

# THE PAWN OF HIS CREATOR

THE PAWN OF HIS CREATOR

BY HENRY DOHAN



# UFOs

EARLY CONTACTEES OF  
INTERPLANETARY VISITATIONS

PUBLISHED POSTHUMOUSLY BY DAVID R. KAMMERER  
PH. 646-390-9550 [WWW.LASVEGASUFOS.COM](http://WWW.LASVEGASUFOS.COM)

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First published (1000 comb-bound), 1995

Second, revised edition, August 23, 2008

Third, revised edition, January 31, 2011

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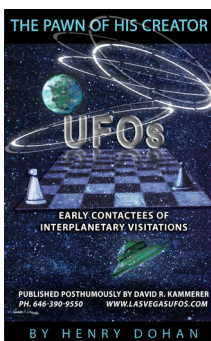
Publisher: David R. Kammerer

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ISBN: 978-1438224770

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

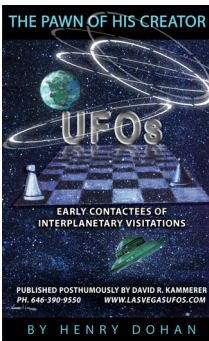


I wish to thank Mr. Narciso Genovese, an Italian writer now living in Mexico, who was taken to the Moon and later to the planet Mars. He wrote his own book about these experiences and also assisted me in writing this one. Also, Mr. Howard Menger, who was in contact with the people from our neighbouring planets for many years and had rides in their spacecraft, and who furnished me with detailed descriptions of what he had seen. Also, Mr. Billy Meyer, another contactee, and Dr. Frank E. Stranges, a well-known contactee and author of many books.

Last but not least, my posthumous thanks to Mr. George Adamski, who had a lifelong friendship with the people of our neighbouring planets, and who travelled the Earth and related his experiences to over fifty million people. This book is based on the priceless material left behind by Mr. Adamski. Also my thanks go to the many members of the "George Adamski Foundation," and the agents on the U.S. Government payroll trying to discredit the work of George Adamski. It was due to the intrigue and conspiracy of these agents that I became very suspicious and began to investigate the truth more than ever.

A special thanks goes to those members of the U.S. Armed Forces, some now retired, who risked everything in an endeavor to help humanity. Those as well many others who for obvious reasons can not be named here and who will no doubt receive their rewards when their time has come.

**Henry Dohan**



I have tried to help David R. Kammerer for over a year to get the information that he needed to fulfill his obligation to get this material to print. I have also urged him to resist the pressure to make arbitrary changes to the original work.

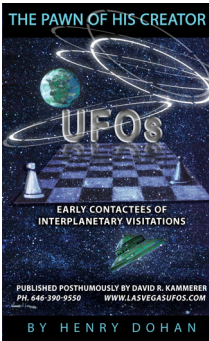
David R. Kammerer has spent considerable money and time to finish this project including making a short trip to Australia to take the photographs that the author had planned to use. This work has been an act of love-he can never come close to getting back the money he has spent on it.

I also have served as witness to a conference phone call with the author's widow. She stated that she has turned the manuscript over to David R. Kammerer unconditionally and makes no claim to its copyright or share of the proceeds that may come from it.

**Patrica Weissleader**



**Artist**  
**Colin Pringle**



My father, was one of the first to arrive at the crash site at Roswell, New Mexico! I was too young to realize what was going on! When he came home however, he stated to me that he had observed a flying saucer embedded in a dirt bank! According to dad he also observed eight alien bodies outside the vehicle. He pocketed a small piece of metal from the craft; and later had it analyzed! According to a metallurgist, it was no metal that was at that time known on Earth! The remains of the craft and bodies were confiscated, and never seen again.

Dad surrendered the piece of metal to authorities, and that too was never seen again.

Colin has paintings in the collections of some of Hollywoods most famous celebrities, including stars of television and the Silver Screen.

His paintings can also be seen in the collections of many prominent politicians including four past presidents.

His works are also included in many museums and public collections worldwide.

Mr. Colin Pringle painted the front cover of

UFO'S

THE PAWN OF HIS CREATOR

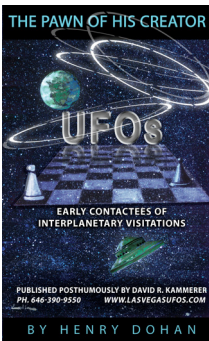
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PUBLISHED

POSTHUMOUSLY

BY DAVID R. KAMMERER



David R. Kammerer was attending college in the Fall of '76 when the subject of space people came up in class. He asked for more information and was directed toward the library. He found little there to satisfy his curiosity. Some time later he was passed a note in class that gave him the time and place of a lecture on UFOs. He never found out who sent it.

At the meeting he met Monique Shahrivar who is a follower of George Adamski and a teacher and lecturer in her own right. He began to attend classes and lectures to learn more about the people and events that seemed to be connected to other worlds.





At that time the Adamski Foundation was at the height of it's activity. David was a regular at the monthly meetings in Vista, California, at the former home of George Adamski where his lifelong friends and associates lived.



David also attended the last great gathering at Giant Rock and heard George Van Tassel speak in the spot that was famous for the saucer activity and other worldly guest.



At a 1983 Adamski Foundation gathering David met Henry Dohan, an encounter that would ultimately take him from being an interested observer to becoming part of the active group that makes sure the knowledge and experience of the great contactees is not lost to the world.

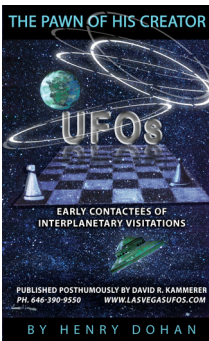
Several years after Henry's death in 1990, Henry's widow Wendy gave David the unfinished manuscript that comprised the report of Henry's work about the early contactees. Recognizing that this work included information that was reported no where else, he has strived to collect the photographs and other material Henry had planned to include and present it to the public in the form that Henry had intended.

David continues his association with Monique and other Adamski followers. He continues to search for whatever records and stories still exist to fill in the unknown parts of the stories of the early contactees who struggled so bravely against an unbelieving world.



David, Lady that lived at GR, Monique & three of Monique's students





This manuscript was given to me by the widow of the author to make certain that his work would be published. It was at the galley stage of printing at the time of his death. The intervening years have made the method it was intended to be printed in obsolete and I was unable to locate the Australian printer who had been intended to produce the book.

Any tampering with the material at all has been to put it into a form that can be managed with today's technology. A number of people and organizations that I hold in high esteem have asked me to eliminate parts that they do not agree with. I have not done so. If anyone who has comments or objections to the material offers them in writing, I will be happy to include them in an appendix in any subsequent editions.

In order to fulfill my moral obligation to the author I present to you Henry Dohan's book:

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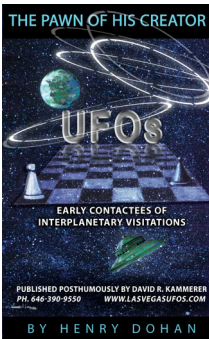
BY HENRY DOHAN



**Henry Dohan**

## **PROLOGUE**

### **THE PAWN OF HIS CREATOR**



Many people may wonder what induced me to title this prologue "The Pawn of His Creator." Well, I liken us and our lives to the pawns in a game of chess, where as pawns, we are guided by an intellect greater than ours, to do tasks which by ourselves we could never achieve. So as pawns we live and gather knowledge for our subconscious minds while we serve Our Supreme Master.

Then, as the game is over and we lay our bodies to dust, we resume

our duties within another body-a new game with increased experience, yet still at the service of the same Intellect that has always guided us.

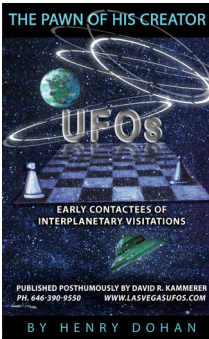
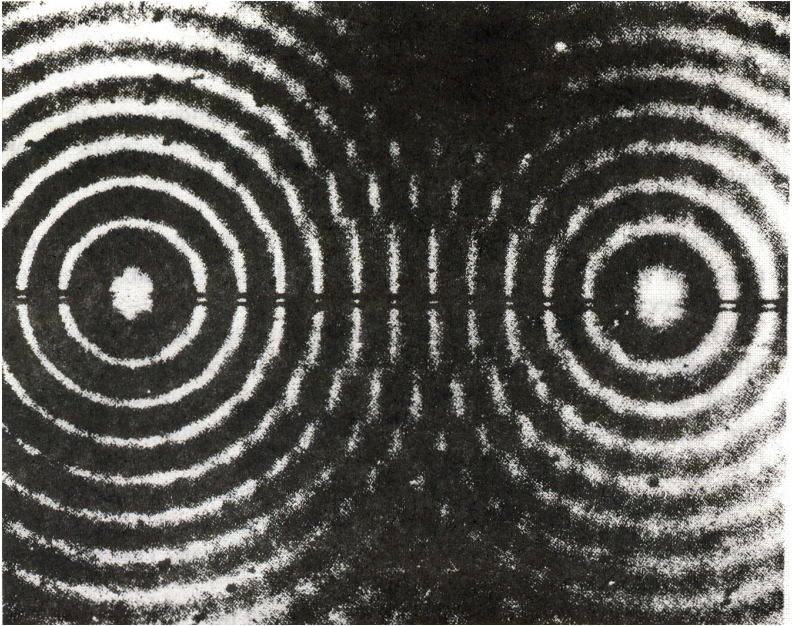
I have in this book made reference to the term "coincidence." I'd like you to know that I use it against my will. Since I cannot determine what is an act of God, I do not believe in coincidences and feel that whatever happens, it "WAS MEANT TO HAPPEN."

To conceive repeated coincidences as accidents is the hallmark of a simpleton.

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**"There is a principle that is proof against all information, which is proof against all arguments, which can not fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance; that principle is contempt, prior to investigation."**

**Herbert Spencer**



This photo was found amongst the personal property of Adamski after he died. It is believed that it is from the control panel of a spaceship showing the electromagnetic ripples or pulsating force-field which exists between planets. In between the planets we have the characteristic elliptical interference lines of force created where the two pulsating forces meet each other. It is by the use of this free energy which exists everywhere in the universe, between all celestial bodies, that our space brothers travel through space. By using the energy of the universe they are not restricted by fuel.

Photo by courtesy of the George Adamski Foundation.



**George Adamski**

## **FOREWORD**

The purpose of this book is to clear up misconceptions to which the inhabitants of this planet have been subjected. People in the know have purposely made false and misleading statements which achieved nothing except the retardation of the masses.

Nature and the entire universe are on a continuous march of progress, and it is because of this that an artificial reversal of progress can never prevail.

It would be a folly to think, as many people do, that this small pebble



called Earth would be the only pebble on which human life exists, when there are countless billions of planets and systems far greater in size than our Earth is, and with vaster natural resources than we have. From a spiritual viewpoint, it would be giving the Creator, whoever He may be by name, very little credit for His intelligence, having created far vaster systems and planets than our own and not having them inhabited by His highest form of expression, called man. There really would be no rhyme or reason for such a creation.

To be as right as one possibly could be we must use the laws already known to us on Earth, which are laws of growth and progression, which gives us a basic idea of what intellect must exist upon other planets in this vast universe.

There is a common urge within every man to associate himself closer with his fellow man. Yet, because our knowledge is insufficient to allow us a feeling of assurance and security for ourselves and our families, we ignore this call that comes from within us for a better relationship with our fellow beings and instead founder ourselves on the law of the survival of the fittest, and as a result of this our struggle for existence is increased.

We know there is no standing still in the universe and we know there are some very advanced civilizations in our own solar system. So if we take our solar system and consider it as if it were a school, then our planet is the first grade in such a school, and from this point we should find progression both in the spiritual as well as the material, a progression to the infinite . . . and in the field of human relations, we are the only people still isolated from the rest in our solar system.

We can take common observations from the mechanics of nature happening on Earth and use them as a guideline to the universe. For example, let us look at a tree. A tree is a tree no matter where you find it. Yet trees vary in their form manifestation, differing in their size, height, and shape. These variations made us classify them under different names. Still the form is a tree whether you find it at one end of the world or at another, and no matter under what climatic conditions, for the pattern is universal. A tree in one part of the world may be quite coarse and in another part of the world quite delicate, but still it is a tree.

What the writer is trying to bring out is that the geometrical form or pattern is universal but that the climatic conditions existing on other planets would alter the effect upon such a form in the same way as the climatic condition altered the effect or shape of a tree on our planet. Also, the mentality of human beings has a distinct effect upon their form, either coarse or fine depending upon their stage of development; yet, the basic geometrical pattern of the human form is universal. So with humans the mentality of the being is a governing factor as to whether their form will be coarse or fine, in the same way as the climatic conditions or atmospheric pressure govern the form of a tree. So the reader of this book

may readily see how it is possible for a fine quality of human life to be on other planets beyond ours.

Now before we proceed let us ask a few questions: It was said that the craters on the Moon were made by meteoric bombardment. Is it really possible to have a meteor strike a spot on Earth, create a crater and in doing so leave not only one but in some cases many mountains standing in the center of that crater?

My answer is no. For if a meteor made a crater it would have a flat bottom like the one in Arizona and other places.

Second: Can we have extreme cold without moisture or moist air to make it so?

I question that. Yet we are told that there is no air on the Moon while at the same time we are told that the dark side of the Moon, which we do not see, is very cold and the side that we do see is very hot.

