

PUBLISHER CENSORS FAMOUS LAMA'S BOOK: Not many who have been fortunate to read early copies of "THE THIRD EYE" by a Tibetan Lama, T. Lobsang Rampa (not his real Tibetan name, incidentally) have realized that what must have been the most "meaty"

F LYING SAUCERS? Of course there are flying saucers! I have seen many both in the sky and on the ground, and I have even been for a trip in one.

Tibet is the most convenient country of all for flying saucers. It is remote from the bustle of the everyday world, and is peopled by those who place religion and scientific concepts before material gain. Throughout the centuries the people of Tibet have known the truth about flying saucers, what they are, why they are, how they work, and the purpose behind it all. We know of the flying saucer people as the gods in the sky in their fiery chariots. But let me relate an incident which certainly has never been told before in any country outside of Tibet, and which is utterly true.

The day was bitter. Frozen pellets of ice, driven by the howling gale, hammered like bullets into our flapping robes and tore the skin off any exposed surface. The sky was a vivid purple with patches of startlingly white cloud which raced off into the hinterland. Here, nearly thirty thousand feet above the sea, in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet, we were toiling upwards, upwards.

At our last resting place, some five miles behind us, a voice had come into our consciousness: "Strive on, my brothers. Strive on, and enter the fog belt again, for there is much for you to see." The seven of us, all high lamas from the lama-series of Tibet, had had much telepathic communication with the Gods of the Skies. From them we had learned the secret of the chariots which sped swiftly across our land and which sometimes alighted in remote districts.

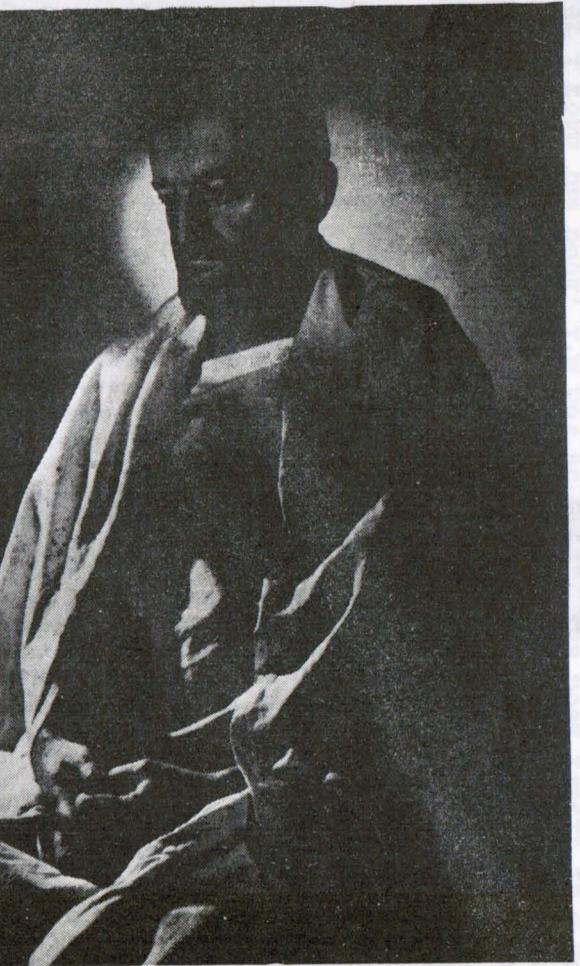
Onwards we climbed, higher and higher, clawing a foot-hold in the hard earth, forcing our fingers into the slightest crevice in the rocks. At last we reached the mysterious fog belt again, and entered. Soon we were through it and into the wonderfully heated land of a bygone age.

"A day's march more, my brothers," said the voice, "and you shall see a chariot of old."

For that night we rested in the warmth and comfort of the Hidden Land. We found ease and relaxation on a soft bed of moss, and in the morning we gratefully bathed in a warm, broad river

before setting out on another day's march. Here in this land there were pleasant fruits which we took with us for our meal, a satisfactory change indeed from the eternal tsampa!

