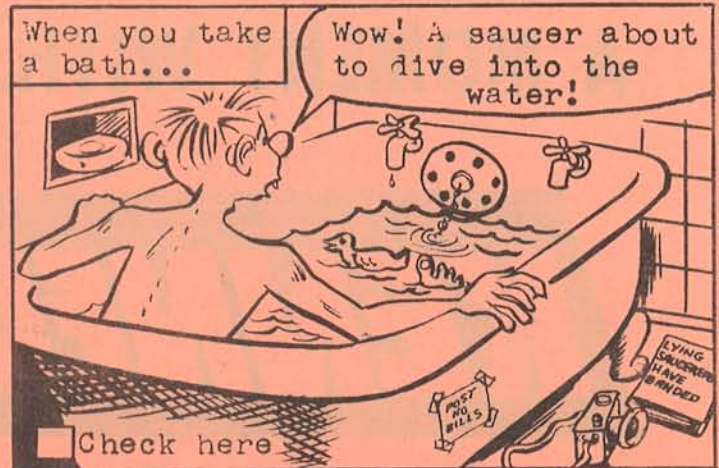


7

WHAT ARE YOU... SOME SORT OF A SAUCER NUT?

Always wonder if you'd make a good UFOlogist? Well, take this test and find out for sure....

by
Gene
Duplantier



Add up your check marks and see how you qualify for a UFOlogist!

- 0 How come you're reading this?
- 1 See your psychiatrist right now.
- 2 Watch it!
- 3 Still not too late to see your head-shrinker.
- 4 And what UFOzine do you publish?
- 5 Beyond help.
- 6 Go to the head of the class!
- 7 Disqualified! You've been cheating!

A MOMENT WITH....

KENNEDY *en* **LIMA**

A V I S O

Relatando al periodo de asociación con la compañía de explotaciones en organización LAS PALMAS VENTURES, del estimado señor y famoso caballero ROBERTO KENNEDY RODRIGUEZ.

Yo, James W. Moseley Barber, ciudadano norteamericano y representante de la nombrada compañía en el Perú hasta el 3 de mayo ultimo, hago conocer:

(1) Que, el Sr. Kennedy me sirvió de guía y empleado durante los cinco años de mis actividades comerciales y culturales en el Perú.

(2) Que, las actividades de la compañía fueron formuladas en acuerdo con el ingenio del mismo Sr. K.

(3) Que, durante los períodos de mi ausencia del territorio nacional, el Sr. K. tenía cargo no solamente de nuestras expediciones a todas partes del país, pero también de las monedas y pertenencias de la compañía, en que se incluyeron camionetas y otros implementos que se referían a nuestras excavaciones.

(4) Que, el Sr. Kennedy se demostró un talento destacado para comunicarse con todos los oficiales con que encontrábamos en el curso de nuestros viajes, que debe derivarse de su vasto conocimiento de los costumbres y tradiciones de todas clases de la sociedad peruana.

(5) Que, la suma competencia con que condujo negocios con los indigenas indica sus orígenes precolombianos, y su consanguinidad con los fundadores del gran imperio incaico.

(6) Que, el apoyo del Sr. K. no fué solamente de tenor intelectual, pero también se componía de hechos manuales; sus yacimientos anteriores en carpintería y arqueología se demostraron como invaluable a nuestra compañía.

(7) Que, el Sr. Kennedy tomó el papel de un socio leal, fiel, y recto. Cuando se separó de la compañía, notabamos la falta de ciertos objetos de gran valor, que amontonó aproximadamente a sesenta mil soles de oro. (S/. 60,000) Está en su favor que, confrontado con las evidencias, Kennedy pudo mantener su acostumbrada dignidad a la vez que negó a su complicidad en esta dolorosa incidente.

THE S.A.P.R.O. BULLETIN

THE S.A.P.R.O. BULLETIN IS THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ASININE PROPAGATION OF RESURRECTED OGRES (S.A.P.R.O.), 3434, ORION GALAXY, AND IS ISSUED EVERY SO OFTEN TO MEMBERS. THE SOCIETY FOR THE ASININE PROPAGATION OF RESURRECTED OGRES IS A NON-PROFIT GROUP DEDICATED TO FRIGHTENING THE PUBLIC AND ANNOYING THE AIR FORCE.

PLANET EARTH - DECEMBER 1963

DIRECTOR ATTACKED BY LITTLE MEN

Saucers swooped down over the SAPRO headquarters and violently attacked the director, Cora Lozenge; later kidnapped her and took her to a large satellite orbiting Earth.

The strange event occurred on November 11th, in broad daylight, on Veteran's day, as the director, off from work because of the holiday, was at home and hard at work processing and analyzing UFP data.

First notice of the attack was taken when a loud buzzing sound enveloped the house and brilliant flashes of blue light were seen. The Director was so busy in her data processing that she did not immediately go to the window. It must have been a good five minutes before she arose from her desk, walked to the window and looked out.

The Director was startled and greatly intrigued to see a disc-shaped USO hovering over the yard. She watched it as it settled slowly to the ground. She thought of running for her camera but waited momentarily to see what would occur. When an Adamski-type "Venusian" space-man emerged from the saucer, the Director decided to discount the sighting entirely, and returned to her work.

A loud howling of the Director's dog led her to go to the window again, where a vastly different scene was taking place. Five little men had emerged from the saucer and the "Venusian" was now nowhere to be seen. Deciding it could possibly be a valid landing, and concerned about her dog, which was being captured by one of the little men, she ran out into the yard. Two other little creatures were scooping up dirt in a strange-looking cannister. As she approached the little man who was trying to subdue the dog, a fifth creature grabbed her after shooting a strange blue beam at her. The creature then dragged her inside the saucer. The "ray" did not have a completely paralyzing effect, for the Director was able to move her arm enough so that she could make notes during the incident.

Space does not provide for printing a detailed report on the inter-

ior of the saucer and the huge satellite where she was taken for we are behind two issues and have a great deal of data still to present from August until this date.

The incident was checked out by our Special Consultant, Prof. Charles Maniac, to whom the Director presented herself for laboratory analysis.

A complete report is being sent to Amy Michael for orthopedic projection.

Our organization is busy analyzing special data collected by the Director during the incident described above. For instance, a strange human-like character on board the satellite was overheard talking to some party obviously on earth, whose name, "Dr. D.," was plainly mentioned twice.

Dr. Olive R. Fontana, one of SAPRO's contributors and investigators, was silenced by members of the Brazilian Medical Association, after members disapproved of his UAO work.

Let us quote from the last communication we received from Dr. Fontana:

"I am afraid that I must bow to authority and cease reporting of the UAO phenomena due to an incident which occurred here.

"At the present time I am false-ly confined to a Mental Institution after I tried to warn the Brazilian public about the impending danger of a saucer invasion in this country.

"Feeling that the best way to report the forthcoming invasion was to inform the public at the source, I spent one entire day running throughout the city, screaming loudly, 'The Saucers are coming!'

"The Brazilian Medical Association, disapproving of this publicity, filed commitment papers and I was taken into custody, and placed the Mental Asylum.

"Last night the saucers carried out a very violent attack on the mental institution. But I hear that this case was today officially shut up by the Military Authorities and

Sapro Has Physical Evidence Of UAO's

Thanks to Alger H. Gonzales, of Venezuela, SAPRO now has physical evidence of UAO reality and has submitted a report to the Pentagon.

The evidence, now being analyzed by Prof. Charles Maniac, was obtained during a dramatic 'little man' landing in Venezuela.

A farmer, who wished to remain anonymous, heard a loud buzzing sound, and then saw a UAO, which he described as "like two soup bowls put together," land in a wooded area. From the object, a four-foot, hairy creature emerged very swiftly, as if in a great hurry, and appearing to be tearing at its clothing. The creature rushed behind a clump of trees, out of the farmer's view.

In a few moments, the creature emerged from the trees, re-entered the saucer, which took off with a loud buzzing sound at a 90-degree angle.