How could the dark side be very cold unless there was moisture to produce it?

If that is true, then it must also be true that the cold air on the dark side is not bottled up or fenced off from the heat on the light side of the Moon. According to known law, the heat on the light side would penetrate the cold for a certain distance. If it does, then there must be a temperate zone where the dark and the light side meet, which would make it possible for humans to live there.

Besides, the Moon is supposed to be of a very rocky formation and it does not make any difference what sort of rock it is, be it hard or soft, or any kind-nothing can be held together in total absence of moisture. So anything that contains moisture or is held together by moisture will also attract and give off moisture. Even metals will sweat. When total dehydration takes place there is no longer form. It is dust. This being true, it stands to reason that there must be air or moisture of some kind upon the Moon.

Is the ocean near the surface void of fish because it is light pressured?

No.

Is it void of fish because of a heavy pressure at the bottom of the ocean?

No.

All between, does the pattern of fish change due to the heavy pressure at the bottom or the light pressure at the surface of the ocean?

No, the pattern is the same. The only difference is in the structure of the form itself, complying with various pressures.

In this vast universe space is like the ocean and the planets are comparable to the various strata of pressure within the vast ocean. In each stratum life, including human life, exists just as easily as the fish live in the ocean. Since other planets around us are supposed to have rarefied air, then the human form as well as all other forms will have a

finer structure and be more delicate as well as quicker thinking. For we know that light pressures allow molecules to move about faster, while heavy pressures slow them down.

So if a planet is known to have a light pressure of air, and since it is most likely inhabited, it follows that its inhabitants will be further advanced than the people on a heavier pressured planet.

Scientists have analyzed numerous meteors and found them to be composed of the same minerals and rocks as we have on Earth. This proves that other planets are composed of the same materials as our Earth. This was also proved by means of the spectroscope which analyzes the reflected light from the planets. Thus meteors alone are a conclusive proof even to the most skeptical person.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery in regard to meteors is that made by Dr. Charles B. Lipman of the University of California. With the aid of modern scientific equipment Dr. Lipman analyzed the interior of many meteors and found them to contain life germs which correspond perfectly with those found on Earth. What a marvelous thought to consider is that the great universe with its billions of planets and millions of solar systems is sending from one planet to another a message of all-inclusive life. These meteors drop on other planets just as they do on Earth, and in their hearts they carry the sperm of all life.

It is upon these facts, known law, and common sense that we base what you are about to read.

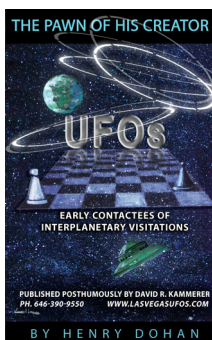
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The material contained in this foreword originated from the preface of the book "Pioneers of Space," by George Adamski and is published here with the consent of the "George Adamski Foundation," of Vista, CA. U.S.A. What is most noteworthy, however, is that the book was copyrighted and published by Adamski in the year 1947, at a time when our space knowledge was in an even greater infancy to what it is today.

Data contained in this preface is well ahead of our time. Later in this book conclusive evidence is given to Adamski's claims that he had contacts with beings from the planet Venus and other neighboring planets of our solar system. It therefore stands to reason that this material as well as a vast expanse of other information provided by Adamski may have originated from that same source.

## Chapter 1

### THE CARETAKERS



There is an inexplicable drive within some of us to seek and explore the unknown. It is a thankless unrewarding task, and yet the drive will always be there . . . and if in the distant horizon a shimmer of light appears, they will cling to it with all their might and hope it will bring them a step nearer to their goal.

Some will climb the peak of a mountain where no one else has ever been. Or cheat death at the bottom of our oceans. While others will fly our skies at speeds that no one ever dared. Whatever their goal, whether in success or in failure, a legacy is left behind, and yet in misadventure such feats are soon forgotten and the trials of those who tried and failed will not even mark an entry into our history books.

Such is the fortune of every inventor, as only one in a hundred ever succeeds. Dear reader, let me introduce myself to you-I am such a man. It was in the year 1961 that to my wife Wendy, Philip a son was born. The debt collectors knocked on my door and I suddenly came to the realization that I had brought into this world a small defenseless life and that it was up to me to protect it. The realization of this had such an impact on me that it changed my way of life.

Up until then the Lord, whoever He may be by name, must have looked down and seen in me one of His weirdest servants ever. I could work without sleep for a 36-hour stretch, sleep for 2 or 3 hours, then go back and do another 8 to 10 hours work, and I lit the candle, like that, both ends for fourteen years.

What happened in that year 1961 had a major impact on the events which later made me write this book. I knew of a new way to produce free energy and I realized that this was just another way to take my family and myself into the poor house. All my life I had produced things which helped the public and not big business, and that is not the way to make money. I realized that if I was to survive in this society I had to conform to the system whether I liked it or not.

I gave up my corrugated tin shed in Trafalgar Lane, Anandale. It was in there that I experimented for hours on end to produce new inventions. I now realized that this was a luxury I could no longer afford . . . and now I went out to make money like everyone else did. It did not take me long to get my head well above water.

It was in the year 1977 that I had a serious heart attack, and when in 1980 doctors gave me only two months to live. I felt that it was time to do what I always wanted, and that was to give people free energy. I was violently ill with chest pains due to my bad heart, but I built that free energy machine just the same. It was to be a legacy, a witness to my existence, and it is pictured on the next page.

It works on cosmic energy creating a whirlwind of free energy. I tested it in the backyard of my home and my life changed from that moment on as weird things began to happen all around me. All of a sudden I felt an impending urge to come to the U.S. to invest money. I needed an investment in the U.S. like I needed a hole in the head, but to America I went.

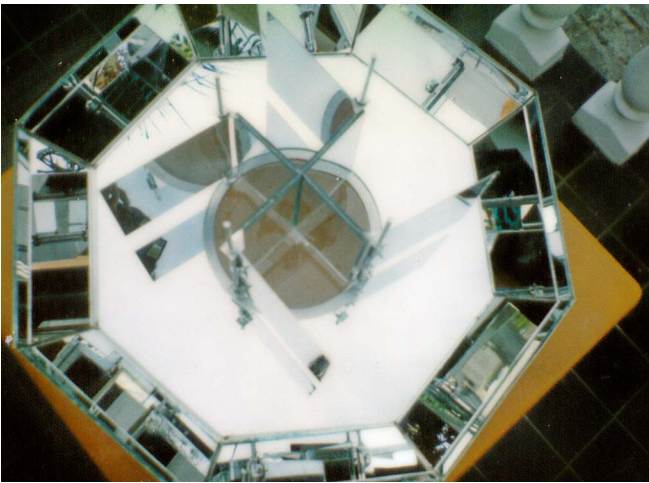
On my first night in the U.S. I went to a supermarket for supplies. As I waited in line I saw a magazine on a stand near the checkout counter. In it was an advertisement that caught my eye. Someone was giving away free photographs of flying saucers, and as I read this the thought passed my mind that the free energy device I had built looked like a flying saucer, and I figured that if those saucers were interplanetary vessels, then they would have to operate on free energy as they could not go far carrying fuel. In the silent loneliness of my studio apartment I dwelled more and more on the resemblance of the device I had built and photos I had seen of flying saucers, and the resemblance was tremendous. I read the advertisement once more-it definitely said that the photos were free. Well, the price was right. I wrote in for the photos.

Several weeks later a reply came from a man I shall call F.S. Privacy laws forbid the use of a person's name in a book. I have therefore given him the assumed name of Mr. Flying Saucer or Mr. F.S. or the F.S. man. He is prominently featured throughout these pages. Meeting this man is one of the many "coincidences" to which I earlier referred.

Included in F.S.'s reply was a xeroxed page illustrating many close-ups of flying objects. He offered enlarged photos of any pictures for 50 cents a photo and wrote that if I was unemployed he would send it all free. Whoever F.S. was, I thought, he certainly was not out to rip me off.

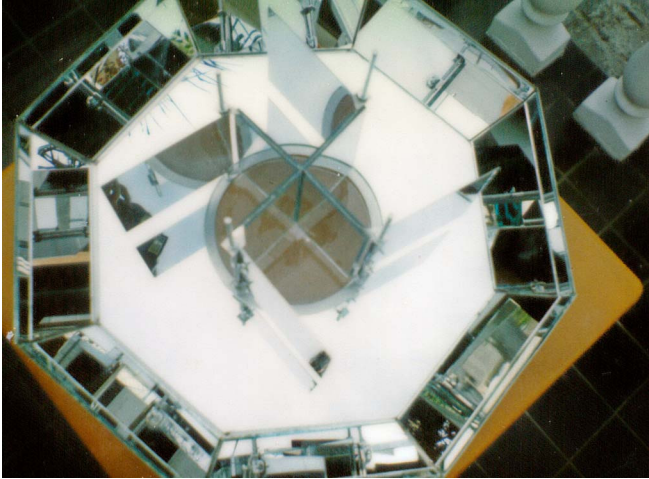
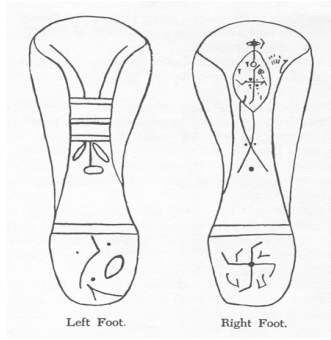
One of the pictures showed the under carriage or landing gear of a flying saucer. It consisted of three spheres. For a landing gear the spheres were oversized. I wondered why.

I wrote to F.S. requesting an enlarged photo of the saucer with the landing gear and a book that was offered, titled "*Inside the Spaceships,*" by *George Adamski*. I knew by the shape of the illustrated saucers that they were genuine. The reason for my assumption was that I thought at



the time that they worked by the same principle as my device in Australia did. I later found out that this was not so at all.

Several weeks later I received the book and photo I had ordered. The photo of the landing gear had me puzzled. Why were the three spheres at the bottom of the craft as big as they were? It did not make sense at the time. I opened the book and began to read only excerpts as I was very busy at the time. Very near the beginning, *George Adamski*, the author, wrote of *“my friends of the planet Venus.”* I threw the book away. I thought these people had to be crazy. We have been to Venus and there is nothing there. But as I threw the book away it fell open to a page where there was a reproduction of a footprint that was left by a spaceman in the California desert.



Look at the footprints along with a picture of the device I built in Australia before coming to America. Now if you compare the illustration of the right footprint of the spaceman it is a symbolic reproduction of what I had built. I was so astounded I stayed up all night reading the book.

Briefly, the book deals with a man, *George Adamski*, who made contact with **extraterrestrials** from our own solar system, mainly people who look like us and come from the planet Venus. They are of a very high intellect and learn languages very quickly. They are so well integrated amongst us that they are impossible to detect. When they come here they usually come on a mission to help us in one way or another, and they always give a good example to us how one human being should behave toward another. Our planet is going through a crisis at the moment and it is because of this that right now we have several hundred thousand among us here on Earth, undetected, trying to help.

Normally, I would be very apprehensive of anyone making such ambiguous claims as having **extraterrestrial friends**-if it were not for the drawing.

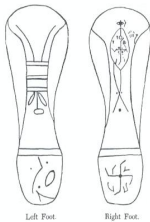
*Adamski* wrote his book in the 50s and died in 1965. I built my device in 1980. I later found out that there are no scientists in the *Adamski group*. The footprint was left in the sand by a Venusian who came to us. A plaster cast was made of it and then a reproduction was made in this book. The people who are getting these books published are only working people. Some work very long hours to keep body and soul together, and the publication of these books did not help their budget.

The book is very enlightening, and I recommend it. The title is "*Inside the Spaceships,*" and it is published by

The George Adamski Foundation  
P.O. Box 1722  
Vista, California 92085, U.S.A.  
<http://www.georgeadamski.com>

I cannot explain to the reader the origin or the mechanics of the force that acted on me. It made me come to the U.S. to buy a book. Then when I threw the book away it landed on the page which proved to me what was said. I cannot explain it and it is the first of a series of "coincidences", to which I referred at the beginning in the "prologue" of this book.

Members of the *Adamski* group told me that many books were sold over the years. I believe *George Adamski* toured the world lecturing about his experiences with **extraterrestrials**, showing the pictures of the footprints wherever he went. *Adamski* knew there was an important message in those footprints. When *Adamski* first met the Venusian he asked Him if he could take a ride in the spaceship, a request which was refused. He then asked how it works. The Venusian took a few steps and left those footprints in the soft sand of the desert. He then pointed to the footprints, took another few steps and again pointed to the footprints. *Adamski* then knew it had something to do with the operating of these crafts.



*Adamski* knew there as an important message in it, and as he toured all over the world lecturing about what had happened he always showed those footprints. It was all in vain as no one had an explanation for the meaning of this.

On the next page is a photograph of the site where this meeting in Desert Centre, California, took place on November 20th, 1952. On the





12 DESERT CENTER, CALIFORNIA  
20 November 1952

This Brownie photo was taken just as the 'Scout Ship' departed and shows the wild rocky valley where the amazing contact took place. The little ship from Venus (arrow) can just be seen rising from the saddle in the hills.

next page are sworn affidavits of witnesses who were there at the time of this most historic meeting. Later in this book is a chapter titled "*Orthon the Man*" that deals in more detail about this.

