

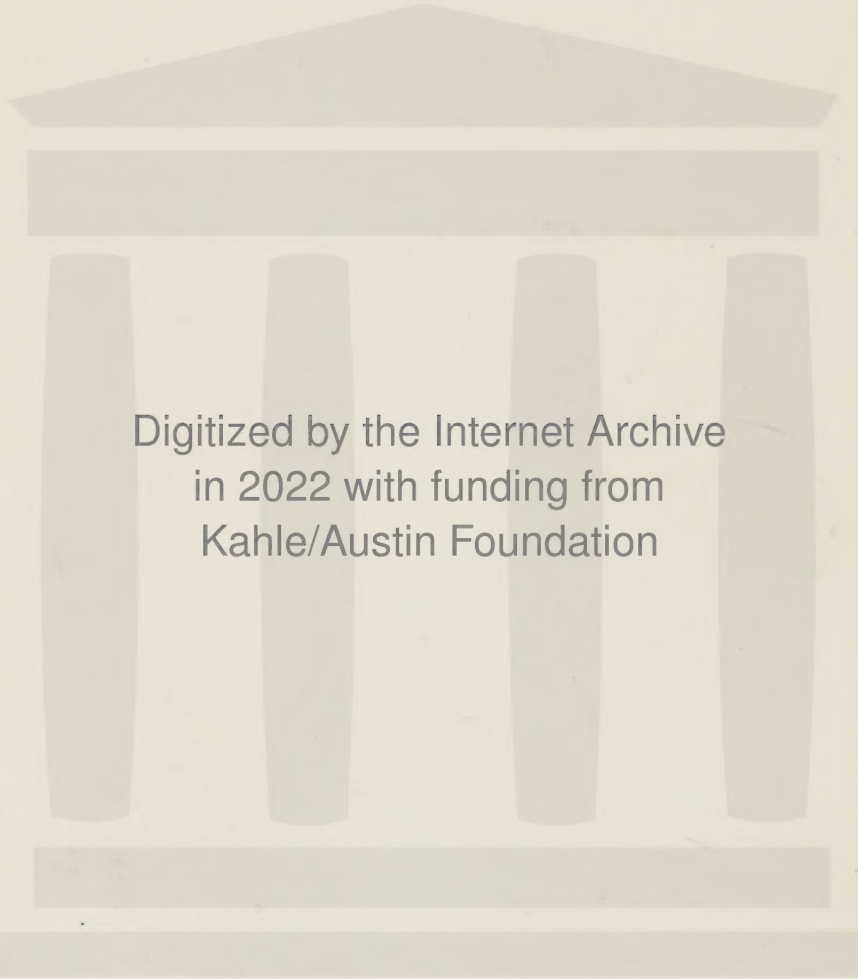
# MESSAGES FROM THE People of the Planet Clarion

The True Experiences of Truman Bethurum



942

Edited & Introduction by Timothy Green Beckley



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Inner Light Publications



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# **THE PEOPLE OF THE PLANET CLARION**

Information recorded by  
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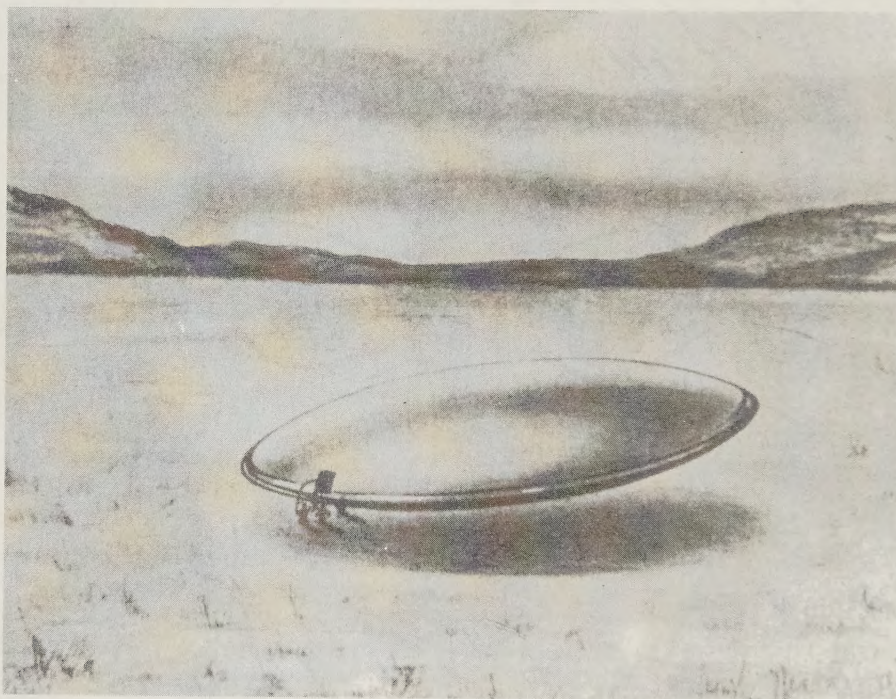


**Truman Bethurum**  
**1898-1969**





**AURA RAINES**



The Admiral Scow

ADMIRAL SCOW  
1888-1932



# The Boomerang Law



Every act of good or ill done to another (on any plane) returns to us as a boomerang, in time. This is a Cosmic Law, unfailing in its action. If we send out the red 'darts' of evil, the seeming gain ultimately crumbles to ashes in our hands. While such 'darts' may harm another in some way, they just fly past his soul, to boomerang back to the detriment of our own soul's character and development.

Conversely, the same Law applies when we send out the Good, (whether appreciated by the recipient or not) because it circles

back to the enrichment of our own character that uplifts our soul. In addition, such good strengthens our own protective shield against any evil 'darts' from others, -- overwhelming such perverse forces and frequently diverting them back to the sender.

The Boomerang Law is incapable, therefore, we should be more careful of words and deeds (and even our thoughts and emotions) for the sake of both our own and others' betterment.

By Columba Krebs through courtesy  
Merle S. Gould—New Age World.

## Mental Magnifying Glasses



We have three faces--our best our worst and the neutral mask in the middle. Others see us through their own mental glasses, which are colored by their attitude towards us.

The central 'globe' represents our character. Our foes, magnify the dark 'spot' of faults in us by spreading lies or half-truths about us. Whereas, our friends magnify the 'gold' of our virtues, thus encouraging us to

live up to their high opinion of us--by giving us something to live up to!

We are likely to see first in others what we have most in ourselves, unless their faults are too prominent. But, we must be on guard against over-estimating others too much, and thus expose ourselves to being too much disappointed in them. It is better to be pleasantly surprised than bitterly disappointed.

By Columba Krebs through courtesy Merle S. Gould--New Age World.



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Columba Krebs	

## INTRODUCTION

At his home in Landers, California, on May 21st, 1969, Truman made his transition to the realm of the spirit.

Born on August 21, 1898 at Galavin, California, Bethurum was one of the most talked about flying saucer "contactees" of the early and mid-1950's. His book, *ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER*, went into several editions and was translated into various foreign languages. His story of meeting a beautiful spacewoman, Aura Rhanes, from the Planet Clarion, caused considerable controversy in the saucer field for many years. Generally Bethurum's story met with a great deal of skepticism and disbelief, although later he became a regular at George Van Tassel's Giant Rock Conventions and was received warmly by those who heard and met him.

Bethurum's father, we are told, was engaged in gold mining, which boomed in the Galavin section of California in the 1860's. Later, after his birth, the family moved to Relands, and to Holtville, in the Great Imperial Valley, where Truman completed his grammar and high school education. After working for some years with his father as a mechanic, he worked for various water companies in the Valley and later as an oilfield welder and mechanic up to and during World War II when he was active on committees for fund raising and bond selling.

After V-Day he worked chiefly on such projects as the Bishop Tunnels, and the Friant Kern Canal, the Cachuma Dam, near Santa Barbara.

In June, 1952, he was employed on the Gaviota Highway Tunnel project near Santa Barbara, and while this work was temporarily held up by a strike, he received a telephone call that was destined to change his life. The call came from Las Vegas, asking him to work for an old job boss, E.E. Edwards, known to many friends as "Whitey Edwards," then in charge of a road-building project on Mormon Mesa, Nevada, for the Wells Fargo Company, a well-known state contracting concern. Truman demurred about working in the heat of the desert in the summer time. But Whitey refused to take "No" for an answer, and the next day he motored over to Santa Barbara himself and took Truman back with him to the Mormon Mesa, about 70 miles from Las Vegas, and where his experiences with flying saucer people changed the course of his life.

His first experience occurred in July of that same year. One night, stopping to rest in the desert, he was awakened about 3:30 A.M. by the sound of low voices. He was startled to see a group of eight small individuals circling his truck.

Getting out to see what the trouble was, he saw, situated about 15 feet from his vehicle, an egg shaped craft resting on the ground.

A member of the "group" then approached him, extended his hand in a sign of friendship and told Truman not to be afraid, "that there is nothing to worry about."

At first Truman's thoughts were that this was either an experimental craft of the United States or from a foreign country. However the occupants told him that this was not the case and that they were actually from a "Far away land."

Asked to see the inside of the ship, Truman was grasped by one of the men, who was about 5 feet tall, and pulled up the few feet into the ship.

Once inside the craft he was greeted by a beautiful woman who introduced herself as Aura Rhanes, the pilot of the ship.

At the end of the first visit, the lady space captain told Truman to make the visit "known to the people of your world." As he was a construction engineer, welder, machine operator and mechanic, and not a writer, he was at a loss as how to best place his experience before the general public.

Several months later his story was first presented in Max B. Miller's publication, *SAUCERS*.

Sometime after that his first book, *ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER* (now out of print), was released in Los Angeles and received national attention.

In the following pages we are going to present some of the unpublished material which has not been generally circulated, by and about this most unusual saucer personality.



We cannot help thinking that with the passing of Truman Bethurum we have perhaps lost an important part of the "key" to the entire saucer mystery.

Unfortunately we will probably never know the entire Truman Bethurum story. We can only hope to put as many pieces of the puzzle together as possible and perhaps someday we will come across the missing ones.

Timothy Green Beckley

## PART ONE: MY LIFE LEADING UP TO MY FIRST CONTACT

### CHAPTER I

When I was a very young child, my father and mother took me to the Casa Loma Hotel in Redlands, California, to see and hear President William McKinley. I knew I was quite young when this happened but, until recently, I did not know exactly how old I was at the time. Thanks to the Redlands Chamber of Commerce, their research came up with the date as May 8, 1901. Since I was born on August 21, 1898, my age was two years and nine months.

My mother held me up high that our President might see and shake hands with me. This episode, in itself, is not of great importance, but the fact that a child under three can remember incidents and carry them in his memory until he becomes an adult is important.

Quite some time later, I recall that President Theodore Roosevelt came to Redlands but spoke only from the rear platform of the railroad coach. This time I walked down to the depot, instead of being carried or carted. This date, thanks to the Redlands organization, turned out to be May 7, 1903 and I was just under five years of age.

About this time automobiles began to appear on the streets of Redlands and, I assume, in many other towns also. The first man I can definitely recall having a car was Dr. Peyton, who lived just below the hotel on Orange Street. I suppose, being a doctor, he could easily afford one. Besides, it was a necessity for business calls. This is not intended as a pun in any manner, but is the situation as it actually existed.

I recall that this doctor had a little goatee type beard, while the other doctors were smooth shaven. I assume that he was in an older age bracket and had accumulated money over a longer period than some of the other doctors who were still riding bicycles to serve the sick and injured.

The first automobiles that I remember were started by cranking from the side. A few curious people always stood around watching to see if it would really start and run. A year or so later, a new and startling development drew bigger and more curious crowds. This was the first automobile - or horseless carriage - which was started by cranking from the front of the car. Everyone stood around expecting to see the man killed or run over. Whether anything of the sort ever occurred I do not know, but this curiosity and expectancy did not end for at least a year. I presume the anxiety finally disappeared since there were no regular casualties chalked up against these "new fangled contraptions!"

About the time, as a five year old child, I became aware that all is not exactly as it is represented. One night I heard a shot fired by a gun or a

pistol. The following day, during the usual gossip, the people of the neighborhood were told that someone shot at a burglar but missed, and the thief escaped without taking anything.

Young as I was, I knew better! I knew that a certain family was quarreling over the fact that the lady of the household had gone to a dance with someone other than her husband. The husband, knowing the situation, had decided to scare the wits out of this young Lochinvar.

I heard further that an officer friend had loaned the husband a revolver to frighten the man and that the husband had actually shot a heel off one shoe! I don't recall the young man ever returning to our neighborhood, but I knew he was too nice to be a burglar and whether he stole anything or not was immaterial.

In the kindergarten class in the old Lugonia Avenue school we had little red chairs. The chairs were of two sizes, and the best behaved and the most intelligent children were seated in the larger of the chairs, while the dunces or naughty ones sat in the smaller chairs. This was definitely a goal to strive for - to qualify to sit in the larger of the chairs. Even then, some would attach the words "teacher's pet" to the lucky ones.

The next year saw me in the first grade at the newly completed Lincoln School on Colton Avenue, and my most vivid memory there was the segregation of the sexes. The boys were fenced off in the playground on the east side of the school, while the girls played on the west side. There was no segregation of the races, and colored and Mexican children played and studied with the whites, and there was no difference in the intelligence shown.

My next memory concerns my younger brother who, having developed a severe cold, had been well smeared with lard, and a woolen cloth sprinkled with turpentine had been placed on his chest. As kerosene lamps were used in those days, he struck a match which was conveniently located in a nearby window and his clothing burst into flames. I believe, from conversation at the time, his was the first major burn to be treated with the very new Unguentine, which worked a seeming miracle and was a lifesaver! It also enhanced the reputation of a new young doctor for he saved a child's life which was despaired of. Dr. Moore was quick to respond on his bicycle, and he and the new unguent passed their first examination together with flying colors.

An uncle by marriage owned or operated a stock ranch. At least, he had the task of collecting the hotel garbage to feed his hogs. Having accumulated some cash, he decided to try for a greater fortune in the Imperial Valley. He left the Redlands area in 1900 or 1901 and settled in Holtville, California, which was then in San Diego County. He either bought some



stock and drove them down to the Valley or used those he already possessed. He hauled lumber and supplies from what was called Salton Sink or Imperial Junction, now known as Niland. He had the first tent house, and later, the first house in the new town of Holtville, named after its founder and the pioneer Imperial Valley benefactor, Mr. W. F. Holt.

My brother's severe burn was slow to heal, and it was the concensus of opinion that the hot, clean air of Imperial Valley would assist Nature. I believe that is the reason he is alive and well today. Scars covered the major portion of his stomach, up to his chin and nearly down to his knees. He and our sister accompanied Rev. Hollingsworth from Redlands to Holtville, while my father and I waited until a later date when he, too, cast his lot in this great land of promise.

My transplanting from Redlands to Holtville took place in the summer of 1904, and I attained my sixth birthday in this new land of sand, lizards and coyotes, together with enough diamond-back rattlers to fill a box car. My father worked with and for his brother-in-law, Mr. M. P. Harris, for several months and then, perhaps with more cooperation than would ever be admitted, bought out the Pioneer Blacksmith Shop.

For the next year or two, our home was a lean-to house, about 12 by 20 feet in size, with all rooms incorporated into one except the (too soon forgotten) outhouse, which always had the best of the Montgomery Ward or Sears, Roebuck catalogues to look through while taking a siesta. In the larger families, the local newspapers were an added touch,

The wood stove served both as cook stove and heater in the wintertime, while in the summer, a gasoline stove was used in an effort to eliminate unnecessary heat in the house. In the summertime, everyone slept outdoors, usually with only a thin blanket and a good mosquito net to cover the bed. Mosquitos had no respect for age or youth, a square meal being their only thought, and they were as determined as a bill collector.

Once an uncle visited us who did not know the local custom of outdoor sleeping. Returning late one night from a game with the boys at the pool hall, he stumbled and fell completely over the bed of the local justice and his wife, who had set up their bed on the sidewalk in front of their home. I am sure Sam Webb and Mae remember this incident. At that early date, Sam was also the city's only cabinet maker and power-saw carpenter. His two daughters, Viola and Mary Ellen were too young to attend school. Not long afterward, Sam decided to try the somewhat more lucrative blacksmithing and was soon forging ahead with a young man's progressiveness.

At about this time a very sad state of affairs was taking shape in the Alamo River bed. A large group of Mexican Nationals had built arrow-weed,

tulle and willow limb huts and were bootlegging "hootch," as home-mixed whiskey was then called. Also, chicken roosts, unattended houses, tents or shacks were receiving more than their share of attention from this group. Gambling, bad checks, and a "cutting scrape" every so often had to be investigated by police officers, who invariably received the same reply in Mexican: "No intenda!" or "No savey!" regardless of who or what was being investigated. However, the Law had its methods of handling this "no savey" business. Overheard plans concerning action to clean up this situation, and it got results, legal or not!

Two gentlemen on horseback, with six-shooters for protection, took a five-gallon can, half full of kerosene, into the area. One held a swab soaked in kerosene on a long willow pole, and together they made a bonfire out of the trouble spot. It was said a third man created a commotion to attract the Nationals from their grass, tulle and willow pole shacks, and no personal injuries were ever reported. The exodus was completed by the next morning, and a very dangerous situation was averted.

Later a very unusual thing took place near Holtville. Summer had arrived and all the young men of high school age and over decided that now was the time for a swim, bathing suits or not! A nosey visitor of female gender took a peek to satisfy her curiosity and reported that one had exposed himself unethically; that she could identify him if given an opportunity. All the boys were brought before the Justice but not before each of them had used a burnt cork to effect a small mustache. Needless to add, her efforts to identify the culprit failed miserably, amid much hilarity by the townsfolk. The case was dismissed, and the young men swam as they liked after that. People of the desert have more respect for comfort than clothes.

About that time, the desert was becoming attractive to the outlaw element that lived by wits rather than trying to earn an honest dollar. Horse thievery was considered next to murder in severity, yet some elected to take a chance on a getaway with a good saddlehorse. Generally, some young hoodlums would remain around town a few days, pretending to seek work, but actually planning a store robbery or burglary, for the General Store stocked everything from watches and guns to perfume and peroxide.

After breaking into one of the main stores in town, a young man in his middle twenties, loaded down with watches and couple of guns, stole a school-girl's saddle pony and headed for Mexico by way of Needles and the cover of the growth in the Colorado River channel. Officers set out on horseback, better prepared with food and water for they knew the desert. They caught the culprit when he ran short of water and headed for the safety of a railroad station at Needles, California. He spent many years in prison as the result of his mistaken idea of an easy getaway. Enroute to San Quentin, he begged the officer in charge to turn his back that he might make a run for safety and escape. Naturally, this was not done.



Other attempts at outlawry were tried by self-styled slickers against the country hicks, but they always failed. One case concerned the two Vaughn brothers of near Bonds Corner, southeast of Holtville. Every person in the Valley at that time should recall the incident and the location. Two outlaws, riding on tired horses, came to the Vaughn Brothers Ranch in the late evening and asked for food. The brothers graciously prepared extra food for these gunmen. After the meal was finished, the talk turned to horse trading, which the Vaughns did not care to do.

When the conversation became rough, one gunman reached to draw. As the older of the Vaughns reached for his loaded shotgun, the outlaw fired his 44-calibre with split lead bullets, hitting Vaughn in the forehead. The nerve reaction caused Vaughn to fire his shotgun, blowing the outlaw's head completely off his body at the neck. The remaining outlaw and the younger Vaughn realized that to draw again meant certain death for both, so the outlaw surrendered to Vaughn, who telephoned the constable and deputy sheriff in town. The officers rode on horseback to investigate, and the next morning they brought the dead men to Holtville in a spring wagon. These incidents, together with all the others in this book, are true and are brought out to show grim reality in all its severity.

At about this time, the Colorado River broke its banks and filled the Salton Sea to flood height, covering the Salt Works and the piles of salt that were already harvested. The flooding of the Salton Sea cut the channel of New River, on the west side of the Valley, and the vast amount of erosion now visible began.

The high water and erosion at New River also brought high water and danger to the Alamo River in the Holtville area. My dad and uncle made brush hooks to clean the brush, grass and trees that caught on the timber piling of the railroad and wagon bridges. A pulley, ropes and horses were used to keep the channel clean and the bridges from washing out.

The bridge was very high, spanning a deep-cut river, and was not considered safe for the engines' weight. Therefore, the cars were pulled over the bridge by old "Puss," one of my uncle's better work horses. This procedure took place many times during this early pioneering in Imperial Valley, about 1907.

Most people would consider a barber more on the tenderfoot side rather than a bronco buster, but there was one that was not. To fail to include him in this book would leave a void that would be unfair to the readers. This combination barber and bronco buster was Bert Underwood.

Nearly every Sunday, someone asked Bert to break a horse for riding. He could ride any horse until the animal gave up from sheer exhaustion. After

this Sunday riding, anyone could saddle and ride these well-broken horses. In later years, Bert Underwood became a police officer and, I believe, Coroner of Imperial County.

In 1908, an election was held to split San Diego County in half, with the eastern half the new Imperial County. The young, growing town of El Centro became the County Seat. Most of the newly elected county officers came from the Holtville area.

The Auditor, Walter Geray, was a ditch tender, or "zanjero." The Superior Court Judge was Franklin J. Cole, who had been clerk in the Local # 5 Water Company office. Then there was the local Holtville Tribune editor and publisher, whose political ads were unique and honest. They stated: "If you can't vote for me, vote for my opponent, as he is equally qualified." J. B. Baker held the office of County Recorder or County Clerk for a couple of terms.

Holtville had a baseball team and one of the better players, Mr. Cooke, was elected to the position of County Clerk. I do not pretend to be exact in the naming and positions of all the county officials, but I do know that M. P. Harris and Mobley Meadows opposed each other for Sheriff and, no doubt, the better man won. It was said that six votes separated them at the final count. From my recollection of early Imperial County, there was never a better qualified man to wear the badge of Sheriff than Mobley Meadows. My uncle told me, "No matter how anyone would judge the candidates, Mobley Meadows was the man for Sheriff." His unflinching courage and ability with a gun put many a desperado out of circulation without killings. This is certainly not detracting from the efficiency of M. P. Harris as an officer, for his town was considered a safe place to live. M. P.'s ability with a six-shooter, shotgun or rifle was never questioned or challenged, and he was loved by the community. Besides being an officer, M. P. was a stock raiser, breeder and buyer. He maintained a transfer and hauling service and also did the heavier work of house moving, when necessary. He was a school trustee for several terms, in Holtville and later in the Alametis district, southwest of town.

In this western frontier town, other problems presented themselves from time to time. At one period in Holtville, the price for a glass of cold drinking water was a nickel, the same as root bear, sarsaparilla, chocolate or any other of the soft drinks. Gambling and slot machines were condoned, but, generally speaking, card playing, crap shooting or dice games were played out of sight of the public and the law enforcement officers as well.

A local rancher and breeder of buckskin horses was known to love draw poker and played the game whenever he could find anyone interested. This game finally cost him his life. A few of the boys, including a hotshot Mexican, used a pool hall basement for a friendly game. After a few hands,



the Mexican claimed the buckskin man was cheating, and an argument ensued. A stiletto-type dagger flashed, and the buckskin player's insides were all outside in an instant. Before he closed his eyes, however, he had placed five or six holes in the Mexican, from the right shoulder down to his foot! When the officers arrived, the Mexican had left the basement and was awaiting arrest on the sidewalk in front. He claimed that he didn't have a knife, but a very bloody one was found in his shoe!

I have often wondered what became of all the guns and knives that were taken away from those early desperadoes. Surely they would be museum novelties today.

As little clearing had been done and the country was covered by sagebrush, greasewood and tumbleweeds, coyotes lurked near any ranch or home that had chickens or turkeys. These coyotes were a thorn in any farmer's side.

My uncle had dogs, among which was a greyhound named "Kahn," who was the nemesis of many a coyote. Kahn could easily catch a coyote and by a simple grip on its neck and a headtwist, send the coyote into the air with a broken neck.

My uncle also later had a Scotch collie he named "Chris," and for several years Chris earned money for his master's family by leading sheep, cattle and hogs into railroad cars to be shipped out. This was accomplished during the early morning hours and permitted his master a full day at work. Chris died in 1915, of old age. His death was predicted the day before, when he had run under a fence for the first time instead of vaulting it, as had always been his custom. Chris was treated as one of the family, and his meals were served on a plate near the feet of his master. I am sure he knew and appreciated this special service.

My parents separated when I was about four years old, and my father did not remarry. This must have caused complications for him, but I do not recall his ever mentioning them. My sister was four years my senior and seven years older than my brother, Carl. She stepped in and very efficiently took a mother's place in cooking, sewing and housekeeping until June of 1915 when, just past her twenty-first birthday, she married and became a homemaker in her own right.

## CHAPTER II

By 1915, I had become aware that life as a blacksmith's son was not too much to my liking. I decided to run away and go on my own, although I had finished only one year of high school. Relatives assisted me in finding a ranch job during the summer, working for a man who was haying three ranches on shares. He was living on a virgin forty-acre "desert blow sand" ranch that had only recently been leveled and planted. It had some alfalfa, but the main crop was Milo maize or Indian corn. One ranch was strictly alfalfa, and another was alfalfa and barley mixture.

I soon discovered that three or four o'clock in the morning was not too early to get out of bed and milk a cow or harness two or four horses, while my boss prepared breakfast. Ample food and my youthfulness of 17 years, enabled me to follow in this man's footsteps as to work, but I could not get quite even or ahead with money. At fifteen dollars a month and board, who could think of getting ahead financially at this age, anyway?

This ranch work or hay farming I found to be more than a physical challenge. There were sidewinders, coyotes and predatory birds to reckon with, for chickens and turkeys were among the meat and egg supplies. Many people may question, "What is a sidewinder?" It is a small, vicious desert rattlesnake, usually about eighteen inches long at full growth, which moves along with a looping body motion, leaving only a diagonal spacing of impressions in the sand. Anyone who sees one moving and the peculiar track it leaves will never forget it.

The coyotes became very cagey in their fight for survival and usually worked singly in a sneaky, foxlike system. If in groups, two coyotes would simulate a fight to attract the dog away from protecting the chicken yard, while other coyotes killed and carried off all the poultry they could handle. I have seen this method used many times.

A desert bird, known as a chaparell or roadrunner, always gives a poultry man or a rancher headaches by its cunning in stealing eggs or newly hatched chickens. In dealing with these natural enemies of the farmer, I became very adept with a small calibre rifle during the three summer months that I was haying, mowing, raking and hauling alfalfa and barley hay for storage. Roadrunners are now protected by law in the Southwest.

When fall arrived and school called again, my relatives requested me to forget farming and return to high school. To help pay my way I was given a job as janitor at a small country school called Alamitos, which was situated in a five-acre corner of the ranch where I was to live while attending Holtville High School. The routine was simple: Get up with the alarm, wash and



dress and hustle over to the school, unlock the doors, check the drinking water supply, then get back for breakfast, get ready for breakfast. After that I drove four miles to the High School.

During the evenings, I cleaned the blackboards, swept, and did other incidentals that were required of a janitor. The trip from ranch into town was made with a horse and cart driven and owned by a cousin. Saturdays were set aside as my money-earning days, for necessities.

I spent several months at this routine, while all the time my father was imploring me to return home and assist him in his blacksmithing business. At my uncle's insistence, I did return to the old drudgery of blacksmithing. Working at this while trying to go to High School in Imperial, I managed to attend approximately half time in a school year.

My secret hobby was baseball and at every opportunity I pitched for the second team against the regulars. As Saturdays were my full-time work days, I could never take a position on any school team as all inter-school games were played Saturdays. This was true of all forms of athletics. I have always held some resentment in my heart because I was deprived of the opportunity of athletic achievement.

In my father's shop in Seeley, California, there were two forges and anvils and for the work I could perform, I was assigned to sharpening plow-shares and all of the more easily completed smithing work. For a year of this, with my pay being only food, clothing and necessities, I was to be given a half interest in the shop, tools and house. Before the year was up, I found that Nature was to step in and change my plans completely, with the assistance of a boot in the seat from my only in-law!

When I was out again in the open, I had no difficulty finding work on dredges or on ranches, for a willing hand and strong arms were always in demand. I found that a time-piece was never appreciated by one's employer, particularly on ranches. Most ranches had a method of indicating dinner time, and, as a rule, the hands were aroused in the morning by the cook. I remember on one ranch that three o'clock A. M. was the standard getting up time! The first day I inquired whether the house was on fire, or else why the midnight awakening.

I soon learned that no matter how much a nine-hour day was stressed, twelve or more were needed to get nine hours' work done. This was not the case when working for water companies, for they worked strictly by the hour, and one received pay accordingly. Therefore, I soon attached myself to this type of work and caught up on the sleep I had missed while doing ranch work.

An excellent opportunity was presented to break in on a dragline dredge. At this time I was working with a man who had used all types of

equipment while working on the Panama Canal project. He was a little cantankerous in his ideas and I found that most men did not go for this type of servitude. While the dredge crew was supposed to consist of three men, as a general rule I was alone on the job with this equipment operator. I had many differences of opinions during my cycle of years of ditch making, but at least I came out even financially and ahead with knowledge of personalities.

Part of this work took place while World War I was being fought and part immediately after. There were times when I changed jobs so often I almost had to write myself a note to remind me where I was working!

During this first "war to end all wars," I found that such recreations as baseball, dances, etc., (whether one was a participant or not) were well attended as they gave a person a chance to forget his troubles. Many people knew of my interest in all forms of relaxation, and I was prevailed upon by some friends to promote and finance local dances on Saturday nights. This was before the Armistice and continued for the year following.

My first attempts were thwarted by the lack of money to hire musicians, as well as their scarcity. The first few dances that I sponsored were in the dance hall alongside the Denver Hotel in Seeley, California. We placed a small notice in the "Sentinel" paper, used phonograph records and enjoyed an evening of dancing, at about two bits a couple. This cost included coffee and doughnuts for refreshments.

I found that there was a demand for "live" music to dance to and that there were no wallflowers when people were acquainted and there was either dreamy or peppy music. The tunes, "Over There" or "Smiles" always filled the floor, but many others were very close in popularity.

During this period of dance promotion, situations developed that tested one's love for humanity. If the crowd was not large, due to weather or some other cause, a slight loss in finances would result for the hall had to be paid for. Also, everyone requested that the latest records be played. If, on the other hand, a full crowd was present, many would surmise that you were rich overnight and wanted to get in on the gravy wagon. As soon as musicians were available, live musicians were substituted for phonograph records.

After each dance with records, I gave them to some particular good friend, so I did not build up a large selection. When I began to hire musicians in pairs, such as piano and drums, piano and violin, cornet or clarinet or saxophone, it was necessary to charge a dollar per couple or per single stag, as the ladies were never charged.

At one dance the crowd was large and I netted forty dollars above costs. The work on the ranch where I was employed had been unusually heavy

that day, but I nevertheless had to hurry to clean the dance hall, sweep and wax the floor, and arrange for the transportation of the musicians from El Centro.

Seeing a profit could be made, a very good friend approached me and asked if couldn't become a partner next time. This was agreeable to me as we were to share the work, costs, and profits - if any. I acted as floor manager while my partner paid the bills and collected the money at the door. When we counted the proceeds at the end of the evening, we found that the take was two dollars short of the costs, so my partner bowed out, unwilling to advance even a dollar. I footed the bill and was in business alone again.

