



OLE J. SNEIDE

'I projected myself into outer space'

The Sneide Letter

Occulist, Who Is 61 (Physically, That Is), Expands His Disc Theories

By J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

Perhaps the most startling and widely-discussed theory advanced so far on the flying discs was one set forth in the now famous letter to The Chronicle's Safety Valve by Ole J. Sneide.

Sneide (rhymes with Friday) spoke of space ships, invisible screens, headquarters on the dark side of the moon. His letter was picked up by newspaper wire services and reprinted over the Nation. It brought a flood of letters and telephone calls to The Chronicle.

Sneide, overnight, became famous. Just like the discs, he appeared out of nowhere and flashed across the horizon of headlines.

Who is Ole J. Sneide?

He's a retired cost accountant who has lived quietly in a cramped, dim, little room on the second floor above 1232 Market street. Until he wrote his letter to the editor, he had lived a serene existence, delving into the mysteries of the occult.

When he was interviewed yesterday, he had just come back from a quick trip into outer space. And he appeared a bit dejected.

'THEY KNEW'

He's gone all the way out there to pick up the straight dope on these flying discs—and been turned down flatly.

"I projected myself into outer space," said Sneide, speaking in a puckered sort of way.

"I didn't need to ask about the discs. They knew what I was after. They appeared in a blinding flash of light. And the answer was in two words: 'Information refused.'"

Sad as he was about the failure of his mission, Sneide nevertheless had his own theories.

The discs were, he felt certain, one of these:

1—Nimbre A. Theatos, apparently dropping Metaboblons here and there. (He'd gotten that much from an earlier flight.)

2—Enemy scouts from Asia—well, Russia, then. ("They've been experimenting with atomic energy for a long time.")

3—A prank being pulled by a branch of our own Army. ("If so, it's foolish to fly them around like that and scare people.")

CONTINENT OF MU

He even conceded that, lacking more definite knowledge, the discs might be piloted by wandering "dero" or survivors of the lost continent of Mu finally emerging from the depths of the earth. But he couldn't be sure about that.

Born in Norway and reared in Minnesota, Sneide attended the university of that State and has framed diplomas from an accounting school and the Chirollogical College of California (class of '04). He retired as a cost accountant and stenographer 11 years ago to devote his time to the study of the occult.

He conducts these studies in his one-room apartment which is almost removed from the worldly tumult of Market and illuminated by a lightwell in the day and a frosted globe at night. The walls are covered with old prints by Charles Dana Gibson, Maxfield Parrish, Edward Penfield, A. B. Frost and a smiling photograph of Clark Gable.

PHYSICAL AGE

Sneide is 61 ("physically, that is"), is slightly pallid, has blond curly hair that is comb-resistant, is given to asprate-aitch sighs, wears a Hoover-type collar, a stick-pin and a lapel ornament which is "Ole" in a flourish of gold wire script on a tiny slab of mother-of-pearl.

His source of information is the Dhyanis, rulers of creation.

In his Safety Valve letter, Sneide

mentioned his discovery of the headquarters of spacemen on the dark of the moon, whither he'd gone by teleportation. He amended that yesterday to say the dark of the moon was the "subsidiary" or branch office. He recalled seeing buildings and people there, not much different than San Francisco, but it wasn't too vivid, as he didn't stay long.

One person wrote in to complain that Sneide had given away the "Scarlet Secret of the Scintillating Saucers." Another said he'd had difficulty with the fuel mixture in trying to get to the moon.

"They don't make sense," Sneide softly snorted. "Pure nonsense."

UNDER-EARTH DWELLERS

But his eyes lighted at mention of a communication by one Larry Sweet, 436 O'Farrell street, who theorized the discs were tenanted by people of Mu who have been living in secret recesses within the earth (except those who "packed up and left for other galaxies") after that ill-starred continent sank. Sneide said Sweet might be right—he wouldn't know.

But Sneide was certain of one thing. You need have no fear of the discs, "unless they're from Russia—and then there's plenty of peril." If they're Nimbre A Theatos, everything's under control.

"These," he explained, "are scouts for space ships. I don't know exactly what they're doing here, but they may be sent to do certain things before Armageddon, which should be in the offing anytime."

"There are reports that small things were dropped from them. They would be Metaboblons, from the ancient archaic Greek. I wouldn't know what they'd be, but maybe they're dropped to protect certain areas—or if they're from Russia, they may be bombs to be detonated at the proper time. But if some fell in the bay, as is said, then they're Metaboblons, which may be mechanisms to counteract atomic radiation. The Dhyanis gave me the name."

Sneide saw no danger of the world's end from all this. He predicted earth would last 8,000,000,000 years yet and "then probably be dissolved in thin air and started all over again in a fohatic whirlwind."

PG&E Lineman Is Hurt in San Rafael

Walter Scott Baird, 47, 17 Harcourt street, San Rafael, a lineman for the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., received severe back and hip injuries yesterday when the pole on which he was working in San Rafael broke off at the base.

Baird fell about 35 feet. He was taken to Ross General Hospital.

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