Throughout that day we journeyed upwards through pleasant trees of rhododendron and walnut, and others the like of which we had not seen before. All the time we were rising upwards,



and all the time we were in this pleasant warm land. With nightfall upon us we made our camp beneath some trees, and lit our fire, then rolled ourselves in our robes, and fell asleep. With the first light of dawn we were again ready to con-

part of the book (saucerwise) was left out. We doubt very much if "Silence Group" activity was responsible for this omission -- instead the publisher probably thought it too fantastic to believe. Here for our readers is the missing part: (Author pictured below)

tinue our journey. For perhaps another two to two and a half miles we marched, and then came to an open clearing. Here we were stopped, dumbfounded with amazement; the clearing before us was vast, and incredible.

The open plain we saw was perhaps five miles across, and the scene was so strange that even now I hesitate to write because of the knowledge that I shall be disbelieved. The plain was about five miles across and at its distant side there was a vast sheet of ice extending upwards, like a sheet of glass reaching toward the heavens. But that was not the strangest thing before us, for the plain contained a ruined city, and yet some buildings were quite intact. Some buildings, in fact, looked almost new. Nearby, in a spacious courtyard, there was an immense metal structure which reminded me of two of our temple dishes, clamped together, and it was clearly a vehicle of some sort.

My guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, broke our awed silence, saying, "This was the home of the Gods half a million years ago. During those days men strove against the Gods, and invented a device to shatter an atom which wrought disaster on the earth, causing lands to rise and lands to sink, destroying mountains and creating anew. This was a mighty city, the metropolis, and here was once the sea-shore. The convulsion of the earth which followed an explosion raised this land thousands of feet, and the shock of that explosion altered the rotation of the earth. We shall go closer, and we shall see other parts of the city embedded in the ice of the glacier—a glacier which, in this hot valley, has gently melted, leaving intact these ancient buildings."

We listened in fascinated silence, and then, as if by one common impulse, we moved forward. Only as we came close to the buildings did it become apparent to us that the people who had lived here must have been not less than twelve feet tall. Everything was on a giant scale, and I was forcibly reminded of those huge figures which I had seen deep in the hidden vaults of the Potala.

We approached the strange vehicle of metal. It was immense. Perhaps fifty or sixty feet across, and now dulled with age. We saw a ladder extending up into a dark opening and, feeling as if we trod sacred ground, we crept up, one by

Press time flash: A London report has it that "THE 3RD EYE" is a carefully written hax We're checking!

ture came on the wall again, but this time a different picture. We saw the clearing, and in it were strange craft, such as that in which we now sat. Men seemed to be doing maintenance work, servicing. Craft were continually arriving and departing. There seemed to be many different types of people, ranging from those about fifteen feet tall to some about five feet tall. The picture changed, and we saw views outside the earth, and a view of the dark side of the moon. The voice of the screen gave us an explanation throughout the picture. We learned that there was an Association, a White Brotherhood, composed of incarnate and discarnate entities. Those who were incarnate came from many different planets, and they had as their one aim the safeguarding of life. Man, we were told, was certainly not the highest form of evolution, and these people, these guardians, worked for creatures of all kinds, not merely for man.

Invasion

We were told Tibet was to be invaded, and that the invaders, Communists, would be as a disease on the body of the earth. Communism, we were told, would be eradicated and in the age to follow creatures of all kinds would commune together as in the days of long ago.

Tibet was to be invaded. But even Tibet could play her part with telepathic lamas who could so easily contact space ships.

Earth, they said, was a colony, and these people of outer space supervised the earth so that they could mitigate the effects of atomic radiation and, it was hoped, save the people of earth from blowing their world to pieces.