I noticed there were two gentlemen who always tried to be the first to arrive, one coming stag and the other with his fiancée. For lack of a better name, I will call the man who came alone John. He usually was the first to come from the Mount Signal area and always requested a safe place to hang his overcoat, as he carried a six-shooter in it (for reasons of his own, which were well known to all at the time as being legal). He always got free admission because he would flash a crisp twenty dollar bill, never having any smaller bill or change. This "gag" was pulled about a dozen times, and if he reads this book, I am sure he will recall this. I understand that he is reputed to be very wealthy today.

The other young man was publicized in the locality as not looking his twenty-seven years but able to pass as under twenty-one. He pulled the same double sawbuck on me at the dances on several occasions. One Saturday night, I had a friend who would take charge if necessary. When this man entered with his fiancée on his arm and presented the same twenty, I pocketed it and told him I would give him the change in a few minutes. A look of despair came over his face.

I then called for my friend to take over at the door while I rushed down to the pool hall a block away and changed the twenty dollar bill for nickels, dimes, quarters and twenty-five pennies. I returned to the dance immediately and counted out his nineteen dollars change, with his Ophelia watching. I don't know what they thought, but I was never again handed a twenty dollar bill at the door.

A word here in appreciation of the musicians would not be amiss: Teleford Stevenson with his beautiful-toned violin, and the railroad engineer, "Professor" Nutting at the piano. His beautiful singing voice thrilled all who had the privilege of hearing it. Also the jazz dispensed by the two composing the Black-and-Tan Jazz Orchestra. The drummer was a page-boy at the Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro, while his attractive and talented pianist resided on Fourth Street. My associations with the musicians were always most cordial.



The necessity of seeking employment to my liking took me away from the Valley, and I have never since promoted dancing.

Before leaving the Imperial Valley, I set out to visit my mother on the Coast one summer. While I was waiting at the Stage Depot in El Centro, a friend, all excited, rushed up to me. He had one of the snazziest cars in the county, a Chandler Chummy Roadster 6, 1918 model. My friend said he had looked all over for me because his wife was "expecting" any day now at Terminal Island, and he wished to be with her. He wanted me to work a couple of weeks, taking care of his interests on a dairy ranch on which he and another man I knew were partners. I reluctantly agreed to stay for the two weeks, which he mentioned as the time limit.

I cashed in my ticket at the window and loaded my baggage into his flaming red roadster. Then we were off to the dairy and a little country style excitement. My friend instructed me in my duties, then left. However, this venture did not turn out so well as his partner seemed to resent the fact that he had to stay in the hot Valley instead of going to the cool coast for a vacation. I am sure the word "cooperation" was never known to this man, for he threw everything in the book at me to make my work disagreeable.

I thought I could stand anything for two weeks, but before the time was up, I received a card informing me of an additional three weeks to suffer the heat and humiliation. My friend had taken a job at a lumber importing company and decided to take extra time to relax and let the new baby get a good cool start in life.

Before their return, we experienced what was probably the worst rain storm and cloudburst in Imperial County, which washed out roads, bridges and canals. The storm water flooded the area about two feet deep for approximately twenty-four hours. Turkeys, chickens, pigs and calves were saved by taking them to high ground. All precautions were taken to place everything possible up in the open ceiling and attic of the house before the water subsided. Needless to say, everything was a wet, muddy mess for several days.

When the family returned, I had the pleasant privilege of carrying the new little "Trintje" to her new home. We had to walk on the ditch bank for the roads were still impossible for a car to travel. Water and mud were everywhere.

Two incidents stand out in my memory very vividly. Previously I had worked for a family on a ranch which was both a dairy and alfalfa ranch. The owner sold out and was vacationing for a while. I was working at that time in a cotton gin in Seeley. A well known dairyman had passed away and left his widow and five children with about seventy cows to care for. The widow had a fine young man of Indian descent assisting on the ranch, and

presumably she was also interested in him personally.

However, the young man also had ideas that only a "Brave" would know how to pursue. He left the area with a young maiden from a nearby farm, apparently with amorous intentions. This did not suit the older matron of the dairy, and she forgot dairy, children, and all else in her haste to get her man back intact. The result was that the cows went unmilked three times before the dairy handling the milk and the bank could contact anyone to take over.

After nightfall the dairyman, who was well known for his integrity and ability, was contacted and his first thought, apparently, was to use me as an assistant. He drove to my house after I had gone to bed and explained the urgency of the situation. As there was no time to waste, I immediately contacted a man whom I knew was available and could handle my job at the cotton gin. Then I awakened the superintendent of the cotton gin and told him of the desperate situation at the dairy. He understood, and the man was hired to relieve me as pressman.

The dairyman, whom I will call Tony, picked me up early in the morning and took me to the dairy farm to salvage all the cows possible. It was finally accomplished, but not without some hard work and not just a little humor added. The matron had left her larder well stocked with food, and the children (the oldest of whom was a girl about twelve), after finishing their morning meal, spent most of the daytime nude in a swimming hole. A more complete innocence was never known.

After much massaging of udders and speed in milking, our task was beginning to show success. One cow, very aptly named "Needle Horns," had come fresh, but in the face of the utter neglect, had lost her calf and was in great agony, being three milkings behind schedule. She showed her horns at any attempt to approach her. Finally, with the aid of a lariat and some cow hobbles, I lassoed her and cradled her against a solid fence of railroad ties. Then, by hobbling her hind legs, I proceeded to milk her. If you have never heard a cow scream for her life, you couldn't understand her suffering! Between milking and massaging with "Bag Balm," she too was saved, and I am sure she appreciated our efforts. I say "our" because she was just a little too much for one man to handle.

While working with Tony to save the cows and to get this mess cleared up, it was decided to sell all the young stock and dry cows. I still have a vivid memory of a most unusual incident which was funny to everyone but me. A barn door had been slammed on an eight months old heifer and had broken her tail as she ran by so that it had a crook in it about midways of its length. This heifer decided not to be loaded with the rest and "made a run for it" past me. I tried to head off the creature but could only grab her tail as she went by. I gave a hard swing to turn her around, and in so doing the broken part pulled off and I landed on my back and seat in a green, gooey mess. Of

course, I quickly went for a swim and clean clothes! This heifer was salable only for beef after that, as a "dum" tail would knock a milker out if, in switching flies, it struck him in the head. I can still hear the other fellows laughing at my plight. In a few days all the young stock and dry cows were sold and within a month or so, our job was completed, "cum laude." Tony and his now grown family are known to be most dependable in any circumstances to all his friends.

Prior to this time, I had met a lovely young lady and soon became aware that my heart was being undermined. She had some relatives who were very good friends of mine, and this helped bring us closer together. However, some misunderstanding arose through her parents, and we became estranged as friends, without a quarrel.

About this time I decided to go over to a neighboring town to make a date for the Fourth of July dance. While driving towards El Centro in my old Model T Ford, trying to decide whom to call on, I suddenly realized some friends were calling my name. I saw a group of five in a Studebaker Special Six who had decided to do the same, namely, to get up to the mountains for some fun and a dance over the Fourth.

As they also had a small dairy of about fourteen cows to milk, how could they get away? Well, by finding their old friend, Truman. Here he was! A perfect set-up, indeed! Just what the doctor ordered. The conversation was short and to the point: "Truman, we are going up to the mountains over the Fourth and want you to milk the cows for us until we get back. There are plenty of groceries and you can pick your own bed. Remember, there are fourteen cows to milk. Be sure you count them. So long! See you later!"

How lucky can a guy get? But friends are friends. Through these friends I met a most unusual young man whom I could never forget. He was a young Hollander, whom we will call Watson. He sent twenty-five American dollars each month to his mother in Holland where she could live like an American millionaire.

Watson was not in the inner circle of his countrymen in the Valley and, as I could not understand the reason for this, I decided to find out why. He liked good cigars and always had a box on hand. If anyone smoked, they were always welcome to all they wanted. Several times I have seen someone take one to smoke and put three in his shirt pocket for later use. Yet, when Watson went anywhere he had to buy or bring his own. Then he would kid about the situation. They also bought cigars by the box but kept them out of sight and could not stand being chided.

I worked with Watson on several jobs, both on hay ranches and dairies, as well as in building a service station for dispensing gasoline. I always



found him more than cooperative. One time I asked the reason for the strange aloofness of his countrymen and he gave me the facts. It seems that at one time he owned a dairy and was quite comfortable. His friends came to eat and sleep but never to help cook or to milk any of the cows. Watson laughed the situation off as a joke but, at the same time, he decided to pull the same thing on them each time the opportunity presented itself. The shoe pinched when placed on the other foot. I have since learned that when someone does or says something that hurts, if the injured person retaliates, it is a cinch that the first person will be hurt beyond words. Some people can dish it out but can't take it in return,

At one time, Watson and I were working building a service station in the west end of Brawley, California, for a station owner who lived in Seeley. When we were about two-thirds finished, we were informed there was no more money and we were to be laid off. I informed our employer that Watson had the necessary funds and if given security, he would advance the money for completion. This arrangement was completed the following day at a bank in El Centro. This shows the vagaries of life. One never knows "who's who" until a problem arises. I am sure my good friend, Tom White, will remember this incident.

I was just a young man working and earning a living, usually at anything I could find. It was always manual labor because I had not finished my schooling and could not handle better positions.

Imperial Valley was getting growing pains and the water situation required a lot of attention. New canals with both cement and lumber type head-gates near the east side of Highline Canal were necessary. We had to put in some siphons and, in a few places, covered cement ditches for a couple of hundred feet away from the main canal. This was necessary to prevent erosion. We also made a roadway available near the main canals.

A cousin was construction foreman for one of the water distributing companies, and I had no trouble getting a job. I was politely informed that I was expected to put forth a little more effort than the other fellows, lest they think it was a "soft touch" for me. I did so, and there were never any jealousies or complaints.

During this job, we were so far from town that after supper we usually played a game of "Black Jack" until we became sleepy. I found that one man was winning more than his just share and discovered that he was able to palm a card while dealing, although it took a very sharp eye to detect it. He was the camp teamster and his wife was the cook. The ability of his wife to prepare clean, wholesome meals was all that saved the teamster from "going down the road," as the old saying went.

After his exposure, his winnings were less and he seldom got an opportunity to deal. Construction men expect their co-workers to be gentlemen of honesty, or they don't stay on the job, regardless of their ability.

While on this carpenter and cement gang, I owned a 1915 model Ford and had become acquainted with a group of school teachers in that locality. Although the dances in the community always drew most of the high school students (and at times the dance floor seemed like a high school auditorium, with everyone moving from class to class) the high school trustees had requested that local teachers refrain from attending dances in their school district.

This posed a problem, for none of the teachers had transportation. Apparently they were happy to make the acquaintance of any personable young men, so I attended dances in nearly every location in the Valley with my superiors in intellect, but equals in enjoyment. It sometimes seemed that I should have had a legal interest in a couple of "teacherages" (living quarters supplied for teachers by the local school district) for I often loaned my car for their convenience and was repaid with some of the finest meals a man ever ate.

### CHAPTER III

By the fall of 1921, my father and brother had left the Imperial Valley and were driving a clay tunnel in the Alberhill area of Riverside County. I received a call to come up and learn the business - if that is the proper word for handling a Number Two scoop shovel while bent over in a five-foot high tunnel. I was about five feet, nine inches, at the time and still growing a little.

I survived the first month, after which one could lay down or stand on his head and still shovel clay without pain in the arms or backbone. Early in January, 1922, my brother and I took in a dance at the "Fraternal Brotherhood Hall," at the head of the lake near Elsinore, California.

It was at this time that I met the girl who later, in November, became my wife and, eventually, the mother of our two daughters. The first night I met this young lady, I did not give romance with her very much thought, but I danced with her several times that evening. The next few days I was kidded quite a lot about her and I soon found that it was because her father was a blacksmith and had been quite active in competition with my father and uncle while they were in the blacksmith business in town.

The father of this young lady had his business on his ranch, across Lake Elsinore from town. I was about thirteen years old in that era of competition, and she was about six. However, we did not let any fun-poking alter our friendship at this late date.

On November, 1922, we were married, and this union continued for twenty-one years. I worked at truck driving, mining, carpentering, general contracting and construction, besides occasionally working for her father in his shop.

It was about this time that I became special police officer for a short period, being assigned to night patrol. I saw several occurrences that did not take place in broad daylight. I found that even though the elite of the community are the most respected, sometimes the source of some of their incomes would not be considered exactly legal in certain quarters. To be a night patrolman is not the right job for a country hick!

As target shooting had always been my secret love, I had little trouble bring home the hams or bacon when shooting contests were held in that area. I also found that because a person had what is commonly termed "nerve," was not a positive indication of high intelligence. The realization was that whom you know, or a little pull or push, was sometimes financially more gratifying than straight forward honesty or book education.

Once I worked for a small city. The man I worked with was the



superintendent of streets, water and can collection, also the maintenance of water pumps, etc. I worked under this man for several months. As he "had it made," so to speak, and wished to retire, he suggested that I apply for the job, along with five or six others who were also capable of handling the work.

I wrote out an application for the position, as did the others, but I will never forget the procedure that was followed in filling the job. Work in the mines and hauling business had slacked off somewhat, and one of the councilmen was a trucker but had little or no work at the time. He resigned from his job when the council sat to select a new water superintendent, etc. The city clerk, who was also the recorder and police judge, took the first application, read it, and without reading any of the others, suggested that it be accepted. And it was! This gentleman, of course, was well qualified for the position, but the method of procedure has always seemed smelly to me. To make a pun, it could be called "harmonizing!" A few of the old time residents will understand the meaning of this statement.

I worked around the area for a couple of years and then decided that a change of location might bring better results, so I accepted a position as mechanic and blacksmith on a large service ranch. This was a ranch organization that also contracted to care for other ranches and groves. It was still in the Model T days, and I found I had plenty to learn.

I had a little work to do on a car one day and was told to charge the time to cleaning shop. I did as I was told and never suspected anything unusual. Later I was admonished about another matter. I put two and two together, and it did not add up. To sum up the matter, a married man was keeping his wife out of town for the summer and was caring for the ranch and other needs of a young widow of the neighborhood. My ability to see through this did not strengthen my position in any degree whatsoever. Rather than remain and be in disfavor, I resigned and found a position in Long Beach, California.

Many people will remember the old Curtis Cannery for tuna and pimientos. I was mechanic and welder there for several months and left to take a job on a floating hydraulic dredge. I remained on this job, with intermittent leaves, for about two and a half years. My second daughter was born just before I left the cannery job, and now I was a real family man.

Late in 1925 and into 1926, while I was employed by the dredging company, the dredge, "Turbine," was busy dredging the jetty channel oceanward from the Long Beach Edison plant and filling in seaward on Terminal Island. We also dredged inside the Jack Knife Bridge that spanned the harbor entrance at that time. Later I went with the company to San Diego and had an active part in filling in for a municipal airport, which later became the now famous Lindbergh Field. Our dredging for this fill was between the Broadway Pier

and North Island. When this contract was fulfilled we returned to the San Pedro area and began deepening the main channel of what is known as Los Angeles Harbor. The company also received a contract to remove the long forgotten Dead Man's Island near the harbor entrance.

Two men were accidentally electrocuted on this job while working with equipment that came in contact with high voltage lines. Every man on the job knew of this accident, although the facts were temporarily withheld from public knowledge. I found that to be in close proximity to this project, I was moving from town to town and actually lived in seven different houses in one year. (Yes, I did pay my rent!)

This situation was not agreeable to me or to my wife for moving with two small children presented quite a problem. The company at last received a contract to dredge the harbor at Honolulu, Hawaii. I was invited to go along, but found I could do as well on the mainland here. Had I gone to Hawaii, it would have been on the maiden voyage of the newly rebuilt steamship "President" or "General Garfield." What happened to that boat at its dock in Honolulu was in all the newspapers. The report was that it caught fire and burned soon after arrival. No one was reported injured in the fire.

It might be interesting to the reader to know that the dredge, "Turbine," was a combination steam and electric hydraulic pipeline dredge and was operating in Honolulu Harbor when the Japs struck on December 7, 1941.

I later heard from my friends who worked in Hawaii that conditions there were not so pleasant as here, and they all agreed there is no place equal to America, and California in particular, for a working man.

I worked on another floating dredge named the "Los Angeles" for about a year before leaving the harbor area, and I finally bought a home near Bellflower, California. The oil fields were not as widespread at that time as now. Wilmington had no oil derricks, nor did the harbor area at Long Beach.

Soon after the birth of our youngest daughter, a family friend told us he owned an interest in a small house on Pine Avenue, in Long Beach, near Wardlow Road. We could have it for the amount due, about two thousand dollars, at twenty-five dollars per month, with no interest to pay. My wife and I looked it over and we both decided, "no sale." The lot had two abandoned derricks over dry holes, or dusters, as oil men call them, but they were to be removed and the holes filled. The house was a mess and as the lot was high in front and not fenced, we were afraid of injury to our babies.

We turned this bargain down cold, and it reverted to the original owner. Within a very short time, excitement was again rampant in that area and the derricks were rebuilt, for oil and gas flowed from these former dry holes.

In 1935, I met and worked with the driller that brought these wells in. He told me of the young couple with two babies who turned this bargain down. I told him that "here was the guy to kick!"

I worked for about three months at Torrance, California, in 1928, living the while in Wilmington. This three months' work at top wages gave me the idea of a country home, and we moved to Bellflower.

While I was working in oil tool shops or at field work, we rented a place for about eighteen months. We finally ended up by buying a large lot and building a rather comfortable two bedroom home. Lady Luck smiled on me and I progressed very well financially. We planted flowers, fruit trees and berries.

Oil field work diminished, but the new "Model A" car was going great guns, and I found employment only twelve miles from home at the Long Beach Ford Plant. I worked most of the operating time of 1930, 1931 and 1932. I had a hand in building the first V8 Ford produced in Long Beach.

A little insight into the ironies of life should not be out of place here. The City of Long Beach persuaded the Ford Company to build a plant on a forty-acre tract of land, on what was called the Cerritos Channel, a navigable ship channel, connecting Long Beach Harbor and Los Angeles Harbor. The forty acres given fronted on the south by the Channel and on the west by Badger Avenue, since changed to Henry Ford Avenue. The Ford Company, realizing the value of this land when developed, added at least another eighty acres by purchase. I do not know the price but assume it was quite low in view of what occurred a few years later.

A railroad company owned land across Badger Avenue to the west, and General Petroleum started an exploration for oil project, with great success. The result was that within a few short years, the Ford acreage was covered with fine producers. Who said that luck goes with a silver spoon? This one must have been diamond-studded!

Many people have inquired how much it cost to build a car. Well, that would surely vary with the kind and the year. Yet, in 1932, I saw an advertisement in many papers stating that the Ford Company expected to build a million cars that year and spend two hundred million in the process. That would indicate the tremendous amount of capital necessary for such a program.

Only once, while employed in the factory, did I get a glimpse of any of the Ford family. Edsel Ford came through the plant one time, but he was so surrounded by guards that he could not see anyone or the progress of the work in his own factory.



I was working high on the conveyor and could see just the top of his head. Talk about fear and precautions! Who would choose a life like that, if given a choice? This was the time of N.R.A. and a change of administration was due. A very strong suggestion was passed around that any change could mean a loss of employment. Afterward, the Long Beach Plant was closed and the Richmond Plant reopened, forcing many men to seek other employment. A very few followed along to Richmond, California, and to straight-line production. Some of the men with whom I worked went to Richmond and worked until the seasonal layoff. I know that some finally left the automobile building game and took up other work in different areas of the country.

For a while I was employed driving a tractor, plowing and planting crops on a nearby ranch. When the March 10, 1933, earthquakes struck Long Beach and Southern California, I assisted in the clearing up of wrecked buildings, hothouses, etc. Next came the new Bellflower sewer project, sponsored by the SERA for a few months, and I was blacksmith and had a hand in the first sewer project in the Bellflower area.

N.R.A. was still active and, due to the limitation of working hours to thirty, I was hired extra for welding around oil fields at the Santa Fe Springs Field. This lasted for several months, and when I was laid off, I drove a truck for a few months for a steel supply house in southeast Los Angeles. Then I was transferred to double wages, welding oil bits in Los Angeles for a Houston, Texas, company.

This job lasted three years, and during this time we came back on our feet financially. However, I was never happy about my work as I could not align my ideas of quality with the supervisor's idea of quantity. When our ideas clashed and I was laid off, I felt like a new man, although I knew I could expect a lean spell of unemployment.

I found that organized labor was doing better for the men than hit-or-miss employment. I tried welding for a while as a boiler maker, but found conditions too exacting for my eyes. So I left this for a less exacting type of construction labor.

About this time, I found a situation that opened my eyes a bit. Some times supervision kept inferior workers' earnings in excess of the more qualified for reasons best known to the principals involved. Certainly, only those whom the shoe fits can put it on. I know that this condition still exists.

The Arroyo Seco Freeway was taking shape and a contract was given to a company where a friend of mine was employed. Through him, I was given a job repairing a "Northwest" shovel, to be placed on the job in the south Pasadena area. I followed along with this work and joined the Operating Engineers' Union in 1940. A year later, I finished this job and was employed by

a company which was extending the army camp facilities at San Luis Obispo,

A most unusual thing occurred at this point. I was living in Bellflower and was given a clearance to the job site. The weather was producing what was probably the rainiest season ever experienced in the San Luis Obispo area. I drove up in my car, arriving late in the afternoon, to start next morning on the job.

I inquired everywhere about sleeping facilities and the standard answer was that there were none available and that as dozens of people were sleeping in their cars, I should do the same. Upon contacting our Union business agent and getting his O. K. on the clearance to the job, the local housing situation came up. He stated that my best bet was to choose a nice quiet spot to sleep in the car. My reply was that I had never slept in the car on a job and I felt I was too old to begin now.

I started to drive around the town, looking for a "Room to Rent" sign, but none appeared, for the available rooms were taken. I drove around town several times, and during each trip I seemed to end up in front of a certain house on Broad Street. Why this happened I did not know, but Lady Luck must have been steering the car.

After seeing this house about seven times, I got up courage to go and ask for lodging. I went to the front door in a driving rain and knocked. Immediately two small boys came to the door and peeked out at me. I inquired if their mother or father were at home and was informed that "Mama and Grandma" were. When I told the boys I wished to speak to their mother, both ladies came to the door, and I told my story.

They appeared surprised that I should inquire there since they had no sign, but very graciously asked me to step in out of the rain. They told me the front porch did have a couple of beds and mattresses, and if the boys picked up their toys, I could stay there that night. I must have looked despairing, for these ladies treated me like a long lost friend. I had blankets in my car, and I got a good night's rest.

I wondered if I would be permitted to stay there for the duration of my job. When I returned that night I was asked if I liked the new arrangement. I loved it! Men in town were paying about nine dollars a week for rooms too small for a bed and chair, while these people asked if I thought \$5.00 per week was all right!

Next day, men on the job asked where I was staying. When I told them, they were amazed and wanted to stay there too. Mr. and Mrs. George White divided the porch, curtained off an entrance to their living room, and my co-worker friend rented the other half of the porch. Shortly afterward, another

worker, a carpenter, rented an extra room. I am quite sure the money helped Mr. and Mrs. White, and all the men were quite appreciative. In my estimation, George White and his family, who now own White's Furniture Store in San Luis Obispo, are tops. Thanks to their kindness and cooperation, I did not have to start sleeping in my car!

I worked there unto the job slackened off, and again returned to Los Angeles area. There I was employed by a company that was tearing down some large storage tanks in Hynes (now called Paramount), California, and were rebuilding them in San Diego. I also helped tear down a tank in Long Beach and ship it to Oregon, where it was rebuilt for the Union Pacific Railroad. While working on this job, a lifelong ambition was fulfilled. I was in Pendleton for the Roundup! A spectacle never to be forgotten.

Returning from Oregon, another unforgettable event occurred. We had taken some tanks apart for Standard Oil at Coyote Hills and were re-erecting them at Oildale, California, about the time Pearl Harbor was so ruthlessly attacked. It was feared that the Ridge Route might be an enemy target, so I drove all night to get the heavy truck crane back to the Alhambra plant of the company. We had all the tanks roughly assembled at Oildale. We also had a couple of tanks to erect on Mormon Island, near Wilmington, California.

When this work was completed, I was employed for a short time by another company to erect a water barrier dam near Camp Cook. I found that practically all the equipment for Camp Cook was transported through what might be termed "enemy territory." A Japanese farm was crossed in moving most of the material into this important government installation.

When my assignment on this project was completed, I worked on a large drainage canal which was being cut through the Montana Ranch property, south of Bellflower, which now is Lakewood Village. After a few weeks on the night shift, I left to take a job in Nevada, on the important Basic Magnesium Project.

After two weeks on this project, while operating a side boom caterpillar crane, I had the misfortune to lose a joint off the middle finger of my left hand. It became infected, and I had to leave the Nevada job for special medical care in Los Angeles. During this time, I assisted, to a slight degree, in loading out a shovel with crane boom attachments, extra, for the San Diego Gas and Electric Company. It was about a two-day job, due to the meticulous care necessary to fasten the equipment to the car. The railroad company was very particular about fastenings, as only a short time before some construction equipment had broken loose from a railroad car and had nearly cut another car into pieces. This does not frequently occur, but one time is too many.

During this time I also helped build a couple of short sections of crane



boom for Pacific Crane and Rigging Company. After the boom sections were completed, my hand was healed enough to return to Nevada and Basic Magnesium. Upon my arrival, I discovered that a friend had been assigned to the side boom, so I took a job for the American Bridge Company, oiling on a Manitowoc speed crane, with a one hundred ten foot boom.

I soon found that mere man is not always dependable, even when there is much at stake. At this time the largest percentage of people ever to engage in warfare were basically engaged in shooting and destruction, and no one could give a plausible reason except to "make democracy safe." At least that was the slogan at the time to get men into the armed services. Everyone knows that wars don't make democracy safe, and never will!

We had what was termed absenteeism to a large degree. Men on construction were working six and seven days a week at the highest wages ever known, yet some would take days off, then forget how many days. One could include how many drinks of various kinds, too.

I soon found myself in the seat, so to speak. I would be requested to operate the crane until the regular operator showed up. Sometimes this was for a few hours and at other times for a few days. I found that, with modern equipment, one could set a five-ton column on a truck without jar or bounce. More than once, the hook tender, expecting a decided bump, would be signaling to lower the load although the hook was entirely free. This pleased the men, and soon I was the regular operator. However, as everyone knows, nothing ever moves smoothly for long.

An operator, whom we shall call Van, was moving medium weight loads with a low boom and the riggers had placed a rope in the jockey box. In swinging around, the adjusting bolt on the brake pedal picked up the rope and locked the brake so it could not be released. The crane started to tip with Van dancing on the pedal, trying in vain to drop the load. I got the job rebuilding the boom and "dinging" out the cab.

The master mechanic promised that after repairs were made I was to be assigned permanently to this crane, changing with Van. I found then that a promise can be good, but not always is! The day for finishing came, also an old friend of the master nut buster to take over! I was too valuable as a mechanic to be riding the seat. I also had ideas, and I gave notice in the morning and started in the afternoon on a paver mixer, one that was stationary and poured the storage silos. It had been sitting for a couple of months and had all but buried the skip, motor and drum. After two twelve-hour shifts operating, Mr. Ball gave me the job of taking the mixer apart and putting it together in "new" condition, with the shop cooperating.

This was a slap in the face to the old mechanics and I felt their wrath,

although with understanding and cooperation, I soon dispelled most of the antagonism. However, in a couple of weeks and much jack-hammer work, we loaded the mixer out and it was on its way home. I rounded out six months, almost to the day, at nut busting and overhead crane operating, with a couple of flings as cat skinner and clamshell rock placer in the project "sugar bowl." ("Sugar bowl" project - sewer disposal plant.)

At about this time, a friend took a much deserved vacation of three weeks in New Mexico. One day back on the job, a celebration and another three weeks off, due to the fact that he couldn't hit his head with his cap. It took a terrible auto accident to bring this finest of all mechanics to realize that one man can't hold it all. (Liquor was the culprit.)

Christmas, 1942, I was laid off, but was back at work January 8, 1943, on the Manganese Ore Project under the finest boss that I ever expect to meet. Roe's evaluation of his men was correct, and with much understanding. He knew where each man could and would do the most good and placed them accordingly. I worked willingly and pleasantly under Roe for eight months when, like a bombshell, a new arrangement, stemming from friendship, took Roe away. I, too, became defrosted, instead of being frozen on the job. Even though a better paying job was offered, I didn't fall.

I was given gas stamps for my choice of a job near Pasco, Washington, or Los Angeles, California. I chose Los Angeles and found an old job, renewed from 1928, waiting for me under the same men who had been my friends and foremen fifteen years previously. The work had not changed; only the amount, wages and procedure. To get back in the saddle was easy. In fact, too much so. As my previous acquaintance became known, I was looked upon with suspicion, as likely to be a "stool pigeon." I will not elaborate upon how small a fellow workman, jealous, and without any semblance of cause, can get. I felt the pangs, though, for all of the twenty-five months I was in this hell hole of suspicion.

I was amazed at the ill feeling, even between long time acquaintances and shoulder-to-shoulder workers. At lunch time, most of the men on this job chose to sit and eat alone. At the end of the day, a long single line filed out instead of in friendly groups. Why? That's a question I can't answer. I felt we were all working with a single thought in mind - to end the war the quickest way possible. But not everyone shared that thought. Many families and friendships were broken while on this job in Torrance. My friend, old Joe, the shop superintendent, must have died of a broken heart. I know his usual kind words became salacious and acrid.

Events, even in our own U.S.A., are not always correctly reported to the people. I have always been interested in radio personalities, and I especially enjoyed listening to the efforts of new young talent or amateur entertainers.

One evening, while visiting a friend in Manhattan Beach, a police officer informed me that a certain national entertainment figure would never be heard again. After quite some explaining on the officer's part, I deduced that a famous personality had been caught redhanded as a traitor to his country and had committed suicide. Naturally, I expected to see this confirmation in the newspapers next day and on the radio news. However closely I watched for this news for several months, it was not published. In the meantime I learned from a friend that Canadian papers carried news corroborating this officer's statement the next day. At long last, approximately six months later, I found three lines on the bottom of a page in a Los Angeles paper that this personality had passed away only the day before, stating slyly that "the cause of death was not given, "

As adults, we are entitled to truth in reporting, and to withhold the truth when it is known only tends to make the general public suspicious and skeptical of all news reported. If truth is withheld in some instances, how is anyone to know what is true and what is false?

Most people reading this book will remember the late dictator, Il Duce, or Mussolini, of Italy. To illustrate the falsity of reporting, I should like to point out that the picture of this dead dictator and his moll, supposedly hanging by their feet, were, in fact, standing erect and the picture turned upside down. The scaffold shown as holding them was superimposed in the picture. How else could her hair be down to her shoulders when the picture was turned upside down? The picture I have in mind was printed in a large Los Angeles newspaper, and I showed my copy to many, many people and pointed out this fact to them. They agreed that it was definitely a faked picture. Is it any wonder that people are wary of anything reported unless they are personally aware of all details?

Propaganda has absolutely no place in America. The truth will set us free. To censor the truth or hand out propaganda simply means that one or a few persons assume they are more intelligent than anyone else and that they alone are eligible or capable of knowing the truth and therefore force falsehood and deceit upon everyone else. Is there any other answer? Certainly the American public is as big as its hirelings.

After V-J Day, I resigned from my distasteful job and remarried. My honeymoon lasted four months. Whether I desired this much time off was immaterial. I found that about two months without employment was caused by an error in the out-of-work procedure. I had reapplied for construction work and knowing the unemployment situation, did not inquire why I wasn't called for work. I was enjoying life, but when I did inquire the reason, I found I was not listed as available. I started a new job the next day.