The Spaceman whose footprints were left in the California desert had been to Earth before in a previous life. At the moment I want only to say briefly that we were given a warning about the dangers of nuclear explosive devices. These things are far more dangerous than what we realize. Many civilizations before ours have come and gone because of the same or similar devices. The United States Government was made aware of this historic event and, instead of welcoming Him, sent fighter planes out to try to chase Him away.

I was told that in dealing with Venusians we are facing a civilization millions of years ahead of us. Universal interplanetary laws forbid people from one planet interfering with the lives of peoples from another. It is because of this that this drawing is so carefully composed so as to remain meaningless to those who did not understand the principles of cosmic energy. Cosmic energy can revolutionize and dramatically change the life of almost everyone on this planet.

It would have been unethical for them to come to Earth and show us a technology that would render obsolete almost every industry. It also explains why they never landed here officially except on rare occasions. They almost always contacted our governments first, and when the governments showed a reluctance to have them, they returned to their planets in the hope that one day we will evolve to a level of life comparable to theirs. They are eager to become our friends.

I, the undersigned, do solemnly state that I have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Adamski and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Saucer" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.

*Alice L. Wells*

STATE OF CALIFORNIA  
COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO  
On the 20th day of  
Erla Kuehn  
County of San Diego, State of California, residing therein, State Commissioner  
and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Saucer" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.  
I, the undersigned, do solemnly state that I have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Adamski and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Saucer" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.  
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STATE OF CALIFORNIA  
COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO  
On the 20th day of  
Erla Kuehn  
County of San Diego, State of California, residing therein, State Commissioner  
and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Saucer" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.  
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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

We, the undersigned, do solemnly state that we have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Adamski and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer "Saucer" ship. And that we were a party to, and witnesses to the event as herein recounted.

*Alfred C. Bailey*  
*Betty M. Bailey*  
*George H. Williamson*  
*Betty M. Williamson*

State of Arizona, )  
County of Navajo, ) ss

On this 6th day of March 1953, before me, C.D. McCauley, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Navajo, State of Arizona, personally appeared Alfred C. Bailey, and Betty M. Bailey, his wife, and George H. Williamson, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed hereto and acknowledged to me that they signed same for the purpose therein stated.

Given under my hand and official seal at Winslow, Arizona the day and year first above written.

My Com. Exp. 10-25-56

*C.D. McCauley*  
Notary Public

13 THE AFFIDAVITS

Photostatic copies of the original affidavits of the witnesses sworn by them before notaries public.

The spiritual, moral and technological knowledge of those people will stop all wars here forever. I was told that there is life on every planet in our solar system but we are the only planet still fighting wars.

*Adamski* died a disillusioned man. He could never produce enough evidence to convince people of the claims he made. He waged a relentless war against governments, oil companies and every established institution on Earth. They all feared the technology of planets millions of years ahead of us.

*Adamski* was discredited and made to look as if he were an insane crank. Little did *Adamski* know that the evidence, the drawings left behind by the Venusians, which for thirty years had no meaning, making him the laughing stock of thousands, would ultimately become the evidence that would prove his claims.

Said an ex-employee of the U.S. Government, "I worked for the dirty tricks department of the C.I.A. and became interested in *George Adamski* only because I knew that we kept agents on our payroll to discredit *George*." Said the man. "Why would the U.S. Government be doing that almost twenty years after that man's death if there was no truth behind the *Adamski story*?"

The evidence left behind by the Venusian friends of *Adamski* was overwhelming. Many earth people were privileged to meet the Venusians. One of those is F.S.

*Adamski* spent his entire life promoting the cosmic philosophy that he had learned from his space brother friends. Their philosophy and way of life is millions of years ahead of us and our way of thinking. *Adamski* knew that, and no effort was too great as far as he was concerned. I believe that shortly before his death, *Adamski* asked F.S. to keep his work going after he died. F.S. is doing that as best he can. He is not a resourceful man and he does what he can with love and devotion to humanity. I cannot give a better description of him as this might disclose his identity, and for obvious reasons all the people who have aided me with this material are frightened of reprisals. Makes me wonder just how free a society America really is. I feel that if the people of America really care about their freedom they will have to take a stand about it sooner or later.

Let me expose here just two incidents that happened and which will explain how government interference stops this information from getting to the masses, and here again I am hindered from telling the story the way I would like to, because the people involved are frightened of reprisals. A book was published on the subject through a publisher. The book received publicity through the media. Someone receives a golden handshake-sales and printing of the book stops. The author then advertised it in a major magazine, and when the P.O. Box contained no replies they looked through the window of the Post Office and saw a poster "All Mail for P.O. Box" and their number with a bin in front

intercepting their mail.

A brilliant scientist who once worked for N.A.S.A. became friendly with visitors from the Pleiades. One day his house was virtually swamped by the U.S. Feds. He had an extensive library on the subject of flying saucers. They confiscated his books, went through his files keeping correspondence he had over this subject. I received the story through an eyewitness. I don't blame him for not wanting to talk about it-he stands to lose a lot. His U.F.O. activities have since become very restrained.

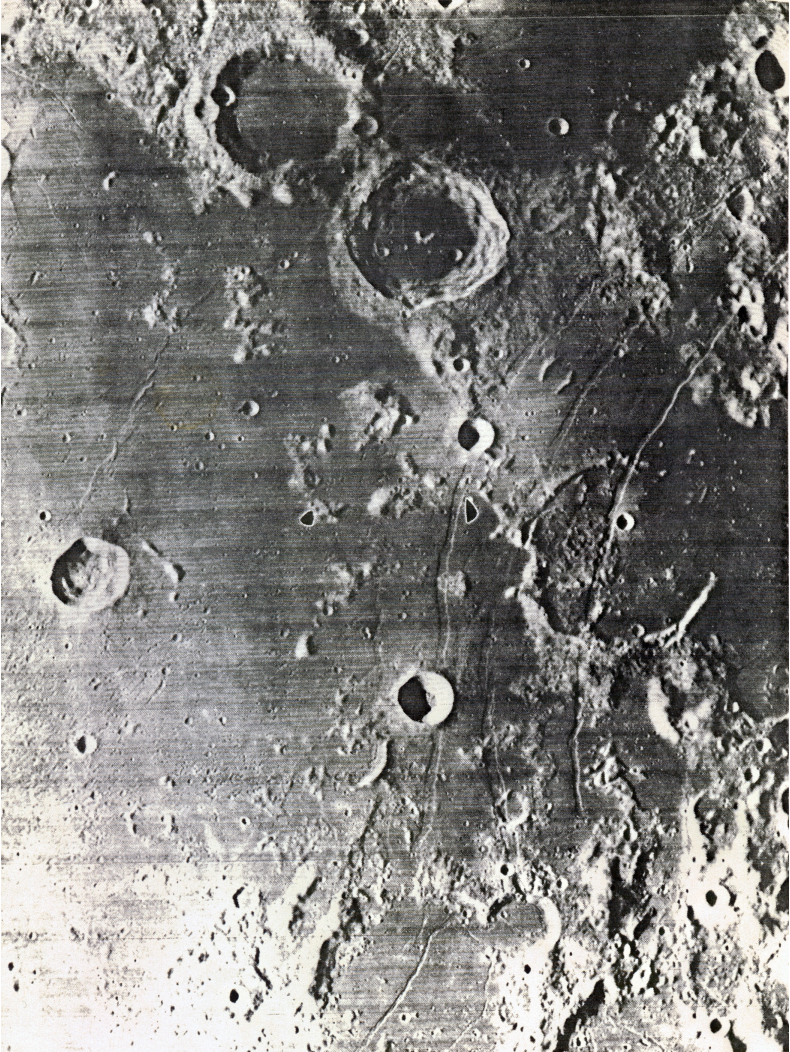
This book exposes a cover-up that will leave you in doubt about my integrity and sincerity. If it does I urge you to keep reading, as proof of my allegations will follow soon after.

The introduction of free energy into our social system is more difficult than most people imagine. It threatens every industry-our oil, motor cars, airplanes, trains, energy stocks. It may even shake the foundations of our monetary system.

The controversy is even more intensified when you consider how energy-starved our planet really is. We use nuclear power to supplement our energy needs. I need not elaborate on the controversy of what happens to our nuclear waste. I am sure the reader is well acquainted with that already. But what about the oil? Oil exists on every planet in God's vast kingdom. God put oil into planets as a lubricant between the plates that form the crust of a planet. When the planet cools off and expands, the oil, the lubricant, will help the plates ease their movement as they slide along one another. What do we do? We run our motor cars and airplanes on it.

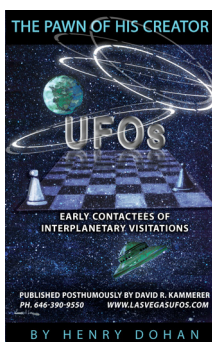
When the plates on the crust of a planet run dry in the absence of oil and the planet expands, which invariably all planets do as they cool off, we will experience a nightmare of tremors and earthquakes. I hope our oil tycoons will be around when this happens.

The Human Race throughout the universe was appointed by God as caretakers of planets. WHAT KIND OF CARETAKERS HAVE WE TURNED OUT TO BE?



## Chapter 2

### NARCISO GENOVESE



... is the name of a brilliant Italian-born, Mexican writer. The following is an exact narration of the coincidental circumstances under which I met this man.

It was late in the year 1982. I was living in San Diego gathering information for this book. One day I lost a crown that protected a broken incisor tooth. Had I been in Sydney it would have been no problem. I had regular visits to the same dentist for over thirty years.

I picked up a yellow page directory. There was no shortage of dentists in San Diego, so I picked one nearest my home. I showed him the crown and indicated the tooth. "Could you stick this back for me?" I asked. "Oh no," said the dentist. "I can't do that. I will have to X-Ray it, open it up, clean it out, etc., etc." I am not a dentist but I knew how precarious this tooth is. Any drilling and I could have lost the tooth. My Sydney dentist had warned me of that. There was hardly any tooth left; the crown was sitting on a pin. For the fun of it I asked how much he wanted? \$420. I suppose that is a good enough reason for me to lose a tooth. A block and a half away was another dentist. This one took an X-Ray and left me sitting in the chair for 35 minutes with an apron on. I figured a thirty-five minute wait was long enough. I got up and looked for attention. In the cubicle next to mine sat the dentist reading a magazine. I told him I was in a hurry. Soon after his nurse appeared and gave me the same sales pitch. "How much?" I asked. He must have felt generous that day; he only wanted \$380.00.

Since I speak fluent Spanish, I felt I should try our Mexican neighbours. My son Philip, a travel agent in Sydney, was visiting me. I left my car illegally parked in Tijuana's Avenida Revolucion. I said to Philip, "Move my car if a cop comes," as I ran into the closest arcade. In the middle of the arcade a young man was selling trinkets. "If you needed a dentist," I asked, "where would you go?" The man looked at me bewildered as I held the crown in my hand. It must have been the

strangest question any "gringo" had asked in years. "One moment, one moment," he exclaimed with excitement as he lifted the trap door counter to get out. He went to the back of the arcade and returned with another young man. I looked at the man. "He is no dentist," I said. "He works in a shop here." The man replied, "Yes, I am a dentist. I work here in the mornings. My sister is also a dentist, she works in the surgery in the mornings. I work in the afternoons. We just opened up. I have to work here half a day to supplement our income."

I offered the man a ride in my car and we drove to his surgery. He turned out to be a very good and honest dentist. He restored my confidence in the dental profession. He repaired my crown, checked all my teeth and fixed two cavities. The total bill was \$60.

As I sat in the chair he asked what I did for a living, I said, "I write books." "Six doors down from here," said the dentist, "is the writer Narciso Genovese. I suppose you have heard of him. He is famous as the author of the book, "Christ the Man" and also the book "I Have Been to Mars." I nearly jumped from the chair! Of all the books he could have written-it was this. The dentist went on, "I have made a plate for him. He paid me in full for it but hasn't been to pick it up. I can't understand it. After we finish, if you want to meet him I'll go over to his place with you. I want to know why he hasn't been to pick up his denture."

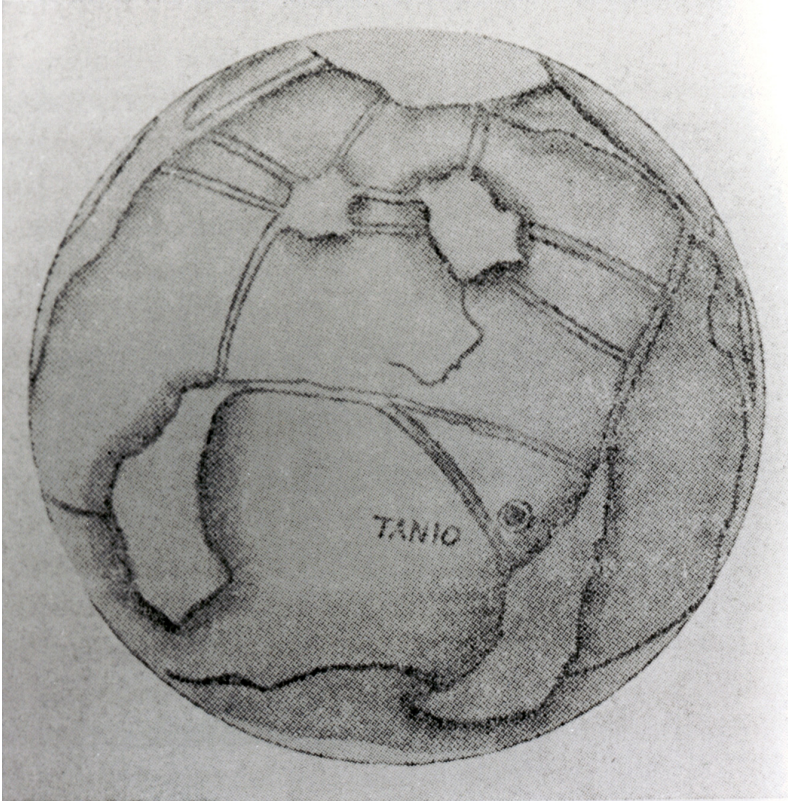
Six doors up the street we entered a passageway. Behind the shops was a small patio. At the end, a bookbindery. Inside a tall, frail, heavy-set man in his late sixties greeted us politely. It was obvious he needed dentures, he had only one tooth left in his upper and lower jaw. He was a stoic man, he stood erect and carries his years well. The modest environment he was in did not detract from the greatness of the person he is.