We, the seven telepathic lamas, were taken in a space ship, and up into the air. We saw, in half an hour, our land of Tibet—a land which it would take three months for a man on a fast horse to cross. Then, with no increase in gravity, with no sensation of speed, we were taken out of the atmosphere and into space.

WE KNOW HOW THESE SPACE SHIPS WORK. WE KNOW WHY THEY CAN TURN SO QUICKLY, AND WHY THOSE WITHIN THEM ARE NOT Affected BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE, BUT THAT IS FOR ANOTHER OCCASION.

This is true. No matter how strange it seems, no matter how impossible or fantastic, IT STILL IS TRUE. If you do not believe it—then that is indeed your loss; many others have done this also, but have remained silent for fear of ridicule. I, of the East, have suffered so much from the West that I am now immune to what they think.

one; the Lama Mingyar Dondup went first and soon disappeared into the dark hole. I was next, and as I reached the top of the ladder and stepped inside the metal hull I saw my guide bending over what looked to be a sloping table in this large metal room. He touched something, and a bluish light came, and there was a faint hum. To our horrified amazement, at the far end of the room figures appeared and walked toward us and spoke to us. Our first impulse was to turn and run, to flee this house of magic, but a voice in our brains stopped us. "Be not afraid," it said, "for we were aware of your coming and have been so aware this last hundred years. We made provision so that those who were intrepid enough to enter this vessel should know the past." We were held as if hypnotised, powerless to move, powerless to obey our animal instincts and escape. "Be seated," said the voice, "for this will be long, and tired men do not listen well."

We sat, the seven of us in a row, facing the end of the room, and waited. For some seconds the buzzing continued. The light in the room faded, and we were in a darkness so profound that we could not see our hands before us. Some seconds later the buzzing stopped and there was a faint click, then upon the wall appeared pictures—pictures so utterly strange that they were almost beyond our comprehension. Pictures of a mighty city among whose ruins we now sat, a city beside the sea upon which rode many strange craft. Overhead, disc-like vehicles soared through the air, soundlessly, effortlessly. Upon the shore of golden sands giant figures strode amongst waving palm trees. We could hear the sound of happy voices, of children at play as they splashed in the surf. We saw scenes in the streets, in the houses, in the public buildings. Without warning, we saw as if from some craft in the air. It reminded me so vividly of my kite flying that I almost clutched a non-existent cross-bar. Then there was a dreadful boom, and from afar a mushroom-shaped cloud soared miles to the heavens, a cloud shot with crimson and yellow, as if the very breath of the gods was fire.

Engulfed

From our vantage point we saw buildings topple, and people fleeing for their lives. Then, from out of the distance roared a huge wave of the sea, perhaps fifty feet, perhaps a hundred feet high. It struck the land and engulfed the houses—the once stately metropolis. The earth shook, the picture swirled, and faded, and grew again. We had an impression of falling, spinning, and all was blackness. For what seemed to be a long time we sat wonderingly in the darkness. A pic-

SO, AS GEORGE GOEBEL WOULD SAY, "There you are." If I, Gray Barker would have read this chapter before reading the expurgated book, I likely would have said this is a lot of you know what. Reading it after I read the book, I'm not so sure. The book itself is a masterpiece not only of clear, concise and readable writing, but it has a great ring of truth in it. In the book Rampa, who became a high-ranking medical Lama in Tibet before the Communist invasion, also hints of Flying Saucers, along with other mysterious things he relates (such as the operation which evidently strengthened or altered his pineal gland making him greatly telepathic), but he often "plays down" the metaphysical. Most interesting part of the book to the editor was the chapter in which he related a visit to the underground regions under the Potala (residence of the Dalai Lama) and seeing there ancient drawings depicting marvelous machines and strange beings. We won't take the risk of boring those readers who have already read it. If anyone wants to order this book, SAUCERIAN headquarters has it at \$3.50. We also have a much earlier, long out-of-print but recently reprinted book, titled "MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN TIBET," by the (as far as we know) only woman High Lama, Madame Alexandra David-Neel. This is a large, illustrated book, and rather expensive at \$6.00. We have permission to make a special price to purchasers of both "THE THIRD EYE" (\$3.50) and the \$6.00 book, if purchased together. We can offer both books together at \$7.95, or, of course, separately, at \$3.50 and \$6.00.