A project was planned to house returned veterans in quonset huts in Roger Young Village, the former National Guard Airport, in Griffith Park,



Los Angeles, California. The unused airport was taken over, and after several months and plenty of "moola" (that which we call "hard earned money") the huts started to take shape, several hundred of these quonsets being erected in the Village.

While cleaning a generator with some gasoline and a piece of cloth, I suffered a little accident. The fan blew the gasoline out of the paper cup and it volatized inside my clothing, catching fire from the now operating generator. I had to take three weeks off to cure my badly burned chest, neck and hands.

I next worked on several river cementing or lining jobs and found that a bottle and fancy words sometimes beat a real knowledge of machinery, especially if a bunch of in-laws or relatives are concerned.

Later I went to work at the Bishop Tunnel Project, starting near Crowley Dam on the "north one" tunnel, working up and down the gorge to "south one, two, three," and finally "three A." Tunnels were numbered in order from north to south on the project. North one and south were the same hole, started from opposite ends and joined near the middle.

In spite of the extreme cold, down to 21° below zero, the snow, ice, dust, and finally the water and many cave-ins at "north one," we made a world's record in footage for twenty-four hours. This job was notorious in many other ways, and the supervisory staff did not remove any of the colorfulness of the project in their method of handling the men and equipment.

Records were made and broken, from births and deaths, from dryness to wetness, from intelligence to ignorance. On this project, intrigue, corrupt practices, honesty and dishonesty walked hand in hand from start to finish. Knowledge and ability ran second to bottles and games. Gambling debts cost many a man his job, and several attractive women held jobs for their less capable men.

However, the main purpose of the job was accomplished - "bringing water to the powerhouses and finally to the people of Los Angeles." Certainly, no thought of failure was held by anyone, and all of the holes drilled, loaded, plugged and shot were not in the hardest granite formation. I have heard that several of the lesser formen were recommended for jobs in far away lands by their superiors. I believe that, to a man, everyone knowing these straw-bosses, hoped that they would get and hold these foreign jobs for many years.

After the tunnel project, I worked a few months rebuilding surplus war machinery on Pier A in Long Beach Harbor. Then I took a fling at open construction on the Friant Kern Canal, first as cat spread mechanic, then as batch plant mechanic, and finally as welder mechanic in changing the width and depth of the Canal.

Working equipment included the trimmer, cement spreader, or liner, finishing machine and finally the sprayer rig. Also, between times, the paver mixers were overhauled and rebuilt.

After the cut down at Pozo Creek, I was assigned to operate the trimmer on one shift for the last fifteen miles of canal. Also, upon completion of the canal, relining hoppers and rebuilding chutes, etc., took quite some time, as did loading equipment and reassembling in the Los Angeles River, north-east of Compton. I also took a turn at the screens on the rock and gravel shakers.

My next job was on a highway project at Benton, California, where I made many new friends. Here again, the in-law business was top flight. Marry into the family and you get a good job! The union? Don't worry about that! Of course, you might have to join some time, but papa takes care of that, too.

I discovered a man could make a fortune just by suing a hospital for changing babies. It would not take a geneologist to detect that a mistake had really been made.

Then again, what is the difference between time and a half or double time for Sundays and holidays? One can't take it along, so be satisfied with what you can get from small outfits.

Hunting is good, and if you know the right people you're in! At a deer hunt camp, about forty miles away, everyone gets one - two if it were legal - and a little thought of convenience and courtesy is appreciated. Take enough food for yourself and a couple, a few gallons of good water, plenty of blankets, and you are all set. It gets hot in the daytime but cold at night. Why not take a case of beer and I. W. Harper or Old Grandad along? They will both be welcome.

Pete and Elaine were the finest friends for hunting that I ever found, and everyone had venison. A few people are metriculous in gathering up all they brought along, even to the last quarter-pound of bread and butter, leaving their friends to drive forty miles to the nearest store before being able to make lunch.

Soon after this job was completed, I was called to work near Santa Ynez as a mechanic on the Cachuma Dam project. When I went to work, the job was approximately thirteen months old. They were already boasting of a forty per cent turnover in men per month. This was not a wholesome situation, and my Union was in a quandary. My friends told me of the good pay, considerable overtime, and fair living conditions in the area. They thought this was an ideal work situation.

There were ample trailer camps within a reasonable distance, schools, stores, churches, and all forms of entertainment. However, the men became dissatisfied and either quit or were discharged too quickly for the Union to accept the idea that conditions were brought on by the men which warranted this large turnover.

After about a month as mechanic, I was appointed steward for the job. In my first contact with anyone at the job site, before checking in, I had become aware of the difficulty. Everyone on the project realized the source of the trouble, and I am sure the contractor understood why the tremendous amount of time was lost, due to the labor turnover, to which they unwittingly contributed.

I remained on this project for eight months, and my research showed that the average employee stayed approximately three weeks. I worked on other projects in the same general area for short periods of time, finally ending up operating a cement batch plant on the newly "holed through" Gaviota Highway tunnel. He had hardly started to pour footings and just had the steel form set up for the "pump creting" of the tunnel, when the working contract between the constructors and the Operating Engineers' Union expired. It appeared that a new contract would not be signed immediately, so we all picked up our final pay. Later I heard the job was down only a couple of weeks.

Next I accepted a job in Nevada, in the Mormon Mesa area, about seventy miles out of Las Vegas, on Highway 91, towards Salt Lake City. A friend, Earl Edwards, known by all his friends as "Whitey," had been given an assignment to erect and supervise an asphalt mixing plant - or, in construction terms, a hot plant.

Rock crushers and hot plants were Whitey's "duck soup." The companies who supplied parts and equipment of this type to the contracting firms knew Whitey as the man who could get results at all times, and he was always in demand insofar as asphalt paving was concerned.

The erection of a "Standard," three thousand pound capacity mixing box, hot plant, was completed, and the men were assigned to operate the different divisions of the work. A fireman, a cat skinner and a tunnel man regulated the flow of aggregates on the conveyor belts. Others kept the equipment oiled and greased, and the cat skinner used a bulldozer to keep the aggregates pushed up to the loading hoppers, while the superintendent usually fires the drier or revolving oven. Then too, we had a mixer box operator. This is not necessarily considered the highest or best job at hot plant, but the skill of the operator sets or controls the speed of the entire project.

To operate at top efficiency, the operator must be in top physical condition and have perfect rhythm and coordination because, as a rule, at least



three separate bins of material are used. All the material, including asphalt, is weighed and metered within a thirty-second interval, that is, it is dumped into a waiting truck, after only a half minute of mixing agitation. This requires strict attention, fine muscles and visual coordination. Even taking a drink of water will cause a delay in one batch. This may not seem important until the pace is set. So closely is this work figured that any interruption will slow the entire project.

When I was assigned to operate this mixer box and given instructions as to the weight of aggregates and oil, I decided that no delay would interrupt the rapid completion of the construction program on my part. I was later told that seven consecutive times one truck with six batches had weighed exactly the same, right to the pound. No slow filling or weighing was done as this first day's run was nine hundred ten tons, which in three days built up to one thousand seventy-five tons over the scales.

This speed and accuracy would not be possible without the full cooperation of all the men on the project as conditions are involved in which all the materials, trucks, etc., must be coordinated. A unity of teamwork to accomplish any given goal is essential.

After three weeks of continuous effort in one of the hottest places in the world, we finally caught up with the grading crew and were assigned other work. In that desert area, any chance to change location is welcomed.

I was transferred to mechanic on water trucks at night and found that a considerable amount of work was necessary to put them in good condition. The work certainly was not boring, for each truck had a different driver, and new thoughts and conversation were the stock in trade.

One always comes off a job knowing men better and learning little details of life and places that had not previously been considered in the haste of living within our own little shells and our own small group of friends. If willing, one finds new friends and a new outlook or viewpoint on many things. These sometimes run in peculiar patterns. Some men talk mostly of their birthplace or homeland. Others seems to be encompassed in their particular type of work, not realizing that another endeavor might also interest them. Sometimes a co-worker speaks only of politics, believing that his viewpoint is the most important in the world, while others seem to think that only sex should be discussed, during the automatic performance of their work.

I have worked with men who carried a picture of a girl, a family picture of father, mother, sisters and brothers and wondering how they are getting along. Another will speak only of a friend, while another may discuss animals, having a pet dog or fine saddle horse, a Tennessee walker or a cow pony.

I believe that only on construction work can one really meet and learn to know people from all walks of life and on terms in which one can fathom their likes and dislikes, their feelings and ideals and their ideas of anything under the sun. There is never a dull moment on construction jobs, no matter how big or how little. Since the first World War, geography and life in all the different parts of the world are always certain to crop up in some discussion with someone.

Many times during my life, in conversation with countless numbers of people, the question, "What's wrong with our world?" has been brought up. If it were mentioned just once in a while, it would not seem important, but over a period of years, when reiterated by persons in all walks of life, one begins to think about it seriously. If something is really wrong, what is it? and if nothing is wrong, why all the conversation and worry regarding it?

During my lifetime I have never joined one particular church but have attended various ones. As I look back over the years, I remember that in every sermon there was at least a hint that something was wrong. The ministers were doing their utmost to convince the congregations that their ideas were right.

After the ceremony, gossip and handshaking was finished, the various groups and families would make their way home or to some restaurant, tavern, or other meeting place. The large majority would, if you listened closely, comment, "My wasn't that a fine sermon our minister gave?" A few might get a drink of whatever was handy and say, "I think that preacher was all wrong. There is nothing wrong with this world if they would just quit preaching and leave us alone!"

In a church or meeting hall, a stranger can usually pick the various cliques or groups in the community by sizing up the men. A pressed suit or neatly shined shoes, with tie and stickpin, indicates one side of life. Trousers not so neatly pressed or shoes a trifle old or dull, with probably a haircut a month old, will indicate the other side of life in nearly any community. When the meeting is over, it is usually obvious that two distinct groups are attending, by their segregation outside. Sometimes there is a longer, warmer handshake. Even a total stranger would detect the banker or merchant from the farmers or day laborers by this method.

On the other hand, the women, by their inherent ingenuity, can usually pass as members of either group if they so desire. The collection plate belies the wealth of the groups, for invariably the farmer-laborer side is heavier, thanks to the thrift of the banker-merchant assemblage. I have found that, generally speaking, people who are endowed with enough of the good things of life feel thus: "I am doing all right and the other fellow should be also, if he wanted to!"

I have found that desire and results do not always go hand in hand, that effort is not always rewarded, and that knowledge sometimes lags behind. Some of the occurrences of our so-called civilization that stand out in my mind and that I cannot accept as right or just, are or could be, the knowledge of all people to think just a little for themselves.

In the middle 1920's, we in America read of a prominent man who was convicted of accepting a very large bribe from some very wealthy gentlemen. But here, in our beloved America, these same wealthy gentlemen were found innocent of any wrong doing! By what stretch of imagination could this situation take place in America, which is dedicated to equality and justice for all?

About the same time, a very prominent and famous statesman - or politician - was buried. Food poisoning was given as the cause of his death but, by a queer quirk of fate, no others of his party were affected by this same food! What the newspapers did not tell was that there was a large wound in his body which appeared to have been caused by gunshot! The food was really potent!

Soon after this historical event, America settled down to a few years of prosperity and contentment. This lasted but a short time, then our economic situation reverted to a new all-time low of depression.

In America, our forefathers fought and died that the survivors might have a better world to live in and left a bright ray of hope for posterity in the "right of franchise," or secret ballot. When election time comes, or before, at the will of a large majority, those not serving the public for the best interest of the public, are usually relegated to the has-beens, politically. Of course, some will always be hangers-on because of their wealth, social and political affluence. When all America donated so graciously to a small nation that had been overrun and crushed financially by a very large and dictatorily cruel nation, one of our famous hangers-on took a big slice out of all donations for the use of his name as sponsor and treasurer of these financial contributions from a generous, but gullible, public in America.

I believe that it is long past the time when all people should be told the truth in all matters which pertain to the public at large. I know that if this were done, many politicians of past prestige would end up in oblivion, instead of being held over in various guises as assistants and advisors to thrust their selfish interests still further on a charitable public.

A new president, elected by the people of America to usher in a new line of thought after about twenty years of what was generally termed a New Deal, also fell for the idea that someone who had been at the helm of government many years before might be of some value as an advisor in governmental reform. The chaos that followed came from a feeling of insecurity by all



Civil Service employees. An employee, in any capacity, with a feeling of insecurity in his position, tends to undermine his value to his employer. This is especially bad with a large employer, such as the United States Government!

Many men and women in all branches of our government suddenly realized that their work, their jobs, their very bread and butter, were to be taken away from them, although, in many instances, additional workers were necessary to fully staff their departments equitably. In some departments additional help would be placed regardless of work program necessity because of friends in the investigation department.

We are today entering a New Era! It will have fairness and understanding, with equality for both sexes, and race, color and creed will not be questioned in filling out application blanks. The mistakes of the past generations will fade away in oblivion. The time will come, and must come, when people will speak to and of their neighbors as if they had always been the best of friends.

Our elective and appointive officials will go out of their way to prove that they are truly worthy of their respective positions. The arrogance that has heretofore been part and parcel of most of the so-called big shots, both in business and in government, from top to bottom, will know that to hold their positions will embrace more than mere party affiliation and/or the acquaintance of someone in power.

The question will be brought up, why am I writing about all this business of apparent politics, wars and the untenable situation existing in so many branches and brackets of our everyday life? The answer is this: You are to be taken backstage, so to speak, and meet some fine friends of mine. I know that they will have a big hand in assisting us with our changeover, a change from an apparent chaos, or chaotic condition, that practically everyone sees, detests and abhors to its very foundation and existence, and up to now, have had to accept as our standard of living.

## PART TWO: MY CONTACT WITH AURA RHANES AND THE PEOPLE FROM CLARION

### CHAPTER IV

It was a memorable day in July, 1952, when I first had the opportunity of meeting and talking with SPACE PEOPLE, or people from another world! As it is written in my first book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," I was shifted to become night mechanic on four large water trucks, which were hauling water for the road project that I was working on in Nevada.

I knew that many good men were laid off to cut costs on the project and I thought that I, too, would be laid off just as soon as all the trucks were brought up or repaired to satisfactory operating conditions. However, there were several conditions that I had not considered. One was vibration, shaking exhaust stacks loose, fuel lines and handlamps, etc. Another was the long, heavy grade uphill, with very heavy loads of water. The gears in all the trucks were under tremendous strain at all times, as were the axles and tires. The mechanic's work was quite a challenge to keep these big tankers (tank trucks and semi-trailer water hauling trucks) operating under the conditions prevailing.

I was working quite diligently, getting the trucks in top condition, and I believe it was about the third shift before I could relax, knowing that the four trucks were in top condition. The operators of the batch trucks, when we were mixing and spreading asphalt, had talked with me, and upon learning my home was near the ocean at Redondo Beach, told me about the Mormon Mesa area being covered with seashells. This was an indication that this location had been under the ocean at some prehistoric time. These men suggested that I ascertain this fact for myself.

I took this opportunity, sometime after midnight, on July 28-29, 1952. I had asked for, and received, permission to drive my own truck over to the Mesa, on Company time after my work was completed. To ascertain whether it was a fact that seashells were prevalent there, indicating prehistoric coverage, did not mean to me that I should take any special equipment along, as I had no idea that anything was to occur that would be out of the ordinary.

I had no camera, nor pen nor writing paper; only my truck, waterbag and flashlight. What did occur is one of the momentous happenings in the world's history!

I drove my Dodge carryall truck as far as I could towards the Mesa, in four-wheel-drive, low gear. I still had compound low and reverse to use, if necessary, in leaving this hillside location. I walked up on the Mesa and around in a giant circle or horsehoe pattern, using my flashlight occasionally to see whether I could find any seashells. I found indications of animal life, besides tracks, also a scattering of various sized stones and rocks, but no visible seashells.

After an hour or so, I returned to my truck, a little tired from walking around in the loose soil. I was thinking that I had either selected the wrong location to investigate, or that probably all the visible shells had already been collected, if in fact, any had been there in the first place. Yet I was sure my co-workers were not trying to play a practical joke on me.

I decided to sit in the truck and relax a little. I could see from my position that the water trucks were operating on regular schedule. The truck drivers, when passing each other, blasted their air-horns in friendly greetings. They also did a lot of tooting whenever a jackrabbit was seen along the highway. Many times the wary, but unwise, "jacks" would end up under the truck wheels, blinded and frightened by the headlights and the loud noise of the truck motors, unmuffled as they were on this remote desert project.

It didn't take very long for old Morpheus to catch up with me after this night of strenuous work and walking around on the Mesa. I felt no reluctance about relaxing, or even taking a nap, as my foreman had told me someone would come after me if I was needed for any reason at all before I returned from the Mesa. After dozing for probably a half hour or so, I felt as though I were being paged for some sort of a repair job, when I was awakened by the sound of voices.

Not hearing any intelligible words did not mean too much to me at first, because when construction men find a fellow worker asleep on the job, they react in various ways. Where real friends are concerned, as a general rule an attempt at disguising voices is used as a joke, and sometimes an effort is made by monologue to indicate that a different boss is concerned with finding someone asleep!

I listened intently, believing such was the case, but as I could not detect any semblance of English words, or the voices of known co-workers, I thought an investigation was in order. Opening my eyes and sitting up, I found that my visitors were indeed strangers to me.

Within seconds, the spokesman had turned his attention to me and was attempting to converse with me, apparently in their language. I did not understand and indicated this with a shake of my head. Instantly, our English language was spoken, and very fluently at that! Surprised as I was, I thought the better part of valor was to see if additional visitors were standing where they would be behind me when I dismounted from my truck.

The remainder of this particular night's happenings have been made known for all to read for over four years in my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER."



That night's events will long be a vivid memory to me and of utmost importance to all the people of our Planet Earth, for here in my presence were ACTUAL HUMAN BEINGS FROM OUTER SPACE AND ANOTHER PLANET!!!

This book is not written to replace my other book, nor to elaborate in any manner, but rather to bring the world to a better understanding and knowledge of what this really means to the Earth people in general. Also it is my desire to answer many questions left unanswered in my previous book.

After eleven visits by the Spacecraft to the area where I was working, for some reason still unknown to me, contact was broken. However, the visitation of Earth by space craft has actually increased in number of sightings and reports by people in localities all over the world. To belittle these reports is to be like an ostrich, which is said to bury its head in sand. In other words, closing one's eyes and mind to REALITY would be gross foolishness!

I have every reason to believe that beings or people from at least four, and possibly as many as twelve planets, are now entering our atmosphere quite regularly. I also sincerely believe that these SPACE PEOPLE are really visiting and mingling with Earth people at their own leisure and without being challenged by our citizens or the military, because they are human beings, just like ourselves.

The long-held idea of life being nonexistent, except on this Earth planet, has fallen by the wayside because of the visual sightings and the corrected reports of astronomers and scientists in all walks of life. Pilots, both civilian and service connected, have torn the veil of secrecy that has so long been covering this realistic situation. Newspapers from all parts of the world have carried the news, both with pictures, commentary and personal reports.

I have witnessed jet aircraft being observed by the so-called saucers in daylight hours over Las Vegas, Nevada, area in the fall of 1952. The same thing occurred during the fall of 1954 in the early morning hours, over the Palm Springs and Desert Center area of California. Both times I was in the company of others who also witnessed the curiosity of the saucers.

I have newspaper clippings by the hundreds of people reporting saucers, fireballs, spacecraft and unidentifiable flying objects, etc.

I am well aware that many police officers, and civilians as well, have telephoned in reports of sightings which were printed in the newspapers, only to have the papers later deny that the objects seen were actually spacecraft. To say that these spacecraft were flights of pelicans, seagulls, weather balloons and cloud mirages is the height of foolishness!

What the newspapers cannot do is to take the reality of the sightings from the people's minds. Each and everyone knows in their own mind and consciousness exactly what was seen! No one can steal away that knowledge.

My Clarion friends are definitely Latin in appearance. I was told by their Captain, AURA RHANES, at least two times while I was on the spacecraft, that a whole or partial new crew of men were visiting the Earth for the first time. I did not ask whether Clarion also had a Nordic-appearing race, but I was told very clearly: "We consider our plant Clarion as of one race and one religion."

To me, this would be sufficient to accept the fact that Clarion is peopled entirely by these olive-skinned, dark haired and dark eyed people. The crew, or crews, as far as I could determine, would range in size from the Captain, approximately four feet, six inches, to the tallest of the men, about five feet, two or three inches. They were all fully developed and, in their general appearance, resembled adults.

The Captain, although mentioning that she is a mother and a grandmother, looked as youthful as any young college girl of this Earth. The men appeared to be in the 30-38 year old bracket, as nearly as I could tell. I vainly tried to get them to state a specific age in our years, but their answer was that "time and distance," as we of Earth know them, are of no consequence to them.

The Captain explained that their lives paralleled ours in many ways, such as in the propagating of the race. They are born exactly as we are on this planet. The Captain emphatically stated that sex was not "promiscuous" and was used only "for the propagation of the race." It certainly must be on a limited scale, as most families contain not more than two children. She further added that divorce is unknown!

How much we could learn and profit from these wonderful people! Once we are willing and ready for the prolongation of their visits, we can contact and learn from them their basis of peace and understanding. Then we will eliminate our arrogance and warlike attitude which, to me, is undoubtedly the reason why only a few earthlings have had the privilege of their acquaintance.

Many inquire about their clothing. The men were dressed very much in the manner of our Greyhound drivers. They wore low cut shoes with very low heels, for the most part being black or gun-metal. Their trousers were bluish-gray with cuffs and were extremely neat. Each wore a cowboy type jacket with sleeves ending in cuffs of the same, or similar, material as the trousers. All wore caps that could be termed officer-type, although there was no metal or insignia visibly worn by the Captain or any of the men.

The Captain, AURA RHANES, seemed to have a preference for a brilliant red skirt, pleated and worn with a black velvet blouse. With this she wore a beret of the same material trimmed with the same red as the skirt. On one occasion, she wore a slack and blouse outfit, which was very chic and becoming to her.

Try as I might, I could never get the Captain or any of the crew to give me any names of the men, although I was told that they did have names. I noticed that voice communication was used between these people, while at other times, one could plainly see that they were using what we would call mental telepathy, without vocal, facial expression of thoughts.

Many people have asked some very pertinent questions regarding the Space People, their appearance, mannerisms, etc. To the best of my observance, I noticed that their facial expression seemed to show complete understanding of everything around them. I noticed too that their eyes, though dark in appearance, seemed friendly and warm and did not have the effect of frightening one, even under the element of sudden surprise, such as I had experienced. Their features were symmetrical and one could quickly detect that these people were a race apart from our familiar mixtures on Earth, although I suspected at first that they were of Spanish or Italian origin.

I noticed that each had a slight, peculiar crook at the bridge of their nose. Their foreheads were normally high in comparison to their size. None had a receding hairline or any semblance of anything except perfect health. Their movements indicated that these people are very agile, far beyond the ordinary concept of agility. I found I had to hurry a little to keep up with their leisurely manner, whether walking with the lady Captain or the men of her crew.

From our many discussions, I found that this so-called "Scow" is just one of the many belonging to Clarion. They never gave me any accounting of their possessions, but satisfied me with the statement that, "We have many, all identical." All are staffed with thirty-two men and all have a woman Captain. Naturally, this "woman captain" business had me stymied, and I don't know how to figure this one out.

Here was a lone woman among a group of men, who had indicated that she was the Captain. Certainly, nothing that ensued afterwards would tend to indicate other than that this was the situation. In my questioning, I found that the answers were freely given, and nothing occurred at any time to suggest that any higher authority was, or should be, conferred with regarding anything discussed. Surely this little woman was the master-mind, both for the crew and for any business concerning the spacecraft or their visiting the Planet Earth.



Since these visits occurred, I have read and noticed in many newspapers, books, magazines and articles written by prominent doctors, scientists and aeronautical authorities about space travel, both to and from our planet. In practically all instances, these people have gone into great detail in drawings, pictures and charts, to show the people of Earth just what would be necessary to wear on any trip into Space.

My understanding is that they have in mind a trip to the Moon or to some supposedly well-known planet, such as Mars or Venus. These space suits, as many have elected to call them, are, to say the least, fantastic in appearance and size. I presume the weight would be excessive and awkward for anyone to move about in.

Some science-fiction writers have pictured large enclosures over the head, with tanks, gauges and other paraphernalia attached to, or a part of, these so-called space suits. Many pictures have been filmed in well established motion picture studios tending to show that any person making such a trip would be floating around inside this contraption. Others have pictured agonized facial expressions of fear, despair, pain, and other weird or unbecoming appearances.

Practically all have made a feature of warfare in Space. Possibly that would be the thing to be feared, if people from our Earth had the secret of Space travel!

Another bizarre picture is thrust upon unsuspecting and thrill-seeking readers and audiences by what is termed "space medicine." If all the people who are potentially preparing to make a trip into Space suddenly need attention and doses of these so-called "Elixirs of Space," who is going to be in a position to render medical services, or take over as pilot or crew, or watch over the safety of the ship and its occupants, and to ward off the evil spirits that they picture as sure to be encountered?

To me, this is just about as silly as the first country picnic to a friend's home by some confirmed city dweller. They usually pack up everything that is loose and then try to take the kitchen sink and the water-closet along on a one day's outing. Upon starting, they find there is no room for the family or the pets, and on arriving at their destination they discover that all that is needed is already available in ample quantity for a lengthy stay.

## CHAPTER V

Perhaps at this time I should set forth my reasons for writing this book. I have been requested many times to explain with more particularity what I have learned concerning the location of the planet Clarion. I have also been asked to answer in more detail some of the questions arising in the minds of readers of my first book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER."

Captain AURA RHANES, of the "Admiral Scow," or space ship from Clarion, stated at one time that Clarion was "on the other side of the Moon" from our Earth. At another time she said, "Clarion is beyond the Moon." This similarity of statement left me with the belief that Clarion is, in fact, in some area beyond the Moon and yet far enough away as to be out of the range of our vision, even with modern telescopes. Clarion is probably in our orbit around the Sun.

Since I was unable to obtain a more enlightening explanation from the Space People themselves, I decided to discuss the situation with some interested persons. One of these was the curator of an observatory in eastern United States. I found that many believe the planet Clarion is actually in an orbit similar to our Earth Planet, but always opposite the Sun from our view. This, if true, would in no way reflect on AURA RHANES' statement, for they could use our Moon as a way station, making trips to and from our planet.

The purpose of the Clarionites in visiting our Earth has also been questioned. What are the intentions of the Space People? The main reason for their appearance at this time, insofar as I could ascertain from our talks, is their apprehension of our nuclear bomb tests and the actual warfare which has been prevalent for several decades.

They feel that if we continue to increase our bombs in size and power, these bombs will prove dangerous to other planets as well. All the planets of our solar system are in the magnetic vortex of the Sun. Therefore, whatever happens on one planet to affect this magnetic relationship will affect other planets therein to a greater or lesser degree.

The danger also exists that if giant bomb explosions continue on an ever-increasing scale, Earth may be rent into pieces or its mass may be shifted from its present orbital travels. This would pose a real threat to us Earthlings for survival, and might interfere with the Space People in their accepted right to travel when and where they wish in safety.

The Clarionites told me that through thought transference to Earth's leaders, wars and bombings could be gradually reduced to non-existence.

Through thought transference to the masses of the Earth, all wars can be ended and nations made to desire peace instead of war, with its self gains, such as are visualized by warring nations.

The action of the Space People in using thought transference to Earth's leaders has had its effect already. The change of attitude on the part of national leaders is most obvious. The past few months have shown a great trend towards better understanding and peace and the situation is especially encouraging now.

Even later than the middle of January, 1955, cries for aggression and war were being heard on all sides. By midyear 1955, peace seemed to be within the grasp of all nations that actually desired it. Will the Space People place this thought for peace in the minds of all leaders, including the dictators? My answer is YES. Soon there will be no so-called dictators, for they are surely on their way out. Threats, name calling and world wide uneasiness is now at a low ebb. Eventually it will disappear entirely.

Talks of the high level representatives of the majority of nations are already making history, or are about to do so. We still have much sword rattling and many strong threats and harsh words, but we appear to be immune to what is termed general warfare.

During some of my eleven contacts with the Space People on their Scow, our conversation related to conditions on Clarion as compared to Earth. Conditions on Mars, also, as well as several other unnamed planets were discussed. Only the Earth, Mars, Clarion, the Moon and the Sun were mentioned by name. This leaves much to conjecture regarding which of the other planets are inhabited by beings who are similar to us. There is a theory that the people of the highest intelligence on each planet in any given solar system are similar, whereas they may differ slightly from the people inhabiting the planets in another solar system or galaxy.

Much has been written about crashed space craft, although I, personally, have no knowledge that this is a fact. Rather, I believe that these supposedly "discovered" craft are no more and no less than rockets sent up either by us or some other nation on Earth. Their mechanism having failed, they have gone astray and crashed. It is common knowledge that monkeys have been sent aloft in an endeavor to ascertain the probable effects of the higher atmospheres on human beings. Their crushed and mangled little skeletons could give rise to the supposition that the craft contained Space People.

The Clarionites' statement to me, "Only in recent times have we been able to set foot on your Earth's soil," is borne out by many researchers checking history and also by many living old-timers.



In looking back over my notes and searching my memory of our conversations, several things stand out very prominently in my mind. First of all, and probably the most important to the people of this world in general is: I do not believe there will ever be an atomic or hydrogen war. The Space People stated that through thought transference, this could be controlled.

Second, the idea that war is able to decide any differences or solve any problems will be eliminated. Many times these differences between nations concerning finances, for instance, could have been resolved very reasonably and to a mutual satisfaction. But no! War was the cry of the ignorant, lustful, self-aggrandizing national leaders with little or no special training or education.

One can look back and find this is true almost from the beginning of recorded history. A good - or should I say bad? - example of this system took place in Ethiopia, when Italy's troops, under their lustful dictator's orders, invaded Somaliland in northeast Africa in 1936. Mussolini claimed land was needed for expansion to care for their increased population. They could have paid hundreds, yes, thousands of dollars per acre and lived harmoniously among their foreign neighbors, but instead there was an all-out attack to take land by military force.

Read history and you will discover that millions of dollars in war material and thousands of men were lost and destroyed in battle, while not one acre of land was gained. We could all learn a lesson from this folly.

Perhaps men's memories are short and we all forget too soon. Maybe we ride a wave of ego and believe that this can't happen to us - and I don't necessarily mean Americans. I am referring to the people of the Planet Earth as a whole. It can happen and will happen in the future, as in the past, to any country trying to get something for nothing.

Let us hope that the Space People will use their powers of thought transference on the leaders of all nations before any nation becomes confirmed in its foolishness.

In the future, the women of the world will accept responsibilities heretofore delegated to men only, and a greater measure of understanding will prevail in all nations. After all, women as a whole have more regard for the sanctity of life, for it is they who bring new lives into the world and train them.

The world newspapers of September 20, 1955, carried huge headlines: "Peron Abdicates!" He assumed the role of dictator and ruled the people of Argentina with an iron hand. Had his wife, Eva Peron, lived until then, no doubt she would have seen the folly of his methods and set him straight, as a

## CHAPTER VI

In December, 1952, while I was working as welder on the Davis Dam and after I had seen AURA RHANES the last time on November 2, there was much comment on the Spillway job concerning my experiences with the Space People. At this time I was eating most of my meals in the Bullhead Cafe, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Ted Leon.

One morning, while at breakfast, Mr. J.C. Bowers (we called him "Red" because of his thick bright red hair) sat down on the stool next to me. Red was a crane operator and shovel runner on the job. I had done repair work on his equipment several times, so we were well acquainted.