"Why haven't you been to pick up your denture?" asked the dentist. "They are ready." "I have been very busy. I'll be over in a few days," said the man. "Here I'd like you to meet a friend of mine," said the dentist as he pointed to me. "He is also a writer and I thought you might want to meet him." I asked the author, "Did you write the books 'Christ the Man' and 'I Have Been to Mars.'?" He became disconcerted, looked frightened, and gave no reply. I asked again, still no reply. I looked at the dentist. Was he deaf? And the dentist said to him, "It is alright, he is also a writer, he is alright." The dentist then explained to me that Genovese had been harassed by the F.B.I. Apparently forty or more U.S. Agents had crossed the border and terrorized the old man. That was after his latest book about the planet Mars was published. He is now very careful to whom he speaks. The old man then said, "They came back a week later, picked me up in a U.S. Government car and took me across the border where I spent a weekend at President Johnson's farm."

It seems that the President of the U.S. wanted first-hand information- all he could find out about the Martians, their technology, way of life, etc.

So on one week Mr. Genovese gets terrorized to shut his mouth or else, and the next week he is taken to the U.S. President because he wants first-hand information from him.

Narciso Genovese is not only a brilliant writer in the Spanish language, but he is also a very observant and highly intelligent man. But what is most remarkable about him is his ability to sketch and reproduce everything he sees. I find it a great pity that his book is not available in English. On the cover of his book he reproduced the scenery of a city on Mars, and with his permission we reproduced the picture. The buildings are huge and are made out of quartz.



Mars: westliche Hemisphäre.

The scene on the cover of his book "I Have Been to Mars," reproduced above depicts the historic moment at which eight crafts, four of which were built on Earth under the instruction of the Martians, landed in a stadium on Mars. The stadium had a seating capacity for 250,000 people. The eight crafts took him and ninety-eight Earth scientists to



Mars, and it was his job to ensure that this historic event is recorded in a book for posterity, which he did. The head of the government of Mars made Narciso Genovese a guest in his own home, so as to acquaint himself personally with him during his stay of seven days on Mars.

The observant and alert Mr. Genovese in his book gave the numbering system the Martians have. Numbers go from one to five, and the sixth number is a zero. He also reproduced the alphabet of the Martians, many letters of which bear resemblance to ancient writings on Earth. He also gave a comprehensive accounting of every phase of the trip and the spacecraft he was in.

On Mars there is a water shortage due to a war they had some 1,900 years ago when their planet became unified. Forests help with the rainfall on a planet. Therefore, trees are not used in the construction of their houses, and trees above a certain elevation must never be cut. Mr. Narciso Genovese's book "I Have Been to Mars" is the most informative book about the way of life of the people on Mars that was ever produced. A new edition of this book is currently being published by Jose Gomes de Lima, Rua Jaracatia, 115, Jardim Leonor, Cidade de Londrina, Estado do Parana, Brazil.

It was after the meeting that Narciso Genovese had with President Johnson that the President cut the funding for space research that President Kennedy had introduced.

I looked at the old writer who had now become confident and began to trust me. Had the dentist not been there by "coincidence" to assure him I was neither F.B.I. nor C.I.A., he would have never spoken to me. I asked the old man, "how come you were taken to Mars? Why you of all the billions that live here?" "It is a long story," said the man. "It was because of my brother, and it began way back in Italy. I was unemployed as a teenager and in need of a job. I had a brother who was a manager at Fiat. I asked him for help; he got me a job as a crewman on the yacht where Marconi lived." "You knew Marconi, the inventor of radio?" I asked. "Yes, I knew him," said the man. "The yacht the 'ELECTRA' in the port of Genoa was owned by Fiat. They let Marconi use it while he did research for Fiat. I saw a lot of strange things happen on that yacht. For instance, every week, same day, same time without fail, the same monk from the Vatican used to visit Marconi. Their meetings were very hush, hush. If I came near them they stopped talking. These meetings went on for many years till Marconi died. I remember another interesting meeting Marconi had," said the man. "After he had discovered radio, three German scientists came to see him and I overheard them ask if he knew what electricity was. 'No,' said Marconi, 'I know it is there and I know how it behaves, but I don't know what it is.' One day Marconi died, and when he did, monks from the Vatican swarmed all over the yacht. They began to wash the floors, the walls-in short, everything on the yacht was washed down. Then they gathered all the contents, everything that

was on board and took it to the Vatican.

"It was not till many years later," said my friend Genovese, "that I found out who the monk, the regular visitor to Marconi's yacht, really was. You see, the people from the Planet Venus and Mars, our cosmic neighbours, are very concerned with our welfare. They sent us many emissaries over the years to advance our moral and technological way of life. Every time they did that, we misunderstood them and from it came new religions and Gods. They never wanted this; it causes division and barriers amongst us. This made them wary as to whom to send and with whom to make contact. You see," explained my writer friend, "I never knew till much later who the monk from the Vatican that visited Marconi was. He was Father Gian Franceschi who worked for the scientific research department of the Vatican. He was a contact man between Marconi and the people from Mars. The research work Marconi was doing came fundamentally from Mars. Now you will understand the concern and the involvement of the Vatican.

"Later, when the Fiat people found out the Vatican monks had stripped their boat and taken everything that belonged to Marconi, they went stark-raving mad. The Vatican, they said, had nothing to do with Marconi. They had him living on their yacht for years. They had paid him for his living and his experiments so he could do research for them, and the yacht they had washed down and stripped-it was the property of Fiat.

"Fiat threatened the Vatican with a Writ and legal proceedings, publicity the Vatican could do without. The Vatican offered to return everything, on one condition, a contract from Fiat that the information would never be used in an act of war or destruction of human life. Fiat agreed.

"In spite of the promises that Fiat made, and unknown to Fiat, the Vatican still withheld most of the dangerous information."

Everything was fine again. The only loser was my friend who was out of work again. He left Italy soon after and came to Mexico where as fate would have it, he settled in Tijuana, a Mexican city on the U.S. border next to San Diego. He has lived there ever since.

The Second World War was over. Our writer friend was now in business as a bookbinder. One day the phone rang. On the other end was the brother, the manager of Fiat. "How would you like to write a book about the greatest story that ever was?" "What is it about?" "I can't say on the phone. Meet me in Ecuador in a village by the name . . . on such and such a day. You won't regret it!" "I went there," said Genovese. "In a remote area of the Altiplano in the middle of nowhere, in a small Indian town, he met his brother who took him to a place where an underground city stood in flamboyant luxury, complete with intricate labyrinths, laboratories, libraries, recreation rooms, workshops-in short, everything was there. It could have been a scene from a 007 movie. It accommodated 98 of the world's most brilliant scientists." Dumbfounded,

I asked my friend Genovese, "Where did the money come to build all this?" "We have the backing of a few small governments, some Royal Families, wealthy private individuals, The Vatican, and last but not least, our staunchest supporters are the Martians." "How come the Martians?" I asked, "It was after World War 2," said Genovese, "that it was organized. Scientists from many parts of the world gave up their citizenship and came to this secret and underground town in the Altiplano. It was their idealistic belief that they should all become united as if they had been born in the same country, were of the same religion, same race, and as such work together as a team. They felt that by doing this they could set an example for others to follow; many of those scientists were themselves victims of the havoc and tragedies which the Second World War had left behind, and they felt that it was what was needed for everlasting peace on Earth. The Marconi Files from Fiat ended up in the hands of the Germans. After the Germans occupied Italy, they took over Fiat with the Marconi Files. It is unclear whether or not the Germans at Fiat kept the Marconi Files for their own use or gave it to their government. Anyway, the Germans at that time were losing the war and could do nothing about it as they were running out of time. The technology remained in the hands of a select group of scientists of whom it is said that after the war they resigned allegiance and citizenship to their countries. I believe they zealously guard the knowledge they have. There is no government on Earth, apart from the Vatican, with this knowledge."

The destructive capability of the data contained in the Marconi files is such that nuclear weapons are a toy alongside it. In the hands of warring people this technology could signify the detrimental perdition of a planet.

To the Germans, the Marconi Files were invaluable not just for the technical data they contained-they revealed the existence of a highly developed life on Mars and other planets in our solar system.

After World War 2 at their South American base, the scientists built a Cosmic Receptacle as per Marconi. It produced huge amounts of electric current. It works like the central core of any cosmically operated spacecraft.

The scientists in South America used the device for the production of electric current to send signals to Mars. It took some time before the Martians came to investigate the origin and reason for these signals. When they did, the scientists made contact with them.

During my investigations, I came across a strange report. It concerns an alleged act of piracy near the southern end of Chile. It is on record that after the end of World War 2, a German submarine surfaced in front of an Argentinean freighter. It trained its gun at the freighter and ordered it to stop. It then ordered the freighter to bring food to the sub.

The Argentineans had no choice. They loaded the food onto a boat and took it to the sub. They were then ordered to load the food, and as they entered the hold of the sub, they saw many big containers with

chemicals. And as if by coincidence, the chemicals were the same as that needed in the construction of a spacecraft.

The Germans asked the Argentineans what their food was worth and paid it without haggling.

In the absence of concrete evidence, I cannot say whether or not the occupants of the sub were part of the team now operating in South America.

In the book "I Have Been to Mars," the writer Narciso Genovese brilliantly described his epic voyage to the planet. The planet is symbolic as the Roman God of War. At the beginning of the book is a narrative of the writer's experiences inside the Martian spacecraft on the way to Mars. Later he gives a description of his six-day stay on the planet and then his subsequent return to Earth.

When the 98 Earth Scientists arrived on Mars, they were given a hero's welcome by the Martians. They went to the stadium that sat 250,000 people, landing in the middle of it in full view of hundreds of thousands of Martians. Due to a misunderstanding, the Martians at that time thought that the entire planet Earth knew about this event.

As a sequel to the flight of our ninety-eight Earth scientists to Mars, a strange thing happened. A few weeks after this event, a Martian spacecraft landed in the middle of Mexico City on a public square. Crowds soon gathered around it. Someone alarmed a priest in a church nearby. The Catholic priest thought that Jesus had returned to Earth. He held a cross in front of him and knelt with head bowed in front of the Martians. Without uttering a sound, the Martians returned to their craft. Minutes later it zoomed away.

The crowds that witnessed this were alarmed. The U.S. released a statement to the Mexican press saying the spacecraft that had landed in Mexico City was a U.S. space probe.

The book "I Have Been to Mars" as well as the *Adamski books* were invaluable to me for the technical data I obtained from them. In 1980 when I built my device in Australia, I was aware of only the most basic rudimentary principles of Cosmic Energy. Had I not met F.S. by "coincidence" and obtained the *Adamski books* and, later again by "coincidence" through my dentist, met the writer Genovese and obtained his book about Mars, which again was equally abundant in technical data. I would not have been able to do what I later did.

It was the year 1984 and coincidences just kept happening. I was back from Australia in San Diego because of financial problems I was having with my American investments when (I suppose you guessed it) I noticed a cavity in one of my teeth. I was busy at the time and kept putting it off. The tooth deteriorated to the point that I could no longer ignore it. I dropped everything and to Tijuana I went. My dentist friend was out that day but his sister was there. She offered to phone her brother. Fifteen minutes later he was at the office. As soon as he saw me

he showed me a newspaper article that had appeared that day in a Tijuana paper. I reproduce the article at the end of this chapter, with a translation from Spanish to English. It was the first time in 25 years that the writer Genovese had returned from the woodwork and was back into the limelight. He is a very frightened man; the article took a lot of courage for him to write.

**The second part of the article was never published.** My guess is that the suppressive forces that work in the U.S. also work in Mexico.

I have always kept myself extremely busy, whether I am in Sydney or in San Diego. I work an average of ninety hours every week. Consequently, my visits to Tijuana are very rare. "Coincidence" again took me to Tijuana on the one and only day in twenty-five years that the writer Genovese received publicity by the media for his visit to Mars. Had the dentist not bought a newspaper that morning and shown the article to me, I would not have known about it, since I never buy a newspaper in Tijuana. I estimate the probability of such a string of events happening on their own as one in many millions.

"God is omnipresent, omnipotent, and omniscient," . . . and so it shall be known.

It was the year 1988, and I was completing this book, when I suddenly developed the feeling to go down to Tijuana to see my friend Genovese. I was at the time writing the last chapter of this book, "*Orthon The Man.*" I had left this chapter last because I felt a terrible apprehension and reluctance to writing it as it contravenes the most fundamental belief of our churches.