We almost forgot to thank the BRITISH FLYING SAUCER REVIEW, slick saucer publication on British news stands, for allowing us to reprint the missing chapter of "THE THIRD EYE" and letting us lift their nice professional type as well, right from their proofs. And in exchange for that favor, we'd better plug their soon-to-be-released book, "FLYING SAUCER REVIEW ROUNDUP," which is soon to be published and which will contain a compilation of the best from that widely-read English magazine. SAUCERIAN headquarters can supply this new book at \$3.75, and it probably

will be in stock before the printer is finished with this issue.

LATEST OF THE "CONTACT" STORIES concerns a 27-year-old Birmingham, England, housewife, who claims she was visited by two space men. The mother of two girls claimed that the space people walked right into her home, sat down, and talked with her. First one had come alone, but on his next visit he brought another one along.

Mrs. Cynthia Appleton, whose friends walked out on her after she related the story, said they were "Tall and blonde -- like Greek athletes they were." And let her continue with the story:

"One afternoon last November I was in the lounge of my home when a spaceman suddenly appeared. I was terrified, but he spoke so kindly that I wasn't frightened any more. He said his people were willing to come to earth, but with only one objective in mind.....to raise the standard of our civilization. They had domes on their heads (evidently some sort of breathing apparatus -- G.B.) and wore tight-fitting costumes."

Of her trouble with friends after relating the happening, Mrs. Appleton said: "Some people are saying that I am a crank, some that I am loose-headed and others that I have been working too hard." Meanwhile two Church of England clergymen who called on Mrs. Appleton said they believed her story. Her husband, Ronald, said he also believed it. Accounts reaching us do not give a specific date for the visitations, though we assume it happened late in 1957.

READERS OF OUR LAST ISSUE will recall two other contact-type stories which were reported during the November "flap" -- that of Reinhold Schmidt, of Kearney, Nebr., and of the little boy of Knoxville, Tenn. When we printed the Reinhold Schmidt account, we did not know that the AF had investigated the case, and that shortly afterward Schmidt had been put into an asylum. It is evident, however, that Schmidt WASN'T CRAZY, for they let him right out again -- but not before the fact that he had been committed had gained wide publicity. We also obtained a long taped interview with Schmidt, but it would take an entire issue to print it and instead we sent it to Ray Palmer who will probably print it in its entirety in his next issue of FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS, in which your ed. writes a column.

Since the last issue, there was another report involving spacemen who were interested in picking up dogs. Civilian Saucer Intelligence of NYC dug up this one, and presumably are investigating it further. The account involves John Trasco, of Everittstown, N. J., who heard the family dog barking near the barn and was surprised to see a luminous egg-shaped object hovering there, about 10 feet long and a few feet off the ground. A little man, only $2\frac{1}{2}'$ tall, "dressed in a green suit with shiny buttons," according to Trasco, emerged from the craft and asked him, in broken English, if he (or it) could take the dog. Trasco cursed the little man, whereupon the supposed space creature flew away without the dog.

ANOTHER MEETING WITH SPACE PEOPLE was reported by Richard Kehoe, of Los Angeles, Calif., who said he was driving to work at a telephone company when he spotted a strange machine on a beach. The craft appeared to be composed of "solid metal," was "tan or cream in color, with two metal rings around it on which it rested." The occupants, about $5\frac{1}{2}'$ tall, wore black leather pants, white belts and light-colored jerseys.