Carefully examining the area, the farmer found a strange residue behind the trees where the creature had gone, and collected a specimen of the substance. It was given to Gonzales, since the farmer had heard of his interest in UAO phenomena. Gonzales packaged some of the residue and mailed it to SAPRO headquarters.

Authorities at the port of entry tried to suppress the shipment, holding up release of the package while claiming that they had no ruling on entry of such material. Customs authorities also complained of an unpleasant odor connected with the substance, and probably would not have finally cleared it had they not wanted to get it out of the customs house.

the Mental Health people, who have apparently joined up with the Communist and International Bankers to suppress this vital UAO information from reaching the public."

A MOMENT WITH.... Gray Barker



Dear Jackie:

Sept. 22, 1956

Let's see, perhaps I should now answer briefly your good letter of July 10th, before telling you about my Detroit Trip. I don't think it's as hilarious as some of my other trips, but then you never know. I think I'm slipping a bit as to being clever. Write me and tell me what you think. Thanks for Dick William's column about motion pictures, for "my other self." Or my other "sylph."

I can't quite figure just why Max Miller is completely ignoring my book. He certainly swallows a lot rawer things. Did you know that before Bender closed down we had a special project finding out more about Miller, and trying to find a good excuse for kicking him out of the IFSB where he held some kind of honorary membership. Bender didn't like Miller at all, ostensibly because Bender asserted that Miller had copied many of his ideas.

Did you see Williamson's blow-off about International Banker? Pretty far out. I wonder what the boy's up to. Anyway, he created
(Continued next page)

During the early days of saucers Gray Barker corresponded regularly with Jacqueline Sanders of California. In this letter, which is greatly abbreviated because of the original length, Barker is describing a visit he made to Detroit where he was guest of honor at a saucer meeting there. Barker's great charm and natural wit is displayed here in this informal communication. To prove that Barker is really a spaceman, a picture of him in his native dress is presented above. Photo is courtesy of August C. Roberts who photographed it from his TV set as Barker appeared on a popular New York kiddie show.

quite a stir with the thing (pause while I give 50¢ to salvation army lady who just walked into office) and so many now are yelling about them, or the "I. B.'s," as they call them. It seemed that so many saucerenthusiasts in Detroit were talking about the Bankers.

I think I should now tell you about Detroit Trip.

The Interplanetary Relations Club of Detroit asked me, some time back, if I could come up there in September, and I agreed. I have a sister who lives in the outskirts of Detroit, so the trip was not an expensive one. There are two kids, Roger Pierce and Howard Neuberger, who put out COSMIC NEWS, a saucer-like zine, with religious overtones, but they are good youngsters, so I stopped on the way, at their home in Strongsville, Ohio, and picked them up and took them with me to the convention. A few nights before the trip I got to thinking what a long trip it was (12 hours of hard driving), so I called up one of them, Howard, who was overjoyed at the chance to go. On the way up after getting them Howard told me he had wanted to go to the convention, but both of them were so hard up at the moment, there was no way for them to manage it. So Howard PRAYED that some way might be found to manage the trip. So apparently, I ALSO ANSWER PRAYERS, along with my many other accomplishments. Maybe I AM a deity of some sort, for just the other day I received a letter from a party who claimed to be a Celestial Being, but more about that later, if I think of it.

Anyway, we arrived very late in Detroit. As we neared the city, on the Ohio turnpike, the three of us got to talking about Shaver and the Dero, and we got interested in the subject that we missed the turnpike exit, and, besides that, had passed even the NEXT exit, which meant we couldn't get off the turnpike for 30 more miles, and then would have to backtrack.

The next morning, a very nice lady, Rose Philips, picked us up at my sister's house, and took us over in the city to Headquarters, where a luncheon would be served about 1:00 Saturday, and a meeting of delegates from various Michigan saucer clubs would be held. The first thing she mentioned was that Laura Marxer (now Mundo) had just been thrown out of their club because of some alleged heresy. I found the Interplanetary Relations Club to be a pretty level-headed sort of organization, composed of very nice people. We arrived early, before many delegates arrived, and I was introduced around.

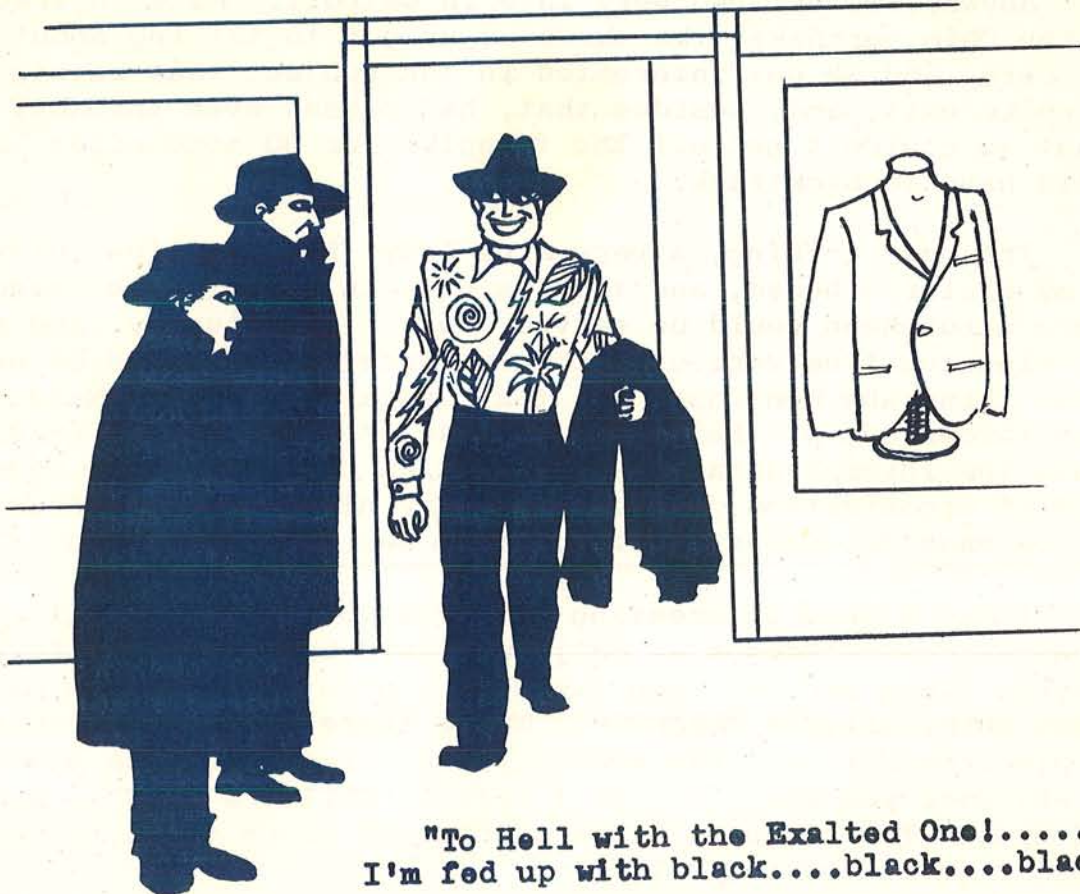
I had a very interesting conversation with Lee Childers (now known as Prince Neosom -- Ed.), who said he had ridden in saucers several times and had been taken to a giant 100-mile-in-diameter space ship called a TREJEDOM. While there he met up with various people from all over the solar system, also some from Alpha Centuras, or whatever you call it. As I recall, Childers said he had been killed by the Three Men in Black a total of seven times, which somehow doesn't sound too logical.

The headquarters of the IR (Interplanetary Relations) is in a

large house owned by two of the members. The meeting of the delegates finally got under way. Only delegates to the convention were allowed downstairs, and Mrs. Philips (who had picked us up that morning) told the others they could retire upstairs to "the meditation Room," where Lee Childers could hold forth further with his saucer adventures -- only she didn't quite put it that way. This was a meeting for the first time of the different Michigan groups, and they spent the most of the time just getting to know each other and throwing around ideas.