When I came to Mr. Genovese's humble abode, a well-dressed lady stood at the door. I had never seen her before, and before I had time to say anything, she said to me, "He is in here," and pointed to the room he was in. Whenever I go down there I always bring him produce, fresh oranges, avocados, apples, etc. It grows on my land in Escondido, and he seems to like it. He had become very frail and weak and could barely move himself. I noticed that he wanted to get up, and I helped him to his feet. He slowly moved near to a shelving made out of boxwood. He took four books from it and said to me, "I want you to have this. I do not think I will be needing it." The books, written by him, are priceless and out of print. One of the books, titled *Jesus Christ The Man*, contained exactly the material I needed. I gave him whatever I had on me that day and said farewell to a great man, as I had to return to Australia.



Trataremos de abarcar el complejo panorama de la tierra, tal como se lo forjaron los Marcianos a través de sus observaciones, acumuladas durante el transcurso de más de tres mil años. Vea nuestro libro ("Crónicas Marcianas").

A través de incontables exploraciones por la superficie de la tierra y de contactos directos, aunque esporádicos, con algunos de sus habitantes, los Marcianos han podido formarse un criterio bastante preciso sobre nuestra historia, nuestra civilización y nuestra cultura. En diversas ocasiones depositaron en la tierra algún elemento o personaje especial para experimentar el modo de ejercer una posible influencia en nuestras instituciones y conducta: Eli, Moisés, Jesucristo & muchos otros en diversas partes de la tierra. Hemos mencionado los anteriores puesto que los relatos sobre ellos implican varias instituciones antiguas sintetizadas en gran parte en la biblia. Pero personajes como Quetzalcoatl de México, ejercieron poderosas influencias en la compactación de diversas culturas, destinadas casi todas a la extinción.

Por fin llegaron a una conclusión, la imposibilidad de fusionar una cultura general y común en la tierra, y el motivo no es la diferente idiosincracia de los humanos, sino su absurda separación y división.

Por su peculiar conformación física la tierra está dividida en continentes, e islas, y dentro de cada continente existen subdivisiones de otra índole, con caracteres a veces diametralmente opuestos, y casi siempre en pugna entre sí.

La relativamente pequeña porción de tierra habitable del planeta, dividida en continentes, sufre desde tiempos remotos la proliferación de distintos grupos étnicos, que, separados antaño por circunstancias y obstáculos invencibles de distancias y elementos naturales nunca se comunicaron entre sí, formando por tanto cada núcleo su propio modo de vivir y relacionarse los individuos, o sea su propia civilización y cultura. Cuando ocasionalmente llegaban a hacer contacto era sólo para atacar o defenderse, considerándose cada grupo por su predominio sobre los demás sin propugnar nunca un mutuo entendimiento y la fusión de sus culturas. Esto concluía siempre en el empeño de destruirse mutuamente, dando origen a las guerras. La historia de los habitantes de la tierra puede resumirse en un solo capítulo: la historia de sus guerras.

Es cierto que en repetidas ocasiones surgieron grandes predominios de unos pueblos sobre otros promulgándose y difundiéndose instituciones comunes, positivas a veces y a veces negativas con arraigo temporal en limitado número de pueblos, y como ejemplo podemos citar las culturas y difusión de las mismas por los pueblos griego y romano, su filosofía, derecho, cultura y multitud de obras utilitarias; pero como este acatamiento era impuesto general por la fuerza y la violencia, violentamente caducaba también, regresando cada pueblo a su peculiar y antiguo sistema de vida.

Se hicieron, como ya apuntamos, grandes esfuerzos por personajes extraordinarios para divulgar una doctrina y principios universales, pero siempre fueron obstaculizados y neutralizados por las mismas razones y por la tozudez de diversos caudillos de los pueblos.

Antiguamente era esto comprensible por las barreras que se interponían con las distancias y la falta de medios de comunicación que orilaron a cada pueblo a plasmar su idioma y sus costumbres. Ya esas barreras se vinieron borrando por las carreteras, el correo, y ultimamente por la prensa y los prodigios de la radio y la televisión; pero la era anterior de aislamiento fué demasiado larga, por lo que es muy difícil destruir los efectos que la separación había creado.

Antes era la naturaleza la que se abía a los hombres, ahora que han sido eliminados esos obstáculos son los hombres, los que se empeñan en mantener y fomentar las distancias, convirtiendo esos mismos factores en instrumentos de egomanía y división fomentando la defensa de sus propios principios e intereses con lo cual se incrementa mayor separación y la instauración de ideologías antagonicas entre y dentro de cada grupo.

[http://www.4shared.com/get/8Nf2aImE/Yo He Estado en Marte - Narcis.html](http://www.4shared.com/get/8Nf2aImE/Yo_He_Estado_en_Marte_-_Narcis.html)

you can download the Spanish version of this book free.

We will try to describe the complex nature of the earth, as the Marclanos observed over more than three thousand years.

From countless explorations of the surface of the earth, and sporadic contacts with some of the earth's inhabitants, the Martians have been able to form an opinion about our history, our civilization and our culture. On a number of occasions they tried to approach our societies and to exercise an influence on our institutions and behavior.

Elias, Moses, Jesus Christ and others in diverse parts of the earth, were here to affect the direction of society. The stories that have been passed on about them suggest their attempts to make changes in the old ways of doing things according to an ethical standard. The Bible is the greatest record of such work. In other areas of the world, individuals such as Quetzalcoatl of Mexico, exercised powerful influences to change cultures based on death rituals rather than honoring life.

The aliens finally reached the conclusion that it was impossible to change earth cultures because of the separation and division of the social and political groups. This was due to the peculiar physical conformation of the earth, being divided in continents, and islands with further subdivisions based on diverse social and political criteria, often diametrically opposed in the basic beliefs, and almost always in conflict with each other. The relatively small portion of inhabitable earth of the planet, divided in continents, and separated in the past by circumstances and invincible obstacles of distances and natural elements, resulted in the proliferation of different ethnic groups that have never communicated among each other. Each forming its own civilization and culture. When occasionally they ended up making contact it was to attack or to defend, each group either prevailing or being prevailed upon, without the option of cooperating in a mutual understanding and the fusing of their cultures. This always ended in wars. The history of the inhabitants of the earth can be summarized as winning or surrendering.

On some occasions big towns arose and sometimes created positive institutions. But often the institutions were negative. The cultures of Greek and Roman towns, their philosophy, ethics, and multitude of works may have been positive for periods of time, but eventually some factor used force and Violence to gain power and the violence inevitably returned each town to the older less admirable system of life.

A great effort was made to discover universal doctrine and principals for the Earth, but this was impossible due to the diversity of individual settlements and political communities that had no interest in or need to agree on common values.

It had been understood that the distances between communities and the absence of means of communication formed barriers to any agreement because each geographical area valued distinct language and customs. Although the differences began to be resolved when highways, mail delivery, and eventually press, radio and television became available

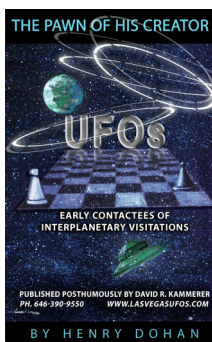
to all cultures. But the desire of some regions for isolation and individuality made it difficult to destroy the effects that separation had created.

Originally it was the nature of men to fight, then influences made them into larger groups that worked together. But inevitably divisions form that lead to each group defending their own principles and interests in ways that lead to deep separations from other groups and antagonistic ideologies between and inside groups.



## Chapter 3

### The Immortal Soul



It was not until the year 553 A.D. that our churches became an opponent to the concept of reincarnation. Until then it was accepted, and if you read the Bible carefully you will find innumerable references given by Christ to life after death. Reincarnation is accepted in various degrees by many of our religions, such as the Hindu, Buddhist, Moslem, and Jewish.

According to Jesus of Nazareth each person was the maker of his own destiny, and it was in 553 A.D. that the Council of Nice decided to hoodwink us on the teachings of Christ by putting their own interpretation to the Word of Our Lord . . . and their scheme is a very profitable one, a kind of pay for your sins, where the church collects the payments. Our churches have become the greatest opponents to our advancement, and while they can keep us in a state of ignorance-well, the money just keeps coming in. Christ's teaching was that each individual was responsible for his own destiny as to where he or she would go after death. This didn't suit the church who wanted to be the power to decide on that-and since the prospect of an existence between fire and brimstone was a frightening experience to many, they left their worldly possessions to their church. With the result that today the Roman Catholic Church is the most affluent church on Earth.

As our spirit or soul reincarnates from one life in one body to another, it accumulates experiences and knowledge in our subconscious, and it is because of this that you will never find two people exactly the same, as each of us had experienced these situations, as we lived one life after another; we are also judged and placed into situations, where we both learn and are tested, as for instance: People in contact with aliens told me that some aliens were killed on Earth. Others were faced with threats and feared for their lives. When this happens the aliens will plead with their assailants; they do not want to lose their lives anymore than we do. But they also consider it their duty to make the attacker understand

that to kill a human is the worst offense there is in the eyes of God, It is like destroying a part of God. The killer will have to relive the same situation in another life. He or she will be reincarnated into another body and the same placement will reoccur in a later life to test the person again, to see if they can cope with that situation without committing a murder. We humans are expected to live with other human's even under the most trying of conditions. Then, when we have proven ourselves and become trustworthy, we are rewarded with a life on a higher plane, a more developed planet.

Anyone of us can will himself into a life on a planet where he or she does not belong. It is like in a school where one attends a class that is too advanced. Life on that planet for that person will be hell-far worse than the life that person had experienced on the less advanced planet. Chances are that this person will soon leave their body and return into the environment where they belong.

In our solar system the Earth is the only planet where there is violence. People in our solar system, when dealing with us, are faced with a culture many millions of years behind their own. They find it difficult to understand us. Sometimes when they come to a planet like ours, they are misunderstood and threatened to the point where their lives could be imperilled. Here, let me explain that these people have mental powers so far ahead of ours that we can be a real threat to them only if they are taken by surprise. I will explain more later in the chapter headed "*Mental Powers of Aliens.*"

There is far more intellect in this universe than any man will ever know, and nature has a way of placing the caretakers of the planets, namely us, into the environment into which we belong. However, there are always those amongst us who think that they know more than God . . . and take nature into their own hands. There is an elite group of the wealthy and powerful amongst us who have developed a way to reincarnate themselves always back into their own clan. This will work for a period of time. However, not for long. Our souls are like batteries that need recharging. The time invariably will come at which their soul will be too weak, like a battery that has lost its charge. Nature has a way of dealing with them and ultimately places them where they belong.

Our physical bodies and our soul are the property of God. Our bodies are only a housing, a tool by which our immortal soul gathers knowledge, as we live, life after life. We on Earth are the lost souls of our solar system as we do not have telepathy and do not consciously remember the experiences of past lives. Also the life span of one single life on this planet is very short. All this is not conducive to the development of life on this planet.

It takes only a few seconds for reincarnation to occur, because body, mind, and consciousness are inseparable. First we had the word and the word was and is God. Then we had the body and the body is God, and

then we have the mind and the mind is God. So they are inseparable.

It is through the region of our solar plexus that we are attached to the universe. Not through our minds. There is a pulsating electrical field throughout the universe. It is what is often referred to as the beat of the distant drummer. It is by this electrical field, the intellect of the universe, that we are attached to everything else. If we were to detach cells from our body and feed those cells, on their own, they will not only stay alive but also reproduce without the aid of our brain, because those cells as a life entity is also attached to the universe that guides them. Our space brothers obtain telepathic communication with each other and their attachment to God and fulfillment of His wish by tuning in, into the right frequency of this electrical field. It is a bit like our TV and radio sets when they are tuned in, into the right station.

Our most basic innate functions of life such as digestion, extraction of nutritious values that stay in our body, elimination of waste, and also our reproductive organs-all this is controlled, not by our mind but by the cosmic or universal intellect. Man and woman get together and a new form is created, which makes a family not of two but of three people, and if Einstein was around he would confirm this, that one and one is three. . . and like this, many of our most fundamental beliefs are mistaken. Believe it or not, it is our brain that confuses us and detaches us from the all knower, the intellect of the universe. No matter how smart a man is, nature is smarter. If we were to detach ourselves completely from the universe we would die.

Instances were recorded where women who were in a mental state so low that medically they were described as a vegetable were inseminated with a single cell. The cell grew and they gave birth to another human life. Without the aid of their brain. Jesus of Nazareth said, "I as a mentalist can do nothing, but my Father working through me can do everything."

However, on a more evolved level, such as what is required for telepathic communication, we are already detached from the universe-that is, most of us-as we are no longer telepathic on this planet. So billions of us, including all our religions, are all searching for God. God is right inside every one of us. It takes only a bit of basic understanding, such as I have just given-love of God and our universe and some knowledge on telepathy which is contained in three thin inexpensive booklets of *Adamski*-and the telepathic communications gap can be bridged. The booklets can be obtained from.