"They wanted to know where we were going, who we were, what time it was and questions like that," Kehoe said. "Their skin seemed to be sort of yellowish-green in the early light, but they looked like earth people to me." Kehoe thought they also invited him to have coffee with them, but finding himself quite shaken and unable to understand everything they were saying, he made an excuse of having to go to work, and departed hurriedly.

Some have speculated the Kehoe account may have been a made-up tale with the purpose of discrediting Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe (no relation by blood or saucer philosophy), and no doubt many non-saucerers did connect the two names. At any rate we can almost see the AF, which Keyhoe-directed NICAP has pressured to release saucer information, chuckling silently in glee. But of course there is the possibility, however remote, that the Richard Kehoe account, and others similar, were true, and far be it from us to make up our minds completely.

ARE YOU BORED WITH OUR "FLIP" WITH JAMES W. MOSELEY, editor of the controversial "SAUCER NEWS" (which is a good saucer paper, we'll state, without endorsing the somewhat odd and irresponsible editorial policy)? Frankly, the editor is, for we are in effect simply giving free publicity and helping build up his circulation (which is OK I suppose) but we have been taking up space which we could use for more interesting news. We thought Moseley had finally backed down after some of his pranks were disclosed, and we even withheld the truth about the pasted up joke "photo" which appeared in our SAUCERIAN REVIEW (page 81), mainly because we felt it involved a good friend and a sincere researcher, Lonzo Dove. Now Dove, in an obvious effort to cast suspicion away from himself, has accused BULLETIN editor of pasting the thing up himself.

Says Dove: "The cut-out portrait part shows the inevitable interference pattern of tiny dots of the half-tone screen caused by re-screening a screened print, which gives off-step beats of the dots merging and separating periodically. The pattern is absent in the background part of Barker's reproduction, just as it is absent in Moseley's original half-tone reproduction!" Now the above probably means no more to you than it does to the editor, but we did check with our printer and Dove's terminology is reasonable and shows a good knowledge of the technical part of reproducing pictures.

The printer, however, adds that the picture has obviously suffered from being screened and re-screened (this has to do with making the dots in the picture) so many times that it is hard to tell just what the original paste up did look like. Unfortunately our printer (another one) lost the complete copy and art work for THE SAUCERIAN REVIEW, and we don't have that copy, which was closer to the original pasteup than any of the current reproductions.

Curious readers can take another look at the picture, reproduced at the right. It shows Moseley, ostensibly standing in front of complicated control panels such as might be found in a missile testing center.

There is no way to prove that Dove made this pasteup, and I suppose it really makes little matter, but even if he didn't, a "serious" researcher should refrain if at all possible from entering a rather stupid controversy involving a hoaxed-up picture.

Dove is the researcher who discredited the Adamski photographs, mainly in an English publication, titled "URANUS." What most readers do not know, however, is that Desmond Leslie very capably defended the pictures by quoting the same technical jargon used by Dove originally. But so much for all that.

SAUCER IN EDITOR'S "BACK YARD" -- Well, hardly, but very near our farm in Braxton County and near the site of the Flatwoods, W. Va. "Monster" of 1952. My brother and I took a truck and drove over the almost inaccessible roads to a valley on Holly River, where a mysterious flying object had reportedly come down on a hilltop.

We expected to find a bunch of excited kids, but instead met up with a group of very sober adults. H. G. Mollohan, his two sons (adults) Hank and Junior, along with other witnesses observed a cigar-shaped thing evidently landing on a hilltop near their home. That was November 8 (during the peak week of sightings) at about 2:30 in the afternoon. The long object, about 40 feet long, was also described as being shaped like a "hot dog bun" and had a row of ports around it. From the ports came fire and smoke.