Mr. Henry Maday, who helped sponsor some of the Adamski lectures, but whom I hadn't heard too much about lately, was in attendance. I believe he still heads the Detroit FS club. He's a big, smooth man, with a booming but melodious voice, and immediately assumes Authority whenever he speaks. He would sit there with his eyes half shut, giving the impression he was somewhat disinterested and bored with the proceedings, and almost grudgingly awakening here and then to give forth with what sounded like what were supposed to be cogent comments. I don't know a lot about Maday. I couldn't find out just what he did for a living -- nobody seemed to know much about his background. After the meeting we had a buffet lunch, and I sat next to Maday and a woman from Canada. The woman told me she had a friend who had figured out just who the three men actually were and was going to tell her soon. She also told me some interesting tales from her section.

One of the members, named Murphy, is a professional artist, and I admired a large painting of an Egyptian scene on the wall, and somebody told me that he had more pictures upstairs, so I found him and



asked him to take me up to see them. Murphy, who is really a nice chap, gladly took me there to see the pictures, but on the way down from the third floor of the house, I slipped on the uncarpeted stairway and went scooting down the stairs, bumpety-bump. Fortunately I was more frightened than damaged, and nobody except Murphy saw the somewhat undignified debacle, though they heard it downstairs.

"I was just afraid that might be our lecturer for tonight," Mrs. Philips remarked. I am still somewhat sore from the misadventure, but there was no harm done.

Finally it came time for the lecture and one club member, who seemed to be a pretty intelligent fellow, took me and the Cosmic News staff to the Art Institute where the talk would be given. Turned out the guy didn't believe too much, and just sort of went along with it for the kicks. We got to the lecture hall early, and since I didn't want to show myself early, he suggested we leave the boys there and go out for a drink, which we did. Then I sorta let my own hair down and we discussed how the various people we had seen that day were saucerling for psychological reasons.

I did the same old lecture I had done elsewhere, though when I came to the place where I read the Jimmy Gieu letter about someone getting a weird piece of equipment out of a saucer from a woman pilot and then vanishing, I found that my Verifax copy of the letter had almost faded out...Though I was able to read it, by doing some squinting. I must have inadvertantly turned the front of the letter toward the audience, for Roger Pierce, afterward, asked me how I had read the blank sheet of paper. I suppose the audience must have thought it was blank and that I was just making it all up.

After the lecture, the same member I had had the previous drink with, suggested that we go out and get another one. This would kill some more time off before the meeting scheduled back at IR headquarters. I was rather worn out from meeting fans and welcomed such a respite, so he, I and a friend of his got into his car and drove to another bar.

Some of their conversation en route, and the general tenor of the customers at the bar, struck me as rather unusual. When one of my friends saw me trying to suppress my humor, he began to ask me questions, such as if I'd ever been to Detroit before, and if I knew about this and that -- if I had seen "The Immoralist," or knew about Oscar Wilde's private life. I countered with, "What do you think of the Ford Rotunda?"

Then one of them, talking about art and various experiences, remarked, "I feel things with my ENTIRE BODY!"

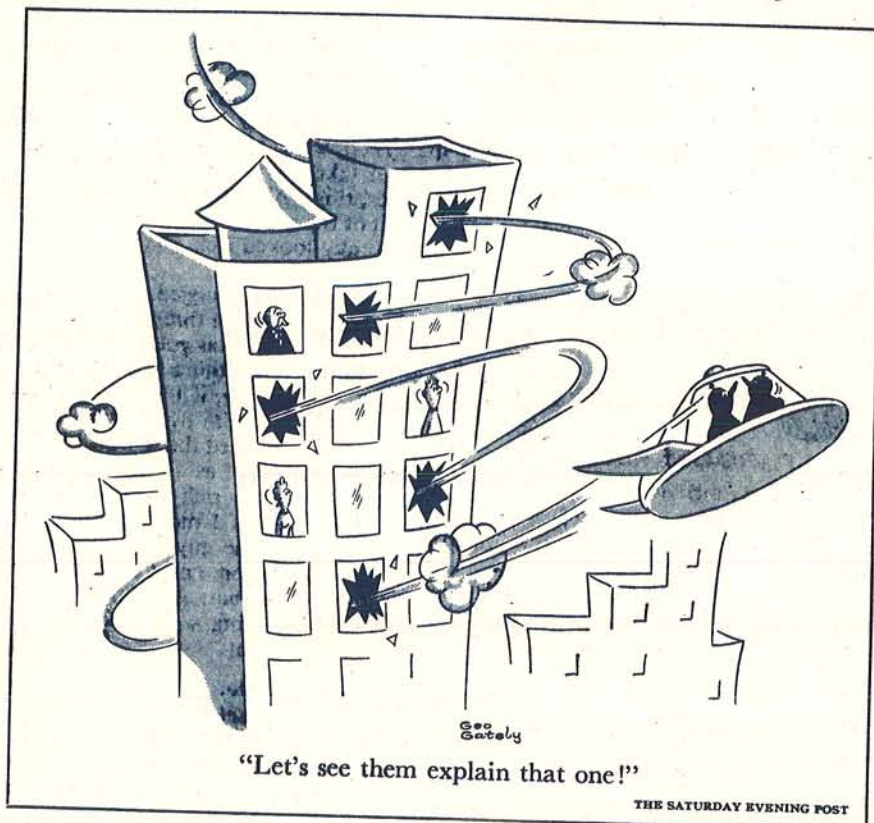
Since the talk seemed to be connected with a great deal of good humor, I just kidded along with them. After having the drink we headed back to the IR headquarters. I opened the door for the guy who was not driving, and who was to sit in the middle.

"Charles never does that for me," he remarked.

"Maybe you've been with him too long," I replied, going along with the gag. There followed some giggling between the two, and I couldn't help wondering just what all interplanetary relations might encompass.

Back at the meeting my main objective was to get away as soon as possible and back to my sister's house. I did manage to run down one fellow there who had got up at the meeting earlier in the day and said he had invented and demonstrated successfully an anti-gravity machine and that he intended to have it patented. He would divulge nothing other than that, to protect his invention, he said. He would, however work with people who could put some money into the project.

The guy, when cornered, told me that he had built the thing and discovered the anti-gravitational properties almost by accident. The thing he had built FLEW. Of course I immediately asked if I could see the demonstration model. But there was a hitch. There was a skylight in the room where he invented it, and when the thing actually began working it rose in the air, too fast for him to grab onto it. It flew up through the skylight, breaking the glass. He ran outside and caught a glimpse of the thing, going higher, and higher, and as far as he knows, it may still be going up! He's supposed to be an engineer of some sort, but evidently he has fallen into evil days for he complained he was broke and was trying to locate a free copy of my book. I didn't have any along, or would have given him one, for his story was quite worth \$3.50. This is the classic type of saucer yarn -- it gets you right to the evidence which finally, at the end, eludes you, and preserves the case, though not offering any



SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS

Saucerian Books - Saucerian Book Club - Book Tracers

Box 2228
CLARKSBURG, W. VA., U.S.A.

Hello, there:

If you believe that the Bible is a book of fiction, or a collection of myths handed down from antiquity, you can stop reading right now and heave this letter into the "circular file." If you have this strong opinion, I doubt it you will be interested in reading what I have to say below.

Or would you be offended if I told you that I thought that Abraham had been visited by Space People, and the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by something very similar to an atomic bomb? What if I told you that I thought that the priests described in the Book of Exodus used a two-way radio, which was called "Urim and Thummim," to communicate with "heaven"?

If any deep supernatural belief in the Good Book prohibits your exploring such new intellectual avenues, throw this letter away. Because I certainly respect your own beliefs, and I could be wrong myself.