He said to me a bit pompously (as most sceptics do): "True, I don't believe one word about there being any space ships!"

I answered, slightly amused, "Red, you have a right to say what you think, but I also have a right to say what I know is the truth!" I added, "You keep that thought and see how long you feel that way."

In his first approach, Red had also interjected a few horse-laughes and harsh words. Consequently, no more was mentioned at the restaurant about the incident for several days.

One morning, four or five days later, Ted Leon came to me and said: "True, when Red comes in, don't be angry with him, as he wants to apologize to you," I answered, rather abruptly, "Red doesn't owe me any apology; I have already forgotten about the incident."

But this did not satisfy Ted. "Listen," he said, "something has happened that has made Red want to apologize and receive your forgiveness. When he comes in, please listen to him,"

I answered, "Oh, well, if he feels that bad about it, of course I will listen."

Red lived alone part of the time but boarded with friends the remainder of the time. Consequently, it was a few days before he came into the restaurant. He sat down next to me again and started the conversation.

"True, you know after I said what I did the other morning, I was with a group down on the river the next evening and a FLYING SAUCER BUZZED US! Just such a one as you had described! It came too fast and too close for comfort. There was no loud noise, just a swishing sound as it passed, just slightly above our heads, and instantly veered ninety degrees to the right and shot up over the mountains! About all we got to see was a fluorescence trailing behind the saucer. For God's sake, if you had anything to do with it, don't do it again!"

mother counsels her children when she is aware of their wrongdoing. Sometimes the methods used are admired for a while, but if they backfire and harm a friend or loved one, then the entire system suddenly becomes putrid to those who can evaluate and still have some influence with the perpetrators.

The man or woman will never be born who can interfere successfully with man's right to worship God in his own manner, so long as this manner does not interfere with the God-given rights of others.

Dissatisfaction has always been a prime factor in all wars. Laws that favor one group or section will be revoked or revamped so as to be acceptable to all. This will end much tension and cause for mistrust, hate and misunderstanding in all countries and among all peoples.

A decentralization of people will give more elbow room, and young people will have room to expand their ideas and ideals. We will find that conditions will become more ideal when the word "segregation" simply means that we have more than a three-foot square area in our front or back yard.

Delinquency and crime will materially diminish when this is accomplished. There is only one condition that causes delinquency, and that is THE UNEMPLOYMENT OF HANDS AND MIND! When both hands and mind are gainfully occupied, there is no delinquency! This does not mean that anyone should be occupied twenty-four hours a day, but that work, recreation and rest should be given their proper proportions. If this lesson is learned in childhood, it can and will be maintained throughout life. The more we can be of use to someone in some manner, the richer life can be in the joy of achievement.

When the building for war, or defense against war, becomes unnecessary, then we can and will use our efforts for our own benefit to a degree never known before! Other nations will then be anxious and willing to follow this new peaceful approach to co-existence.

Space travel will be accomplished when we attain knowledge of the correct method to control gravity. Just as electricity became available when we learned how to control a waterfall and devised a method to utilize its power, so we will be able to control gravity - after learning its secret!

This knowledge, I am sure, will not be given by our "Supreme Holder of Knowledge" so long as there is any possibility of our misusing it. It is only logical, therefore, to assume that we must become friendly and theoretical brothers, without greed or misunderstandings and racial hatreds. Then, and only then, will we be allowed to explore Space and other planets, just as we are being explored now by our Clarion neighbors, as well as friends from other planets.



I asked Red who was with him and whether or not anyone else had seen it too. He answered that they certainly had and gave me the names of those who had been with him on the river at that time. I questioned each one separately and received the same answer.

Red had told them what he had said to me a few days before, and each of the men was certain that I had told AURA to do this to scare him. This, of course, was not the case! I am quite sure that AURA and the other Clarionites know everything that is going on around us, even when they are at home on Clarion! They have no need of information from us, even if it were possible to communicate with them.

At one time AURA stated: "Your Earth planet holds no secrets from us." At another time the Space People said that with their "retroscope" they could review, in their own homes, any event that had ever occurred, even back to the beginning of time.

I can give names and most of the addresses of the people I mention as having witnessed some phase of the Spacecraft phenomena. Anyone who is uncertain as to whom to believe may write to those whom I mention. I do ask, however, that they be so kind as to always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if they expect an answer. Red belonged to the Operating Engineers, and I understand his home is in Ohio.

While working on the Davis Dam Spillway repair job, a very unusual event occurred. I always enjoy target shooting, and a young man of the Beach area had loaned me his 22-calibre Mossberg rifle. I had a scope attached and proceeded to make a small target of a steel receptacle.

I had just finished my practice, one Sunday afternoon, when a car drove up containing a young couple and an older man. I understood that he was the young lady's father, after we had exchanged greetings. He told me that his rifle was a 25-calibre Japanese army rifle and that he had just mounted a scope and was going to "zero" in it. He said that he expected to go elk hunting soon afterwards.

I asked if I might stand by and see just how a scope was "zeroed," as I had never seen it done. He smiled and gave his permission. Then he proceeded to measure off one hundred yards and placed a target at this distance. During this placing of the target, the older man explained to me that "zeroing" meant to center the scope to the distance to be shot and testing over a bench or rest and when a bull's eye could be made, this meant that the scope was zeroed correctly.

I accepted his explanation and proceeded to talk to the young lady. I was facing her and heard the report of the rifle shot, and something seemed to tell me to say to this gentlemen: "Sir, you are three inches high at ten

o'clock."

The shooter said to me, "That is exactly what you said, wasn't it?" I answered, "Yes, it was!" He asked, "Could you see from here?" I answered, "Sir, I was not even looking!"

He continued shooting, each time adjusting the screws on the scope, and each time, immediately after his shot, this voice told me to tell him just where he was hitting. Each time my statements were confirmed by the younger man.

Finally a bull's eye was called by me in advance of the young man's calling. Meanwhile, I was actually busily engaged in chatting with the young lady during the entire period of the shooting, yet I accurately called each shot from one hundred yards away!

This man was so impressed that he took time to report this incident to the local police in Bullhead City. That evening, while at the local restaurant, the subject was brought up by Ted Leon, a local deputy. He asked me how I could do such a thing. I told him the truth, that I could not see the holes in the target, even when I looked. Also, that while he was shooting, I was not looking at the target.

I believe that I was told by none other than AURA RHANES to call those shots as I did! I have no other explanation.

Ted Leon called this man "Doc," and I have recently been trying to further identify him that I might be able to place a statement from him in this book regarding the incident.

There has been much conjecture concerning "rockets to the moon" and also to some of the other planets, such as Mars and Venus.

An article in the Los Angeles Herald and Express of August 16, 1955, under the name of Arthur C. Clark, former chairman of the British interplanetary Society, proposes a Space Station of intricate design, consisting of many small parts, to be easily transported in rockets. The article further states that a speed of twelve thousand miles per hour is necessary, and upon arrival at the destination, the cargo of "station parts" could just be pushed out of the rockets and, with minor fastenings, held together and assembled in space. The workmen, of course, would be garbed in so-called space helmets and space suits and they would wear magnetically charged soles on their boots.

Sunlight, gathered by giant mirrors, which I presume they would also assemble from small parts, would provide the power necessary to travel and for domestic use.

Several other writers and scientists are also astride their astral broomsticks, so to speak.

Statements such as there being no weight to anything in Space - just start an object turning and spinning, downward or upward, and it would continue at its given momentum only until speeded up or slowed down, or stopped by an outside influence - are inexplicable to me, for it is well known that direction is only in regard to some stable point. Who would keep the mirrors polished and headed in the right direction?

They agree that any object in Space would, of necessity, be airtight and sealed, so that the worker, or occupants, wouldn't have to be encumbered continuously with space suits and helmets. This is the truly logical part of all conjecture!

In one of the stories the statement is made that some day millions may be living in Space cities. That is obviously true today, because to every other planet, we are also Space People. We are living in Space on the Earth, which can be compared to a giant flying saucer. Because we are here, we forget that! It is essential that we remember that our environment is no different from that of any other planet! Any difference, that is, material difference, we have created for ourselves. No one else is to blame. Let us all stop for a few seconds and look at it in the true perspective.

My first public talk describing my experiences with Space People and space ships was given at the Overton, Nevada, High School during a regular class period in the science class room. Before starting to talk, I had heard I might be heckled, but I talked the full forty-five minutes. Had a pin been dropped, it would have been heard all over the room! The students were so quiet that even the principal and science instructor mentioned the fact to me afterwards, saying: "You held them breathless for the full talk, and we never knew it could be done!"

The second group consisted of about eighty air force pilots at Sawtell, California. I spoke for an hour and asked whether there were any questions. One man in civilian clothes arose and said he had but one question: "Are you a retired minister? Only one who has had many years' service could hold the attention of this group of men like you did!"

My answer was, of course, in the negative, as this was actually my second attempt at standing before a crowd and explaining the wonderful things I had seen and heard! There was no ridicule or heckling.

The man who introduced me to the group had just previously seen a space ship, and so informed the audience. He was an Air Force officer.



Later, in Chicago, I spoke three times, in Detroit, Cincinnati, several times in and around Los Angeles, Glendale, San Diego, San Francisco, Long Beach, Santa Cruz, Redwood City, Santa Rose, and Vallejo, California, where a space ship was seen hovering over the city at the very time I was lecturing. For confirmation of this spacecraft sighting, I refer you to the Vallejo Times for July 7, 1954.

I have also spoken at Redondo Beach, Hermosa, V.F.W. Hall at Manhattan Beach, 20-30 Club, Woman's Club House, Lockheed Engineers, Weber Show Case, Dovetail Club Engineers and Professional Engineers Club of San Fernando Valley. Congregations of many churches have heard of the remarkable visits of the Space People, among which are the Angelus Temple, Atwater Park Baptist, and the Church of the Brethren in La Verne.

I have related the story of the visits in private homes before groups of invited guests, to the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Wilmington, California, The Wilshire Exchange Club, The Adventurers Club of Los Angeles, the Hollywood Lions Club, the Downtown L.A. Lions Club, the Los Feliz Lions Club, the Kingman, Arizona, Lions Club.

I shared the lecture platform with Columba Krebs in Troupers Hall, Hollywood, and in Santa Barbara. At this time she showed her colorful slides from her symbolic paintings, "The Mysteries of Man and the Universe." Some of these slides portrayed the Space ships coming to neutralize nuclear explosions, such as in the picture, "Wave of the Future."

Many people question me as to whether government officials have knowledge of my experiences. My answer is, "How could they avoid it since I have been on radio and television programs throughout the United States, telling about my adventures as reported in my book. I have appeared as a guest speaker on the Betty White show, N.B.C. nation-wide hook-up twice, the Art Baker Show, "You Asked For It," the Breakfast Club with Don McNeill, both of these being nation-wide networks,

I have spoken of my experiences on the radio in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, on both radio and TV in Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Bay City, Michigan, San Diego, and in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Salinas, Watsonville and San Francisco, in Philadelphia and in New York City.

Reports of my experiences have been printed in papers and magazines throughout the world. My story appeared in the Redondo Beach Daily Breeze three times in 1953. Later the publisher printed the story on a single sheet of paper and sold thousands of copies at the regular price of the paper.

I was interviewed by Stanton Delaplane in San Francisco. His articles are syndicated to many American newspapers through McNaught Company.

It is estimated that from twenty to sixty million people read his articles daily, and he placed three separate reports regarding my experiences in his column.

I am publicizing these radio, television, magazine and newspaper appearances and interviews merely to show that my experience and report to the world, via my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," has not been restricted or restrained in any manner.

I have received mail from most of the countries of the world and, surprising as it may seem to many, most of the letters report sightings of space craft in their respective countries. How could anyone believe that we are alone in this Universe? A mere denial will not alter the facts.

I have met many people who have scrapbooks of Space reports, many of which are quite complete, with pictures and diagrams, mostly cut from magazines and newspapers from all over the world. One of the most complete is owned by a young American government employee. Church workers of all religious organizations run a close second in interest, and private citizens comprise the third group in interest.

As a consequence of this unusual adventure in 1952, I have naturally watched newspapers for news regarding sighting of spacecraft and also for any other form of news that might pertain to, or be of any interest, along these lines. A few such articles will be reprinted in this book before I finally write "FINIS."

Matt Weinstock, columnist of the Los Angeles Daily News, (October 7, 1953, page 25) took the article printed in the Redondo Breeze of October 2 and reprinted it under the caption, "Strange Things Seen In The Nevada Desert."

In the Los Angeles Times of August 15, 1955, a statement in Part I, page 6, reads: "Red Space Rockets Soared 310 Miles, Scientist Says." Moscow newspapers tell of plans to make a movie, "Scene From New Satellites."

Space scientist, A.G. Harpenke, tells of sending live animals up to 300 miles via rockets and that presently Russia would launch a space satellite to circle the Earth at from 125 to 1250 miles. Cameras are to be used to photograph the Sun and stars and, I presume, the planets that are available.

In the San Bernardino Sun of August 19, 1955, an article appeared concerning the use of a radio device to prevent auto "head-on" or "rear-end" collisions. I was told previously about the Clarionites anti-crash device. These reports of progress tend to show that their visits to our planet are bearing fruit in their kindly attempts to help us!

Senator Kuchel of California, in the Los Angeles Examiner of August 22, 1955, proposes a thirty-two billion, five hundred million dollar, twelve-year financing plan for roads and highways, which in all probability, is already or will be turned down by higher echelon forces because of a greater potentiality in warfare equipment. In the same paper is pictured a flight of three "Deadly Delta Wings," which underneath the picture is captioned, "Air Force is ordering increased numbers of planes."

To show that manufacturers are space minded, or becoming so, the Los Angeles Examiner of January 13, 1955, printed a picture of a Hamilton Space Clock, giving the time on Mars as compared to our Earth time. The article states that the Space traveler's life would be dependent upon split second timing in arriving or leaving Mars or the Earth. They will find eventually that their guess is incorrect.

How ridiculous can we be? Here is a sample, taken from the Arizona Republic of Phoenix, Arizona, Wednesday, October 12, 1955. A roadside filling station operator of Cuba, Alabama, planted sixteen rows of cotton so that tourists might pick a few bolls as souvenirs. There was a total potential yield of thirty-seven pounds. The Agricultural Department of the State fined him \$6.37 for planting 2/10ths of an acre without an allotment!

I have a small news article clipped from the Las Vegas, Nevada, Review Journal of September 15, 1955, stating that the total cost in dollars to the United States for the Korean War was about \$151,000,000,000. The cost of World War II was about \$500,000,000,000, and World War I was about \$66,000,000,000. Roughly figuring the United States population, we can estimate the approximate cost to each person. The Los Angeles Times of November 30, 1956, page 12, part I, states: "Four trillion seen as cost of next war!" Can we take it?

This will eventually have to be paid, either in taxes, such as our present income tax, or some other means apparently unknown, for our present taxation figures seem to indicate that the taxes do not fully pay for current day-to-day expenditures. It will take someone with the wisdom of Solomon to figure this out.

Since money is actually based upon goods and services, regardless of its apparent base, whether gold or silver, why not issue money as goods and services are needed? Therefore, Congress should consider issuing debt-free money (like the Lincoln greenbacks) to avoid adding to the National Debt (which is composed of interest charges to the government by the Federal Reserve Bank for borrowing its own money) to pay its own running expenses for its services to the public instead of taxing the people. What saner solution is there, to lift this tax burden off our backs?

I should like to point out the ineffective efforts of some so-called "big shots" in the government. I have a clipping, the paper and date not



known, but captioned: "Senator Knowland, R., Calif., told a huge gathering at the annual Polish Constitution Day Rally in Chicago last night that Red China should not be appeased, and that President Eisenhower should not confer with Russian leaders." But this meeting has already happened. How else can any understanding ever be achieved by anyone? A get-together on equal terms must be accomplished. Aloofness or an air of superiority by anyone or any country will never get the job accomplished. Any ten-year old child knows that!

Occasionally there is a good laugh in the papers in connection with saucers, etc. Headlined in a Columbus, Ohio, paper, (INS):

"An Ohio farmer is suing the U.S. Government for being hit by a flying saucer, when in reality it was a parachute, carrying a Signal Corp. device, sent aloft in a balloon to record weather data. The farmer stated that he suffered \$10,000 worth of cuts, bruises and contusions,"

Had it been a real saucer, or space craft of any kind, it would have passed harmlessly overhead.

An article in the Los Angeles Examiner reads:

"Tallahassee, Fla. Dec. 26, 1954 (AP): Scientists in eight nations are set to start a round-the-clock watch on Mars. The 'red' planet soon will swing closer to the Earth than at any time in the past 15 years."

The scientists plan to study its weather, temperature and the possibility that it sustains some form of life. It continues:

"The so-called Mars Committee is composed of astronomers, physicists and meteorologists from the U.S., France, Italy, Turkey, India, Japan, Australia and South Africa. More northernly nations are not included because the planet will not be as well placed for their observations."

There is more to the article, but this is enough to convince anyone of our apprehension regarding life in Space. Why not face the known facts and work towards that long needed solution of peace on planet Earth, rather than concentrate on the solution to Space travel which we won't be able to realize and utilize until we first have real peace?

Many people have inquired of me whether the people from Clarion use more than the fourth dimension on their planet. This was not discussed, but I have an item from a newspaper at hand, headlined Kyoto, Japan (AP) stating:

"A theory envisioning as many as six dimensions, in an attempt to unravel the secret of the atom, was the chief topic of discussion among the world's top physicists here."

Whether there is a limit of four or six or more, I don't know, but apparently many scientists are seeking the answer. The same article continues:

"Einstein's theory employed four dimensions, usually thought of as the three common ones of length, breadth and thickness, plus time as the fourth."

I have stated many times, both in private and public lectures, that science has only scratched the surface of the availability of knowledge. This article would tend to add credence to that thought. Space travel for us on Earth still possesses untold problems, while those in possession of the knowledge only smile at our dilemma.

The Oak Leaf weekly paper, printed by the Industrial Relations Department of the Oakland Naval Supply Center, of December 7, 1953, contained an article headlined: "The Human Side of the Job." Among other things, it said:

"A motion picture still under study at the Air Technical Intelligence Center, at Wright-Patterson Field, in Dayton, Ohio, was shot by a commercial warrant officer, D.C. Newhouse of the Aviation Supply Dept. The film shows twelve blobs of light traveling across the sky in a complicated and strange maneuver. The blobs are those mysterious things the layman calls flying saucers and the expert classifies as U.F.O.'s (unidentified flying objects.)"

The article is quite lengthy, covering almost forty per cent of one page of the paper. The incident occurred near Tremonton, Utah, at 11:10 a.m., July 2, 1952. Mr. Newhouse is a veteran Navy photographer. No fraud was found or hinted in his pictures. He states in the final lines of this article: "We have the photographs to prove what we saw is true!" I would suggest to all non-believers in space craft that they obtain a copy of this paper and be convinced of the truth! (Warrant Officer Newhouse was later transferred over seas for duty. Could it have been because of notoriety due to this picture?)

## CHAPTER VII

On or about December 1, 1955, while I was living in a little yellow house on Granite Street in Prescott, Arizona, I was awakened in the middle of the night by AURA RHANES walking into my room from the parlor!

After I had spent months in the desert, watching the skies for her return, the Captain of the ADMIRAL SCOW found her way through city streets to surprise me! This proved how true was her previous assertion, that she could find anyone anywhere at any time.

She was dressed as I had seen her before, with a black velvet jacket or blouse and a red pleated skirt, except that this time she was covered with a raincoat that appeared to be of a heavy transparent plastic, of brownish-grey hue. After her radiant smile of greeting, her face became very serious indeed as she leaned against the bureau by the side of my bed.

I sat up and listened intently to a one-sided conversation that went something like this:

"I want you to find sufficient land in your area to promote and build a SANCTUARY OF THOUGHT, away from any populous center, high above your town, where the people of your Earth, all people, may come to visit in a healthy, peaceful atmosphere. Where all may hear and be heard. A sanctuary where religious beliefs, racial status, poverty or wealth will neither be an asset nor a liability.

"A place where equality alone will be recognized. Where only the laws of your land, the laws of your Bible and the rights of your fellowmen will be your accepted guide. You are directed to locate a desirable location of sufficient size for the expansion of the SANCTUARY as conditions warrant.

"You are to make this your determination and to see this project through to completion. The financing of the complete Sanctuary is to be through your friends and my friends; yes, the friends of PEACE in this world of yours.

"My purpose in bringing this message to you is so that you and your people of your Earth planet can, and will bring PEACE to your troubled world!

"Yes, this must and will be done! A continuation of the actions of the nations of the Earth planet will end only in total destruction!

"Act, and I implore you to act quickly! Your time is precious!



"Allow your friends and my friends, the friends of RIGHTEOUSNESS and PEACE, to donate, without restrictions, a minimum of ten of your dollars.

"Within a short while, the masses will clamor to assist in this endeavor for PEACE!

"I assure you that your efforts will be recognized and you will be flooded with the liberality and desire of your people to assist.

"No thought of profit or gain is to be considered in any way. The exact expense or cost of each person attending the SANCTUARY, when completed, is to be borne by that person.

"The cost of maintenance and services will be taken care of by a yearly family donation of six dollars.

"The primary objective should be to care comfortably for fifty persons while visiting the SANCTUARY, together with a hall of sufficient size so groups may gather and discuss PEACE, the desire of your world! Also, the methods, through education and knowledge, to obtain and maintain it!

"A committee of five is to be selected by you and your friends to administer all details, as soon as practical.

"No stocks or shares are to be issued or sold.

"Ownership is to be vested in a 'Trust of Management,' wherein the operating committee will make all final decision.

"I implore you to act quickly!

"With all compassion to your Earth planet from my people of the PEACEFUL PLANET OF CLARION!"

Then she walked out the way she came, after nodding adieu to me with another brilliant smile. I wanted to follow her, but something held me fast, sitting on the side of my bed.

Another person was in the next bedroom, and the next morning she told me she had overheard every word and surmised that it was AURA RHANES. She wanted to come into my room to see her too, but that same "something" also had held her so that she could not move when she tried to arise from her bed. To verify her assertion, I asked her to repeat some things she had overheard, and they were correct. She was an unseen witness to this phenomenon.

As it hadn't been raining when AURA visited me, I wondered why she had worn a raincoat. Was she using it as a portentous symbol of something in the future from which I would need protection, or was it as a suggestion to cultivate endurance and persistence in following her advice? Anything worth gaining is never easy to acquire.

The urgency which she expressed proved the importance of realizing this noble project in time to help avert the catastrophe of nuclear warfare. The willingness, or indifference, of people I would appeal to for cooperation would prove how much they wanted to save their lives. "Time will tell" which we shall choose: LIFE or DEATH - HEAVEN or HELL!

Of one thing I am certain - whatever these powerful and lovable Space People sponsor will surely succeed eventually if we give them our cooperation. However, WE must do our part, as AURA so definitely indicated. We should be grateful that they are interested in our welfare and will stand by to crown our efforts with the needed success.

Of all the contacts and messages received by Earthlings from the Space People, this is the only instance in which definite action for a definite goal was advised for a definite place on Earth! That is, to the best of my knowledge.

## PART THREE: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

### CHAPTER VIII

I will now endeavor to answer a few more questions posed at various times in regard to Clarion and its people, as compared to Earth and the people here. These questions came to me from various sources. Some came from ordinary people who were interested in learning the ways of the Universe, while some are from disbelievers, hoping in some way to prove that their disbelief is justified in an effort to raise their ego.

I do not claim to have all the answers. In fact, what I do not know about Clarion and its people would make a much bigger and better book than what I do know. I can answer only those questions which are along the lines of our discussions during the time the Clarionites were coming to Earth and visiting with me. Many facets of their life that were discussed with me are of the utmost importance to us, and to neglect to bring these out in the fullest detail would indeed leave a great breach in our knowledge,

I shall not attempt to give credit to the people who sent these questions to me, as there are many duplications. The people propounding them will recognize their own.

Question # 1: Do the women of Clarion conceive children the same as Earth women do?

Answer: Yes, exactly the same. AURA RHANES answered me personally when I asked this question. Her answer, and I quote: "We have children the same as all; the urge to that is a natural call. But sex is not promiscuous and is used only for the propagation of the race."

Question # 2: Do they scold or impose any means of punishment if the children are bad or do something naughty?

Answer: Judging from our talks, punishment is not found necessary. That is, punishment as we on Earth understand the word. No doubt, some form of understanding, restraint or counseling is probably practiced while the children are still very young. AURA told me that the first lesson to their children is, and I quote her words, "If it isn't yours, just leave it there." She said they maintain that knowledge and respect throughout life.

Question # 3: Are the children ever bad?

Answer: AURA said that their main interests were with their families and every event was attended by all the family. A closely woven family pattern probably precludes what this question asks.



Question # 4: Are there any stores in which to buy food as here on Earth?

Answer: Yes, AURA told me that their lives closely parallel ours on Earth, that each person is a specialist and that there are no "jack-of-all-trades" on Clarion. A storekeeper is a storekeeper, and not also a farmer or handling some other trade. She also stated: "We do have a monetary system, but it is not used for speculation." She indicated that what we call profiteering is not practiced. Instead, each makes a small livable profit from each item and every endeavor. She also stated that their money was used simply as a means of exchange so that it was not necessary to carry something heavy or bulky to exchange for some article which they desired when shopping. I understand that theirs is a very cooperative system, where everyone enjoys doing his part towards the prosperity of the whole and receives adequate rewards, and no one is left out, due to incapacitation, etc,

Question # 5: Are there any stores in which to buy clothes?

Answer: Answer to Question # 4 is the answer to this,

Question # 6: Are there any repair shops for their Nutronic Jeeps, should they break down?

Answer: I do not know at present, as this was not discussed. I can only presume, with their knowledge and methods, that breakage or malformation would be at a minimum. If repairs were necessary, surely some specialist would attend to the job.

Question # 7: Do they ever break down?

Answer: This phase was not discussed, but until I know further, refer to the answer in the preceding question.

Question # 8: Are there any shops for mending shoes?

Answer: This phase was not discussed. Their shoes were very similar to ours in general appearance. When walking, they left footprints in soft soil, as there is an abrasion in contact with soil. I can only assume that after some time their shoes would wear out and need repairing or replacing. One statement comes to mind: "We never destroy anything." At another time I remember this statement: "There is no destruction of any kind on Clarion." This would tend to indicate that maintenance of some sort is accomplished.

Question # 9: Are there any barber shops?

Answer: Well, the men of the crew were always sartorially correct, very neatly groomed. Well trimmed hair and shaven faces were what I saw on all occasions. Although this question was not discussed, it was self-evident.

Question # 10: Are there repair shops of any nature at all?

Answer: This question has been answered to the best of my knowledge under Question # 8. Until another contact is made or a trip to Clarion becomes my privilege, we will have to presume these answers are theoretically correct.

Question # 11: How do they keep their foods from spoiling?

Answer: This subject was not discussed. However, they told me that they were well supplied with food and drink on the Scow. At one time, the statement was made: "Our conditioning works just right." To me, that would indicate that whatever conditioning was needed for food, water or air was amply supplied.

Question # 12: Do they have vegetables such as ours?

Answer: I presume that such is the case. AURA stated that regarding flora and fauna, the colors and textures were different, but they filled the same needs and were used like on Earth.

Question # 13: Do they have fresh fruits like ours?

Answer: When they came into the restaurant in Glendale, Nevada, they apparently ate a salad or sandwich and orange juice. In our discussions, AURA stated that some of their agricultural items, as well as some of their animals, I would recognize. Others would be unfamiliar. That would indicate that some fruits, trees, vegetables, flowers, etc., are similar to ours, while some are apparently unknown on Earth. This would apply to their animals also.

Question # 14: Do they cook their foods over burners or stoves?

Answer: This was not discussed in exactly those terms, but AURA stated that when they decided to take me, and others, to their planet, "My favorite menus will be prepared for you." Also, she said that her maid, who was like a Home Economist here, and who had equality with all others on Clarion, would assist

with this task. I don't believe the word "cooking" was used.

Question # 15: Do they use fire at all?

Answer: Whether they use fire or not was not discussed. However, I do know that they ate food in the restaurant in Glendale, Nevada. As to whether it was uncooked salad or something cooked, I am not certain. I do believe that cooked food is more than likely a regular part of their diet.

Question # 16: Do they eat meat?

Answer: I rather believe from what I heard during our conversations that they are more on the vegetarian side. However, I do believe that some form of flesh food, such as fish and fowl, is more than likely consumed, because on one occasion AURA stated that she liked to fish.

Question # 17: Do they have any movies or shows?

Answer: This was not discussed, but at one time AURA said: "Your Earth Planet holds no secrets from us." This would make me believe that they surely know about our moving pictures, and if they wanted to make any for themselves, they could surely do it. However, with a machine they called a "retroscope," they can sit in their own homes and enjoy occurrences, with color and sound, just as they originally happened, any time through the past centuries. In comparison with this kind of entertainment, movies would come in a poor second.

Question # 18: Do they take any pictures with cameras?

Answer: I presume that they must have cameras of some type, for AURA said to me one time, "I am quite sure that you want to get a picture that shows something. Some time I may give you one." She did not say painting or drawing, so I certainly am convinced that some type of photography is available and used by them.

Question # 19: What type of movies do they have, if any?

Answer: All of these questions will be shown to AURA and her crew if, and when, I make contact with them again. I will never give up until I do. Until that time, I will answer all the questions that I can. I have no idea what kind of movies they have, if indeed they do have any.



Question # 20: Do they have any form of animals?

Answer: They most certainly do. AURA said very specifically that many of their animals I would recognize, while others I would not. But she did not elaborate on this.

Question # 21: Do they have sports, such as baseball, track, football, swimming, tennis, etc.?

Answer: I do not know what they call their games, but she told me that the children would parade with their toys and that she, herself, enjoyed dancing and swimming. She also stated that they have many public functions of various kinds and that their lives were fully occupied with pleasures.

Question # 22: Have they any tall buildings?

Answer: I doubt very much whether their buildings are tall compared with those of some of our cities. AURA indicated that Clarion was slightly smaller than the Earth, and their families are intentionally limited as to numbers and that they live much longer than Earth people. The word "death" was not mentioned, but at one time, indicating that there was a limit of expectancy, she told me: "I expect to be around for a thousand years." When I asked her whether she meant our years, her answer was in the affirmative.

Question # 23: What sort of buildings do they live in?

Answer: She told me that all their homes were as mansions compared to the ones on Earth, as they plan and build more carefully. At one time she stated, "When we build anything, it is built forever."

Question # 24: Are there any oceans, etc., on Clarion?

Answer: Yes. AURA told me: "We have an ocean, lakes, rivers and streams." She also stated that they have dams in some of the rivers. To me, this would indicate one ocean.

Question # 25: Are all Clarionites studying English, French? In fact, are they studying all the languages used on Earth?

Answer: I can only presume that, at least, all those who are making the trip to Earth and other planets on their Scows are well-equipped in this respect. As I was told, and it was proven to me, language is no barrier to them anywhere.

Question # 26: Will their language be difficult for us to study and master ?

Answer: My head swirls when I think of how their language sounded to me, sort of a sing-song tone. However, people in many lands on Earth master Hindustani, Japanese, Yiddish, etc., so I can see no reason why anyone who desired, if given the proper opportunity, could not also master their language.

Question # 27: Do people from other planets, other than from Clarion, visit us and speak our languages ?