Although the witnesses believed it was "something from the Government," the ***** THESE AND OTHER BOOKS AVAILABLE FROM SAUCERIAN HEADQUARTERS: "FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED" & "INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS" by Adamski, \$3.50 ea.; "FS ON THE ATTACK," "FS UNCENSORED" & "Mysteries OF ANCIENT SOUTH AMERICA" (The latter going out of print soon) all by H. T. Wilkins, \$3.50 ea; "REPORT ON UFO," by Ruppelt, \$2.95; "EXPANDING CASE FOR THE UFO" & original "CASE FOR THE UFO," by M. K. Jessup, \$3.50 ea.; also by Jessup: "UFO ANNUAL" \$4.95; "UFO & BIBLE" \$2.50; "STRANGEST OF ALL" by Frank Edwards, \$3.50; "THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT" \$6.50; "TRUTH ABOUT FS" by Aime Michel, \$3.95 (advance orders being taken on Michel's NEW book, as yet untitled at \$3.95); "THE THIRD EYE" by T. Lobsang Rampa, \$3.50; "MAGIC & MYSTERY IN TIBET" by Madame Alexandra David-Neel, \$6.00; "OUT OF THIS WORLD" (also about Tibet) by Lowell Thomas, Jr., \$2.95; "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FS" autographed by Barker, \$3.50; "STUDY & PRACTICE OF YOGA" by Harvey Day, \$3.75; "GOD WILL WORK WITH YOU BUT NOT FOR YOU" by Lao Russell, \$4.00; "THE MAN WHO TAPPED THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE" By Glenn Clark, \$1.00; Buck Nelson's account of his rides in space ships, \$1.00; "THE COMING OF THE SPACE SHIPS" by Gavin Gibbons, \$2.50; "THEY RODE IN SPACE SHIPS" by Gibbons, \$3.50; "HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT" by Montague Summers, \$6.00; "OTHER TONGUES OTHER FLESH" by Dr. Geo. Hunt Williamson, \$4.00; Bryant and Helen Reeve's "FLYING SAUCER PILGRIMAGE" (containing lots of photos) \$3.50; "DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS" by Phylos, \$7.50; "OAHSPE" \$10.00; "OVER THE THRESHOLD" by Dana Howard, \$3.00; "ABOARD A FS" by Truman Bethurum, \$3.00; "THE CASE FOR PSYCHIC SURVIVAL" by Hereward Carrington, \$3.50; "TOWARD THE HEREAFTER" by Reginald M. Lester, \$3.75; "SECRET OF THE SAUCERS" by Orfeo Angelucci, \$3.00. Write for complete book list, and for goodness sakes, won't someone order our remaining copy of "THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY" (\$3.75)?????????



JAMES MOSELEY, in pasted up fraud photo purporting to show missile control panel in background

machine behaved like something far beyond assumed present technology. Apparently trying to land among the trees, the thing hovered, and, according to Hank Mollohan: "It would swing kinda like it was trying to get in under the timber, then it would back up. At times I could see both sides of it. He described the exhaust from the port holes as "Kind of a blue smoke, looked to me like -- the best I could tell, and, then like a red blaze of fire would fly -- like they were having trouble with it or something. And it backed up, and it backed out, and he came back in again like he was trying to get down in there, and he made the third attempt to come down in them woods right on top of that ridge."

THE MACHINE FINALLY came down and either disappeared in the woods, or landed on the other side of the hill. But Junior Mollohan thought he could still see parts of the machine through binoculars, including a radar-like antenna, revolving slightly above the trees. The witnesses also saw a man near the site of the landing, standing by a tree, apparently examining it. The fellow did not look unusual, they said.