I am talking, of course, about a new book about Flying Saucers. But this is the most unusual, most thought-provoking, most controversial, most fascinating, yet most inspiring book I have read in a long time.

"FLYING SAUCERS IN THE BIBLE" was written by Virginia F. Brasington, a minister who believes that the Bible "means what it says and says what it means." After you read this book you will understand why she is often "in trouble" with certain church officials because of her realistic Biblical interpretation.

For the author believes that heavenly messengers at one time communicated openly with mankind, and that these Visitors came here from highly-advanced planets. She also believes that these Visitors had to have some way of going and coming -- some sort of physical transportation. As she examines the many "cloud-like" vehicles and "fiery chariots" described in the Bible, her conclusion is inescapable that these strange things were none other than "Flying Saucers" that we are seeing today!!!!

Does the author believe that people go to heaven? Of course! But not a heaven where we walk around with flapping wings while we play our harps! She believes that we will spend eternity travelling to other planets and helping people there, in much the same fashion that heavenly messengers (or "spacemen" if you wish) have helped us.

I don't want to ruin your enjoyment by telling you too much about the startling disclosures in "FLYING SAUCERS IN THE BIBLE." You can get a good idea of the contents by reading the Table of Contents printed on the outside of this folder.

"FLYING SAUCERS IN THE BIBLE" -- despite its startling contents --

is reverently and spiritually written. It is both easy to read and understand. It is NOT the usual kind of Bible "saucer" book you may have read. It is NOT filled with devils and adjurations. It is NOT a dry philosophical work. It does NOT try to convert you to any religious belief.

"FLYING SAUCERS IN THE BIBLE" is a large 8½ x 11" book. Because it is stiff-bound, we can offer it at the low price of only \$3.00 per copy. An order blank is provided in this folder.

I cannot pass up this opportunity to tell you about the next book we will publish! "EXTRATERRESTRIAL COMMUNICATION" is unusual because it contains the text of messages from people of other worlds. It is even more unusual because it is written by a professor of physics at the University of Louisville!!! (Yes, some scientists still are open minded!) "EXTRATERRESTRIAL COMMUNICATION" relates the process of communicating with people from other planets, and, more important in my opinion, quotes these inspiring messages. This book, by Prof. D. D. Elkins, is scheduled for January and will sell at \$3.00 per copy.

People are constantly asking me why I don't write another book. I have constantly replied that I was waiting until I had something interesting and important to say. At last I do think I have something both interesting and important to say. I want to CHALLENGE both the Air Force, and the Negative Camp, including Dr. Menzel, who feel they can explain the saucers away.

This new book, titled "GRAY BARKER'S BOOK OF SAUCERS," is now practically finished. It will strive to present an overwhelming amount of evidence which will give the "saucer-explainers" a real frothing-in-the-mouth fit! It will contain some recent saucer events and other evidence that I dare anybody to explain away!

Because of the length and deluxe format of this new volume, "GRAY BARKER'S BOOK OF SAUCERS" must sell at a higher-than-usual price. It will sell at \$3.95 per copy. Because of the high cost, the press run will be limited.

Now, I'd like to tell you about a money-saving plan whereby you can save \$3.95, which is the same as getting my new book FREE. We are still accepting a limited number of what we term "Charter Memberships," whereby you subscribe for three books at one time and get them for only \$2.00 each. Yes, even "GRAY BARKER'S BOOK OF SAUCERS" will be included on this offer. And once your membership is accepted, you will be entitled to continue receiving further books at great savings.

Please use the special order blank attached so that we can speed the first of the series, "FLYING SAUCERS IN THE BIBLE," to your door.

open the box under any circumstances until he arrived in Missouri. However, by the time he had arrived the box had already been opened.

This they had managed by somehow tying some ropes to the box and tearing it open from a distance, and while standing behind a tree, just like a bomb squad. But anybody fearing a bomb soon had those fears allayed. The package, in true Christmas suspense style, contained another, still smaller box, which being opened contained a set of contents almost as unusual as the Master himself!

There were two dollar bills of recent vintage, two silver dollars of a certain date, a British and Greek coin. There was also one locket, which looked rather old and as if it might have been obtained from a pawn shop. It contained a picture of a man. Another locket contained two words, "PEACE" and "YOU."

So that was the contents of the package to be delivered to a spaceman. Why spacemen should be interested in such trivia is beyond me, though the contents DO seem to be the result of either TRUE CRACKPOTTERY, or some GENUINELY WEIRD PSYCHOLOGICAL REASONING OF EXTRATERRESTRIALS! If it were a hoax, perpetrated by the "Master," surely the package would have contained something more science-fictionish, such as some kind of gooked up "strange metal," or undecipherable "writings."

Somehow the Master of Venus bit, the strange box, and some things of weird nature my friend reported as having happened while he visited Nelson, sort of throws me!

The guests had arrived when we finished listening to the tape (I'm back in Detroit once again). I sat at the head of a quite long table. I thought it odd that we should be served with wine before the meal, since so many of the saucerers, as you may have observed, still believe in the Volstead act. I was told that Laura Marxer would propose a toast and that then I was to propose one. She sat at the opposite end of the table, because, I suppose, she still commands a great deal of authority around those parts. She arose and said, "TO THE VISITORS," and we all drank. The only thing I could think of to toast was the Federation, so I said, "HERE'S TO THE FEDERATION -- LONG MAY IT WAVE."

The somewhat stout lady on my right was, she claimed, growing her third set of teeth and believed she would live forever. She was somewhat late, she said, because her group had got to meditating and the time just flew by and it became later than they realized.

Henry Maday had not yet arrived. He telephoned and had a message delivered to the group. He said he was late, but that he had some special news from London. A buzzing went around, everyone wonder just what the "special news from London" might consist of.

Finally Maday arrived, after the others had finished eating. He had just heard a news flash on the radio, he said, that a radio broad-

cast in England had said that someone had recorded messages from space people. He made it sound like it was all very important and on the level. Later I checked and got a copy of the news release, which related something about space enthusiasts, or "space fans," as they termed them, having tape recordings containing radio contacts with the "saucer passengers." These turned out to be the Dick Miller tapes.

I don't think anything interesting happened after that, other than starting home and trying to get back on Route 24, which would lead us to the Ohio turnpike. Howard Neuberger was highly excited all the way home, for Laura Marxer, in a private briefing, had promised him he would have a "contact" while returning home. Unfortunately this did not occur.

I found a number of unusual letters in the mail when I got home. One was from the Celestial Being I mentioned earlier, and the other one, also anonymous, was from someone in Detroit who signs himself "for purposes of identification," #5012739" (Aside to JWM: We wish this number were actual -- ED.) Now correspondent #5012739 is trying to help me solve the mystery of the three men and points out several references in my book. He says that the answer to the entire saucer mystery is contained on Page 246 of my book. I must close now, I am afraid, consult TKTM again, and try to figure this out.