Answer: AURA will have to answer that one. I know that AURA stated that they were closely associated with the people of Mars. Without stating any other names, she said that many planets were inhabited, and that they were friendly with all of them. During the same visit, she told me that the Earth planet is the newest and lowest in evolution. That would indicate that at least they have a mutual language understanding.

Question # 28: Are their languages difficult ?

Answer: I believe I covered this question in my answer to # 27. Anything is difficult when not thoroughly understood. If we consider that small children can master a language in a few short years, students with proper opportunities could do likewise.

Question # 29: Do other planets have living habits similar to ours on Earth?

Answer: Wow! Let's hope not, especially the way we have lived up to now! Wars and rumors of wars, destruction, drink, crime, delinquency, taxes, poverty, etc. ! To write about any of these Earthly situations would fill a library, if fully and truthfully given. Our one salvation is the fact that AURA stated our Earth is the newest and lowest in evolution. Let's hope we can go no lower, and that we strive to evolve higher. Let's expend all our strength to do so. Since Earth is the newest and lowest in evolution, it is undoubtedly probable that all the other planets will assist us in our climb upward.

Question # 30: Are they much like we are in appearance ?

Answer: Yes. All of the Clarionites with whom I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing were of Latin appearance and fine, healthy looking specimens of manhood. They seemed to be between twenty-five and forty years old, as we count years. None showed any signs of aging, no less of hair or grey hair,

and their gait was youthful at all times. The only female I saw or met was the Captain, AURA RHANES. Her youthful appearance would correspond to a very young college girl's here on Earth, and yet, as she told me, she is a mother and a grandmother! She did not appear to use any make-up, nor did she appear to have lost any vitality or youthful shapeliness, even with the added years necessary to become a grandmother. I only hope the day will come soon, when AURA and her crew, or other Clarionites, can visit our planet and be peacefully and gratefully welcomed by all our inhabitants. Then they will be able to impart their secrets of life so that we, too, may maintain a youthfulness far beyond our normal span of life.

Question # 31: What sort of transportation do other planets have ?

Answer: I do not know, other than the statement of AURA's that many planets are inhabited and that they all have interplanetary travel except our Earth. At the same time, she intimated that all are not the same, saying, "We believe ours is the best." Since writing my report in my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," I have talked to many people and read several books regarding space craft, as well as hundreds of newspaper articles. To sum up the lot would indicate that at least four, and a good possibility that as many as twelve planets are now scouting our skies to investigate our Earth. There is no doubt in my mind but that all are peaceful and mean no harm whatever to anyone. Inversely, any harm to anyone through contact with Space People will undoubtedly be our Earth people's own fault, by disobeying common judgment or deliberately asking for trouble. If any but peaceful intentions had been held by any of the Planetarians, someone would have become aware of the situation long ere this.

Question # 32: What type of factories, homes and buildings do they have on other planets ?

Answer: Mars was the only planet that I discussed with the Clarionites other than their own planet and Earth. They said Mars was a great manufacturing planet, having large factories able to manufacture very large equipment for themselves and other planets. They hinted at one time that their "Scow" had been manufactured on Mars and the equipment installed by themselves.

When I asked them about water, etc., they said there were no oceans on Mars, but there is plenty of water and a



very large agricultural area, with weather similar to our temperate zone. AURA also stated that Mars, like Clarion, is not a warlike planet, because they are too busy improving their own welfare to ever have a thought of war. The homes on Mars are all like country estates on Earth.

Question # 33: If it takes two days to Clarion and two days back (our time), how long does it take to fly to other planets?

Answer: This was not discussed in a manner to bring out a definite answer. However, AURA stated that on a leisurely trip, by way of Mars, that they could land on Mars, give it a good look and then be back by the second night. I questioned whether, at this rate, they would be traveling at the speed of light at any time. I was informed that natural sunlight is omnipresent and does not travel, such as does electricity and artificial light.

Question # 34: Are the people of other planets all peaceful and friendly?

Answer: From our talks, I believe that all are, indeed, friendly far beyond any friendliness such as we know it or practice it on Earth.

Question # 35: How many trips have the Space People made to Earth and the other planets?

Answer: AURA and her crewmen will have to answer this one, as it was not discussed, except that she said that only in recent times had they been able to set foot on our soil, but that they had been by before. On many trips, they had landed on various parts of our Earth and had talked to several people. Let's wait for her definite answer to this question.

Question # 36: How long has Earth been observed by Clarion?

Answer: Probably for a great many years, but I doubt if they were very much interested in anything other than sightseeing until we started to experiment with atomic power. I believe, from our talks, their interest grew for the sake of their own safety in their sightseeing tours. All Space People have certainly greatly increased their interest in Earth's doings since the birth of atomic power.

Question # 37: Do other planets have a God and churches?

Answer: If only to get an answer to this one question, the purchase of my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," at twice the price asked, would make it a bargain. Yes, Clarionites worship a Supreme Entity. We worship a Supreme Being, probably one and the same.

Question # 38: How long will it be before Earthmen can travel to Clarion?

Answer: AURA assured me that the knowledge of Space travel is very simple. So simple, in fact, that we have walked right over it! But, as long as there is any strife on the Earth, no one will ever grasp the real secret of Space travel. She assured me that it is too simple for words and that when "Peace on Earth" becomes a permanent reality, we will come in possession of this knowledge to solve the problem of Space travel. It is simply the knowledge of the control of gravity, nothing more nor less!

Question # 39: Will there be more groups of Earthmen going to visit Clarion after the other six return?

Answer: Yes. No doubt after the first trip of Earthmen to Clarion (and I still have hopes that I will be among the first) and the Clarionites see that Earthmen can and will abide by their desires as gentlemen, I sincerely believe that they will take others along also, at least on a limited scale.

Question # 40: Would there be any way possible for anyone to build a Scow for personal use in transportation around the Earth exclusively?

Answer: The power used is the one thing that holds the key to the possibility of Space travel, or that type of travel, even if used only locally on Earth. For that purpose, any large manufacturing plant on Earth could build the shell necessary. But first, let's make international peace a reality, then concentrate on the secret of the motive power that we know we must master first!

Question # 41: Could I build a saucer similar to the Scow?

Answer: I believe that the words AURA used, "We believe ours is the best," would indicate that design is one thing and perfection of design is probably another. For limited flight, perfection would probably not be necessary, under controlled speed and altitude, especially.

Question # 42: Is teleportation possible with Earth people?

Answer: AURA or someone besides me will have to answer this one! It will be presented to her along with all other questions.

Question # 43: Are there more simple ways to find an answer to a problem of science?

Answer: AURA will have to answer this one too. The only thought I have along this line was gained long ago, before I met the Clarionites. It is that most scientific discoveries have been stumbled on accidentally during a search for something else. When we have the key which is probably possessed by the Clarionites, all science should become a direct and simple approach, through education.

Question # 44: How far ahead are the other planets compared to Earth?

Answer: As far as time element is concerned, AURA will have to answer this, too, for it was not discussed. I can say that we are now progressing faster than at any other time in history. If peace can be made a permanent reality, we will soon have jumped at least two thousand years ahead in a very few short months or years. That should give us an inkling as to how far behind we have lagged in comparison with other planets, which had no wars, etc., to hold them back as we have had.

Question # 45: Are there any hatreds or wars on other planets?

Answer: In each instance during our conversation, AURA very emphatically stated that the Earth Planet was the only one that had wars and strife of any kind!

Question # 46: Are there any people on Clarion or other planets who are identical twins, triplets, etc.?

Answer: That was not discussed, so the answer will have to wait until AURA or some other Space person is available for questioning.

Question # 47: Are there any racial distinctions on Clarion, such as Negroes, whites and Orientals here?

Answer: AURA stated several times that no such situation exists on Clarion. Her exact words were: "We consider ourselves as



of one race and one religion, with no misunderstandings or hatreds, such as are prevalent on your Earth. "

Question # 48: Is the entire planet Clarion as one in unity?

Answer: Yes! That is exactly what I understood by AURA's comments and she further stated that she had a hand in the operation of the government there. Each department was operated by persons especially trained for the part - hardly like our governments here on Earth, where anyone influential enough can get into almost any branch, particularly if they pull for a winning candidate. Some of Clarion's system would benefit us, I am sure.

Question # 49: How many nations does Clarion have?

Answer: The planet is unified as one nation. The answer to # 48 covers this angle fully.

Question # 50: How many cities does Clarion have?

Answer: This question will have to be answered by AURA, or some other Clarionite, as this question was not discussed.

Question # 51: Are there many different religions, such as Protestantism, Judaism, Catholicism, etc., there? Are they all Christians?

Answer: We discussed religion at some length and found that they have but one basic religion and that is based upon the concept of our Golden Rule.

Question # 52: Are the people of other planets Christians too?

Answer: The religions of other planets was not discussed. However, AURA stated that only the Earth planet had strife of any kind, which would indicate that they do have a religion, at least similar to that of Clarion.

Question # 53: Does Clarion have any masters of music like we have, such as Beethoven, Bach, Liszt, etc.?

Answer: I do not personally know. However, AURA did mention music and dancing.

Question # 54: What sort of instruments do they play?

Answer: This question was not asked by me at any time. All I can say

is "Hasta tiempo!" "Hurry again, AURA, and answer some of these questions so that our world will be enlightened regarding your wonderful Clarion."

Question # 55: Have they any bands or orchestras?

Answer: I presume they have one or the other or both, as music and dancing were mentioned. It is only logical that it would be by one or the other groups.

Question # 56: About how long ago did Clarion start civilization?

Answer: This again was not asked and will have to await the return of the Clarionites, WHICH I HOPE WILL BE SOON!

Question # 57: How long is the life-span of a Clarionite?

Answer: I do know from what AURA told me that it certainly is many times ours, for she said that she expected to be around for a thousand years. Yes! A thousand of our years! In our minds, we may question this answer. I wondered if this could be true, but AURA spoke it - so it must be true!

Since our meetings were broken off November 2, 1952, I have continuously visited desert areas, hoping for a renewal of contact.

I have lectured regarding the Clarionites and all I have learned from them. Many scientists, astronomers, doctors, engineers, etc., have visited me and discussed all phases of their lives, planet, devices, etc. One doctor very plainly stated: "If we lived in peaceful harmony, amid a life of plenty, with no bad habits, thinking only the highest and most constructive thoughts, and using sex intelligently, man's life could easily be prolonged to a virile age of 150 years." Think of this! Is a peaceful life worth striving for?

Question # 58: Is there any way that we may get a cure for our diseases so we will not have any at all?

Answer: This was not discussed with AURA, so we will have to await an answer from her. In the meantime, let's look at the situation of illness and disease from our own standpoint. As time goes on, our expected life-span has been lengthened considerably. It is only logical to assume that when a complete knowledge is attained through medical research, plus a

better understanding of causes, better opportunities for relaxation (by removing the strain of apprehension) and a better system of sanitation, etc., we will be placed in a far better position on the road to longevity.

Question # 60: Will we ever become peaceful people on Earth, having no hatreds and wars, etc. ?

Answer: Here is a question for AURA RHANES or any other Clarionite to answer about our own Earth. Even being a common Earthman, I can see the vast strides taken since 1952 (when the Clarionites were making regular contacts here) in the direction of peace and good will between the majority of nations, but so far, only to a very limited degree of that which is necessary for a permanently peaceful Earth.

AURA RHANES stated that placing a thought for a desire for peace in the minds of national leaders would tend to make them all want, and strive towards, a peaceful settlement of all national differences, without sword-rattling. I believe we are now seeing a sample of their action in this so-called "thought transference." Let's pray for more of it, and hope it will work immediately!

Question # 61: Is the speed of light a limiting factor ?

Answer: No! They told me there was no such condition; that natural sunlight does not travel - it just fills space simultaneously.

Question # 62: Is the speed of light and vision synonymous ?

Answer: No! See answer to # 61 for the answer.

Question # 63: Is Clarion in our solar system ?

Answer: Yes. They said they had the same sun shining on them in Clarion.

Question # 64: What approximately, is the size of Clarion, with reference to our dimensions ?

Answer: Approximately the same. I gathered that it is probably somewhat smaller. Clarion is very probably in the same orbit as the Earth, but always opposite the Sun.

Question: # 65: What is the distance from the Sun ?



Answer: I did not ask and was not told, but I was told that the weather was mild on Clarion, comparable to the Mormon Mesa at that time.

Please note: In winter the Earth is two million miles nearer the Sun than in summer. That would indicate that Sun light and Sun heat are really unknown quantities.

Question # 66: What is Clarion's orbital and rotation periods?

Answer: AURA will have many questions to answer. I did not ask and was not told.

Question # 67: Do they believe in a third, fourth, fifth or sixth dimensional universe?

Answer: More for their next visit, as this was not discussed.

Question # 68: Do they utilize all six dimensions, or merely conceive them?

Answer: This was not discussed and will be properly presented to them when I see them again.

Question # 69: What is gravity?

Answer: They apparently know, but we don't. They said no one on Earth would learn from them the secret of their power and control of Space craft, which uses gravitational force.

Question # 70: Does our method of measuring the effect of gravity hold throughout the Universe, or just on this planet?

Answer: From their talks I gathered that at least on their planet, Clarion, gravity is similar to Earth's, also many other planets.

Question # 71: Have the Clarionites visited any other planets in our solar system?

Answer: Yes, many. They said that the Earth is the least developed and all the planets they had visited had the means for inter-planetary travel.

Question # 72: What type of life, if any, is there on the other planets?

Answer: Similar to our own. They did not differentiate between themselves and the people of Earth. They also mentioned Mars as very similar.

Question # 73: Are the other planets actually as they appear to us, or are they merely cross-sections of some larger body, of whom we see merely the traces of their movements?

Answer: Not actually as seen or described in books and papers here. Actual visitation proves them to be different than they appear, even from a relatively close position and under magnification. They said that the Earth appears to be uninhabited until they are relatively close.

Question # 74: What is electricity?

Answer: This was not discussed and I don't know.

Question # 75: What is magnetism?

Answer: This was not discussed, so we will have to wait for the answer.

Question # 76: (A) Have the people of Clarion developed telementation?  
(B) Personal levitation? (C) Levitation of objects?

Answer: Yes to (A), for telementation is thought transference. Personal levitation and levitation of objects were not mentioned.

Question # 77: Our general aim in life is perhaps health, wealth and self-expression. What is theirs?

Answer: Certainly personal wealth is not a consideration. Captain AURA stated that there was no poverty or wealth as we on Earth know them. Also that everyone on Clarion had more and better of everything and that we on Earth had nothing they desired.

Question # 78: Do we have the materials necessary to duplicate their power plants, if we had the know-how?

Answer: From what they told me, I certainly believe that we have the material things, but according to them, strife on Earth would react similar to water in gasoline. As long as that element is present, Earthmen will not solve this secret.

Question # 79: Are the Clarionites all in one group or split up into nations such as our world?

Answer: They indicated that theirs was "of one race and one religion."

Question # 80: What is their political philosophy? How do they govern themselves?

Answer: I asked and was told that their government was certainly not like on Earth, with graft, favoritism and personal gain in mind! (If graft, favoritism and personal gain were not an element here on Earth, why then would many candidates for office expend, or have expended, more money to attain office than they would receive in salaries? This has been known to be the situation in many instances, especially where the higher offices, such as governor or president, are concerned.) Their leaders are selected because of their knowledge, wisdom and intelligence in their particular field, as everyone is educated as a specialist on Clarion.

Question # 81: What types of transportation do they use on their own planet?

Answer: They indicated that three types were used and that none used fuel as we know it, such as gasoline or diesel fuel.

Question # 82: Do they have interplanetary ships over than the "saucer" type?

Answer: Clarion has but one type, and they stated that many planets, except Earth, had various types of interplanetary travel and that the Clarion people knew of them, but considered theirs the best.

Question # 83: Does their anti-gravitational device also work inside their ships to relieve "G" pulls on the occupants to allow, say, ninety degree turns at higher speeds?

Answer: Yes. They said that there was no feeling or sensation of motion at any time. Also, that regardless as to what position their Scow appeared from Earth, they were always right side up in the Scow. This would indicate a synthetic or artificial gravity at the bottom or floor of the Scow.

Question # 84: Is their anti-gravitational device atomic powered or by some means unknown to our planet?

Answer: Not atomic powered, but by a means certainly undeveloped at present on Earth. The radio-activity caused by the splitting of the atom is too destructive. If Earth has an atomic war with nuclear weapons of any kind, the radio activity will eventually affect the human genes, which will cause



malformed monstrosities to be born in future generations, should there be any survivors. That is why it is so important to prevent such a war.

Question # 85: Do they have a book comparable to our Bible, or the beliefs of any of the other Earthly races?

Answer: They told me, "We worship a Supreme Entity, who sees all, knows all, and controls all." Nothing was said of any bible or other beliefs.

Question # 86: Inasmuch as time is probably only a conception of the human mind, to account for movement which could not otherwise be understood, what is the Clarion conception of time?

Answer: They said that time and distance as we on Earth know them is of no concern to them.

Question # 87: If it is their weakness also, what standard do they use?

Answer: This was not discussed except as given in the answer above.

Question # 88: What is the nature of light? Does it need a medium through which to travel? Or does it travel at all?

Answer: My understanding, as we talked, was that sunlight is everywhere at the same time and that night, or darkness, as we know it, is simply something between us and the source, temporarily obscuring it from our view.

Question # 89: Do they have entertainment such as our movies, television, concerts, sports, etc., or what do they consider entertainment?

Answer: In our talks, I gained the impression that their families were the main home interest. They do have games, dancing, something similar to our TV, fishing, swimming, etc. In fact, many times AURA RHANES stated, "Our lives very closely parallel yours." She also stated that alcoholic beverages, dope and tobacco were never indulged in and that sex was not promiscuous.

Since writing "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," many of my friends have brought up the question of: "How do the Clarionites use the word "God" and also say that "We are Christians"? Do they have the same God as Earthmen and did the

same Christ appear on Clarion as on Earth?

Answer:

I asked AURA RHANES, the Captain, if they worshipped the same God as we do, whom we call the Supreme Being. She answered: "We could also call our Supreme Entity, God." Later I asked whether they on Clarion considered themselves Christians, and I was requested to explain just how I interpreted the term. My statement was that I considered anyone a good Christian who lived according to the Golden Rule. After my explanation, she said, "On that basis we are Christians." I hope that this explains, in an understandable way, just how and why these terms were used.

When we become more like our brothers on other planets, a loftier race that e'er the world hath known, shall rise with flame of freedom in their souls and light of knowledge in their eyes. They shall be gentle, brave and strong, to spill no drop of blood, but dare all that may plant man's lordship firm on Earth. Nation with nation, land with land, unarmed, shall live as comrades free, in every heart and brain shall throb the pulse of one fraternity. New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould, and mightier music thrill the skies and every life shall be a song, when all the Earth is Paradise!

This is a portion of the questions asked me in regard to my Space Friends from Clarion. The replies to many will have to wait for the next visit of the Clarionites. I hope to have them all printed and published in book-form to present to AURA in that manner and, no doubt, her answers will fill a very large and wonderful book. Let's look forward to her coming with great anticipation!

## PART FOUR: PEOPLE FROM CLARION SPEAK OUT ON WORLD CONDITIONS

### CHAPTER IX

I have endeavored to give an autobiography of myself. This has been requested by many people in order that they might determine the type of person I am and decide for themselves the "why for" of the many visits with the SPACE PEOPLE from CLARION.

I have tried to bring out the reluctance of scientists to admit that life could, or does, exist beyond the limits of our Earth planet, even in the face of their colleagues' work, study, and writings pro and con on this subject, and with the multiplied millions being spent in research. (Much of this money is going into the pockets of these same scientists.)

Some of our men of science have gone so far as to deny the possibility of interplanetary travel, yet these same men have written books on interplanetary travel, space problems, space clothing and space medicine. Many of them have gone to great lengths to show how a person would react unfavorably to such travel, picturing in the reader's mind bodies floating around like hydrogen-filled balloons in a house, of water flowing out the tops of cups or glasses, agonized facial expressions, and a myriad of other nonsense.

In fact, if any of these problems confront the space traveler, there would not - and could not - be any space travel. Have you heard of any of our Earth men who have traveled in space craft contacting any doctors here to complain of such ailments? Those who have written of their experiences are labeled as frauds. This can only be "sour grapes."

Many Army, Navy and Air officials have publicly stated and have written articles concerning their observance of U. F. O. s and acknowledged that they cannot conceive them as a product of this Earth. Yet many of these same men ridicule others who have had a somewhat different experience with the space craft.

Our country and several other countries are presently advancing and spending billions of their constituents' dollars attempting to study, and eventually bring, space travel and knowledge of space travel to their respective countries. At the same time, in many instances, they deny that space travel can ever be a reality.

In the Los Angeles Times of January 7, 1957, an article headed, "Space Flight Dangers Will Be Discussed" states: "The many dangers in Space Flight, which must be overcome before interplanetary travel can become a reality, will be discussed next at Occidental College, etc." There is a little more to the article but all in the same vein.



Another article in the same paper makes the statement, "Thinking Leads to God."

In December, 1955, Captain AURA RHANES stated that our trouble "is not thinking constructively," and that I should start a SANCTUARY OF THOUGHT. Could she be one of the emissaries to get people of our world back on the right track? I believe that she is and that by following through with her command, we will soon be sailing in a tranquil sea of PEACE!

We read and hear news of impending war in what is termed the "Holy Land" and surrounding areas. Most of the tension is caused by less than a dozen national leaders. Yet, these dozen or less men would be able to plunge a group totaling a million or more souls against another like group - neither of which has any reason to desire to kill those on the opposing side. The destruction of property would be valued not in millions, but in multiplied billions.

A few minutes of CONSTRUCTIVE THINKING could prevent such a catastrophe, but WHO, in charge of ANY nation, is big enough to see this possibility?

The leaders themselves have no fear of their lives being destroyed! Not even Napoleon was killed in action, although he was always pictured as being in the forefront of his troops. The Kaiser, Mussolini, and other leaders who were publicized as leading battalions of men were never reported as "killed in action." It was reported that explicit instructions were given to airmen, flying over Japan, to spare the "Japanese royal palace."

It's teenagers' time. The young people of the world will very soon be called upon to take their place in the world. A better phrase would be "in the universe."

Conditions in our world are not static, that is to say, standing still. We are moving ahead with a speed that only a young person can comprehend. For instance, in World War I, an officer with the rating of Captain was usually in his late thirties or early forties. In World War II, the Captain's commission was held by men under thirty years of age.

Another example is in aeronautics. In a span of approximately five years, air speed has nearly doubled in the higher echelon of flying. Youth and Progress are words that have an affinity for each other. Youth in industry, banking and all forms of business, science, agriculture, and all other avocations are turning to, and accepting, the inevitable - YOUTH coming to the forefront. This same condition will also be true in politics in the very near future. The public will become tired of the old fossils in office and the fossilized ideas so dear to them. The word "dear" could also be used in the cost to the world of these out-moded ideas of the aged.

Youth also has a responsibility in preparing themselves for this greater service to Mankind - in education, in health and in FORESIGHT. This means more than just going to high school and college or a university and getting a degree. It requires that youth get the "feel" of the world and universal progress. They must absorb knowledge and turn this knowledge into INTELLIGENCE. Youth must have enough intelligence to be able to cast aside as obsolete much of what is commonly accepted as good and proper practice today.

Youth must be ever alert to the ever changing progress of a rapidly moving world. PROGRESS CAN NEVER STAND STILL.

We, the elder statesmen, so to speak, should see and recognize this fact. We should insist that Age take a back seat - and insist that our Youth take a greater and more intelligent hand in the functional operation of our world.

Primarily they should be shown that wars and crime go hand in hand; that ignorance and poverty are united as one; that fear, apprehension and disease are bedfellows of hate and discrimination; that only through EDUCATION with INTELLIGENT KNOWLEDGE can the problems of an advancing UNIVERSE be solved.

We have been hearing about Russia's No. 2 diplomat, Anastis Mikoyan, and his visit to the United States. The question has been posed: "Why did he come to America?" The answer is simple: He came for the same purpose other foreign diplomats and other individuals visit America - to advance their own knowledge and to do something for their respective countries. None have ever left America empty-handed. All have left America holding the sack!

Without doubt, the continuing "cold war" is bankrupting both the U.S.S.R. and this country. However, Russia, being alert to the situation, will probably negotiate with our great financial and manufacturing institutions to set up branches in Russia and thereby further the advancement of that country to the point of equality with America. There is no doubt that the "Model T" days are just dawning in Russia and they are looking to America to pull them up by the boot straps; and good old American "booty" will probably answer this call.

There are millions of people in Russia who are potential buyers, if given sufficient income to purchase. If and when our industrialists see the ever-increasing market, they will seek to expand, even to Russia. The ground work and plans have been laid and filed by Mikoyan on this January, 1959 visit, and only time will determine "P" for production and payday for these great (?) American institutions in Russia.

Our SPACE FRIENDS have alerted my mind and it is now able to see into all national and international chicanery. God knows that the business of "hot and cold wars" are based on this alone!

How long, then, will it take the people of "this world" to

WAKE UP and start FACING REALITY?



## CHAPTER X

This is a good place to use a few words not common in our everyday speech. In utilizing them I hope to persuade you to take time out to do a little thinking on your own! A few may require a dictionary, but I am sure the results will be very worth while.

I firmly believe that if we stand by the old concept that wars are necessary and that peace or an armistice is just a prelude to another war, our mind will be so war-conscious that it will welcome the suggestion of war!

Metaphysics is expanding in scope, since the advent of the space craft in the last several years. Use of the facilities of metaphysical libraries is greatly increasing.

Ontology has come to the front in study, especially in the matter of space craft and Space travel.

In the near future we will be more aware of the word "epistemology," when our schools and colleges extend their courses to include the reality of space craft and travel in their curriculum.

The study of "theism" and "deism" will give many people a better understanding of conditions on our planet and probably many other planets as well. When the desire for peace on our planet is fully realized and the profits of wars are no longer coveted, we can then ascend in the scale of evolution and thereafter enjoy all that a loving Creator intended. Surely, we can look forward to many of the finer things that AURA and her Space crew discussed with me.

I have been asked to explain how Space People can step in and take control of anyone's mind. A good example should be in my first notes of our meeting on July 27, 1952. I was told by the Captain that I should write down the highlights of our discussion and make it known to the people of our world. My answer to her was:

"I am not a writer and I can hardly read my own writing!"

She promised, "You will have no trouble writing about our visits with you."

"Does that mean that you are coming back again?" I asked with anxious eagerness.

"We will be back next week," was her reassuring answer.

After the first visit was over, I drove slowly back to the shop and work area, while the sun was just coming up. I had no paper, pen or pencil with me and, in fact, wondered whether a return would be made.

However, the week seemed to pass quickly, and the second visit became a reality as she had promised. But - I had done no writing! When I was questioned about this and responded in the negative, I was told, "When you are off work, write down in your own way what was discussed on our first visit with you, and then write down all that we are discussing now."

"It would be difficult for me to write and make anyone believe what I was writing about," I disclaimed, a bit helplessly.

"You won't have any trouble now," she answered reassuringly.

When I was back at the Desert Inn in Overton, I took paper and pencil and sat down to write as they had instructed me to do. The results were surprising to me! It seemed as though someone was holding the pencil and actually forming the words! It came out thus:

The other day, you will say I was dreaming,  
But I am sure you will believe me now.  
A FLYING SAUCER landed beside me,  
But they called it their "ADMIRAL SCOW."  
I spoke to the crew as they landed,  
They lined up to shake my hand.  
The men spoke of the glories of their castles,  
You know, they're from a far-off land.  
I asked to speak to their Captain.  
They said, "Surest thing, you know."  
Then they took me to her stateroom,  
And her cheeks were all aglow.  
I stood there, smiling and spellbound,  
Wondering what was next.  
She waved them away with a smile,  
Then said: "Speak up, friend. You're not hexed!"  
I inquired of her people and loved ones,  
And asked of prices and qualities, too.  
Then I asked of their pleasures and troubles,  
And of the work that they generally do.  
Now, you will certainly marvel at her answers,  
But you will know they're from a master mind.  
She stated, "The things that trouble and worry you,  
In our homes you'll never find!  
We have no need for doctors and nurses,  
You have mechanics and laborers, too!

On our planet they would only mean trouble,  
So you see, that's all taboo!

Well, this is just a sample of how, through thought transference, they can make one do as they wish. I had never written any poetry and could not rhyme two words. I just didn't have it in me to do that - but now it's different! Many times, when I have sold a book and the purchaser wishes me to autograph it, I have found myself writing something that a second before I had no thought or knowledge of. The peculiar thing, even to me, it usually turned out to be in the same vein that AURA spoke, and also, a thought far above anything that I could have previously conceived.

One time in San Francisco, I became quite ill and decided to go to Los Angeles. A friend brought a book to me to be autographed before I left. I was so weak that I actually had to lean across a fender of my car to stand up, but something took my pen and continued writing after I had signed my name! This friend was so impressed that a copy was made and mailed to me later. I, too, was impressed with the utter impact of the words and their apparent meaning. I will reproduce this copy here to show how thought transference can really work:

The world will awake, and sometime soon,  
Regret of dancing to the same old tune.  
Science and knowledge will both join hands  
And fill the floor from the crowded stands.  
Life with gaiety, understanding, too,  
Will very soon become the rule.  
We'll realize before too long,  
That wars all follow a macabre song.  
Nothing is gained from national duels,  
But the realization we were led by fools!

In most American newspapers, during the week of October 12-22, 1955, an article appeared stating that our defense budget would be greater for the ensuing year than for the last, which was in the neighborhood of forty billion dollars! During this same week there appeared articles about cities and states in eastern United States digging out of the worst floods in history. A willingness was expressed to assist in rehabilitating parts of the areas involved.

Here was a problem to be solved. Given the fact that other nations also have had disasters of probably the same magnitude, they, too, must appropriate billions for "defense" to match the expenditures for defense of other countries. Meanwhile, their people also probably suffered from hunger, privation, oppression, and many other undesirable conditions.



Add the fear of aggression to both sides and the vision of loss of homes and loved ones. Check the "divisor" carefully. Ignorance, fear, ego, aggrandizement, lust, envy and greed - against the quotient of mangled minds and bodies, destroyed villages and cities, dead cattle and domestic animals, broken homes and separation from friends and loved ones, years of hard work and discontent, besides more and greater burdens of taxation. A great deal of all the above is thrust even upon those of the nations trying to hold to neutrality.

We are all concerned! Nobody is immune! Let us think carefully! Let us act wisely! Let us set a good example! Let us accept and abide by the ideals so generously given to us by the people from Clarion!

Let us send our youngsters to schools of learning where each can become a specialist, not just a "jack-of-all-trades". Let us insist that some among our offspring study HUMANITY and how to deal with other nations on a basis of understanding, instead of the present system of fear, deceit, mockery and all the other undesirable attributes.

It can be done - and it will be done! Certainly, out of a hundred and ninety million people, some one person stands able to see the light and is, or will be, mentally alert and strong enough to show the right way to our own people and to people of all other nations!

We must seek and find that person, or persons, and then place him or her or them in a position where their knowledge will bring this world to its senses!

Then, and only then, will it become the kind of place that God, our God, their God, intended it to be! A place of happiness, love, plenty and contentment - not just for a chosen few, but for the masses - all people, everywhere!

I will give a few of my impressions which I consider the most important of all I gained from the Clarionites. There has been and will continue to be a general and gradual turn towards understanding problems of other people by all nations!

There will never be an atomic or hydrogen war!

All nations will soon turn to God for divine guidance!

All war material will become obsolete in a very few years!

There will never again be a general war involving many nations! It will take just a few years to resolve differences and adjust to a full peacetime economy for all nations.