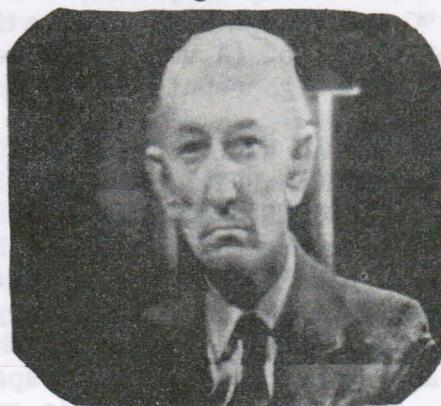
Instead of investigating themselves the family went to town for the police, and by the time they found the officers it was dark. The law officials went on the hill, but didn't find anything. Inspection of the hilltop the next day disclosed no traces such as a machine that large would be expected to make. But the witnesses are sure they saw what they saw (We are trying to talk Ray Palmer into printing the complete text of the tape recorded interview in the next issue of FSOW -- At the present time SAUCERIAN headquarters is not set up to handle copying of tape recordings, but if enough are interested in this one, and write to: Tape Recorded UFO Information Service, Au Sable Forks, N.Y., I'll be glad to loan these people my master copy so that they can make copies for you.

Readers who enjoyed "THE FIRST PHARAOH" by Dagmar O'Connor, will be glad to know that we have imported two other books dealing with ancient Egypt and reincarnation. We can supply "THE SPHINX AND THE PHOENIX" by Anne Elysian at \$2.50; "EGYPTIAN LIGHT" by Marianne Francis at \$3.00. We have in stock. If any readers are interested in buying original editions of Charles Fort's books, write us for what we have in stock. We have also acquired a couple hundred back issues of FATE magazine, and would be glad to supply collectors with a list.

HERE'S THE INSIDE ON THE ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE saucer show, which drew so much comment, especially due to the fact that Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe's voice faded during his spot on the show. The show was intended to be balanced pro and anti saucer, but Kenneth Arnold, who was set to appear, was unable to make it at the last minute, for what reasons we don't yet know but are trying to find out. The entire show was carefully planned, and everything was done from a script (read from a teleprompter). Maj. Keyhoe (pictured above as shot from the TV screen by August C. Roberts), however, departed from the script, apparently feeling he wanted to take the opportunity to get something really important across. Being nervous about such a controversial show the director cut off the audio. Here, for the record, is Keyhoe's exact words: "And now, Mr. Edwards (Douglas Edwards, the MC --G.B.), I would like to make a disclosure which is something which has never been revealed to the public. For the last six months our Committee (NICAP -- G.B.) has been working with a Senate Committee which is investigating official secrecy on UFOs. If the hearings are held open hearings, I feel it would prove beyond (here voice begins to fade) doubt that the flying saucers are real.....(completely out).....(fading up).....In order to secure this information we need we suggest that all of the citizens (fade down)....write.....(Edwards cuts in with 'Thank you, Major Keyhoe,' and introduces Menzel)."

LEONARD STRINGFIELD, editor of the former publication, ORBIT, is out with his book, which he has privately printed and calls "SAUCER POST...3-O BLUE," paper bound, 94 pages, \$2.50. Don't order from SAUCERIAN Headquarters, but from Stringfield direct. We are not handling it. Write: Leonard H. Stringfield, 7017 Britton Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio. We certainly hope that a hard cover edition can be published eventually, for this is an interesting and well written book containing much previously unpublished information.

SINCE IT IS RATHER "OLD HAT" just to report ordinary saucer sightings, which are pretty much all alike, don't get the idea there has been a letup. Of course we aren't going through a "flap" as we did in November, but the saucers are still around, in very strong numbers. Here's one of the better recent ones: In Ann Arbor, Mich., on January 10 a farmer,



Jack Wiedman, 23, watched five strange objects floating low in the sky above his house for more than an hour. He said the objects were long, with flashing red lights. They were silent and remained motionless for a long period. Wiedman said one approached his vantage point at a height of about 200 feet and had dividing bars similar to a plane cabin. But he said the objects were not airplanes. His wife and parents, also witnesses, agreed the objects could not be ordinary aircraft. Meanwhile a spokesman of Headquarters Base of the 30th Air Division at Willow Run Airport said the AF was investigating the report.