Cordially,

Gray Barker





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ACCESSORIES

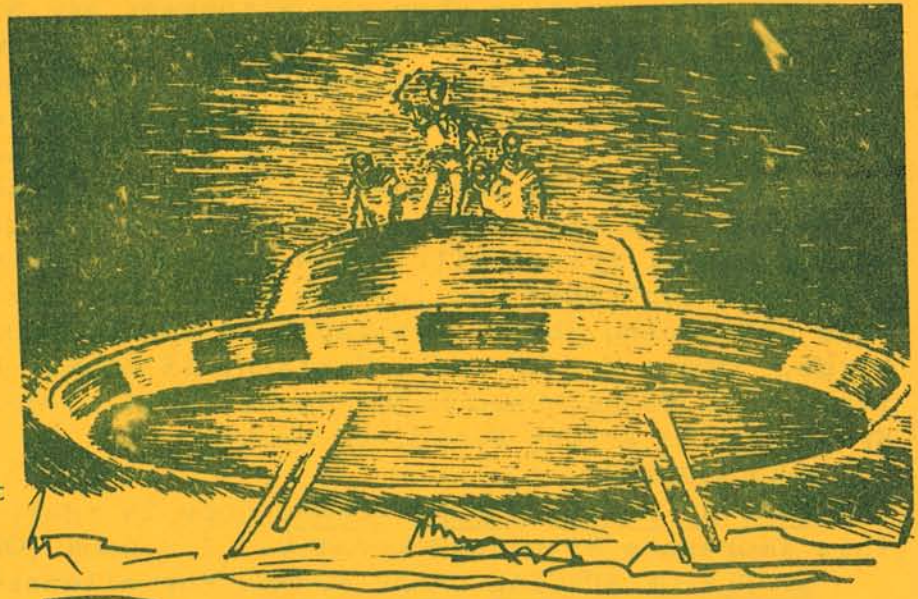
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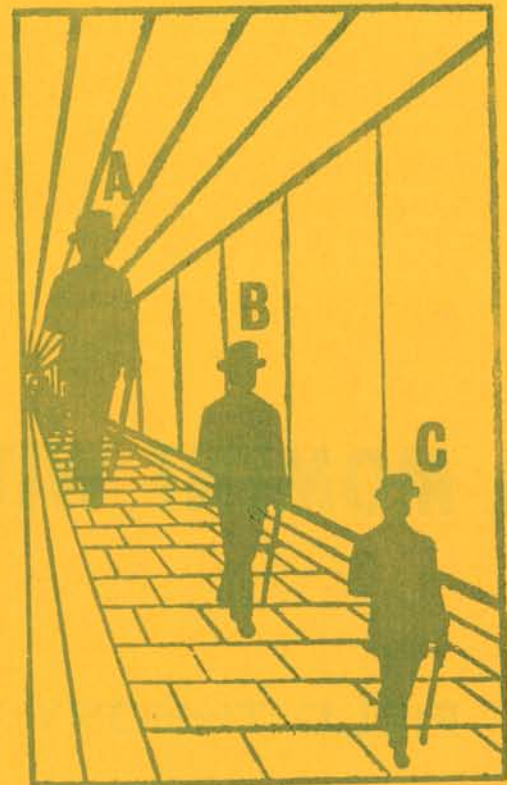
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A MOMENT WITH....

FIELD THEORY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

A definitive Work of this nature would hardly be complete without the reproduction of a strange letter received by Gray Barker from Col. Karl H. Hoffritz, and a subsequent letter received from August C. Roberts from the same source, a mysterious Field Theory Research Foundation. The original of the second letter is in the files of August C. Roberts, this reproduction being a typed copy made at the time Roberts showed it to a fellow researcher.

FIELD THEORY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

DIRECTOR: *Lloyd C. Pittsfield, Ph.D.*

SECURITY COMMANDANT: *Brig. Gen. Malcolm H. Cramford*

FOREIGN PROJECT ENGINEER: *Prof. Hans Von Poppen*

SPECIAL CONSULTANT: *B. W. Eicher*

2609 13th St., N.E.
Miami, Florida

Mr. Gray Barker
% The "Saucerian"
P.O. Box 2228,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

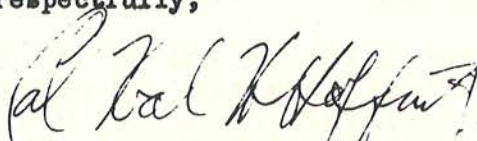
Nov. 22, 1955

Dear Sir:

Recently one of our aides brought to my attention an article appearing in a back issue of your little periodical, the "Saucerian". In this issue there appeared an article mentioning the name of a Mr. August C. Roberts, whom we believe to be the same August C. Roberts we have been trying to locate for quite some time.

Any information you can give us as to the present whereabouts of Mr. Roberts will be deeply appreciated by our staff. If you can be of assistance to us, then in due time we may be able to release to you some advance project information which you could use in your periodical.

I remain yours respectfully,



Col. Karl H. Hoffritz, U.S.A., Ret.
DEPUTY SECURITY COMMANDANT

KHH:lk

G1

FIELD THEORY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

DIRECTOR: Lloyd C. Pittsfield, Ph.D.

SECURITY COMMANDANT: Brig. Gen. Malcolm H. Cramford

2609 13th St.N.E.
Miami, Florida

FOREIGN PROJECT ENGINEER: Prof. Hans Von Poppen

SPECIAL CONSULTANT: B. W. Eicher

August C. Roberts
443 Ogden Ave.,
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Mr. Roberts:

Your address has been forwarded to me by Mr. Gray Berker of Clarksburg, West Virginia, who I understand is a friend of yours.

We have been checking your background carefully during the past several months, and on the basis of a careful study of your past activities, we now feel confident that you can be trusted with certain confidential information regarding the objects which you call "flying saucers."

You will be contacted within a few days by our New York agent, who will identify himself to you by mentioning my name. In return for the information he has for you, you will be expected to co-operate fully with him in regard to certain important information you possess concerning these "flying saucers." I can assure you that your meeting with our agent can and will be of great mutual benefit.

I regret that I cannot inform you yet of the exact nature of the work we are doing here at the Foundation. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that if our present experiments are successful, a technological advance will take place in the United States within the next ten years which otherwise would not be accomplished in a thousand years.

Perhaps I have already said too much. In any case, let me advise you strongly not to discuss the contents of this letter with anyone, not even with your closest friends and associates. This letter is intended for you, and for you only.

Yours truly,

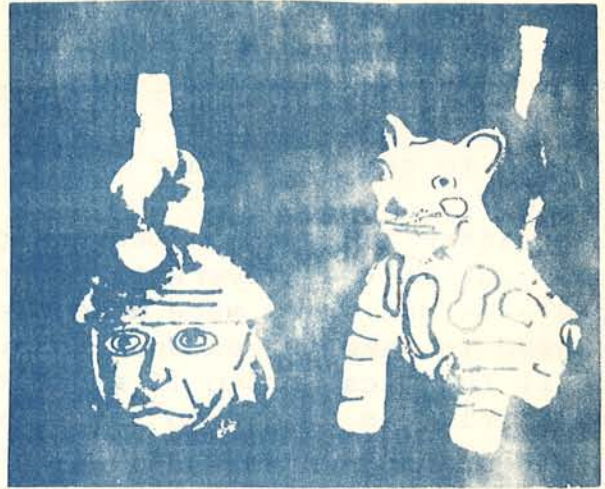
Col. Karl H. Hoffritz (U.S.A., Ret.)
DEPUTY SECURITY COMMANDANT

KHH:lm

G1 - 2E

A MOMENT WITH....

James W. Moseley



Dos huacos de la cultura Mochica

Lima, Peru

Jan. 23, 1961

Dear _____:

Among today's headlines: "FURTHER RAVINGS OF ATOMIC DOCTOR"; "LEFT-WING MEETING FAILS TO GET INTO HIGH GEAR"; "I GO TO JAIL." The last story, of course, is the best.

Last Saturday was a very hectic day. It began with another meeting with the Atomic Doctor. Such meetings occur about once or twice a week. Every time I meet him he has some weird prediction to make. For instance, he recently informed me at the reason Lima is (allegedly) overcast with clouds, even now during summer, is that the Russian Sputnik is sending out rays of some sort. You will remember how, one evening, he identified Venus as Sputnik.

Usually the Atomic Doctor is complaining that the priests are shooting rays at him, but this time he was discussing the Communists, and said that he didn't care whether or not they took over, as his situation would be no better and no worse, in any case.

This happened to be the afternoon of the day on which a left-wing meeting was scheduled for early evening. So, as usual, I slipped the Atomic Doctor a couple of soles and went on my way, deciding I might go to the meeting, just in case they might have a good riot. The Government had told the students involved they would have to hold the meeting inside the university grounds, feeling, no doubt, this would discourage them to the point of cancelling the meeting -- but this had not deterred them from going ahead with it. I had a feeling it would be an interesting event: although the students were supposed to stay inside the university grounds, I had a hunch they would try to pour out from there and disturb the Public Order.