The George Adamski Foundation  
P.O. Box 1722  
Vista, Ca. 92085, U.S.A.  
<http://www.georgeadamski.com>

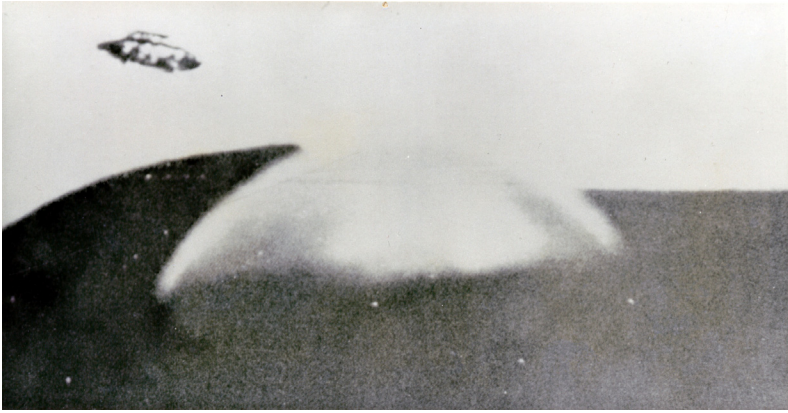
I do not receive any commission or reward for writing this.

The human body is the most complex and most adaptable machine in the universe. Gravity, atmospheric pressure, the composition of the atmosphere—all those basic life-bearing factors vary from planet to planet. Yet, life still exists in the multitude of trillions of planets in God's vast universe. Some of us who were privileged to the experience of lives on other planets have accumulated a great variety of experiences in their subconscious, the memory of their soul. Our present understanding of the universe is very limited. The human body is so adaptable that we can endure and live even under the most trying of conditions. When Aldridge and Armstrong first landed on the Moon, they were welcomed by people from Venus who were walking around the surface of the Moon without spacesuits. I believe that the atmospheric pressure of the Moon is between 2½ and 3 pounds per square inch. Had Aldridge and Armstrong taken off their spacesuits they would have died almost instantaneously. This is because the human body needs time to adapt to a specific environment. When people from Venus or other planets come to the Moon they use a decompression chamber similar to what we use for deep sea divers suffering from the bends.

The huge quartz structure shown on the next page was photographed by Howard Menger, who was taken to the Moon. It is a dome-shaped building many miles long and accommodates huge interplanetary vessels inside for the purpose of slowly decompressing them over a 24-hour period (Earth hours). It takes vessels from the Earth as well as other planets. The decompressing period may vary according to how much difference there is between the atmospheric pressure of the Moon and the pressure within an interplanetary vessel.

It has been suggested that our astronauts and N.A.S.A. officials should have their eyes tested if they really could not see such an immense structure. I was told, however, that if anyone had taken a movie from their television sets of the first Moon landing they would have a bonanza of irrefutable space life evidence and also evidence of how our governments suppress the truth. If you were to run that film forward slowly, picture by picture, you will come to a scene where the television camera was inside the space capsule. Through the window of the capsule you can see a space ship that is used by the Venusians for space travel sitting on the surface of the Moon. The very second this happened, you will hear the TV commentator announcing, "We have temporarily lost communication with ...." Later when the TV camera was operating again, they made sure the Venusian space craft was no longer in sight. I have to explain that a TV viewer by just looking at the TV set would never have seen anything. It takes a certain number of seconds before our eyes can register what is on a TV screen. It was not on the screen long enough for anyone to have been able to see it. The only way you will see it is by running the film, picture by picture, over this section.

Whenever governments deliberately lie to the public and especially



to their constituents, they always fight a losing battle; a classic example of this is what happened to President Nixon. There are already many thousands of people across the Earth aware of everything I have written, and since this book is being read by many thousands more across the Earth, this preposition cover-up will collapse in spite of those whom conspired and deceived us in every futile attempt to conceal the truth.

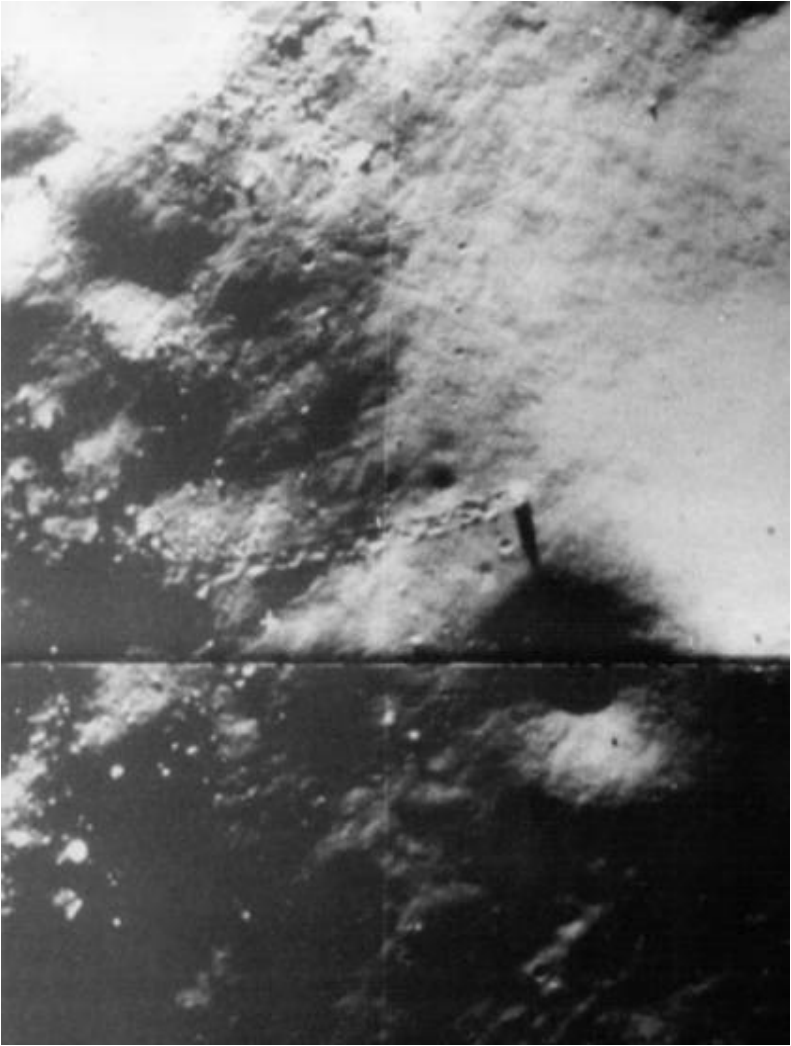
Many books were written about the Moon and the existence of cities there; huge earth-moving machines being photographed and the mining interest of our cosmic neighbours is rampant on the Moon. One day N.A.S.A., the U.S., and Russia will stand discredited in front of the world.

The picture on the next page, out of the N.A.S.A. file comes a photo of huge tracks, on the Moon, made by an earth-moving machine.

Our space brothers were instrumental for getting us onto the Moon, and we rewarded them by denying their existence. Story has it that at one stage N.A.S.A. scientists were baffled as they could not produce a material suitable for the space shuttle, material that had to be very light, hard, and sufficiently heat resistant to traverse the heat belt that exists in the ionosphere. I believe they worked for six months unsuccessfully trying to solve the problem when a space brother gave a piece of metal to the head of N.A.S.A. and told him to analyze the metal, as in it he would find the answer to his problem. The bizarre story was reported by some of the media. But the stranger's identity as a space brother was withheld.

Amongst the many books now on the market about the Moon and the life that exists there, one of the most informative is *"Alien Bases on the Moon"* by Fred Steckling. Many of these books end up in the hands of very influential people. I believe that Prince Charles, the future King of England, wrote a short acknowledgment to the author praising the book.

On another occasion a N.A.S.A. astronaut, who had spent eighteen months on the Moon in an experiment that is also a secret from the public, praised the author's descriptive accuracy about life on the Moon.



For security reasons I am withholding both the names of the astronaut as well as that of the author. But the astronaut praised the author for the accurate descriptions of the Moon he had given. After all, the astronaut was now an eyewitness.

The terror campaigns of governments make this book difficult to write. I know of two people who gave lectures to the House of Lords in England about the Moon and **extraterrestrial life**, but I am not at liberty to disclose their names.

I have related the information contained in this book to many thousands of people, and I have found that the man in the street always

favours a change, yet he is not in a position to bring a change about. He elects his politician into office and as soon as that politician is in power he forgets the little man that put him there. Webster's Dictionary has the best definition I ever saw for a politician. It says and I quote, "Politician = Sophisticated liar."

The man in the street would welcome our cosmic neighbours and give them a hero's welcome to get us out of the rut we are in. But that is not what the 5% to 10% in power want. The man in the street would welcome the people from those advanced neighbouring planets. The vast expanse of knowledge that they could teach us would benefit the masses who at the moment cannot fulfill or express their wishes for lack of money.

It is my belief that if a change is to be implemented to make our neighbours welcome amongst us, the change will have to come from the people, never from our governments. It is by a fallacy and misunderstanding of our monetary system that our cosmic neighbours go to our government to ask for permission to come. It is like asking Caesar to relinquish his throne, and I do not think that Caesar will be too eager to do that.

It is by power and money that our rulers govern us, and they will adhere to the edge over the rest for as long as they can. So here we have the paradox where they say they cannot come unless they are asked to come, and they ask those amongst us who are least likely to want them.

The abolition of our monetary system will hurt those amongst us who have money much more than those who have no money. Our cosmic neighbours are very spiritual people; their reward for a job well done is a spiritual reward. From observations I made, I found that the most spiritual amongst us were the majority of the very poor.

According to Rev. 20:1-53, we were to have had a millennium, a thousand-year period of the kingdom of Christ on Earth, and that have now also been denied to us because of that almighty U.S. Dollar. There is more about this in the chapter "*Orthon the Man.*" The technology by which our neighbours live gives them a life span of up to 1,000 years in one body. This, plus the fact that they are telepathic and are able to remember experiences from past lives, is what makes these beings such formidable intellectual servants of God; also they do not live under the duress and strain we do. They have no monetary system. Money as a reward is unknown to them. Their reward is spiritual advancement, with reincarnation into a more evolved life sometimes on a higher level on a more advanced planet. There is no limit to the amount of intellect and knowledge that exists in God's vast universe, and since they are eager to advance themselves, their standard of ethics and morals is very high. While we are on Earth, ignorance and money bring out the worst in us.

Our neighbours have a tremendous respect for each other and for everything that is the property of God, including their own bodies. Their

food consists mainly of vegetable and fruit, Occasionally fish. Meat is rare and limited to wild game, and when they kill an animal for food they ensure that death to the animal is instantaneous, to avert hurt or suffering to the animal.

Many of our ancient religions and teachings were based on **extraterrestrial information**, like the writing of the Ancient Order of Rosicrucians, "The more evolved a form of life is that you kill for food, the more harmful to you will this food be," Or the Jewish teaching, "God is One and only One," the first of our commandments. Or the Christian Science faith healing which is basically alright, except that with more evolved people it works a lot better. Our cosmic neighbours have conquered all diseases on their planets with this healing.

As God entrusted us with the gift of life and gave us a physical body in which our spirits dwell, so these gifts of God must be respected. We must remember that He made us for a specific reason, to fulfill a purpose during our lives.

Our brothers and sisters who live on these advanced planets know what their purpose is in life and that there is life after death. Our spirit, the intellect that dwells within our bodies, never dies, but reincarnates from body to body, and is therefore immortal. Death to our space brothers is not as tragic as it is to us. For them it is the trading of an old body for a new one.

When they are born, our space brothers as babies remember their experiences from previous lives.

I was told that at the age of two they are as mature as an eighteen-year-old is on Earth. They achieve maturity telepathically by the parent communicating with the new-born baby. The baby cannot speak in this stage of life but remembers everything that has happened in its past life. Once the parent knows through telepathic communication all there is to know about the past life of their baby, they will help their new-born adapt to its new environment.

People on Earth don't realize what a deep-seated effect past life experiences have on our present-day behaviour. I recently read the case history of a patient who was regressed into a past life because of a psychological problem. The cause could not be found in her present life.

The case of Mrs. X-Mrs. X, a middle-aged white lady living in Orange County in California, U.S.A. was seeking the services of a psychologist who was a friend of mine. Mrs. X, a compulsive smoker, was developing heart and lung problems due to her smoking. She had been to half a dozen hypnotists and psychologists, all to no avail. In a desperate bid she engaged the services of Mrs. Y, an eminent psychoanalyst and hypnotist. Mrs. Y regressed her patient back into her youth, which is routine. There she could find no cause for her patient's ailment. She regressed her back into the womb and from there into her past life.



It turned out that Mrs. X, now a staunch Catholic, was a European Jewess in her past life. She vividly remembers the event that led to her execution in a gas chamber at Auschwitz. Under hypnosis Mrs. X said, "As we were led into a chamber with heavy steel doors, the Nazi Guard standing at the entrance repeatedly said to us as we walked past him, 'Breathe deeply, breathe deeply.' It made no sense at the time. Why should we breathe deeply to have a shower? Later after the steel doors had closed and a gas canister was thrown from the ceiling, I remembered his advice and passed out very quickly. It saved me a lot of unnecessary agony." It turned out that Mrs. X in her present life was unhappy and subconsciously wanted to die. Through her subconscious she remembered the gas that looked like smoke.

Said a Los Angeles psychoanalyst and hypnotist, "I try to avoid regressing patients into past lives. It goes against my religious beliefs. I believe in a hereafter but not right here on Earth. So we doctors, even if we don't want a skirmish with God, we come across some strange cases."

The case of patient B-Patient B is a native Californian who speaks no language other than his Native American, consciously that is.