No "Nike" rockets will ever be intentionally used in any warfare. It is my opinion that a major war will never again be fought.

Science will - or already has - discovered a counteraction for radar, which will render all radar stations obsolete and useless for the intended purpose.

Nations will gradually reduce their armament programs and begin spending to alleviate flood and drought dangers. Gifts to other nations will cease - must cease! A greater amount of cooperation will be shown, when one nation has a surplus which other nations can utilize. The surplus commodity can be exported to another nation which, in turn, will give equal value in some surplus commodity of its own, when available or needed, without going through the mill of the international financial jugglers!

The attempt at giving, and thus trying to dominate, has been over-worked in many instances. The result is obvious in news articles from nearly every part of the world. Domination through bribery is not the way to win real friends!

The mere fact that the nationals of one country are not safe in another country is demonstrated by people banding together and rioting, shouting, "Go home!" or "Get out!" to persons whom, on the face of assumed facts, they should actually be embracing with gratitude for a helping hand if they were not using that help as an excuse for domination. From these demonstrations, one can only have a fair assumption that "something is rotten in Denmark."

Recently a newspaper article appeared that made the observation that upwards of five million dollars a year could be saved the taxpayers of America by revamping ideas of defense along a line of thought concentrating on materials needed only at the onslaught of hostilities, instead of stock-piling for an over-all or long drawn out warfare. Not a word was mentioned regarding any peaceful approach attempting to iron out any differences that might cause or bring on hostilities!

This is mentioned to show the lack of intelligent thought along peaceful lines and that all thought apparently runs toward a basis of conciliation through actual warfare. How long will America, the leader of all nations in thought and action, continue to work on the assumption that war is inevitable?

I sometimes wonder whether the people of America are aware of the fact that many of the freight boats called "Liberty Boats" during World War II, were christened by wives of company executives, and of other so-called VIP's and were given diamond-studded watches, etc., and some even received as much as five thousand dollars for breaking a bottle of champagne on these

boats? This, you must remember, was paid by you, and you are the people of America who are supposed to be the government of America. How many of you knew about this system of christening the boats?

Recently I noticed in newspapers that the coming general election for president will be a quiet, tame and colorless affair, as some news analysts predict. I do not agree. When the electioneering is all over, the voting booths closed and the ballots all counted, many predictions are bound to be wrong.

Some will be saying, "I knew it would be that way." Others will say, "Now what will happen in America?" But everyone can depend upon the fact that as time goes on, America and the rest of the world will steadily progress. We can ill afford further regression!

Following is a letter from the Lie Detector Consultants, Polygraph Examiners, of Pasadena, California, in answer to my request for an examination to prove I have been truthful in my statements concerning my experiences with the Clarionites:

"Dear Sir:

"I am returning today, under separate cover, your manuscript about your experiences in contacting the folks from another planet in their Space ship last year, which you left with me several days ago.

"After reading this material and considering your determination to publish it, I feel more strongly than ever that you would be making a mistake to submit yourself to a lie-detector examination for the purpose of seeking to convince your readers that the events are all factual.

"I have little doubt but that you would have produced a relatively "clear" polygraph chart, should you have undertaken such a test, but the work is such that I strongly suggest that you submit it to the public, to be accepted or rejected on its own merits.

"The opportunity to discuss the matter with you and Mrs. Bethurum is appreciated.

Yours very truly,

(s) A. W. Farlee."



Newspaper headlines have announced the further testing of atomic and other nuclear weapons to see if accidental explosions were possible. These same news articles stressed the fact that the amount and force of the explosion would be measurable in tons, instead of kilo tons, as was previously the case in such tests. This seems to collaborate prevalent reports that nuclear reaction (due to fall-out of radioactive particles) was at a dangerous level at, and immediately after, the time of previous tests,

This reduction in ton-force of explosions is just another instance of the national basis of understanding coming to the front. When a complete basis of understanding is accepted by all nations, the testing of weapons will cease. Instead, the testing of locks, waterways, construction equipment and projects of various natures will be the order of the day. Let's hope, work and pray that the day is not far off for this national unity of understanding,

Surely that day is long past due! Then we can, and will turn our attention to the REAL WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE! It will be obvious to all that heretofore we have not been able to see the forest because of the trees. I don't know a better way to describe the folly of the world up to this time. A continuation of this condition is uncalled for in any part of our world! America, as the leader of nations, can and will set the example which I sincerely believe all nations will be eager to follow. We cannot overlook the fact that it is worth trying.

Since my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," was published, giving all of the details of Space travel by the Clarionites, I have naturally watched the skies for any activity. I have also watched newspapers and listened to news broadcasts on radio and television. To close one's eyes and ears would be the height of all folly.

I have a clipping from a paper headlined:

"Philadelphia, May 15, 1955 (AP) The Fels Planetarium Director, I. M. Levitt, predicts that weather forecasts in the not too distant future, will receive their reports from an unmanned space-station. While speaking in a Planetarium show, "What's Affecting the Weather?" Dr. Lovett said that such a satellite, equipped with a television camera, could broadcast pictures of cloud formations to weather stations on Earth.

"The Space Station would be put into an orbit some four thousand miles above the Earth, circling the globe once every four hours. According to Dr. Levitt, the televised cloud patterns would be interpreted by a giant electronic brain and on the basis of its findings, weather predictions

could be made. Thus through this new method, the weather picture will be seen from the outside looking in and will be easier to read and interpret from this new vantage point."

I most heartily agree with the idea of Space Stations, satellites, etc., for whatever peaceful purpose they are conceived. However, there is still a great problem to solve. Just saying that we will do it, or it will be soon, does not get the job done. First, there is the problem of gravitation to be solved. Who will solve it - and how?

First of all, let us get peace on this Earth planet. Let everyone, including nations, learn first to attend to their own business and keep their noses out of the affairs of others on all levels. Then we can turn to the other problems which are calling for our attention.

(Please consider this: A satellite or Space Station without complete control, either from within or from without, will never be a complete success for any purpose whatsoever, reports from so-called Space Experts to the contrary notwithstanding!)

We on this Earth have been confronted with problems from the beginning of time. When these problems have been properly assessed, the several aspects properly viewed, and then intelligently delved into, results have come forth. Results which brought hope of improvement, sometimes were such as to satisfy the discoverer, but later proved that our first ideas were just the beginning and not the ultimate. There is nothing that cannot be improved when the time comes that we need and will use that improvement!

From talking with many people, I am convinced that the world is ready, willing and anxious for a change - a peaceful change from the conditions existing on Earth now! It is not necessary to have a nuclear war causing mass-murders and contamination of everything by radioactivity in order to bring on the New Age. How many would be left alive to enjoy it, even if it could be done that destructive way? The few survivors would have to begin from scratch, starting civilization all over again, which would, no doubt, end the same way unless built upon firmer foundations of brotherly love and co-operation. I refer to "PLANETS IN ACTION."

People everywhere are disgusted with war and everything that goes with war, such as poverty, loss of loved ones, a general degrading of youth, anxiety and mistrust. They are tired of that which has been considered necessary - "regimentation," bringing a loss of civil rights. In each of the past two wars the American public has come out second best - or worse!

The general welfare of America at large is also overlooked. After a war, crime is prevalent, our young people are discouraged, they are displaced and generally feel a sense of insecurity. Let's all work towards an end to this situation forever!

Nearly every surviving veteran who has seen front line service suffers, at some time, what is termed "battle fatigue." During the First World War the terms were "shell shock," "war nerves" and "mental nervousness." Check with any Veterans' Hospital for verification of this statement.

During October, 1955, I had the pleasure of visiting friends in a remote section of the great Southwest Desert. I ran into a situation that I had never before given consideration. It was a living, walking fear! I was informed that Management was against Labor Unions and there was a fear of stool pigeons reporting any talk to the "brass." (I.e., talk about unionizing efforts.)

The men feared to take a day off lest the bosses would think they were looking for something better and they would be discharged. There was a general knowledge that the "status quo" had to be accepted, without recourse of any kind!

The management was careful to plan the campsite or village on their private domain where no one who was not acceptable, or amenable to their ideas would be able to live or work. (This is a mining camp near Bagdad, Arizona.) Water, electricity and even a plot of land for a house or a trailer were available only on Company property - this was a prison within a prison!

How long will supposedly "free" people stand for conditions of this nature, even if we accept the fact that the workers are well treated, wages are fair and living conditions are not intolerable? These people are indeed prisoners in a sense, for thoughts and ideas dare not be publicly discussed without fear of retaliation. This is certainly something to be ashamed of, particularly in America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave!" It seems as though we must be brave in order to be free!

We are not told the truth! "Hidden truths must be told," the editor of the Los Angeles Times said, November 17, 1955:

"Colorado Springs, Nov. 16, 1955 (AP): Mr. Coleman A. Harwell, of the Nashville Tennessean, told the Associated Press Managing Editors Association: 'Newspapers provide the very sinews of Democracy and they must get the news, however difficult it is to obtain. Insofar as one newspaper fails in its responsibility to America, Democracy is that much weakened and the "Voice of Democracy" loses that much of its effectiveness everywhere!'

"The duty of newspapers is to be strong and clear-voiced, applies not only to national affairs, but in the hundreds and hundreds of city councils, school boards, tax bodies and



other public groups throughout America. This entails getting and reporting the news, even if it occurs in 'hidden places.' In this aim, we must look to our own papers as sharply as we look to AP and to the extent that we have kept in view this dual responsibility to AP the year's work will have been successful.'

"His speech opened the annual meeting of the A.P.M.E. at the Broadmoore Hotel. Harwell is the chairman of the A.P.M.E.'s continuing study committee. In this program, managing editors annually examine the reporting job of the Associated Press, seeking ways to help the cooperative news agency to improve its service to its member newspapers and broadcasting stations.

"The president of the association, Mr. Vincent S. Jones, executive editor of the Gannett Newspapers, Rochester, N. Y., said: 'This meeting brings to a climax one of the most massive and monumental study projects in the organization's history. In it, one hundred and twenty members worked on a study of the AP press report.'

Anyone reading the newspapers from day to day will undoubtedly remember the denials and double-talk of some of our so-called top officials with reference to the reality of spacecraft in our skies. To get a better understanding of the men and officials who make these statements and denials, let us look back for a moment.

In a news report, our President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, when asked about "flying saucers," was reported as using this type of double-talk:

"I know a man in whom I have implicit faith and he says that he knows nothing of 'flying saucers.'"

These may or may not be the exact words, but follow the exact pattern of the words credited to him by the news service. If this is not pure double-talk, and entirely meaningless, I don't know what the words mean!

Another case of apparent denial was by the head or secretary of the Air Force in October or November of 1955. It was soon after he was appointed to this most important position from another unrelated job. His predecessor had resigned under pressure, having been accused of unethical practices, according to many newspapers. This successor, certainly an untrained man (untrained in this new position but able to carry on and advance politically due to prevailing conditions), after first commending the recently resigned official for his fine work in office, attempted to discredit all persons through-

out the United States who reported sighting or contacting space craft and Space travelers, including pilots of all types of planes, the Ground Observer Corps, the Filter Centers and all private citizens.

Remember this: There are flying saucer clubs set up to report sightings of space craft of every description (or U.F.O.'s, as officialdom calls them) all over the world, not just in America alone.

I can point out radar stations, costing millions of dollars, set up in remote areas where any enemy aircraft, to be picked up on these radar stations, would have to cross hundreds of miles of American territory! It just "doesn't make sense" to any thinker! (Near Kingman, Arizona, I have talked with men in military uniforms who told me that their assignment was "to watch for U.F.O.'s or what is known as flying saucers to civilians." This was in August and September, 1955. These men were unaware of my identify at the time.)

In addition to my own experiences, I have talked with dozens of pilots and literally hundreds of private citizens who have seen what they know to be space craft.

## CHAPTER XI

Many people have questioned me regarding news articles appearing in the various newspapers. To add comment without pointing out some of the details would be useless and, in all probability, misunderstood by a large percentage of the readers. Without mentioning any names, and most certainly without thought of harm, I will point out a few items that were in most newspapers, although the explicit details were couched in such terms that most readers overlooked the true facts.

In September, 1955, an article datelined Denver, Colorado, stated very clearly that a famous personality had been stricken, presumably by a heart attack. Everyone was expected to accept this statement as a physician's diagnosis. At that time no information was given that would tend to dispute this understanding.

However, from talks with four medical doctors, in widely separated areas, I was led to believe that this personality did not suffer what is generally termed a heart attack, but, in fact, was receiving treatment from specialists known to be experts in "mechanical damage," such as might be suffered through gunshot or knife-inflicted damage!

I watched the papers for further news in an effort to determine if this could be the situation in this case. Before too much time had elapsed, I noted in the Los Angeles Times an article, released in Boston, which stated that a famous specialist seemed to "smell a rat," and placed an article in the American Medical Journal stating (according to the Times) that the American public had not been told the truth regarding the "illness" of a recently demised leader, nor the truth about this Denver "personality." Of the latter, his statement was: "The treatment reported in the papers did not coincide with known Medical Science" regarding the reported condition of the patient!

To further confuse the issue, sometime later a South or Central American country reported the shooting and injury of a high official who was reported to have died of his injuries. Was it merely coincidence that the same doctors serving in Denver were reported to have been dispatched to serve this gunshot stricken official?

I recently read that congressmen were briefed by spokesmen for the present administration on certain appropriations. After agreeing on the basis of the previous year's amount, they suddenly became aware that, in fact, they were agreeing to a doubling of that amount! Of course this could have been gross misunderstanding and not deceit.



About a week before the 1956 general election, a health report was concerning the victim of the heart attack above mentioned, and it was reported in the Prescott Evening Courier and many other papers: "A well-healed scar on the heart muscle tissue was observed!" This was in X-ray examination it stated. This statement would only add to the confusion in regard to the ailment! My question is, "What can we believe from the newspapers?"

As this book is concerned mainly with U.F.O.'s or Space craft and their occupants, I do not wish to sidetrack the readers unnecessarily. However, as newspapers in general have given short shrift to most saucer news, and those supplying it, as well as a general denial of their existence by certain officials, I wish to point out that recently the picture "U.F.O." was viewed by myself and many others locally. My personal reaction is that the picture tends to belittle any but Government official sightings, which were conveniently picked up on radar screens, giving little or no credence to the many sightings and actual visitations just beyond the scope of radar. Our greatest immediate need is for all the world's population to be supplied with personal portable radar sets with attached cameras and a certified witnessing device!

#### THE WEATHER

It seems there's always a question of weather,  
And it's no different where I go,  
There's some that inquire of sunshine and rainfall,  
Others just ask of the snow.

There's some who ask how our crops do,  
At certain times of the moon;  
Others may inquire of the harvest,  
And also ask, "How soon?"

I've been in many parts of the country  
And I've found it always the same.  
A stranger asks of the damage,  
If it suddenly starts to rain.

They ask if your buildings are wired for lightning,  
They seem sure it's going to strike.  
An inquiry is made of the wages,  
And if there's recently been a hike.

There are some who ask how the roads are  
In every kind of a storm,  
While others inquire of our slickers,  
And if hip boots are ever worn.

One man asks if the creek runs  
Every time it rains;  
Another inquires of the farm's slope,  
And if it readily drains.

One man just asked if our roof leaks,  
And if we ever see the stars at night;  
Another has mentioned "storm cellar,"  
And if it's stocked up just right.

I always search for an answer,  
While living in Arizona, you know,  
There's seldom any rainfall,  
And rarely any snow.

The rowboat that's parked in the garden  
Was placed there just in case,  
If the good Lord should make an error,  
And send a cloudburst down,  
We could all jump in our little ark in haste,  
And none of us would drown!

(August, 1958)

By December, 1956, much had taken place to give both hope and despair to the thinking people of the world.

There were threats and rumors of war, as well as actual fighting and invasion. Previously, we have always called this type of maneuvering, "war." For some unknown reason the term "war" has not been used in most of the reports from the "front."

Ships were reported sunk by bombing, gunfire and scuttling throughout the length of the Suez Canal, but it was not called "war." WHY?

At the same time, Russia was battling the Hungarians in Hungary. After about a week of killing and destruction, the Russians announced publicly that they were withdrawing from Hungary, and apparently they started to do so. However, it turned out to be what was probably the world's greatest hoax!

The apparent withdrawal threw the Hungarian patriots offguard, and the Russian Bear, with sharpened claws, turned about-face and went to work on a defenseless and bewildered people. The results were appalling!

Those able to face this Russian might did just that, with all the de-termination possible and equipment available. There was little or no leadership as the appointed leaders were lined up with the Russian Bear, believing the promises of the power-drunk leaders of Russia.

Those poor unfortunate victims of aggression called to the West for help. They needed food, clothing, war material and money to survive. Yet, they line up in peacetime with a known enemy of Humanity! The cards are on the table in plain view - Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany - all victims of this reckless, cruel hierarchy of death!

Why do these nations fall in line and become bosom buddies with a nation that is known to crush, to destroy, to hate and to endanger the life of any nation with whom they pretend to become friends?

Money will not help them. Food will not prevent it. War material becomes a liability when it falls into the hands of the enemy.

The people of all nations inherently learn to follow the leader. Their leader, be he or she good or bad, they will gamble their very lives on him. They certainly are not chosen because of their intelligence. Most of this type of leadership stems from the ability of puppets of hate to hoodwink the people of their nation. Their plan is and always has been the same - to join, coerce, conquer, and DESTROY.

They implore some unsuspecting nation to feed and clothe and re-arm either themselves or their new puppet. We conquered and rearmed Germany two times. We rearmed both Russia and Japan with giveaway, lend-lease in the Second World War. At one period we were sending help to both Egypt and Israel at the same time! This was mainly in the form of war products in an effort to help keep peace!

What goes?

One school in each country, equipped to teach five thousand students on a year around basis, would cost less to erect and maintain than a couple of first line bombers. But who THINKS constructively of education? It doesn't make the ready dollars for money-mad leaders. Also, schools of this type just MIGHT bring a new concept of understanding to people of the world which would make wars improbable or impossible!

According to correspondent Polyzoides in the Los Angeles Times of December 5, 1956, Britain was practically broke and in dire need of both oil and finances - this less than a month after the joint failure of the Anglo-French fiasco in Egypt! It is just another case where Uncle Sam had to come to the rescue with both merchandise and money, even though



their debts to America were defaulted or, when paid, done so with our own money which they borrow.

## "THE PROMISED DAY IS COME

"A tempest, unprecedented in its violence, unpredictable in its course, catastrophic in its immediate effects, unimaginably glorious in its ultimate consequence, is at present on the face of the Earth!

"Its driving power is remorselessly gaining in range and momentum. Its cleansing force, whoever much detached, is increasing with every passing day. Humanity, gripped within the clutches of its devastating power, is smitten by the evidences of its resistless fury. It can neither perceive its origin, nor probe its significance, nor discern its outcome.

"Bewildered, agonized and helpless, it watches this great and mighty wind of God invading the remotest and fairest regions of the Earth, rocking its foundations, deranging its equilibrium, sundering its nations, disrupting the homes of its peoples, wasting its cities, driving into exile its kings, pulling down its bulwarks, uprooting its institutions, dimming its lights and harrowing up the souls of its inhabitants."

(With grateful appreciation for permission to use this excerpt from "THE PROMISED DAY IS COME," by Shoghi Effendi, given by Baha'i Publishing Trust, Wilmette, Illinois, 1954.)

Our daily and weekly papers, our magazines, radio, television, are all painting a picture that will eventually catch our attention. The world's news is graphically told day by day to all who read, listen, or look. How do we accept this news? Is it just something to help us pass the time during the day, or is it something for us - as individual American citizens - to think about? Does it really concern us? If so, is there anything we can do to change it? Or should we just listen to it, forget it, or hope for the best?

The present day news tells of other nations, some of whom are supposedly our friends, shooting down our planes and occupants, while others kidnap our citizens and even our service men. Is there anything that can be done?

Some of our highest government officials are ignored, humiliated, stoned, spat upon, cursed, and subjected to every indignity possible! Why is this permitted in an "enlightened" twentieth century?

Another question arises. Are we, as occupants of the Planet Earth, advancing or suffering retrogression, based on medieval or prehistoric Earth beings?

The answer to me seems clear. I hope that many of my friends will also see the "handwriting on the wall" and take a constructive interest in the hope of making a better world - while we **STILL HAVE A WORLD TO WORK WITH!**

All Earth people know that both America and Russia have the potential power in nuclear, thermonuclear and other means, to actually destroy all life on this planet and perhaps, in the process, destroy the planet itself!

I grant that only an idiot would dare loose this power upon the Earth and its people - but are we sure that those in control of these powers are not idiots?

I do not possess the answer to the above question, and I doubt if any living soul has the answer. It will be manifested by those holding the key to the power to destroy.

Another question: Is there anything that living Earth people could do to diminish this threat of destruction? My answer is "yes."

We must delve into and learn the reason why this threat is hanging over the heads of the Earth's populace today. We have attempted to create a unity of people and nations. The organization known as "The League of Nations" was formed, to be followed by "The Triple Entente." There were also many other names purporting to show unity of people or nations. Today we have what is known as "The United Nations."

Those of us who can THINK for ourselves, with open minds, know that in fact there is no such thing as unity of anything on the planet Earth. Nations are constantly bickering with other nations or within their own boundaries. Practically all nations, large or small, are split up into two or more political factions that are almost always at each other's throats. Within the various nations themselves, we have religious factions which constantly attack one another, although in a more subtle manner. These groups pretend to be working toward the same end, but true unity is not yet present.

There is yet another situation in the United States which prevents the unity which we all know must prevail if we are to survive and eventually rise to what will be known as a stable united America. I speak of **RACE DISTINCTION** or **DISCRIMINATION**. This attitude is more pronounced in some areas than in others. Only tolerance, intelligence and acceptance -

through constructive education - will be the ultimate answer.

We will eventually find that this problem may well be the answer to Human progress or regression. United we stand or divided we fall. Our national enemies will take full advantage of racial mistrust and could well devise a method of conquering through division of races without placing their own men or guns on a battlefield.

Two other factors which cause divisions among people are POVERTY and ILLITERACY - which also spell IGNORANCE and INTOLERANCE. These, too, can divide and conquer a nation bloodlessly.

ALERTNESS TO REALITY IS THE PRICE OF ULTIMATE SURVIVAL!

During the past two years rockets and other soaring paraphernalia have attracted the world's attention. Many recognize to some extent the brainwashing concerning this particular phase of our scientific developments. Many scientists and news analysts, as well as those who are jumping on the current bandwagon, are giving their all to explain to the reading public their ideas on space, spacecraft and the personnel concerned.

Some devote their time to picturing the clothing or type of apparatus that creates fantasy for people to read and regard with a great deal of awe. Much of this space clothing has been pictured as cumbersome and appearing like marine diving suits. Others are described as metallic with ground joint swivels at wrists, elbows, shoulders, neck and also at the ankles, knees and hips. Still other writers and/or artists portray more of a Robin Hood effect. Another group pictures the future space traveler garbed in what might be called pressurized tights. These tights are described as manufactured from a rubberized fabric of great strength and also as having circular ribs at all joints or moving or movable areas.

Many writers dwell on what they term "space medicine." Others use all sorts of mechanisms such as kites, rockets, flying cylinders, etc., to illustrate the feasibility of Space travel. One arrangement shows a plot, several acres in size and laid out in sections separated by walkways, etc. A "Rube Goldberg" system of spheres or cylinders connected by very large tubing has been shown which allows occupants a choice of cabin accommodations while traveling to the Moon, Mars, or some other predesignated planet.

During the summer and fall of 1958, many articles have appeared regarding the first outer space passengers. There have been at least two experiments keeping men enclosed in "space chambers" for extended periods of time.

There always has been and probably always will be considerable



humor in any discussion of Space craft. Some of this humor is due to skepticism. Some is due to lack of knowledge, and some is "sour grapes."

A minister of Manhattan Beach, California, placed an advertisement in the Redondo Daily Breeze that his next sermon would be on Space craft which would rescue a few deserving people just before the total annihilation took place. I tried to telephone his home but was unable to reach him. Later I talked with his daughter telling her I had written a book describing my personal experiences and asked if the minister would accept a copy. I was politely informed that the minister did accept free gifts. I then arranged to deliver my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," to their home.

I received no note of thanks or other acknowledgment and thought perhaps the minister had not received the book. About a month later another advertisement, similar to the first, appeared in the paper stating the minister would preach another sermon on the subject of "Flying Saucers and Space People."

After several attempts at contacting him, I finally talked over the phone and introduced myself. As this was the second sermon advertised, I assumed that the minister had some factual and interesting information. I mentioned that I had donated the book and received the unusual answer that he had read it but did not believe any of its contents. I suggested that perhaps I might explain some of it to him. His abrupt statement was: "I do not believe in anything that I have not seen or cannot place my hands on!"

I was more than amazed at this statement, particularly since it came from an ordained minister. I inquired if I were speaking to a minister and was given an affirmative answer. I then inquired if he believed in God. His answer was also in the affirmative. Then I asked if he had ever seen or placed his hands on God, and his answer was negative. Next I asked how he could advertise and preach about something he did not believe in. His answer was, "You have me so confused now that I do not know what to say. Now I don't know what I believe in!"

Another minister from a large church in Los Angeles, California, who visited at our home in Redondo Beach, invited me to speak of my experiences with the Saucer People in the Church where he served as assistant pastor. The pastor of the church was a very dynamic figure and his sermons were broadcast on radio to nearby cities. He discussed Space craft and their occupants quite freely in his sermons and his congregation was quite interested. The assistant pastor became disturbed during our conversation. He stopped talking and I could see that he was in deep thought. He then stated that he had just come to the conclusion that if these Space craft had occupants they must be of the devil and if they appeared to be good or friendly, they could only be of a deceitful nature and could mean no good to the world!

I asked why he had suddenly come to this conclusion and he stated: "In going to their planet they had been reported as going straight up, and if this were true, they would be interfering with Heaven and the angels that were there!" He stated that any Spacecraft traveling to another planet would, if righteous, have to travel horizontally so as not to interfere with Heaven.

I was astounded at this man's attitude and apparent lack of knowledge of facts. I asked if he believed that Heaven was an actual location in our sky and that people there flew around with wings, as angels are pictured. He stated very emphatically that this was his opinion. Then I inquired if he thought that those not eligible for Heaven were in holes somewhere below the Earth's surface and were being burned by sulphur and brimstone. This, he said, was his opinion. I told him my opinion was quite different and nothing would be gained by my speaking in his church.

It is a well known fact that any given point that is straight up to us at any given time will approximately be straight down in twelve hours!

Many attempts have been made to hoodwink a gullible public by both the pro and con sides of the saucer controversy. There have been balloons with flares attached, photo-flash power set off on the ground and other pranks near groups which were gathered to observe flying saucers. This was countered in a measure by building a single large disc-topped airplane which was heralded as a flying radar laboratory. If this were intended to fool the public and cause them to report sightings of flying saucers, it most certainly fulfilled its purpose. Several persons have told me that during its flight it had been put through a series of maneuvers that would tend to make the uninitiated report something in the sky which they could not identify. The officials could then capitalize on these "sightings."

In July, 1954, I was told by civilian personnel at Ground Observer Corps installations (Scotts Valley near Santa Cruz, California) that jet planes were ordered to intercept U.F.O.'s reported by the observers on duty. This was verified by the group observer. I have watched jet planes endeavoring to intercept much faster flying objects which easily out-distanced the jets.

Dr. Lee DeForest predicts that man will make a round trip to the Moon within the next fifty years. He can only mean Earth man in an Earth made vehicle, as, to my personal knowledge, the Moon has been visited innumerable times by the Clarionites.

Reverend Leon C. LeVan, of the New Jerusalem Christian Church in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, believes in investigating saucer reports because it is a tenet of his religion that other planets are inhabited.

According to the Los Angeles Times, dated November 1, 1956, Dr. Ernest Stulinger, director of research projects for the Army at Huntsville, Alabama, believes that Mars is within reach of man and that flight will start in about forty-five years, the trip taking Earth man about one year. My only comment is that Earth man's speed is quite slow compared to Captain AURA's quoted time of two days of leisurely travel.

The United States Government has recently enacted a "Space Advisory Committee" and Vice President Nixon has appointed several senators to serve on this new group.

Our allies in the NSTO group have decided to use atomic weapons to insure peace. War to make PEACE is the age-old solution and makes sense only when spelled in dollars and cents. THINK!

From Houston, Texas, comes an article stating that in Space travel one would dehydrate and curl and wizen like a mummy. None of the Clarionites appeared to have suffered in such manner and certainly none complained of it.

A newspaper of February 25, 1957 states that Space travel is just around the corner but should be restricted to a 200-mile elevation. My comment is that if a rocket launched space craft which left Earth at midnight and went straight up for twelve hours it would actually be headed straight down at noon the next day.

The Evansville, Indiana, press of December 23, 1954, gives a Washington UP dispatch stating that "Biological (germ) warfare will practically be a certainty in any new general war." Germs have no recollection of friends or distances and would probably strike both sides simultaneously. A horrible thought!

The Riverside, California, Enterprise of March 15, 1955, in a report of the Spacecraft Convention held at Giant Rock Airport near Yucca Valley, California, states that a weather balloon drifted across the desert and was thought by many to have been a spacecraft. In my estimation this was released by a bureau for the purpose of deceiving those who were hoping to see a saucer.

The following letter appeared in the Evansville, Indiana, Press of January 4, 1955, under the heading of "Inhabitable Worlds."

"After hearing and reading so many flying saucer stories here of late I thought it might be of general interest to quote several statements from Guy's Astronomy, published in 1832, which I recently found in a box of old books. The author didn't



anticipate any visitors from other planets but he did seem to think most of them were inhabited. If those old astronomers were around today most of them would no doubt be staunch enthusiasts. Here are a few interesting paragraphs:

"Some of the mountains in the Moon were formerly supposed to be five miles high, but Dr. Herschel has determined that very few of them exceed half a mile in perpendicular elevation. He has observed several volcanoes in the Moon emitting fire, as those on the Earth do. Two of them appeared to him nearly extinct, but a third showed an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter. The sun and stars rise and set to the inhabitants of the Moon in a manner similar to what they do to us, and we are to conclude that, like the Earth, the Moon is also inhabited."

"If the axis of this planet (Jupiter) were inclined to his orbit any considerable number of degrees, it might be less habitable about the poles, for then each pole would be nearly six years together in darkness. The inhabitants of Jupiter receive but a 25th part of the sun's light and heat that we enjoy."

"The Herschel, or Uranus, has six satellites. Though the light of these satellites or moons is, as Dr. Herschel observes, extremely faint, yet they are probably of great benefit to the inhabitants of that planet, for it is reasonable to conclude that there is scarcely any part of his orb but what is constantly enlightened by one or the other of them."

"As a conclusion, the following statements are the most astonishing of all:

"To the Sun our Earth is indebted for light and heat, life and vegetation, and without its genial influence it would become a dark inert mass, yet Dr. Herschel supposes the Sun to be an opaque body surrounded by a lucid and transparent atmosphere, by the decomposition of which, light is produced; that this luminary differs little in his nature from the planets, and that it is an inhabitable world."

The Arizona Republic (Phoenix) of December 13, 1958, via UP states:

"The Air Force yesterday abandoned plans for developing the Goose, a long range ~~ground-to-air~~ decoy missile, designed to confuse enemy air defense systems. Also another

air-to-ground missile was cancelled November 29 after about 15 million dollars were spent for research and development."

My opinion is that we could do much better using these millions for education to eliminate the need for warfare and its multiplication of death and destruction.