So I went to the damn thing, and listened to a series of boring speakers. They had a loud speaker so that even though the thing was going on inside the university grounds, you could hear everything

from the street nearby. And guess who should show up but the Atomic Doctor, among the other weirdies in the crowd. We both seemed surprised to see each other there.

After the boring speakers got through, the students did try to pour out of the university grounds en mass ---- just as I had expected ---- but there were a couple of hundred police around, who seemed to take the enthusiasm out of the demonstration, somehow. A small fanatical group of students formed, however, and gave out such cries as "Death to the Prime Minister," plus the usual, "Cuba si, Yankee no," which is now becoming standard equipment for all left-wing meetings in South America. I like "Death to the Prime Minister" better, however, as it has an olde English flavour, and sounds much better in English than in Spanish.

Whereas the students only had to worry about the cops, I was more afraid of the newsmen and photographers than of the students OR cops, as I was afraid I would be Recognized. However, no one did recognize me, which was really quite lucky, as, in view of my Condition here in Peru, I was very silly to risk going to such a meeting.

Saturday night I went out drinking with my wife* at one of the B-girl joints that I frequent in Callao. We were just sitting there drinking with the owner of the joint (an American, by the way), and not fighting or arguing like we usually do -- when suddenly a detective rushed in and said I was wanted urgently outside. Once outside, he said I was wanted urgently at the police station, and that I was under arrest, though he refused to say why. So while the whole crowd from the bar came out to gape, I was whisked away by the cops. My wife was about ready to start insulting the detective, but I felt it would be better if she didn't.

From here on, the story gets really weird. Upon arriving at the police station, I was searched roughly (but cleanly) from head to foot, and it was announced that I was suspected of smuggling DOPE! The thing was made worse by the fact that I had some aspirin and stomach pills in my coat pocket, which were listed in the police records as "unidentified pills." Shortly thereafter, my wife appeared at the window.

She had followed me in a taxi, and she shouted in to me, asking what I was charged with, and I shouted "dope" (which I later learned was a mistake, as another girl with her heard me, and now the rumor is that I am in dope!) Then my wife shouted something about phoning someone, and I shouted "yes," and that was the end of the conversation, as the detective quickly shoved me into another room so that I couldn't go on talking with her. I pleaded with him to take me to Lima, where I have all sorts of documents showing who I am and Who I Know Here, but he said he would do so later (it was about 2 or 3 a.m. by then).

*The word "wife" as used herein refers euphemistically to a former girl friend of Moseley's. It is not to be confused with his present lawful wife.

and in the meanwhile I would wait in a certain cell. I quickly realized this was a trick and that I was going to STAY in the cell, but by that time it was too late, as I was already in it.

The cell in question was a small room with no window, the only ventilation being a very small window in the door, if you follow me. Thus the only light in the place also came from there, and the room was almost pitch dark. I noticed, however, that there were about five other creatures in the room with me, who quickly identified themselves as J-D's. It turns out that they ranged in age from 15 to about 18, and as I noticed some time later, when I saw them in the light, that they were really a very tough looking bunch.

I was still somewhat high from drinking, and I stood around in the cell a short while, trying to orientate myself, and striking matches now and then. I noticed it was hot as hell in there, so decided to put my coat somewhere, and as there were no hooks, I decided on the far corner. I asked the crowd in general, "Where does one put one's coat?", but as there was no answer, I folded it carefully in the corner. A very short time later I decided on a better place, and upon picking up the coat, I noticed it was soaked through with something. It developed that, as there was no bathroom in the place, that was the corner everybody used in lieu of that facility!! So later, when it got colder, I had to put the coat on, and sleep with it on, though it was still somewhat soaked (though it didn't smell as much as one would expect.)

Some of the J-D's apparently had come prepared for a long siege, and they had mattresses and blankets, and were sleeping relatively comfortably. I, of course, had no mattress or blanket, and they didn't seem quite anxious to make room for me on theirs; so I took up a position near the door, which turned out to have one definite advantage and one worse disadvantage. The advantage was that the air was fresher, as there was a large crack under the door from which a breeze came. The disadvantage was that (strange as this is), the jailer could not come in and out unless someone INSIDE opened the door for him after he opened it from the outside. So, whoever was nearest the door was elected to jump up and open it all the time.

This didn't bother me too much, as I saw no hope of sleeping anyhow. As a matter of fact, I was near panic the whole time, and almost ready to psycho out. The only thing that kept me from going completely psychotic was the running conversation certain of the J-D's kept up. They also encouraged me to sing some songs in English, which I eventually did -- not because I was that drunk, but because I saw it as a sort of morale builder. The whole crew was really degenerate and when they talked to me or among themselves, all they did was curse in low Spanish slang and talk about sex, etc. They also asked me a lot of strange questions which I tried to answer in good humor, as it was obvious that I would do well not to cross these thugs. They all seemed to know each other, though they had not arrived together. It seems they were thoroughly familiar with all the customs of the place and the names of the jailers, though they all claimed of course that

it was their first time in, and they didn't know why they were being held, etc. When they asked me what I was in for, I told them I was charged with dope smuggling, and they seemed to look up to me for a short while, and were anxious to know how much one earns as a dope smuggler, etc.

Actually, by that time I already knew that the dope thing was a fake excuse, because I had heard the detective who took me in say to another official that I was the Gold Mask Thief; so I knew then that they were just trying to rattle me with the dope angle. (Still later I learned that I was in the Petty Crimes or minimum security section, whereas there was a Dope Section elsewhere.) I forgot to tell you that the detective who took me in claimed that I was being held for the FBI. I came close to telling him that I hoped they would extradite me to the U.S. rapidly, as that would be the best thing that could happen to me.

I also left out the following background fact: It seems that my Big Lawyer is in Big Trouble, due to a big bribe he took, which came out in the papers a week or so ago. This has caused a rift between him and the Minister of Injustice, upon whom he depends for his influence peddling. The whole thing is made worse by the fact that the Minister of Injustice caught him (the Big Lawyer) with his mistress, -- and now the President has told the Big Lawyer to either give back the bribe or renounce his government job (As I think I told you, the bribe has nothing to do with me, but concerns a fake lottery that was run in Callao last year.).

So I knew that my being detained was either a political persecution, in which someone in Callao was trying to monger the Big Lawyer by mongering his clients -- or else that the Mask thing had flared up again. In the latter case I would really be cooked, because it can't flare up again unless the judge in question should order that the case be re-opened (I am now taking steps to make sure this can never happen, but that is another story.).



Getting back to the situation in the cell -- I hardly slept a wink all night -- even though, later on, a couple of the J-D's were let out to do menial chores outside, such as sweeping up, and one of the mattresses was disoccupied; so I took it over. Meanwhile, I had again made the mistake of leaving my coat unguarded for a few minutes, during which time the American cigarettes I had in the pocket just disappeared. I never got them back, but from then on the J-D's were all generous in offering me their Peruvian cigarettes -- for some reason. They also let me drink some water and hot tea they had -- which was quite a help, as I was going into my post-drunk thirst by that time, and might have psychoed out without water. Later, however, I left my eye glasses unguarded a very short while, and THEY disappeared though I later got them back. I must say that it was a very light-fingered crowd.