HERE'S ANOTHER GOOD ONE! About a dozen residents of East Thermopolis, near Worland, Wyoming, said they had seen "a round ice blue object as big as a garage and with windows," which allegedly hovered about 10 feet off the ground. Mrs. Molly Wertz told Police Chief Mel Matthews and civil defense authorities the object -- still unidentified -- was first sighted by her four youthful sons and two other neighbor boys. She said her sons first pointed it out to her when it was hovering over a tree about 100 feet from their home. It made no sound as it sped off and disappeared behind a hill, she added. Meanwhile it was stated that a larger than usual amount of radioactivity was noted in Worland shortly thereafter.

WE DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH YET ABOUT THIS NEW BOOK, but it is titled THE RACE TO THE MOON, and is published by Regency Press, London. We are importing enough copies to take care of readers' orders. It is described as "More vital information from the Scientist of Venus concerning man's future progress." Evidently it was dictated telepathically by a Venusian, if we can believe the announcements. It sells for \$1.75 and you can order now.

Since many of you are not BSRA members, this is probably fresh news to you. According to "C.Q.C." -- a BSRA publication -- directors of the Economics Dept. of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. (A very large publisher specializing in textbooks and technical trade papers of very high repute) said, in an official monthly report to Company executives, dated December 4:

"NO MAN WILL GET INTO SPACE IN 1958. THERE WILL BE A LOT OF TALK ABOUT SHOOTING A ROCKET TO THE MOON BUT IT WON'T BE DONE. HOWEVER, THE EXISTENCE OF FLYING SAUCERS, MEANING VEHICLES FROM OUTER SPACE, WILL BE DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED."

The member of the McGraw Hill organization, who sneaked the information to BSRA (Meade Layne hasn't told us his name, but I think he's a fellow I know at McGraw Hill--GB) also told Layne: "Also I plan (very shortly I hope) to send you a complete report on development in Baltimore -- conquering the force of gravity, utilization of gravity to power generators and space craft. Expect space craft within a year as a result of development."

This McGraw Hill man is evidently referring to a man in Baltimore who recently tried to interest government people in some experimental work he was doing in gravity. In fact he claimed he even had a workable invention. A friend of ours with close connections to the State Dept. is trying to find out about this for us, but if the Government is interested, it is likely classified, and even if the friend could get the information in that case he couldn't give it to us. I had originally thought the fellow was a crackpot (not my friend, the person in Baltimore) but one can't ever be too sure.

THE GOVERNMENT IS VITALLY INTERESTED in the conquering of gravity. Research work at least is being done on it. I would not surprise THE BULLETIN to learn that actual development projects are in progress. THE BULLETIN makes another prediction (our predictions don't always come true) that the next major technical breakthrough will be the control of gravity and the use of such knowledge to propel vehicles. THE BULLETIN feels we will be in space much sooner than everybody has thought, as a result of such a discovery. Sobering thought to accompany this happy prophecy is that if the Russians are ahead of us in ordinary rocketry, why not in gravity research and development too? Or, was gravity research the secret project mentioned by President Eisenhower in his first calm-the-people-about-the-sputnick speech?

LONG JOHN NOT SHUSHED. Contrary to my column in the current FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS (\$3.50 for 12 issues, send to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.), Long John Nebel, who does the all night saucer and otherwise program over WOR, NYC (part of which is broadcast by Mutual network), is NOT shut up, though he was off saucers for a while. The editor had the privilege of being on his show recently, and he was very much un-shushed. Next issue out in four weeks!

THE SAUCERIAN BULLETIN is edited and published by Gray Barker, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va.; D. C. Lucchesi, General Consultant; August C. Roberts, Photographic Technician; Published often though on no regular schedule, mainly when we have important news. 35¢ sample copy, 6 issues \$2.00 (Foreign subscribers except Canada and Mex. add 50¢ per 6 issues for extra 1st class postage). We need clippings and news about UFOs and it will help us if you order books from us (write for complete list). No, the three men haven't been around, yet.