During a regression this male patient in his early thirties began to speak in what appeared to be a foreign language. He became almost hysterical, screaming and gesticulating. The psychoanalyst quickly returned him to his present life and from there to consciousness. It left the psychoanalyst dumbfounded and shocked. He asked the patient if he objected to having a linguist present at their next meeting. "No," said the patient. At the next session the linguist could not positively identify the language but believed it to be some ancient tongue. At a subsequent session another linguist positively identified it as Roman. The language is still spoken today in some mountain regions of Switzerland.

It did not take long for the psychoanalyst and the linguist to become cognizant of what was happening when they heard the patient call out in a loud distressed quivering voice, as though addressing a crowd and say, "I am innocent . . . I tell you I am Innocent . . . Don't hang me . . . I didn't do it."

They asked the patient whether or not he was hung. "Yes . . . I was innocent, they didn't believe me." "How old were you at the time of your death?" The patient gave the age and said that he was a woman in that life. "What year was it when this took place?" "It was 1532," "Where did it happen?" The patient gave the name of a square in which he claimed the execution had taken place.

The doctor said much later, "I felt at the time that I was the victim of a cruel hoax. I flew to Europe mainly to convince myself that this was nothing but a hoax. But in Europe the mystery intensified. I found a square by the name the patient had given - and upon investigating old archives found that a woman by that name was hung for murder on that very square in that very year. It goes against my beliefs," said the

religious psychoanalyst.

A friend and teacher of mine, Mr. James F. Russell, C.M., conducts evening classes in self hypnosis and hypnotherapy at Escondido and Vista. His seminars and teachings are held in high esteem by psychoanalysts and the medical profession throughout the U.S. Once during an evening class at an Escondido high school, Jim regressed a native Californian into a past life. Here again the student consciously spoke no language other than his native tongue. Yet during hypnosis, forty or more students witnessed that he spoke in a foreign language. Just by "coincidence" one of the students present was Japanese. The American student being regressed was relating, in ancient Japanese, his past life experiences as a Kamikaze Warrior.

The evidence of reincarnation is all around us. Some even close to home. I remember an incident where a three-year-old began to play the violin—a vestige or knowledge from a past life—and there are many like him. As the case of a family who left Europe and migrated to La Paz, Bolivia. There was no hot water in the house into which they had moved, and they were poor. To run a bath, the mother used to put pots of water on the stove. In the bathroom was an electric power outlet. Their seven-year-old son saw this and within minutes rigged up a bath heater that consisted of two pieces of sheet metal separated and kept in place by a dielectric. To each of these one of the opposed polarities was connected. The size of the sheet metal plates and the distance between them is critical. Yet, he knew what to do, and had never tampered with anything electrical before. A heater like this will give service for hundreds of years, making it superior to our heating elements today that burn out, I can vouch for the veracity of this, as I was that seven-year-old. But far more interesting is the next incident.

The experience of Lady O—Lady O had a terrible childhood. She was an unwanted child who was never shown any sympathy or love by her mother. She was put to work as a child. Her father was a weak benign man who had no say in the matter. He showed Lady O, as a child, as much love as he could, but died while Lady O was still small. Children are often cruel. Her three older sisters saw a defenseless child and exploited the situation. All the other children received love from their mother, which made Lady O very jealous. Lady O married the first man that came along, to get out of that household. But by that time the trauma of her experience had become a part of her. She had become insecure and jealous and desperately sought love for the rest of her life.

Lady O had a son who lived overseas. He was a lonely man often away from home, and she felt that he needed her. Lady O now dies. A child is born to a friend of the son near to where the son lives. The time of the death of Lady O and the birth of the baby, also a girl, coincides. People may question my judgment as to how I know that Lady O and the baby are one and the same soul. The time of birth and death could be a

coincidence, but there are innumerable inherent features of the baby that show beyond doubt that they were the same. One in particular is how desperately the child will cling to her mother, whereas the father's love is taken for granted. The mother is at a loss to explain this and the father is hurt, wondering "why my wife and not me?" The father's love is taken for granted. She had that before. But a mother's love-that she is frightened to lose.

A few years later a son is born into the same household. The baby is small and it needs the attention of the mother. But the traumatic experience of her past life is still with that girl, as she cries and clings to her mother for fear of losing her love. It will take a lot of love and understanding to restore the confidence and damage that was caused to this girl in her past life.

"Coincidence" so made it that the parents of the girl are staunch Catholics who reject every concept of reincarnation with every breath they take, and so they scratch their heads over the strange behaviour of their daughter.

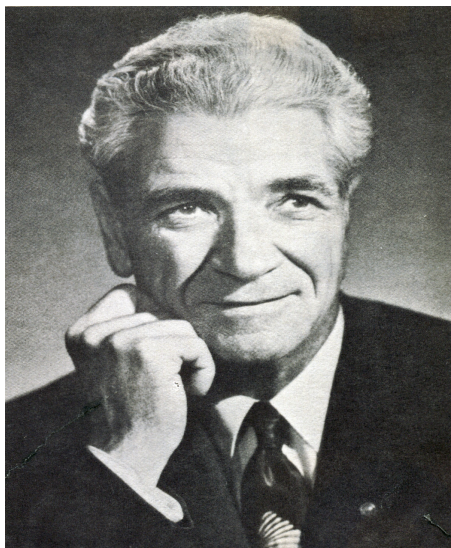
Many of us have a reluctance to accept anything that even vaguely delves into the mysticism of the spiritual-and for them I have a quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson from "The Skeptic": "TRUE FORTITUDE OF UNDERSTANDING CONSISTS IN NOT LETTING WHAT WE KNOW TO BE EMBARRASSED BY WHAT WE DON'T KNOW."

We all go through a maze of divergent experiences in our road to evolution; no two humans ever have had exactly the same past and the same experience, as we live one life after another in different bodies-and it is through these experiences that subconscious innately inherent modes of behaviour are created in us-and again, no two humans will react in an identical manner to the maze of situations that our everyday life brings about. Subconsciously those past experiences, even those from other lives, will influence our judgment and our decisions, and it is because of this that a great variety of people populate the vast kingdom of God, You may not like the manner of an individual or even resent someone, but if you look at it from a scientific viewpoint, we with our earthly experiences do not know what the past of that person was that created a certain personality within that individual. We that live upon this planet are continuously being tested through trials and tribulations by our cosmic neighbours. Situations are being created, and our reactions to those given situations are evaluated to see if we are ready for a higher plane of life on another planet, and our actions are evaluated not as right or wrong but as perfect or imperfect; anything less than perfect is considered imperfect. Hence we strive for a higher degree of perfection. It is over many reincarnations of our immortal soul that by trials and tribulations we learn from mistakes, as remnants of every experience are left engraved in our subconscious, even that from past lives.

The creation of God is always perfect, and man as part of this

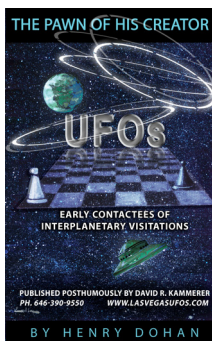
creation would also be perfect if he allowed himself to be guided by the Vast Intellect of Our Creator. In a later chapter under "*The Mental Power of Aliens,*" the mechanics for being in tune and under the guidance of Our Creator is explained.

According to our Space Brothers, we as the Caretakers of God's planets have each of us a part of God within us, although here on Earth, judging by our actions and behaviour, there is not too much evidence of this existent as yet; so on a more humorous tone a story just came to mind: J. P. Morgan, probably the greatest financier the U.S. ever had, was being interviewed by the media; a young reporter asked him to describe his feelings about handling so much of other people's money. J. P. Morgan said: "Since people don't have the dignity to understand how to handle money, I shall do it for them with an iron fist." J. P. Morgan must have done that all his life, because when he died he left the greatest estate ever. As people filed past his coffin many spat at the face of his remains. Thus, they granted little dignity to the man who had handled their money with the dignity of an iron fist.



## CHAPTER 4

### GEORGE ADAMSKI



*George Adamski* was born on April 17, 1891 in Poland. He was the eldest son of *George Adamski*, a carpenter. Soon after the birth of *George*, his father left him and his family in Poland to emigrate to the United States and settle in Dunkirk, New York.

His father worked hard in the U.S. and soon had saved enough for his family to follow. On the trip from Europe to the U.S. *George*, now one year old, was singled out and groomed for a destiny of greatness.

Migrating to the U.S. were *young George*, his mother, his six-month old baby sister, and his father's mother who was in poor health. The trip was hard on *George's mother*. She was inexperienced and left to care for the family. To her it was like a godsend when a tall man with dark



features befriended the group. I will call the stranger Uncle Sid. He spent many hours in the company of *young George* throughout the voyage.

After their arrival, Uncle Sid remained a friend of the family for many years. On many occasions Sid would accidentally meet *George* on his way to and from school, and he became a regular friend and visitor to the *Adamski household* and adopted a godfather image to *George*. *George's father* died while *George* was still small, and after the death of his father Uncle Sid took over the responsibilities of a father.

When *George* became twelve, his benevolent uncle offered the sponsorship of his further education. He suggested sending *George* to Tibet to a monastery of Lamas. Sid found it difficult to convince *George's mother*, but she finally consented, realizing the advantages for her son.

*George Adamski* spent three years in Tibet, probably the most important years of his life. In Tibet he learned to master the four elements: fire, water, air and earth. Yes, *George* became very versatile. He could remain under water for up to half an hour, he walked on burning coals and could be entombed for extended periods in a state of suspended animation.

In 1913 *Adamski* enlisted in the army where he served in the 13th cavalry on the Mexican border till 1919. On Christmas Day in 1917 he married Mary A. Shimbersky.

*George* was a devout Catholic with a strict Catholic upbringing. However, this did not impede his Cosmic beliefs and evolution. *George* had incredible powers within him. He had the power to communicate telepathically not only with the minds of people, but also with the cells of the human body. To *George*, every cell in a human body was a life entity

and as such had a brain to think, and as it did it emitted thought waves that *George* could detect and read.

Once a distraught woman who was diagnosed as having terminal cancer came to see *George*. He looked at her for a few seconds and said, "Go to see another doctor. The cells in your stomach tell me there is nothing wrong." The woman followed his advice and found *Adamski* was right.

*Adamski* had superhuman powers within him. A close associate revealed that once on his way to a party *Adamski* noticed that he had forgotten to buy a present for the host. He rose his empty hand to the air and, lo and behold, a beautiful bunch of flowers appeared from nowhere in his hand.

On another occasion an associate of his became violently ill. He filled a glass with water and prayed over it. The water turned a dark blue and he told his associate to drink it. She did and was instantaneously cured.

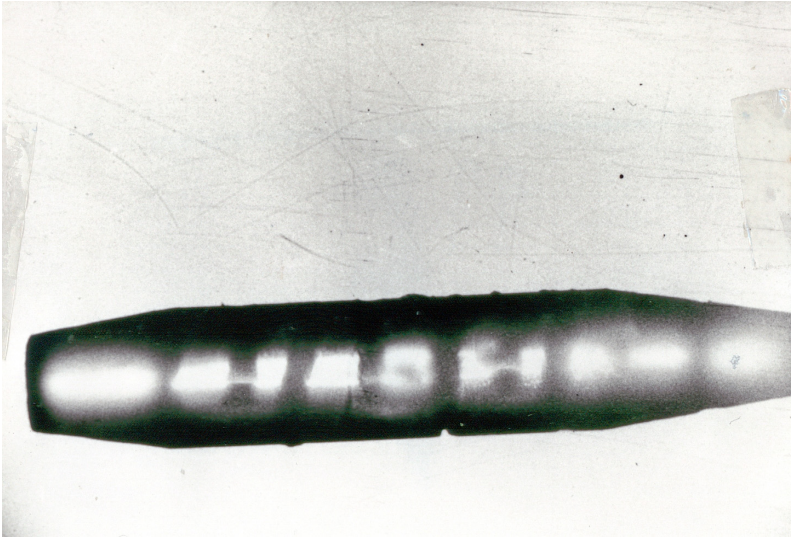
The people who were around *Adamski* and who knew of his unusual powers were asked to keep it secret. *Adamski* thought it would prejudice his prestige as a teacher, as people would take him for a magician.

I don't know whether it was planned or just happened, but as well as being a Cosmic Philosopher, *Adamski* was also a great supplier of technical knowledge.

*Adamski* supplied information to us which at the moment is quite contrary to what our scientists believe, and while our scientists may frown at it, I guess that in the not too distant future he will again be proven right, and it will just be another lesson for our scientists. He said that the atom can never be split. You tell this to a nuclear physicist today and he will insist that we have split the atom when we cause nuclear explosions. But what we are really doing is peeling the atom as if the atom were an onion. You can remove so many layers of it but you can never actually split it. The closer you come to the centre of an atom the greater will the force be that is binding or cementing the particles of mass together, and if our nuclear bomb builders had any idea how dangerous it is to upset the delicate forces that are keeping our forces of mass in balance, they would tremble with fright. They would not allow the existence of explosive nuclear devices even remotely near the planet where they themselves lived.

In regard to this fundamental about the composition of mass, the following "coincidental" circumstances happened to me as I was writing this chapter about *Adamski*. (I may as well add here that my personal feeling about the composition of mass was always suspicious of the theories our scientific peers had lain down for us, theories that just don't add up).