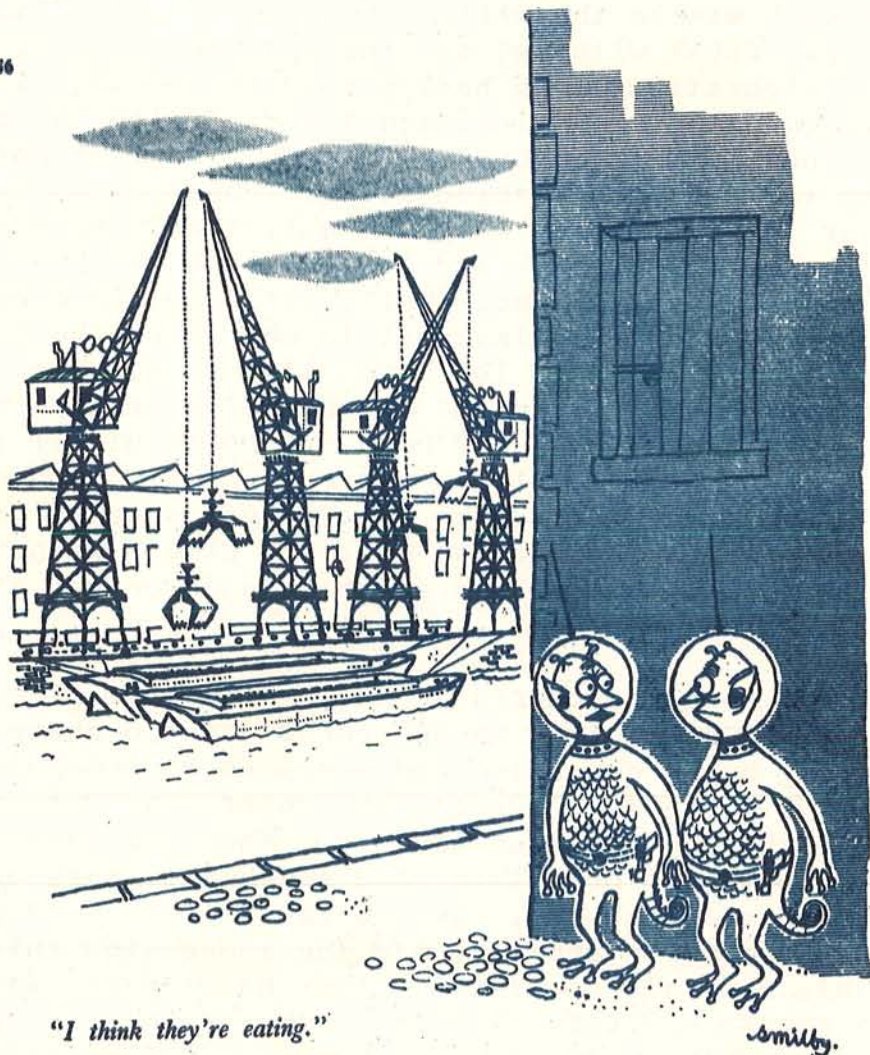
Not too long after dawn we were let out of the cell, and not long after that one of the chiefs of detectives showed up, though it was Sunday (The people who get hauled in Saturday almost never get out till Monday, as the chiefs don't work Sunday). This chief immediately took a Big Interest in me, and took me aside. He had with him my wallet, which I had been required to deposit with my other worldly goods upon arriving at the police station. Naturally he knew exactly how much was in the wallet. It came to about \$60.00. (I had more dough than usual with me, as I had planned to slip something to my wife, in celebration of my having sold the house) I didn't take long in sizing up the situation, and I agreed with the chief that it would be a fine thing if we became Friends. So I slipped him \$40 of the \$60, and later signed a thing saying I had gotten back all my money. After that he let me keep the wallet and the money that was still in it, plus my watch -- and later I even got back my "unidentified pills" and everything else. Well, as I say, in view of my generosity, the chief took a Big Interest in me. First he let me make a phone call, which no one had let me do till then. Then he and the man who had taken me in the night before drove me to Lima in their car to get my papers which I had been raving about all this time. On the way to Lima, I had to fill up their tank with some of my remaining money, and we even stopped by the Bolivar where I bought cigarettes for myself and (naturally) everyone else. We got the papers, and went back to Callao where we all had lunch on me, at a nice restaurant.

A needless monger occurred in the restaurant. I knew beforehand that I would be paying, as the chief was too cheap to part with any of the \$40, but I cheerily told everyone to order what they wanted. Actually, there were myself, the chief, the detective, a chauffeur, and the chief's six-year-old boy. When the sandwiches arrived, they were all put onto one plate, and somehow we were one short. I had ordered a ham and cheese, whereas the brat had ordered a ham, I believe. As we were on short he had the impression that my ham and cheese was his ham, and accordingly took half of it, while I smiled at him with forced benevolence. So I only got half a sandwich although I was paying. I got back, however, by ordering desert and they all had to sit and wait for me, as they didn't want dessert.

We then returned to the police station, and soon afterward the chief rushed out with great zeal to Lima again, to see if my story checked out, as he wanted to help me get out that very day. As a matter of fact, I had bullfight tickets, and we were wondering if I would get out by the time the bullfight started at 3:30. I must say that this chief was a decent type; Not everyone would have been as nice even after a \$40. bribe. I was, from the time he arrived in the morning, a Privileged Personage in the jail, and allowed to have the best of everything. I was moved from the cell into a fairly decent room, where I tried to sleep on one of the beds there. This was the room where the lower-rank detectives sleep, and it therefore had no lock on the door -- in fact, no door at all, as I remember. This eased my Claustrophobia quite a bit, but I still couldn't sleep, due to various mongers. It seems they don't get many gringos at that mail, so everyone was curious about me, and I found myself Holding Court in this dormitory, much as Yonah is wont to do.

During the afternoon various detectives kept arriving for duty, and each one wanted to talk to me. They were all very mild in their questioning, and quite pleasant, but none knew why I was being held. I soon got the hang of this Holding Court business. I would only talk to one individual or group of delegates at a time. If two police of varying rank came at once, I would ask the lower-ranked person to

PUNCH, April 4 1936



"I think they're eating."

Smilgy.

wait outside till I talked to the higher-ranked one. If any policeman wanted to talk with me, I would kick out the J-D's (who were also wandering loose all day, for some reason), and if there was no one else to talk to, I would reluctantly let the J-D's drift back in. Some of the persons to whom I gave audiences wanted various favors, and after listening to their cases carefully, I would disburse funds to them in accordance with their rank, the severity of their Problem, and my limited financial means. For instance, there was one high-grade detective who needed a \$4 loan till Monday (today); so after careful consideration I granted his request. Then there was a very low-ranking fellow -- the man who cleans the floors, as a matter of fact -- who came for several audiences, and each time he had some new weird excuse for money. Once he got about 50 cents from me to get American cigarettes with, and came back with Peruvian cigarettes (worth 5 cents) and no change. His worst request concerned the sanitary problem of the night before. It seems that, as I had been drinking, and had therefore used this corner facility a lot, he blamed me entirely for the fact that by that time (in the heat of the day) the cell smelled horribly. I explained to him that the facility had already been used before I arrived, and that I had even got my coat soaked in it; but he insisted that I was the one who should pay the whole cost of getting someone (someone lower than him) to clean up the cell; and this came to about 50 cents. It was only later that I realized I was paying him to do his own job.

Then there was one of the J-D's, who was the exact Peruvian equivalent of the Intellectual Researcher, and who hounded me a lot when no one else was in for an Audience, and prevented me from sleeping. He asked questions like whether I knew Chessman or not; whether I knew various movie stars; whether dollars or soles are used for money in the U.S., and at what prices, etc. He was only about 15 and seemed Eager for Knowledge and not smart-alecky like the other J-D's, so I tried to give him straight answers, to the limit of my patience. He told me that my cigarettes had been stolen the night before by one of the other J-D's who (conveniently) had already gotten out by that time. He also confessed that he was in for stealing a car, but said he expected to get out the next day as the police had recovered the car after he had smashed it up badly. I tried to explain that perhaps the owner would not be satisfied with getting his car back in that condition; but the Intellectual didn't seem to understand, and he felt that as long as the car had been recovered, he had not done anything wrong. This IS strange logic!

Finally my lawyer (not the Big Lawyer, but a new one I've hired since his downfall) arrived, together with my Loyal Partner, and after various delays and mongers, the Chief decided I could go home as long as I showed up at 10 a.m. today to finish off my case. By that time it was about 4:30 p.m. (Sunday), too late for the bullfights -- and anyhow, strangely, the bullfight tickets were the one thing the Chief never gave me back. I was in no mood for the bullfights anyhow, and went back to Lima to sleep.