Another Republic item states that there is fear among American scientists that Russia will land personnel on the Moon ahead of America, and that the lunar area should be given a status of free state or open territory for all Earth nations. They are desirous that this should be agreed to and placed in writing on paper immediately. (Comment: Yet these same scientists reject the thought of Space travel except when it is broached by themselves.)

An article in the Republic of October 21, 1958, headlines an article: "Life On Other Planets? Let's Go and See." It then proceeds to say that America's top space planner states that there may very well be life on other planets; we can't wait for them to come here but must go there and see for ourselves. Science, he states, believes that there are hundreds of thousands of planets suitable for life. Also, he believes that Space Beings might never think of visiting our Earth.

That the world is becoming "PEACE CONSCIOUS" is shown by the activity by peace groups all over the world. A Detroit, Michigan, group marched, on a Labor Day, with placards asking for "SCHOOLS, NOT MISSILES," and "PEACE BUDGET, NOT WAR BUDGET." Other placards said: "WITHDRAW OUR TROOPS FROM FOREIGN SOIL AND SEAS," and "JOBS FOR PEACE NOT FOR WAR WORK." How long can our government officials close their eyes to these pleadings?

Dr. I. M. Levitt, who is director of the Franklin Institute Planetarium in Philadelphia, has an article in the Phoenix, Arizona, Republic of September 28, 1958. It states that there will be no "drive-ins" awaiting Space travelers and, therefore, eating will be a big problem in Space. No place to stop and get a hamburger! The paper shows a picture of a Space passenger dreaming of turkey dinner with wine or champagne as a chaser on his long, lonely voyage. The article points out that the voyager will probably have to be satisfied with a diet of shredded paper towels and sugar or water.

I presume that he has notified the Spreckles Sugar Company and the Scott Paper Towel Company of his brainstorm so they may lay in a supply for those desiring a trip with this preselected diet. He also gives a list of vitamins and minerals that read like the annual inventory of Merck and Company, drug manufacturers. He concludes with the horrible thought, through inference, that Space travelers must have cast iron stomachs and

plugged nostrils, stating that all waste would somehow have to be utilized.

The Los Angeles Times of May 29, 1955, quotes a biologist, Frank B. Salisbury, as stating: "Intelligent beings are conceivable on Mars, despite the supposed lack of oxygen." He further states that the Martian vegetation appears to be flourishing instead of just surviving.

A report in the Joshua Tree, California, Desert Journal states that a space craft or flying saucer hovered over buildings in that town, having been seen by several persons before speeding away to the north. This town is in a California desert area and many sightings have been reported there.

The Arizona Republic of December 12, 1958, quotes Senator Bird of Virginia as stating that the United States is at a level of socialism. Bird is quoted as saying that the economy is burdened by a total indebtedness of close to ONE TRILLION DOLLARS!

The San Francisco, California, Examiner of May 22, 1955, gives a report by Dorothy Kilgallen, New York Journal-American staff correspondent, and distributed by INS, relative to her visit to England with her husband. She said, "I can report today on a story which is positively spooky, not to mention chilling." She continues that British scientists and airmen are convinced that certain strange aerial objects are not optical illusions or Soviet inventions, but are actually what we call "flying saucers", which originate on another planet.

Her information was from a gentleman of high rank who wished to remain unidentified. This gentlemen quoted scientists as saying that the type of craft viewed could not possibly have been constructed on Earth. (Comment: How long will fully enlightened people prefer silence and prolong superstition, ignorance and intolerance rather than confront a belicose public with plain facts?)

The Prescott Evening Courier of February 6, 1956, contains an article headed Williams Bay, Wisconsin, by AP: "Dr. Gerald P. Kuiper of Yerkes Observatory says our solar system has only eight instead of nine planets. Dr. Kuiper said Pluto is in reality only one of Neptune's satellites or moons." His decision was reached in connection with two other astronomers of Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona."

I also have a news article that states in London at a Five-Power meeting, the United States suggested that all intercontinental guided missiles should be banned from warfare. I firmly believe that it is about time for a semblance of knowledge to be shown - while there is yet time and people available to discuss the situation and arrive at a decision to ban all warfare.



## PART FIVE: WHAT THE SPACE PEOPLE WANT

### CHAPTER XII

Every day brings the problem of radioactive fallout more to the attention of the public. The controversy over the continuation of atomic tests has reached a crisis. Geneticists now claim every atomic test means an increased number of stillborn or abnormal babies and deformed children due to genetic damage causing mutations. Can we afford to disregard these tragedies to present and future generations of all living creatures?

Furthermore, atomic tests appear to have far-reaching effects on the entire planet! Unusual weather conditions, increasing earthquakes, changing ocean currents, and disturbances throughout the entire world indicate that Nature is in revolt against Man's wilfulness.

It is said that the Space People have repeatedly stressed the danger of atomic tests, especially the H-bombs. They have stated, so it is quoted, that the planet Earth, in common with the rest of our solar system, is now passing through an area in Space where cosmic radiations are excessively high and our destructive experiments in nuclear devices are increasing an already dangerous situation.

The Space People have further stated that we have, as yet, little understanding of the dangers of indulging our taste for destruction, be it the destruction of an atom or a planet. To destroy is to invite destruction.

Much is being done on our planet to pervert and suppress the truth concerning radiation dangers. I implore our scientists to recognize the TRUTH, release it to the citizenry, and demand adherence to common sense tactics by all agencies.

I quote from a letter sent to me by Bernard Jensen, of Hidden Valley Ranch, Escondido, California:

"As we go through life, we often find ourselves confronted with problems. We are confronted with obstacles; we are confronted with suggestions; we are confronted with the day ahead or that which has just passed. Then, at last, there comes a time in our lives when we begin to realize that if we had had the wisdom that we have at this moment, we could have made our past a good deal different.

"Now, HOW ARE WE GOING TO MEET THAT MOMENT which confronts us, which is immediately ahead of us? You know, it is wonderful to become aware of the fact that we have a free moment ahead of us - that we live in a free moment - and that there are sixty free moments awaiting us in that next hour.

"But, when we have become wise, when we have awakened to the fact that all things in Nature are made up of positive and negative influences, when we realize that the negative person is the misfit in life, we have come to the recognition of the choice of right and wrong! The right choice is the King's Highway - a straight Highway - with no left or right. We have finally gone through enough in life to want the uplifted message - to want to go straight to a thing without thinking it over in doubt and confusion. We have finally gone through enough in life, to be tired of fixing up shadows, and to be tired of being down!

"We have come to the realization that there is an UP and a DOWN - a DAY and a NIGHT - that all electricity has the positive and the negative influences. Is it possible then, that as we go through life, as we think our problems out, that we probably are not taking the finest path, or holding onto the best things, or taking care of that which should be taken care of?

"Most of us are living in an imprisoned viewpoint, and to gain release from this prison is to wear the new slipper, is to come out of the desert, is to put on the new garment, is to cast off the old. To learn to live a different life is to recognize that there are two of us, i.e., our perfection, which is found in the TRUTH deep within ourselves, and our physical and mental being, which is the opposite of the TRUTH.

"This opposite expression of each one of us is not the whole thing - it is only part of the TRUTH, part of the Divine expression, expression so much greater than we are. If we could only realize that all parts of us can be made whole again, merely by holding onto that which is the hub of the wheel, the DIVINE expression within us.

"When we have come to the place in life where we realize that no one can hurt a spiritual man, no one can say a bad word and make it stick where it does not belong, truly, then, we have realized that it is our own selves who have to make the change. We have come to the realization that WE ALONE are the ones who imprison our viewpoint - we alone can make our happiness and can seek out either HEAVEN or HELL. We have come to know that within our own consciousness we can enlarge our viewpoint and now we have the power to reach out and become what we want to be.

"We are now on our way to living the higher values of life because we are reaching for the God, above and within."

The Arizona Republic of December 14, 1958, carried a story headed, "Wonders of the Universe," the story is credited to Dr. Levitt, of the Franklin Institute Planetarium of Philadelphia, and pictures vaguely a part of a sphere, supposedly representing the Earth, Moon or some other celestial body. Above is a sketch of an object resembling a trailer house without wheels and a circular or globe-like object similar to a dimpled golf ball. The caption under the picture states in part that satellites will have balloon-like trailers tagging along to furnish power for the satellites' instruments.

The article ends with this statement: "Only the imagination of man limits the application of future satellites."

The Arizona Republic of December 16, 1958, heads an article, "Device Would Propel Ship Through Space." The article is datelined Los Alamos, New Mexico, by AP. In brief, the article states that nuclear scientists say that they could construct a solar sail that would empower a space ship with power from the Sun. When launched into Space, it would be able to travel indefinitely and perhaps a round trip to Mars could be made in less than three years. This is probably similar to Dr. Levitt's idea previously quoted, but these gentlemen do not speak of circles or spheres and there was no balloon-like object mentioned.

I stress the statement made to me by Captain AURA RHANES: "The Earth planet will NEVER HAVE TRUE SPACE TRAVEL until first there is a UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The percentage of successful long range rocket launchings have been almost negligible. The money expended for investigation, research, building, and launching would have bankrupted most nations. The problem of landing, refueling and relaunching has not been considered. No animal, whether rat, monkey, cat or dog, has been rocketed any considerable distance and survived. None have been recovered for examination or study.

The Arizona Republic of May 20, 1958, contained an article headed "United States Needs Independent Thinkers, Parent Teachers Association Is Told." The article, released in Omaha through International News Service, states that a vice president of the DePont Company calls on the nations' schools to turn out "a generation of men and women who are able to think independently," and who will "resist anyone who tries to force them into a mold." I presume he means to see and recognize facts in spite of what is told and/or shown in papers, on radio and television.

In the United States practically all news releases by radio or television are commented on in one manner or another by the person giving the news. This has become so commonplace that it is mostly overlooked and the public is placed right in the mold that the article deplores.



On a news broadcast, December 17, 1958, the commentator stated that one man was replacing another in the Chinese government. That was the total news value. However, he continued: "He will probably be just as bad as the one replaced." This is another example of brainwashing and is "hate propaganda." When we consider that other nations use these same tactics, we wonder how people from all over the world will be able to escape this mind-molding of hate and suspicion. As the previous article mentioned stated, WE NEED TO BE INDEPENDENT THINKERS!

It was stated on a radio news broadcast that on several occasions our bombers were dispatched "towards Russia," fully loaded with nuclear or thermonuclear bombs, and that as soon as our planes were picked up on Russian radar, they too dispatched an equal number of planes, also loaded with bombs, towards America. Only when they were in sight of each others' vapor trails were they ordered to return to their respective bases.

Toying with mass-destructive elements may appear to some to be a workable bluff, but things can change in seconds or less. Imagine a malfunction of radio transmission to the planes from the air base headquarters, or a crossup of reception by the planes, or a faked message from some prankster or crankster! Any of these things, or a myriad of other possible slip-ups are not beyond the range of possibility. In any one split second all "HELL" could break loose.

An article in The Arizona Republic headed "Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina (AP)" says in part that an Oklahoma senator believes a piloted aircraft will travel in outer space within a year. Outer space, in this article, is presumed to be 100 miles altitude and a speed of 3,600 miles per hour is predicted. This, to me, shows the immaturity of thought with our high echelon of science and government officials. All this expensive equipment would not equal the children's toys in Clarion.

There is a peculiar trend among nations today. Everyone swears that world peace is the utmost desire of every people and every nation. On the other hand, each nation accuses every other nation of fomenting war and hate by certain peculiar actions that are termed detrimental to peace. This seesawing of such activity appears to be related to the old confidence game of matching pennies. In this case, the culprits (the nations' leaders) work hand in hand against their own respective constituents.

We may truly be approaching the "LAST DAYS," as they are referred to in the Bible - wars and rumors of wars, etc., etc. I am not a student of the Bible to the degree that I can quote passages that are pertinent, I do know that the situation at hand may well be described as the last days for Man!

Consider for a moment the changes in morals and their degeneration during the past fifty years. Pre-teen-age girls and boys smoke openly. We

accept immoral and untruthful advertising of commodities. Motion pictures carry such titles as "She Is My Wife, So Kill Her Gently," "Teen Age Frankenstein," and "Screaming Skulls." All of these things are accepted today as not being wrong, indecent, sensuous or alarming. Fifty years ago anyone daring to use or display such filth would have been expunged from society! Men have been tarred and feathered for a less offense against Humanity than what is being foisted upon the public today through motion pictures and television.

The radio broadcasts of December 19, 1958, stressed the fact that a huge rocket had been launched into orbit around the Earth and its time cycle is approximately 100 minutes. The size of the rocket and the power necessary to keep it aloft were described. There was much secrecy attending the preparations before and during launching. The orbit was expected to last for twenty days. It is presumed that total destruction will be its lot on re-entry into our Earth's atmosphere.

This would indicate that we of Earth are still a long way from actual Space travel, for surely travel entails the necessity of a safe return trip. If our scientists are so certain the rocket will deteriorate or burn up on re-entry of our atmosphere, what would prevent the same result when it leaves our atmosphere belt on its outward flight?

The presumption of speed in our oxygen-filled atmosphere would be the determining factor of destruction. Are we who think to overlook this fact? To the best of my knowledge, no scientist or radio announcer has touched on this subject.

Just to have an object traveling around in a circle - uncontrolled and obviously uncontrollable - will never herald the advent of Space travel. It is also stated that this rocket or satellite is tumbling end-over-end as it goes its merry way around our Earth. As it is equipped with both radio sending and receiving equipment and a tape recorder, it probably is singing the time away with "Here I go on my merry perigee and now on my happy epigree." Another song that could be broadcast is, "Here I go, merrily tumbling on my way, and as there is no direction in Space, I may stay up or down another day!"

I believe that the world is at the crossroads of KNOWLEDGE versus IGNORANCE. LIFE and PROGRESSION - or DEATH and DESTRUCTION! This applies to ALL PEOPLE and the ENTIRE EARTH PLANET.

Surely the Space People are now extending their influence as never before. Our late news tells of unbelievable trips into the stratosphere via open balloons and by sealed gondolas hoisted by balloons into heights heretofore unattained by Man.

We are toying on the threshold of Space with several types of jet and rocket powered aircraft. Level flight speed of one thousand miles per hour was predicted, just a few years ago, for about the year 1975. This speed, however, has been reached and passed with what might be termed conventional means or methods. Actually, news broadcasts have mentioned speeds near twenty-five hundred miles per hour as nearing reality.

To close one's eyes to the progress and potentialities of further progress is sheer folly. We cannot say this progress has come all at once. It is an ever prevalent item. It is true that in some instances there has been more progress made in certain fields of endeavor during short periods of time. However, the ground work of progress is eternally advancing, with time and necessity and desire being the contributing factors for attainment.

When we have a tranquil and peaceful world where mutual understanding prevails between all nations, I sincerely believe that our scientists, working as a unit, will solve many of the problems connected with Space travel. We will then be on the threshold of TRUE space travel.

This Space travel will not be powered by jet motors or rockets or by nuclear or thermonuclear means - or some other fantastic brain child. THE ACTUAL POWER USED WILL BE THE SAME AS USED BY OUR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL FRIENDS AND VISITORS TODAY! It will truly be CONTROLLED GRAVITY. Also, it will be discovered that our preconceived ideas of problems existing in outer space which adversely affect space travel are non-existent.

The Arizona Republic, October 8, 1958, (AP) reports that John Alvin Johnson was appointed as general counsel of the new National Aeronautical and Space Administration. The Administration stated that the new counsel would assume office about October 27. This, in itself, probably is of small importance to the general public. However, it is important that Johnson changed from Air Force employment to that of National Space Administration, which is also a branch of our government.

To those of us who know the REALITY of flying saucers, this announcement is not surprising, but to those who have been reluctant to believe, this action is practically cramming it down their throats. Our Air Force executives have steadfastly denied any truth in Space reports. Continued denial would now admit fraud on the part of those setting up this Space Administration.

In a Los Angeles paper datelined San Diego, July 19, 1955 (AP) it is reported that Dr. Hans R. Frederich, a rocket engineer, stated in a talk to college students that he rather approved putting Spacecraft passengers of the future into artificial hibernation by means of drugs or hypnotism. This would tend to calm any interference of passengers with the crew and cut down on



food, etc. He further stated that an estimated time for a round trip would take two years. The passenger gate for doctors and hypnotists, together with their apparatus and sleep potions and tranquilizer drugs is to the left of main gate - and they should remember to bring an extra change of clothing and their own reading material, as well as a quantity of "No Doze" tablets for their own use. All aboard for Mars!

There has been considerable interest shown in the two visits that Captain AURA made to me in Prescott. There was a peculiar difference in the visits of December 1 and December 5, 1955. First of all, she walked right into my room and awakened me by saying, "Do you remember me?" At least, those are the first words that I remember hearing. My answer was, "How could anyone forget?"

Then she stated her reason for being there was: "WE ARE CONCERNED WITH THE PEACE OF YOUR WORLD!" She had never mentioned concern in any of the previous eleven visits. Also, she did not rhyme any words of her conversation as she had in all previous visits. Also, she did not show any gaiety in her talk - she appeared to be deadly serious.

I told her of several messages from others who wished me to relay them to her. To my surprise she declined them with the statement: "I am aware of the contents of each." She stated she had only one thing to discuss and that was "PEACE FOR YOUR WORLD."

She told me to start a SANCTUARY OF THOUGHT where all people could come and discuss ways to attain and maintain WORLD PEACE, where fear would not be a factor and where poverty or riches, race or creed, would be neither an asset nor a liability. In a sense, this was probably the greatest assignment ever given a person on this Earth.

On the December 1 visit she stated that she would return shortly with additional information - and she did return on December 5. This was the last time I have seen her and she remained only about fifteen minutes. Before taking leave she very emphatically stated, "When you need additional information, I will return."

During this last and shortest visit, she stated that when I made this situation known to the world's people, they would swarm to assist in this program. Also she told me I should be sure to obtain sufficient ground area for expansion of the project.

During the December 1 visit, Captain AURA stated that WORLD PEACE would never be realized through the actions of any nation's leaders - but rather only through MASS THINKING and DESIRE BY THE MULTITUDES - FOR PEACE.

She said that the world's leaders were all alike: "Bed-buddies and are not truly concerned about war or peace." I can say from my observations since, she fully knew the details of which she spoke.

A question concerning "levitation" has arisen many times. I presume the word "levitation," when used in this manner, suggests that any object concerned with float and travel without any apparent power such as is known to Earth people. If this is the true interpretation, then the Scow could presumably be said to have been levitated. However, on the other hand, our science would not substantiate this presumption. Therefore, we can only truthfully say that their science has discovered a method of power as yet unknown to any Earth person.

CONTROL OF GRAVITY and MAGNETIC CONTROL were both mentioned to me by the Captain - and who am I to deny her statements?

There has been much speculation as to what will occur when the first Earth man lands on the Moon. I have been told by a well known observatory curator that he has seen, via telescope, undeniable evidence of construction on the Moon's surface. Just for a turn of levity, let's for a moment place ourselves on the Moon and in the office of the head Man in the Moon. I presume the conversation might run thus:

"No! You are not the first Man on the Moon! You seem to be somewhat hazy in your ancient, medieval and modern Moon history. We have had several notable and notorious visitors in times long past and also recently. There are several things that must be remembered when speaking of, or on, the Moon. First is, that all names are reversed and the heaviest things of Earth are the lightest here. Many balloons turned tight on Earth have hit here with an awful thud, causing several Moon-quakes.

"Some Earth Nin Com Poops say, for example, 'Isn't the Moon bright and shiny tonight?' They really mean 'today on the Moon.' We know these words spring from an otherwise empty mind. We here on the Moon have always used the same brand of shine and employed the same shiners since times beginning. We know these words are used unthinkingly and spoken just to fill an interim before more worthless words for conversation begin.

"Let me tell you, my Earth friend, your Earth people who visit our Moon will find that many of your erstwhile famous and infamous characters already have their names or marks carved on our list of visitors. Franklin Benny was here for a short stay. His kite mooned up near our main Hardware Supply Store. We saw that he had a key attached to his end, and we slid a lock down to him so that he would have use for his key. Our generosity so shocked him that he went on to discover electricity. After harnessing a bolt of lightning, he rode this bolt to the Moon. It was on this trip that

seat-belts were first used. He visited for a few days and then left for Syracuse. We understood that he started manufacturing the Franklin automobile, which was a ghost car and was out of this Moon in design.

"One of our visitors was Mixed-up Tommy. He rode a beautiful horse who looked Tony down here. (Please remember we are below you as much as we are above you.) Tommy's first words down here were: 'I am master of all I survey.' We sent Tony's Tom on his way with a shout of "Mix master!" We saw that he arrived on Earth mixing and churning as he went.

"Most of your words have a different Moon meaning. For example, Kruschew has several meanings, according to how it is pronounced - scrap iron is one and bonehead is another.

"Others have been entertained here. Just a year or so ago, Nelly Bo Billy was here while dodging service by Porter in Manking, Arizona. We allow no Bos here, so we suggested Californy for the winter. However, he made "Turkey Tracks" to Mexico. We understand his presents were very much desired in Californy. His name backwards means 'smells' on the Moon.

"Bowes Corporal was here on the Moon for about six months. He had other titles on your Earth. His was a big heart, but on arrival had a large hole in it. He finally gave up the ghost.

"Your Earth people presume that the Moon is made of green cheese, but any odor you get is because something is rotten in Denmark. Your politicians and their lunch bags of tripe are all spoiled before arriving. We don't want politicians or their tripe here.

"Several of your ex-presidents have visited us up and down here. You know that we keep traveling. Washing Georgetown was here and tried to silver a throw dollar up. We investigated and found he wed the Earth nothing, but he went back for a long rest, in spite of our hospitality.

"Roeman was here with his doctrine. As we desire no pacts, we sent him to Michigan where he started to manufacture a car after his name, but had to found a town first.

"There was a Dull Johnny Foster who, during one of his absent minded trips, landed here by parachute. As we approached him, he shouted: 'Hello, Dwight! I just gave a few more million away overseas!' As he called me Dwight, I knew he was not quite right, as my name is Josephine. He confided to me that he is the erstwhile boy friend of Lady Bountiful. We sent him Earthward on the first 'niksput' that could handle him. We couldn't.



"We understand that many characters on Earth are called 'birds,' such as political and jail. We asked some of the better known politicians who cared to visit our Moon, to bring along a few feathers as a token of friendship. However, none have arrived and we understand all are used to feather their nests on Earth. Well, maybe sometime!

"No such term as 'Moon Magic' is used here - everything is open and shut. Moon beings have heard of a term called 'Honey-Moon.' We, of the Moon, have no idea of what this term includes. On our Moon, we send out, and in, our Moon bees, and from far and wide, and near and narrow, they harvest Moon honey; and as in most cases, or more or less, we reverse the term and have our Honey Moon. Quite simple, isn't it?

"The term 'illeitis' has been kicked around on and below the Moon for some time. Here it means 'hole in intestines crossways instead of length-wise!'

"We have heard lately of proposed attempts to smear our face with dye and to moon satellites on our land. There is little and much to say about this except that Earth's celestial junkyard will soon be filled or emptied. You will then desire to purchase or rent one of our craters, which are like holes in cheese and go clear through. Negotiations for use of our craters, due to your Earth's reputation, will be negotiated only on a 'cash in advance' basis."

I believe that when Earth people are fully enlightened, the Moon will shine brighter in our eyes and the world will be better off in FACING REALITY!" Will we ever see the light?

"If there is righteousness in the heart  
There will be beauty in the character.  
If there is beauty in the character,  
There will be harmony in the home.  
If there is harmony in the home,  
There will be order in the nation.  
If there is order in the nation,  
There will be PEACE in the world."

---Adopted from the Chinese.

We of America, who were born either in the nineteenth or early in this twentieth century, have many memories that are not shared by those who arrived after the first quarter of the twentieth century. Each generation faces different situations and different problems than those encountered by those of the preceding generation.

I am going back into the nineteenth century into the lives of my grandparents. They were my father's and mother's parents but, for the finger of fate, could have been your grandparents.

The people of whom I write were born in log cabins which had been built by their parents, assisted by relatives and neighbors. No money was involved in the building of these cabins, for there were no cement foundations, floors or sidewalks. When they were built there was no cement. The logs were sawed and two sides were hewn or flattened out with adz axes, which were similar to today's grubbing hoe. The logs overlapped at the corners for strength and were made to interlock. Very few nails or spikes were used and they were of the four-sided tapered variety which are unobtainable today. No architects were needed as the cabins consisted of one room.

My grandfather built his home in a wooded area and the cabin was built from logs cut from the farm area. The land was cleared between the stumps, and corn, pumpkins, melons, vegetables, etc., were planted. As they were located several miles from any settlement, it was necessary to walk to the store and carry what few groceries were necessary. Tobacco was a crop considered as necessary as corn or potatoes, and the surplus was used as a bartering agent. Only a few had - or needed - cash money.

There was no daily paper and no radio or television to distract these people from their gardening, home work or prospecting, or hunting. They carried water into the house in oak stave buckets from a well near the creek. Their toilet was built of poles and set as far from the creek as possible.

Of the people who reared their families during the nineteenth century, the divorce rate was practically nil; anyone who had been divorced or was separated from his spouse was looked upon with utmost suspicion and respectable people did not associate with him.

The most important news was the knowledge that the crops were progressing satisfactorily, that all in the family were well and cooperative, and that good neighbors were occupying adjacent farms. There were also other occasions of news, such as a new litter of pigs, a new colt, a cow freshening, or an unusually good crop of whatever was in season at the time.

Some of the neighbors would trade a horse for a cow or chickens for hogs, etc. Eggs, butter, milk and products of the land were taken to the

store and traded for clothing and dress material and for the few needs that could not be produced on the land.

There was no daily, weekly or even monthly mail service. The news, whether good, bad or indifferent, was a mouth-to-ear situation, even for years at a time. None in this era were interested in what other nations were doing. They were all busily engaged with their own problems of living and bettering their position in life.

Whenever possible, everyone set aside a day each week to feast and worship. If a meeting place were designated, everyone who could attended a worship and community get-together each Sunday. If no definite place were available, the neighbors would alternate in holding these worship meetings, which consisted mainly of reading a few verses from the Bible, singing a few hymns, a few popular songs, a discussion of progress, problems, blessings, health, etc. It was at these meetings that excess supplies were brought to exchange for anything one might wish to trade for.

Anyone who had a team and wagon or surrey and made a trip to the settlement usually made the purchases for his neighbors.

Occasionally cash money was available. This most frequently occurred when a new family selected a location to clear for building a cabin and then purchased surplus commodities or stock from those who lived in that area. This money was available because they had sold their possessions in some other part of the country, and a few hundred or a few thousand dollars in the possession of one family was considered real wealth.

A few families had metal stoves or ovens. Glass windows were not always available, therefore, many times the windows and door hinges were made of leather.

We, who live in the middle of the twentieth century, may wonder how they lived without what we term "modern conveniences," such as cars, radio, televisions, record players, telephones, electric mixers, fans, power tools, etc. These things had not yet been invented, and no one missed them. They had no money to buy them, even had this been possible, and therefore no time-payments to make.

They were not concerned with parking meters or sales tax, and the many forms of insurance that are needed today were unknown to them.

Delinquency was unknown. The youngsters were kept occupied with their chores, and there was no time for mischief.



## CHAPTER XIII

As nearly everyone on this Planet Earth is fully aware, recently the leaders, rulers or puppets of several large nations have met in a city which is neutral to all of the emissaries of good will who attend. There was not just one meeting, but meetings extending over several days. As soon as the main group was homeward bound, another group was on the spot to also try for some sort of understanding.

Now the mere fact that these groups were able to live or mingle in one room, even for one meeting, is certainly something to be considered carefully. Why did they meet? How was this brought about? Who had the original idea for such meetings? Was this a thought of long standing? Why the follow-up talks and conferences? Were they less important than the so-called "Summit talks"?

Let's look back a few short years on the calendar. Remember, these important talks came about in July, 1955. Look back at the newspaper headlines, even as late as May, 1955. You see threatening and throat-cutting accusations from all nations, each accusing the other of untold atrocities, the Communists twisting the arms of their captives and wringing confessions of atrocities from them under conditions of unbelievable horror, suffering and force of threats of bodily harm.

It is unbelievable that anything less than a "power-so-great-that-none-could-counteract-its-effect" could bring these talks into peaceful being. Remember, there were armed guards for all the nations' representatives and guards of the neutral country, but not so much as a verbal or visual threat! Why this friendly gesture?

I should like to relate a most startling event that will make many pause and consider. Your thoughts may be many and varied. I am well aware of this. There will be raised eyebrows, tongues in cheek, casual glances, winking of eyes, and plenty of statements such as, "oh, yeah?"

In 1952, when the space ship and occupants were coming to Mormon Mesa area, I was told by them that through "THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE" they could change many conditions on this planet and stop wars without killing anyone! Also, if conditions reached a point where further wars would interfere with their peaceful purposes and travels, they would take a hand in seeing that these foolish wars were stopped! Remember, BY THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE ALONE!

Who can deny that this is exactly what has happened?

You can add up the background, the learning and the leanings of all the heads of all the governments, and you will arrive at only one answer:

War and more wars! The preparations for war have been the single objective of all the nations, especially the larger ones. A hundred times or more money is appropriated each year for war preparation than is expended in preparing the good earth for crops to feed the people.

Think this over: Only five million dollars allocated in drought relief in 1954 in several midwestern states, which is less than the price for a first-line bomber. Now you can see what I mean - only a "super-intelligence, placing a thought, probably simultaneously, in the minds of these great men, could cause them all at once to decide to sit down peaceably and discuss their differences. This hasn't been accomplished for thousands of years.

Prior to this, when any nations met for talks on differences, it was always a "victor over vanquished" situation. The victor set the price and terms for the vanquished to pay. It was always a one-sided meeting. Not so this time at Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1955.

These men apparently acted in good faith, and all seemed to be imbued with a single thought which was clear to anyone studying the day-to-day reports. This thought was definitely to convince each of the representatives present, and indeed, all of the lesser nations of the work who were most anxiously watching these meetings as they progressed, of their sincerity of purpose, to be assured of peace for their several countries. This would surely add up further to **PEACE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD!**

There is a peculiar aftermath to those meetings. As soon as the several envoys return to their respective nations, the hangers-on and the sideline politicians, together with the "top news analysts," start to harrangue about what this man or that man meant when he said this or that, and they print, or cause to be printed, column after column of front and back page news.

As some of these expert news analysts are on the editorial staffs of their respective papers, much of this analyzing gets on the editorial pages and the unsuspecting public accepts their analysis as true; something that would not be there if it were not the truth, and something that everyone **MUST** accept or be called a "pink" or a "red" or some other name that they alone can attach to anyone who thinks for himself and does not accept these experts' personal views as the definite, final word on these international meetings.

News analysts all seem to say that every envoy of each nation but their own is a liar and fraud from the very onset of these meetings. These meetings that took place in July of 1955 covered a period of just one week. But what was actually accomplished was a miracle indeed! It brought at least four great nations together through their top diplomats. Only a few

short months before, these four were pitted against each other in words and in deeds. No one would have believed that a meeting on equal terms could ever come to pass.

To say that these meetings were based upon fraud or deceit would be for each nation to admit that they themselves had no national or personal honor whatsoever, either as a nation or their emissaries as individuals. This situation cannot be accepted, because we in America know better. We know that at least our President, who was chosen to represent our United States, has the highest degree of personal sincerity and also the highest degree of honesty of intent to represent the United States as it should be represented in a meeting of this magnitude.

We also know of his high degree of intelligence and personal ability to see and evaluate all that is taking place. Certainly, under any condition other than sincerity of purpose, he, as America's highest representative, would have brought out at this meeting any attempt at woolpulling or hoodwinking, had any been present. To do less than this would have relegated him to a mediocre class and evidenced to all Americans that these meetings were not negotiated in good faith by all participants, including the United States.