So today I had to get up early again. I was supposed to meet

Kennedy and the New Lawyer at the police station, but they never showed up. However, the Chief who got the \$40 had put in the good word for me with HIS chief; and the New Lawyer as well as the Big Lawyer had made key phone calls; so I was let go in just a few minutes. It turned out, finally, that there had been no charge whatsoever against me, but that I had been picked up merely as a suspicious character. Translation: The Callao police heard of my Generosity in Lima in fixing up my Case, and decided they would like a little gravy too. So things are now back to normal, and I don't expect to be hauled in any more.

One final note in regard to my previous letter which contained a suggested "Schedule of Recommended Bribes." I have learned from an American who has lived here for a long time that the recommended bribe for minor offenses is 50% of the fine. Therefore it turns out that in the case I mentioned to you (not having registration with me), I did pay the Correct Bribe after all! It was a 200 sole offense, and I gave 100 soles. Thus, I seem to instinctly have the feeling for the Correct Bribe, and the chauffeur was wrong. I am glad you enjoyed that story, by the way, I thought you would.

Yours for the Bomb,



A MOMENT WITH....

THE U. S. AIR FORCE

On November 5, 1964, the two major U. S. political parties experienced their greatest upset in history. Gabriel Pink, running on the independent UFO Ticket, was elected President, along with his running mate, George Von Hassle.

As promised in their campaign, the "Saucerers," as the political movement was popularly called, appointed the leading UFO figures to the Cabinet.

One of the first major reforms accomplished by the "Saucerers" was a reorganization of the Project Blue Book saucer project, and improvements in investigative techniques.

Operating in entirely new quarters, at a new location, Left Field, the Air Force immediately began issuing a series of new Fact Sheets, reflecting the end of Official Secrecy.

Reprinted on the following pages is one of the new Fact Sheets.

to list this case as a star. However, since Col. Wan Hung Lo, formerly of the Chinese Mystery School, took over our Occult Studies Department, we no longer have to resort to such sloppy solutions. In this case, Col. Lo, in spite of the scarcity of data, was able to come up with a definite answer on his ouija board. He learned that the object Mrs. Myopia saw was definitely a scout ship from the planet Saturn, disguising itself cleverly as a star. General Collapse, Col. Lo's superior officer, took a turn at his own finely-tuned ouija board, and came up with the conclusion that the object was a scout ship from Venus.

CONCLUSION: The object was probably a scout ship from Venus.

CASE NUMBER TWO: Facts: Six children, all under the age of six, were playing in a field near Cleveland, Ohio, when they all noticed a bright light making maneuvers in the sky. According to the children, the object went up and down, up and down, and continued with this oscillation until gradually fading out of sight. All of the children agreed in giving the description. One of them also said it once appeared to go sideways as well. They described the object as being bigger than a button but not as big as a planet. All of them said they were so frightened by the object that they were afraid to move. That was why they were all late getting home that night.

COMMENT AND ANALYSIS: Here is a case containing valid data which we can analyze scientifically. Although the children were separately questioned and in pairs, all stuck to the story that the object went "up and down." Later a seventh child, who had also been late getting home that night, was found, and he too claimed to have seen the object. He also said that he was so frightened by it that he was afraid to move, and that was why he had got home late. Thus, all descriptions tally.

For a case as important as this, a special meeting was held in the Seance Room. Present were Col. Lo, who brought his ouija board; Major Howling Hoax, Deputy Chief of our Occult Studies Division; Major Ben Zine, a top-flight oriental mystic; Lt. Col. Sam "Jumpy" Jackson, Chief of Astral Research; Captain O. U. Fakyr, Deputy Chief of the Parapsychological Division; and Captain Ozone Methane, a leading researcher in our Poltergeist Section.

The seance was called to order by General Collapse, who also was present. Major Zine immediately went into a deep trance, but was unable to come up with anything concrete (It developed that he had been out late the night before, during his off-duty hours, and may have been only sleeping). After this unsuccessful beginning, however, things went much better. Col. Lo's ouija board was in exceptionally fine form. Within a few minutes he was able to pin-point the saucer as being Scout Ship 69 of the Northern Martian fleet. Captain Fakyr, however, consulted his Spirit Guide, and learned that no ships of the Northern Martian fleet had been in the vicinity of Earth on the night of the sighting. Further information from the Guide ascertained that the saucer must definitely be of either Neptunian or Venusian origin,

unless it was a rare spaceship from another galaxy. It was then ascertained that Col. Lo had been manipulating his ouija board manually, in an effort to get the meeting over with and get home early. Col. Lo was therefore excused from the meeting with a reprimand from General Confusion, and the seance was continued.

Next Lt. Col. Jackson went into one of his rather strange trances (somewhat similar to epileptic fits, to the untrained observer), and while rattling around on the floor he gasped out the vital information that Neptune could be eliminated as a possible suspect, regarding the origin of the UFO. This left us with the definite conclusion that the UFO was from some part of Venus. The question, then, was to ascertain exactly which Venusian spaceship was involved. Lt. Col. Jackson passed out and was of no further help, but Captain Pakyr (an extremely versatile officer), took command of the ouija board, and under carefully controlled conditions, evoked the information that it was Scout Ship 96 of the 5th Venusian fleet, operating out of Mother Ship 16-A. This information was then confirmed by Captain Methane, who succeeded in making one of his rare astral voyages to Venus itself, where he spoke to the Grand Mentor of the planet, who confirmed the information for him.

CONCLUSION: The seven children saw Scout Ship 96 of the 5th Venusian Fleet.

CONCLUDING REMARKS: The above shows how the Air Force, through careful teamwork and the use of the most modern parapsychological and occult methods, is able to solve almost all of the UFO cases that we are confronted with. Currently, only TWO PERCENT of UFO sightings are listed as "unknowns." Whereas we do not deny the possibility that this 2% might represent hoaxes or misinterpretation, we do believe that, were sufficient data available, these, too, could be identified as interplanetary spaceships.

Recently the Air Force has been criticized by a group representing themselves as "orthodox scientists." Let us assure you that these critics do not have even a fundamental or basic knowledge of the elementary principles of occult studies. Although it is our usual policy not to embarrass anyone by naming them publicly, we must state that Dr. Svenzel of Harvard University has been one of our loudest critics. We do not deny the possibility of his temperature inversion theory; but how can a man who has never attended a seance or studied occult sciences presume to judge the competency of our research? Dr. Svenzel is at liberty to conduct his experiments and to write books, but he should not expect serious researchers to accept his findings merely at face value!

This Fact Sheet hopes to have convinced the public that the Air Force UFO project is in competent hands. As for the possibility of attack by Russian guided missiles, we have abandoned our own guided missiles and are now relying exclusively on THOUGHT DISCS. Soon even more advanced techniques will be devised. With each seance we hold, our occult knowledge is being increased even more greatly. END

1. Gene Duplantier
2. August Roberts
3. Truman Bethurum
4. Coral Lorenzen
5. Kurutu
6. Gray Barker
7. Howard Menger
8. Connie Menger
9. Ray Palmer
10. Richard Shaver
11. Donald Menzel
12. American Gothic Man
13. Yogananda
14. Fortner

15. Lucchesi
16. George Van Tassell
17. Max Miller
18. Little Green Man
19. James Moseley
20. Sandy Moseley
21. Frank Edwards
22. John Robinson
23. T. Lobsang Rampa
24. Dr. Laughead
25. Long John
26. Brinsley le Poer Trench
27. Alfred E. Newman
28. Mystic Barber

29. Gabriel Green
30. George Williamson
31. Hans Santesson
32. Laura Mundo
33. Orthon
34. Albert Bender
35. Donald E. Keyhoe
36. Orfeo Angelucci
37. George Adamski