This does not mean that everyone is satisfied with the way each nation is handling affairs which bear in any degree upon the business or welfare of any other. It simply means that a way, at long last, has been found whereby nations can delegate their top men to meet on a peaceful basis and calmly discuss their differences of opinion. It is these differences of opinion that concern the peace and tranquility of our universe.

At meetings such as this it will never be possible to resolve all differences immediately because of geographical locations and natural diversities of centuries of localized education, mental processes, religions and ways of life.

For instance, a nation that has allowed its people unlimited hunting or fishing privileges will not meekly accede to any seasonal closure. We know that from our own Indian affairs. We license our citizens for a limited period of hunting and fishing and place restrictions on the catch or kill. Our native Indians, however, are not restricted in any measure regarding their inherent right to hunt and fish because time and education has not altered this fact in any way.

This point is brought out to show the differences in opinions of people and to show that even time does not alter some situations. It is very plainly a matter of give and take. An Indian does not have to take a gun along to fish in any season. His right is respected, even by the law. The same law would jail any other nationality, including Americans, who would dare throw a line, hook or spear alongside those Indians.



We must take this into consideration in dealing with those other nations. We must be big enough to be able to point these situations out to leaders of other nations and be sure that they fully understand and that they also make the situations clear to the people whom they represent.

There should be no doubt of sincerity between nations and there certainly should not be any efforts by news or political analysts to throw a monkey wrench into the peaceful negotiations of nations, just for the sake of selling a few extra papers. Perhaps a closer inspection of these analysts might disclose that they were on the payroll of some munitions manufacturer or other former supplier of war materials. Because of the vigor with which some analysts in the past have spread their campaign of hate and mistrust in the face of apparently sincere group meetings, I believe that anyone with a clear view can see the connection to which I have pointed.

I sincerely believe that an awakened public in all nations will realize that peace can be obtained and maintained much cheaper than either a hot or cold war and that a national security and sound economy can become a reality, without the so-called "prosperity" that is based totally upon all-out preparedness or war preparation.

We in the United States and our neighbors, Canada in the north and Mexico in the south, are not continually bickering because there are airfields or installations near at hand that might constitute a danger to the other. We have learned to live and let live and to take each other's words and acts at face value. This method will eventually have to be accepted and practiced by all nations.

Are we, or other nations, going to be forced by a few war-dollar conscious people to sacrifice our peace and our life-loving youth just so they can profit over a few lines in the newspapers, or a few smoothly phrased comments over radio or television? My answer is, "NO!" The enlightened people of the world will raise their voices, once they see the light.

We in the United States have had a lesson wherein some unscrupulous person, with a radio or television sponsor, has seen fit to come out openly and blast some person's character or morals, or some situation, when the accused person was totally unaware that such a discrediting smear or innuendo was taking place and they were not given a chance to protect their good name by equal time and circumstance on the air or in the newspapers. Not once but many times, this has occurred and untold damage was done. The general public, hearing such an accusation or innuendo against anyone, whether the accused is aware of the charges or not, is loathe to accept these charges as true, when actually the accuser was trying to better himself politically or financially.

Now, thanks to a more fully aware governing body over these methods

of mass distribution of news, a large number of these character butchers have been deprived of their right to continue in this manner. Some churches have lost their radio voices because of this situation.

All nations throughout the world should study these broadcasts of hate over the air, in newspapers or by other means and put a halt to such propaganda stunts. People are much more interested in the truth than in someone's idea. Many of these commentators do not know the portside from the starboard side of a ship and probably never heard of a fifth wheel, collar or krupper, although most of them should be well aware of the latter.

When the various nations of our Earth Planet realize that it is possible to live peacefully with their close neighbors just so long as each nation keeps within its own boundaries; when so-called alarmists are held in check, and education and understanding take the place of mob-rule and violence; when each one becomes aware of its responsibility and attempts to gain by another's misfortune is not looked upon as the right way of life, THEN WE CAN HAVE AN INTERCHANGE OF IDEAS AND CUSTOMS.

Then farmers from one nation can study the methods and sciences of other nations, and young people, even of high school age, can intermingle and learn the customs of other nations. All of this can be done on an even exchange basis, where nothing is hidden or held back from their knowledge. Then, and then only, can the people of this Earth of ours begin to live and prosper as God most surely intended. We have recently had a right turn in this direction. Now it is up to us, as citizens, to work towards a continuation of these ideals.

It is very evident to me that our friends from Space, yes, probably CLARION, have taken this first move, through thought transference, to place us in the right spot, so to speak, for kicking a goal or batting a home run. We have it now, so let's hold onto it and keep it.

We Americans forget too soon - much too soon! How many now remember the first World War of 1914-1918, called the "war to end all wars"? Then World War II, called the "war to make democracy safe"? It is a fact that democracy was much safer before this war than at any time since, up until July of 1955. Let's try to understand our fellowmen and give them an opportunity to understand us!

## CHAPTER XIV

It is now September, 1955. I am on a ranch in the Nevada desert, below Davis Dam and above the town of Needles. By my clock it is 6:45 P.M., and the thermometer is registering over one hundred degrees. The sun is below the mountains to the west.

I have the "Look" Magazine of June 5, 1951. I have just finished looking it over very carefully. Among others, I find this statement, that the Voice of America is almost one hundred per cent jammed out in Moscow and most of the other large cities of Russia. The article also states that England, France and other nations pay no attention to it whatsoever.

Under a picture of Lt. Gen. Wedemyer it is stated that an organization, world wide in scope, with unlimited funds, should be created as soon as possible. Quote: "Billions of dollars should be expended to win people's hearts and minds, to create confusion, etc., in the Soviet Union orbit and to clarify American objectives." Unquote.

Many more statements on the pages of this particular issue of "Look" make one sit up and think. I don't know the General, and we, as Americans, certainly have the right to say what we think. I doubt that General Wedemyer ever actually thought in those terms, but some news-gatherer for "Look" had an interview and that was his interpretation of the gist of the conversation.

Anyone knows that you can't appease the hunger of people by music or words and, further, that hungry people are dangerous. This danger can be alleviated by understanding and finding means to feed them in some manner and certainly it must be through a cooperative, educational program with what we call "curtain nations."

This will do more to bring peace, friendship and understanding than any attempt to bring chaos and consternation to them. There are several other stores of what we should do to Russia, but none come to the point where knowledge and education play even a minor part.

The events of the current year have tied in with all that the Space People told me would happen, of the finer conditions on CLARION, and that these peaceful conditions can be duplicated on Earth. Therefore, I have added incentive to point some of them out to you.

In the Los Angeles Times, dated September 8, 1955, an article appeared describing the activities of a doctor who formed a "Methuselah Club" in an endeavor to prolong life. It was his belief that, under the proper conditions, life can be extended to equal that of Methuselah, who attained the ripe



old age of 969 years. You will remember in my book, "ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER," Captain AURA RHANES told me three years ago that she expected to be around for a thousand years! Yes, our years.

If these Space People have found the formula for a life-span which is many times ours, then it is just as logical to believe that we, too, through proper scientific study can also come into possession of this knowledge.

The newspapers, radio and television stations are now featuring a continuous series of Space Travel programs. Some of these are serious and conscientious, while others mention Space travel as a huge joke, not realizing that the joke is really on them.

There is always a time when anything new, which actually exists but is not known by the general public, is ridiculed by a group of poorly informed people. Eli Whitney's cotton gin was ridiculed even after several gins were in satisfactory operation. Robert Fulton's steamship, while being built, was dubbed a folly, and few would venture to ride on it, saying that they knew it would not move. Then, after it did move, they said it could not be stopped. Morganthaler, the man who made modern newspapers possible, was ridiculed even until his death. Because of ignorance, the multitude shouted at him, even spit in his face, saying that no machine could read to set type for a newspaper.

When Gatlin demonstrated his Gatlin gun, several bullets were heard to make impact after the operator removed his finger from the trigger and the onlookers and invited observers believed that there was some trickery. They even claimed someone else was shooting from a secluded place at the same target! This shows the frailty of the human mind,

It has been just over three years since I first met and talked with the Space People and, as related in my report of our conversations, they hinted at several things which exist on their planet that were not available to us here on Earth at that time. However, in the last few months, the papers have published articles describing how a man in the East has perfected an "anti-crash" radar apparatus, which will prevent either a head-on accident or rear-end collision.

Another recent discovery in America, which I believe is not perfected yet, is color radar, a device that will detect and relay the color of an object. Inversely, this can be improved, by setting to a certain color, to pick up an object so identified. Only this morning I read an article concerning a large piano company which is perfecting an apparatus through electronic radar to pick up objects due to a heat differential.

We will find that when peace is a reality and men can bend their efforts, unencumbered by fear or haste, many other wonders will unfold their

secrets to us on this Earth. At one time, Captain AURA RHANES disclosed to me that they had a "retroscope" which could look backward, so to speak, and show events today as they actually occurred centuries ago. This is not in the realm of fantasy but is actually being worked on today by some of our foremost scientists, who have reported that such a machine is within the range of possibility for our Earth's population.

Once a secret formula is discovered, many will cry: "Why didn't I discover this simple principle?" Most people cannot flex their thinking powers enough to picture some of these wonderful inventions although they are considered commonplace by Space People. Instead, we struggle to raise ourselves above other races of people, sending untold billions of dollars that are draining away our prosperity. Why not try to get along with our earthly neighbors through the channels of knowledge that are now available to us so that we, too, may more quickly come into these new processes that make for a better way of life?

Many people still bring up the question, "If there are really people from other planets coming to our Earth, why don't they make themselves known?" I can readily understand this question, and had I not become aware of the obvious reasons, I might consider this a good one.

Here is a quotation from a newspaper article headlined London, June 30, 1955:

"The crew of a British Airliner reported tonight that their plane was followed for 80 miles by seven weird-looking black objects, flying near Goose Bay, Labrador. Capt. James Howard, pilot of the New York to London Airliner, said the mysterious escort vanished when a U.S. fighter plane came up to investigate."

The report goes on to say that these objects were definitely not aircraft, such as we know.

In my collection there are dozens of such news articles, all stating that these unidentified flying objects disappeared from view when pursued or when attempts were made to catch them. What would you do under similar circumstances? For instance, if you suddenly found yourself in a strange locality and the strangers appeared friendly, you would undoubtedly attempt to contact them on the same basis. On the other hand, if you detected arrogance and viciousness, you would - what would you do under similar conditions? You would stay out of range until you were reasonably certain you would be accepted!

Hundreds of pages could be filled with quotations from magazines and newspapers, showing that a consciousness of Space travel is, indeed,

before the people of this world NOW!!! Only when such consciousness is a part of each person's life, will we begin to think and live for the day when Space travel will be a reality for us. Will we take the time and make the necessary effort to begin the study that will bring that wonderful visualization into realization? It cannot come alone.

When our Pilgrim fathers and mothers felt that life, as they were forced to live it, had become unendurable, they took time, collectively, to make the necessary plans and arrangements to escape to the freedom of the New World. Even in the face of many added hardships, they eventually shook off the shackles of their restrictions. They acted as one person, with only one thought in mind. They planed and worked to make their seemingly impossible goal a reality.

The hardships and privations that those pioneers of a New Thought had to endure probably will never again confront us. More assuredly we will find, just as they did, that changes of thought and desire will be a problem for many to accept. There will also be many who will scoff at such new ideas and inventions. New discoveries are always looked upon in askance for some time. There are always some who never accept a new situation, theory, fact, or manner of living.

Many people have done nothing except walk on their own two legs for transportation. I know of many who have never been on a horse, streetcar or train. Certainly we have all heard this remark, "I'll never take a ride in an airplane!"

One day last fall, 1954, I had the pleasure of being introduced to some people living near Santa Rosa, California. It was Jerry Dorris and his wife, Pearl. They very generously offered the sanctuary of their home and ranch while I was attempting to make contact with the Space People in that part of the state. Their 65-acre ranch is level and mostly tree and vine-covered, with a dry creek area in the back, away from the road. In my opinion, this place was ideally suited for a spaceship to land. However, the weather turned rainy while I was there, and an asthmatic condition forced me to give up the idea of a contact at that time. I still believe that some day AURA and her crew of Clarionites may use their ranch as a rendezvous.

While I was in the Santa Rosa area, I gave several lectures to acquaint people with the reality of Space People and Space travel. Mrs. Ermgard Sepulveda, with her son and daughter, Davis and Carolyn, made me feel at home and even furnished me with food and medical attention when I so urgently needed it. My heart will always have a warm spot for them.

Those good people of "Wat's Cookin?" restaurant in Vacaville, California, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Riley, now of Long Beach, California,



(December, 1958) made a trip to Brush Creek, to interview the two miners, Tom Van Allen and Tom Black, who had saucer visitors on several occasions. These men described the small disc-shaped craft as being eight to ten feet in diameter and probably four feet thick at the center, and apparently held only one or two men at a time. They also described a cigar-shaped dirigible or Space ship which appeared to be a mile or more in length. This latter craft was seen to let off and take on the smaller disc-shaped craft on several occasions. These smaller craft were seen flitting in and above the canyon where the mine belonging to Van Allen and Black is situated and through which Brush Creek flows. Ernie and his wife, with another Vacaville man and myself, made this trip in a station wagon. We took our lunch along, as well as several steaks and a few cartons of cigarettes for the two prospectors.

The cabin in which they lived offered all of the comforts which the average miner needs. They had just finished their lunch, but quickly had a pot of coffee brewing for us. We inquired about their needs and found that all they wanted was good weather, few distractions, continued good health, and a pay vein. They were certainly typical backwoodsmen, prospectors and miners in general. They leave their shack and diggings just once a month for supplies, returning the same day.

While at the Dorris ranch, Jerry and I did some pruning of apple and prune trees, removing the dead limbs and root suckers and thinning the excess growth, until the rains started. This pruning gave me an opportunity to watch the sky in anticipation, as I had heard that space craft had frequently been observed in this area. However, my efforts were unrewarded.

Before returning to Los Angeles, I addressed a group of people in Santa Rosa, as well as three small groups in San Francisco. Many of the people I talked with in these meetings had experiences which convinced them of the reality of our extra-terrestrial visitors. All the efforts of newspapers, television or radio to heckle or disprove or heap ridicule upon anyone making public statements or writing regarding any phenomena they have witnessed will soon be in vain.

As time passes and more people are familiar with the appearance of the space craft and their occupants, possibly our Earth people will make the necessary changes to conform to the ideals spoken of by the people from Clarion and other planets. Then there will be a cessation of warfare and marked improvement will be shown in all phases of life. Also, all our avenues of publicity will find that a change of attitude is imperative for it will certainly be demanded by the enlightened people of this Earth!

## CHAPTER XV

Newspapers and trade magazines are filled with advertisements extolling the value of labor-saving devices and equipment. The thought arises that these improvements will eventually leave a great number of our workers unemployed. Probably this is true in a sense, but the men of Earth are here and must survive. When labor-saving machinery take men off the payrolls, eventually this same labor-saving equipment will have to support those whom it replaces.

Our ideas of profit exceed our realization of responsibilities. Social Security laws will have to be altered to take this situation into consideration. At present, when a man is too old to be employed, some form of life insurance or dole is brought slowly into effect.

This situation in the near future must become law, to protect man from his own folly, if that it can be called, of eliminating his own job! This cannot be overlooked for long. Automation should not take away anyone's livelihood but simply place him in a position where he can more fully enjoy life.

Before we become fully aware that this must be an eventual reality, many men and families will suffer because of our slow-working minds. Our technical knowledge is ahead of our social welfare organizations and laws. We cannot consider it fair that one man or one family or one company can hire hundreds of men to develop automatic machinery to completely take their places and then turn them away with no further opportunity to earn a living. Yet this will eventually become the lot of many Earth people if ways and means are not found to share the profits of this coming automation era. We might as well face the situation and start preparing accordingly.

If we do not face this eventuality soon, the most highly developed nations, technically speaking, will be the first to fall. This situation, if wisely faced now, can be circumvented. If we do not recognize and face it in a realistic manner, our descendants - if, in fact, any survive - will discover that we have founded a system of technical elimination of the race. This process will not be fast, but it will be sure!

Some day science and knowledge will work together towards a goal of better products, through automation, at less cost, and with a consequent longer life-span. If the people of other planets have it, surely then it isn't beyond our reach! In the long run it will amount to a better Social Security program. It will bring a wider distribution of work confined within a narrower span of working years. It will mean shorter hours, longer vacations and sufficient pay in some form. There will be plenty of leeway for incentive,

initiative and industry for the higher rewards.

Money should be based upon what it really represents - goods and services - and produced as needed, without any debts, by a central authority. Captain AURA RHANES said their kind of money was not for speculation, yet everyone had plenty, limited only by the Planet's resources and their own industry.

I have already brought out the fact that many friends have counseled me, and aided me financially. Some have used their skill in therapy and in many other ways. Only God, they and myself know to what extent these friends have come to my aid. Some will recognize their names in this book. All have done equally in fulfilling this requirement. My thanks to these good friends!

For me to omit names would be the same as an artist to go through the motions of painting a picture with no paint on the brush. Thanks to Joe Erickson for the loan of his cottage in Bullhead City, Arizona. King Farouk never had better under similar circumstances; to Bob and Bess Thurston of Williams, Arizona, for the loan of their ranch and home in the Nevada Desert for a recuperative lookout station; to Mr. Cassell, of Inglewood, for his knowledge and experience and compassion for Humanity; to Lucille, for her lift along Life's highway; to Ed and Dot, for a little of this and a little of that; to Ermgard, for a respite along Life's highway; to Tony and Minnie, whose minds hit the same plane as mine at the same time, and who understand and trust all brethren. I have known them long and well! To Carmello, who found me when I was out and squeezed oranges for me when I was all in.

Thanks, indeed, to Walter Larson, a real friend, whose stock in trade is understanding and who made my wheels roll when I was in a hole; to my good friend, Arthur Harris, who, when called, understood and was there from far away, within the hour; to Obie and his Katherine - the places we have been, the hours we have kept, and the distances traveled, I hope, are not in vain. One glimpse of the Scow, close up, or of AURA and her crew, will repay all worldly gifts a millionfold!

I could never forget to mention Dr. Bernard Jensen, of "Hidden Valley Ranch." Many will recognize his name and know of his wisdom and kindness. Larry La Barre and family for the help and understanding that must be the translation of their name in some language. Dorothy and Harold Martin will always be remembered for their friendship and hospitality. Dr. Charles Laughhead and Mrs. Laughhead, for their kind and understanding help, for food and shelter and other assistance which they lavishly tendered when the need appeared, without the necessity of being asked. Cooperation must be his middle name.

To Columba Krebs, for the inspired cover she painted for this book and



for the many hours she spent transcribing my handwritten notes on the typewriter. I am sure that time will prove that she is one of the world's greatest artists! She has shared a few of her lecture dates with me in Santa Barbara, California, and in Prescott, Arizona, on "The Mysteries of Man and the Universe." These were illustrated with colorful slides from her symbolic pictures about the inner spiritual truths of life. Mr. Criswell featured six of her prophetic paintings twice on this television program over KCOP in December, 1955, the second time in response to many requests. He prophesied international fame for her unique art which I believe will some day be fulfilled. Her art is and will be an inspiration to Humanity.

The newspapers have recently contained a considerable amount of news concerning the launching of a satellite. No doubt some scientists, and probably some mechanics employed by our large airplane or kindred manufacturing companies, are now planning, designing and even assembling parts of such an undertaking.

Immediately after the Geneva Talks in July, 1955, Russia announced it contemplated such a launching. The American envoys no sooner arrived home than they also started things humming along this same line. I have no doubts whatever of the sincerity of all their intentions, but I do have grave doubts of any measurable amount of success along the patterns laid out. By this, I mean utilizing a remote force such as a rocket launcher on the Earth and then depending upon a limited amount of self-contained force from within such a rock fuel - regardless of how many steps or banks of rockets are launched.

On the other hand, to simply shoot some form of object, either from the Earth's surface, or even from some super-duper type of progressive rockets, this latter satellite-like object to be in itself unpowered. We can only await a report of results and hope that we get a full and concise report which we can understand. As late as December, 1958, the so-called "Sputniks," are uncontrollable in flight and are a one-way, one-trip appendage and are not recoverable for future research.

Not to attempt to add credence to my story, but simply to show that there are others who are sure that what they have seen are space craft or Space People, I am placing within this book a sworn affidavit to the effect that Mr. E. E. Edwards believed what he actually saw. This belief was strengthened after investigation and what subsequently occurred in his presence and also in the presence of other witnesses whom he knew and with whom he discussed this unusual occurrence.

Mr. Edwards was my foreman on the Mesa Road job and he was willing to sign, under oath, that what he had witnessed was, indeed, a Space ship with Space People, and gave me permission to include this affidavit in my report of my experience.

Several others who also witnessed some unusual episodes pertaining to the Space People's visits to the Mesa area could also have made affidavits for me. However, I had no thought at the time of writing a book, so certainly the need for affidavits was not considered.

In the foreseeable future, Space travelers will undoubtedly begin to make regular trips to our Earth. Therefore, this new and exciting phenomena will soon become so commonplace that probably within fifty years, no more excitement or attention will ensue than is now connected with a circus coming into town.

Our scientists will gradually evolve from the idea of jet or rocket propulsion when they have experimented a few more years and conclude that the bulk of the rocket will more than double for each doubling of weight or distance acquired. The weight will also be multiplied to an adverse advantage. In other words, rockets will not be effective for controlled Space travel. Their effectiveness will be exaggerated and lead many people to believe that indeed perfection has been accomplished. Then, all of a sudden, the rocket vogue will drop and die from ineffectiveness.

When this decision is accepted by all scientists, then and probably only then, will a way be cleared to study and concentrate on the means to harness and control the only one method possible for Space Travel - the CONTROL OF GRAVITY! The control of gravity itself can be done and will be done! Even after nations decide that co-existence is indicated and possible, it will take several years for each nation to learn their place and how to maintain it peaceably.

Things that were told me by the Clarionites, which would become realities soon on this Earth, are happening so fast that, unless this book is published in the near future, many of the prophecies they made will have become realized! They are happening every day.

On September 23, 1955, an article appeared in the newspapers to the effect that our Secretary of State believed the cold war was about over and we could look forward to a few generations of peace. However, by 1956, and through 1958, world conditions seem to have worsened somewhat. I will comment on this later in this book.

## PART SIX: PREDICTIONS OF COMING WORLD EVENTS

### CHAPTER XVI

Ten psychic impressions received during Truman Bethurum's contacts with the People from the Planet Clarion:

1. That there will never be an Atomic or Hydrogen war.
2. That children born in the 60's will never carry guns to kill with.
3. In the 70's all nations will be anxious and eager to settle all differences at round-table discussions. Without sword rattling.
4. In 25 years Battleships and Bombers will be as obsolete as Model T Fords are today.
5. Women will enter more into Government duties and we will have a female President before the end of the century.
6. Political partisanship will disappear and we will select our leaders and representatives through their knowledge and their ability rather than personal prestige and wealth.
7. We will cancel money laws that discriminate against certain classes now and the class or wealth system will disappear to a system of equality for all.
8. There will be a return to the soil, small farms and country estates for all.
9. Building for destruction will cease and construction for production will be a national determination for all nations.
10. Space travel and knowledge will come only to a friendly universe where class distinction, racial hatred, misunderstanding and greed will not exist. There will be only brothers of a peaceful universe.



## MY AMAZING EXPERIENCE WITH TRUMAN BETHURUM

By Columba Krebs

EDITOR'S NOTE: Columba Krebs is considered to be an important New Age figure. She has written VISITING SPACEMEN and THE MOON IS INHABITED. She is perhaps best known for her Space Age art several examples of which are reproduced in this book. . .

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I had read Truman Bethurum's book, ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER, in which he describes his eleven visits with space people from the planet Clarion. This unheard of planet was "beyond the Moon"—as the Captain of the disk told him, (but why couldn't she be more explicit?) But since our Apollo space program has not relayed any such information, Clarion must be on the other side of the Sun (necessarily in the same orbit of the Earth).

I met him when I came to California, as well as most of the other contactees, to learn more about the space people. We discussed the possibility of my painting the cover for one of his books. He kept telling me that his secretary resembled Aura Rhanes (the space woman commanding the flying saucer he visited). A prominent feature of his secretary's face were her arched eyebrows, and he kept impressing upon me that Aura Rhanes also had such eyebrows. Later, I was to be reminded of this.

He helped me to move from Santa Monica to Los Angeles. As we drove in his car to my hotel, to pick up my baggage, I remarked wistfully:

"I wish we could see Aura Rhanes drive up in front of my hotel when we arrive there."

"Maybe she will come walking along the street, so watch for her." he replied with a mysterious air.

After most of my luggage was in his car, I stood beside it while he went inside to bring out the last pieces. As I waited for his return, I noticed a lovely little lady coming toward me. To my delighted surprise, she was dressed exactly as Mr. Bethurum had described her in his book (black velvet jacket, with red bows, red pleated skirt, even to the black beret with a red stripe across it). Her hair was curly black and her large expressive eyes were keenly penetrating.

As she approached they looked straight through me, then she glanced inside the car where my paintings were. Turning back to me, she gave me the most brilliant and warmest smile I have ever seen on any face. A great excitement and turmoil rose in me as to what to do about this new situation. If her eyebrows had been arched, I would have spoken to her, and tried to hold her until Bethurum came out again, to confirm my identification or otherwise. I could have tried that old cliché, "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" to break the ice. I remember seeing such a lady watching me when I went into the United Airlines Company office in New York City, to see about my flight to San Diego.

But, my confusion about the shape of her eyebrows held me back, and thus lost me another chance to meet her—or else expose an impersonator when he came out. Thus, between wondering which alternative to take, I just stood as though spellbound. As she passed me, I suddenly wondered whether her looking at my art work and her wonderful smile was an encouraging sign that the space people intend to help my art career.

This thought made me whirl around determined to run after her and buttonhole her until he appeared. But, to my utter amazement and disappointment she had literally vanished! There was no doorway nearby that she could have slipped into. In that short moment, she had not had enough time to reach the corner, nor had she crossed the street. So, naturally, I wondered how she could have disappeared so quickly! I blamed myself for not thinking fast enough!

This inexplicable vanishing act convinced me that I had really seen Aura Rhanes (remembering how his book described these magical peoples' ability to appear and disappear at will). I resolved that if such an opportunity should come again, I would not be caught napping. But the space people seldom try the same thing again, if they fail to find enough response the first time.

On the way to L.A. I told him about this strange incident, and he just scolded me for not

calling him out the moment I had laid eyes on her. That evening, in my new apartment, while our mutual friend, Mrs. Nordell, was busy in her kitchen across the hall, he brought a recording machine in for me to hear a tape of his interview on a radio station.

When it was finished, he turned the tape back to run it off. Suddenly, we were both amazed to hear the jolly voices of a man and woman conversing in a strange sibilant language. Their soft tones were rather high-pitched and rapid, with a slightly sing-songy rhythm. His eyes went wild with joy as he listened with rapt recognition.

"What's the matter? Who are these voices." I asked, sensing something very extraordinary about this from his attitude.

"That's Aura Rhanes, I would know her voice anywhere, talking with one of her crew." He acted as though he not only recognized their language but understood it as well, because he laughed as often and as jubilantly as they did. It was rather tantalizing to me to not be able to understand what they were saying. I was a bit piqued that they didn't say one word in English.

"Oh, maybe some jokesters put this show on the tapes for a laugh!" I said a bit sarcastically. How would the space people get on the tape?

"We'll see about that," he said as though to convince me, he turned the dials that controlled the speed. We could hardly believe our ears, when the voices continued at the same rate of speed, no matter how far he turned the dials to speed up or slow it down.

"See?" he bellowed triumphantly; "That proves they aren't on the tape, or else their tempo would be affected."

"That means their voices must be coming through the recorder, using it only as a reference-point, or is there some mechanism inside that causes such independence from the speed control roll?" I asked still from Missouri.

"Do you think they can hear us? If so, please ask them to say a few words in English." I begged, but he was too engrossed in listening to them to pay any attention to me. When I approached the recorder and knelt down beside it, I was about to ask him again, when a most startling phenomenon happened!

The tape nearest me lifted itself out of the groove about two inches high, in a loop, and began jumping up and down in violent flapping as though shaking hands very vigorously! Was this their way of telling me they were greeting me with a hearty welcome?

I drew back, strangely perturbed, saying, "I wonder if my vibrations are too strong?" At this, the tape flapped more wildly. Why this negative reaction when I should have rejoiced at this phenomenal way the voices recognized my desire to get into closer contact through understanding?

"Could we be seeing things?" I thought aloud. At this, he took the tape off the recorder, and laid it on the floor, to see whether this would affect the voices or not. To our mutual amazement, it had no affect whatsoever, and this was added proof that the voices were absolutely independent of the recorder, although they sounded as though coming through it.

I looked around the room to see whether I could see a misty outline of them, thinking they might be in the room, but invisible to our limited eyesight, due to their higher frequency. Their voices stopped, to leave us conjecturing how it had all been done, and for what reason, although grateful they had showed that much interest in us. I ran outside to see whether I could see their spaceship that might be hovering above, from which they had projected their voices. It could be hidden behind that cloud!

Then I realized and opened my mind to whatever impressions I could receive—hoping it would really be a telepathic message and not just my imagination stirred up by wishful thinking. I finally came up with the exclamation:

"Oh, I know, I bet they were happy because we are working together on your new book! Maybe, when I have finished painting the cover for your new book, the right conditions will be created, somehow, somewhere, sometime, for a real meeting with them." I sighed, with a new ecstacy of hopeful expectancy in my heart. How sentimental can I get?

The next evening, he brought the recorder in again, but this time their voices were in a lower,

deeper tone, and seemed to be in much more serious vein, as though they were very much concerned about something. I saw his expression was rather grim and worried, but gay and light-hearted like before.

"Please tell me what they are saying, if you understand their language." I begged. But he only turned a cold shoulder to me, mumbling something about not being able to understand them. "Well then, what are you getting telepathically?" I persisted, eaten up by curiosity, and resenting being on the outside looking in. But he would not answer, so all I could do was to hope that it didn't forebode any trouble for us. If so, I hoped they had the power and desire to lighten it for the sake of the efforts we were making to promote the glad tidings that the spacemen were similar to us, and had only compassion and good intentions toward earthlings. But why, oh why were they so shy about communicating with us more tangibly?



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# CALIFORNIA ENGINEER EXPERIENCES CONTACT WITH OTHER-WORLDBLY VISITORS

In the early 1950s, Truman Bethurum was employed as an engineer by the Gaviota Highway Department, near Santa Barbara, California. During one particular evening he received a telephone call that was destined to change his life.

The call came from Las Vegas, asking him—for better pay—to quit his current employment and go to work for his old job boss, E.E. Edwards, better known as "Whitey Edwards."

While driving to his new place of employment he stopped about 70 miles from Las Vegas, near Mormon Mesa. Sometime around 3:00 while he was sleeping in his car he heard strange voices coming from outside his vehicle. Looking up, he saw about 15 feet away an egg-shaped craft resting on the ground.

A member of the group approached him, extended his hand in a sign of friendship and told Truman not to be afraid, that they were peaceful and from a faraway place.

In subsequent contacts, Bethurum discovered that these friendly extraterrestrials were from the Planet Clarion, and that they had much to share with us in the way of science, technology, ecology and health. Before his death he shared this information with as many people as possible. Much of this material has not, as yet, been widely distributed.



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