When I began to write this, a friend of mine whom has a very sick wife lost his job and was also evicted from his house. I took him with his



**Cigar-shap Space Craft The giant Carrier or “Mother Ship” used for distant Space Travels. Photographed May 1, 952 at 7:78 a.m. by George Adamski.**

wife and teenage son into my place so that they would have a place to stay. Several weeks later the wife somehow produced four free tickets to Disneyland. I guess it was their way of doing something nice in return. At Disneyland there was a ride where at the entrance above the door was an exact description of the composition of mass. We believe that a group of atoms forms a molecule and a group of molecules a particle. But that is not what it really is. Atoms are the innermost central core of a cluster of mass. They are surrounded by a multitude of electrons all rotating at a great velocity around this core. On the periphery of this we have the molecules, and surrounding the molecules on the outside of this cluster we have the particles. There is a greater amount of space between the particles than there is between the molecules.

This fundamental is clearly illustrated by a drawing above the door into this kiddie's ride at Disneyland, of all places. As this book goes to print that illustration no longer exists at Disneyland. I nearly went out of my mind; this is what I had thought it was for a long time and there it was pictured in front of my eyes. I rang F.S. and he said that *Adamski* had given him the following information in 1965: During the construction of this new section at Disneyland a group of Venusians became very interested in the great potential for our technical advancement that this new space centre can bring to the people of our planet; so they began to work there, and with the huge intellect they have they soon worked their way up right into the management of this place. Well, they designed the ride exactly the way a cluster of mass is. The atom is right at the centre,



the molecules surround the atom, and the particles are on the outside. Electrons are everywhere in orbit around the molecules as well as in orbit around the particles, but they are in a very great number in orbit around the nuclei of the atom, and the reason I know this is true is that it explains to me for the first time how a ham radio operator with a six-volt battery can send a message half way around the world. Well, the force cementing the electrons to the central core or nuclei of the atom is vastly less for electrons that are far away from the nuclei, and in their orbit trajectory they move in the big wide gaps or spaces between the particles of mass. This is a precept which at this moment is not understood on Earth since our scientists think that the atoms are contained everywhere in molecules and particles. It is far easier to remove electrons from between the particles than to remove electrons that are close to the nuclei of the atom.

This may also explain how a ham radio operator with a six-volt battery can send messages half way across the Earth. The frequency used is such that he uses the electrons between the particles of mass.

**(No picture yet)** If a reader could send a copy to,

**David R. Kammerer  
P. O. Box 96701  
Las Vegas, Nevada 89193**

**646-390-9550**

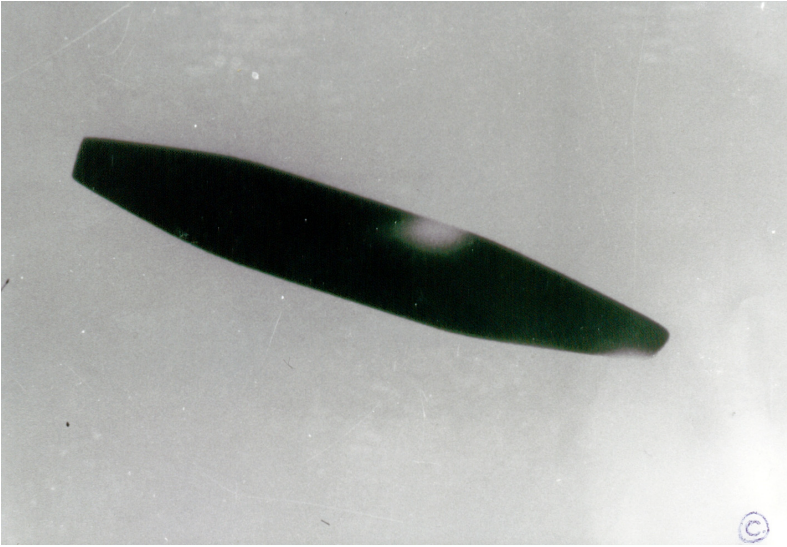
<http://lasvegasufos.com>

The Venusians had left the illustration behind at Disneyland at the entrance door to a children's ride called "Journey through Innerspace," by Monsanto. It was in the year 1985 that I noticed this, and when I came back in 1987 to photograph it, the ride had been replaced. In its place was a ride called "Star Tours."

The number of atoms in a cluster of mass is far less than we think it is. Everything in the universe is held together by magnetic forces. If we upset the delicate magnetic forces by inserting subatomic particles that are not supposed to be there, as we do in the manufacture and subsequent explosion of nuclear bombs, we contaminate the environment with those subatomic particles. The damage we create is far worse than many of us now realize.

The force restraining the electron is inversely proportional to the distance it is from that central core of the atom. ***Atoms are therefore not equally distributed inside the molecules and particles of mass.***

Once we understand this principle the benefits of this knowledge to us will be enormous. Such as in the back section of this book where the free energy device is explained. This device works on electrons that are easily removed from mass since they are between particles far from the actual atom. The statically charged Venusian Flying Saucers all operate



on particle electricity rather than our system of trying to pull away electrons that are in close orbit around the nuclei of atoms. The information the Venusians leave behind for us, whether it be on a spiritual or technical level, like the legacies left by Jesus, is limitless in the benefits it offers.

It would be inexcusable to write a chapter on **Adamski** without a brief reference to some of his finest lectures. In one, he interpreted a phrase given us 2,000 years ago by the greatest Cosmic Teacher ever, **"NOT MY WILL BUT THINE BE DONE."** I wonder how many people understood the portent of this phrase and how many will understand it now after *Adamski* explains it. *Adamski* began by comparing our lives to a drop of water that came from the ocean. The ocean he compared to the everlasting Cosmos. He said: "A drop of water, if it stays by itself and serves its own purpose, in time will evaporate and never return to the ocean whence it came. On the other hand if this drop of water unites with the ocean it will *lose its identity* as an individual drop of water . . . yet gain life immortal. But by keeping its experiences as an individual drop of water and uniting it with experiences of the ocean, he will retain his experience and existence for as long as the ocean remains in existence."

We are the composition of two souls, like the drop of water had life that was the soul of it. Originally it belonged to the soul of the ocean. When it returned to the ocean it was like the prodigal son returning home, through humility once again, uniting with the household. The drop that remained as a drop, acting as an independent soul, we call personal. It did not come near the ocean, let alone into it, and governed itself according to its own selfish desires. It displayed its independence as a separate thing

from all others. It was concerned about itself and its own welfare, and as a result it composed a lot of fears. It could not help but feel something bigger than itself unto which it was in subjection. Since that personal part is the parent, it caused the drop to remain in a constant state of indecision, not knowing if it should step into the unknown and lose its identity as an ego, or remain as it was and evaporates with no future.

So it is with man. Unless his will becomes one with Cosmic Will, he will have an ending as he had a beginning. Since the ocean has no visible beginning or ending, any drop of water united with it will be alive today and forever.

To illustrate the precepts of his Cosmic Philosophy, the following is an excerpt of one of his speeches: "My advice to you is to help as many as you can-the greater the number you serve, the greater will be the understanding of yourself. This should be the motive of every one who desires to fulfill the destiny for which he was born."

A man was given two arms for a purpose, but should he fasten one to his body and never use it, it would soon wither away to the point where it would be of no service ever again.

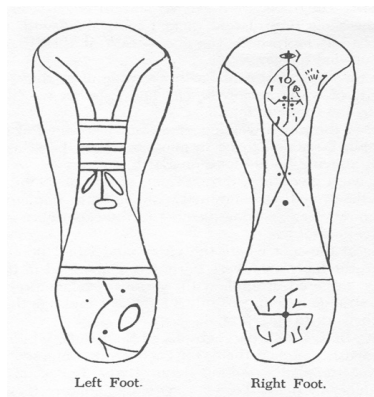
Did not nature eliminate certain species when they no longer served the Cosmic purpose? It is no different with man. To have life eternal one must earn it. That is why Jesus said: "The tree that bears no fruit is cut down and consumed by fire and it will no longer be."

All forms must serve the purpose for which they were created if they are to continue. Did not Jesus say: "Fear not the one who slays the body but fear the one who slays the soul." Some religions like Hinduism teaches: "If a man fails to serve the purpose for which he was created, he may return, not as a man but as an animal or vegetable," This coincides with the teachings of Christ in regard to what he said about the tree that was consumed by fire. As we know, if a tree is consumed by fire, part of it will become smoke, another part will become ashes. The elements, the atoms of its body, will keep on serving in other fields when it serves no purpose to human life or its existence.

While all are called to fulfill the purpose for which they were created, few choose to serve. Out of those, few complete the fulfillment of their destiny. Their faith is not in their heart but in their mind. For their mind demands credit for everything they do. When they do not receive that credit, they revert to their traditional way of life where they feel their security lies. So we have faith in man, but not in God. Yet, "The Divine Father is the giver of all things; not man."

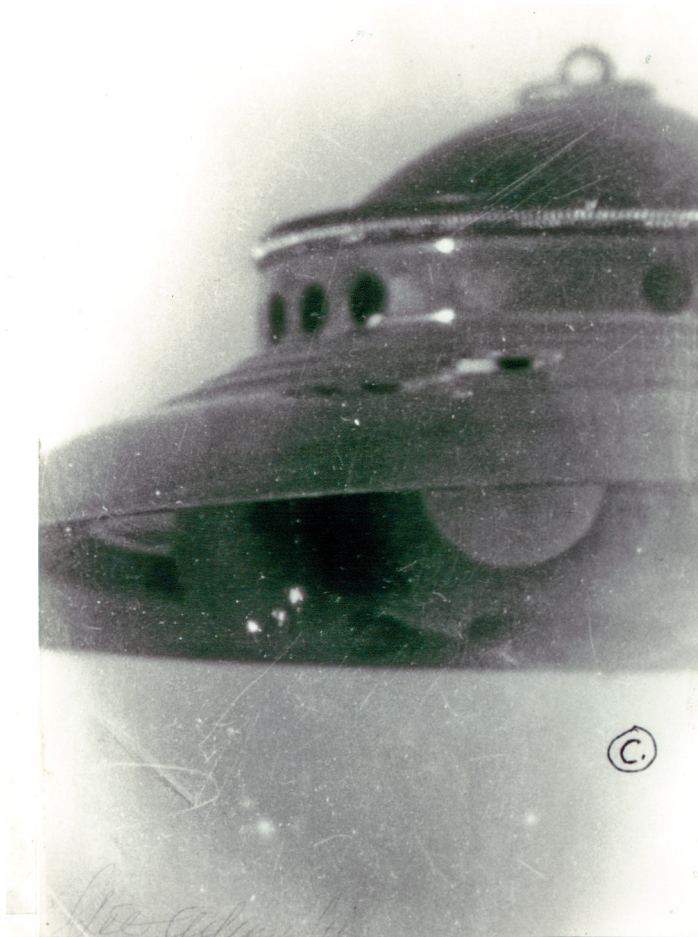
We all have a purpose for existence. Some of us are on Earth for our own educational advancement, others for a mission of service to mankind. But the mission of *George Adamski* was one of paramount importance to all the people of our solar system. He was to officially meet a man here on Earth from the planet Venus. The meeting was arranged so that a party of witnesses would be present to take

photographs and films of this memorable occasion. It happened on November 20, 1952 at 12:30 noon. It was witnessed by the following people: **Mr. and Mrs. A.C. Bailey of Winslow, Arizona; Mrs. Alice K. Wells, owner of Palomar Gardens, a restaurant where *George Adamski* worked; Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, a secretary, and Dr. and Mrs. George H. Williamson of Prescott, Arizona.** Dr. Williamson is an Anthropologist and had plaster and water in his car to take plaster casts of the footprints The Venusian had left in the sand. Those footprints are reproduced below. They are further evidence that symbolically illustrates to me the working mechanics of Cosmic Energy. The print on the left side of the page illustrates the mechanics of the workings of the cigar-shaped craft, or mother ship. The print on the right shows the mechanics of the saucer or scout-craft as they call it. There is a detailed explanation in the technical section of this book.



The official line given us in all the *Adamski books*, as well as press releases of that memorable meeting, was that it all happened by accident. It was stated that *Adamski* had followed a hunch and met the spaceman quite by accident. There is a profound reason for this inaccuracy in their reporting. The story is hard to believe as is, and even harder to understand when the full impact of its truth is known. Uncle Sid, the man who had befriended himself to the family, was a man from Venus. His job was to contact *young George Adamski*.

No one knows the exact conversation that took place between him and *George*. But if my guess is right, one of his jobs would have been to help *George* remember his previous lives. We all have lived before, but on Earth we cannot remember our past lives. Well, *George* had quite a past with a long history of service to mankind. I believe that he was groomed by Uncle Sid to meet The Pilot of a Venusian craft, Orthon by name. I believe, from information I received, that this event was to have been an official event for all mankind. As it turned out, it was a semi-secret event, as only seven people witnessed it. It was the wish of the



**"Flying Saucer" or Scout Ship photographed at 9:10 a.m. on December 13, 1952 at Palomar Gardens, California by *George Adamski* through a six-inch telescope.**

U.S. Government of that day, as they thought people were not yet ready for such an event. The historic meeting took place on November 20, 1952. Orthon informed *Adamski* of many wondrous things, e.g., that his ship was propelled through space by magnetic energy and that his saucer was not a true interplanetary spacecraft but simply a small scout ship launched from a cigar-shaped mother ship.

Prior to his meeting with Orthon, *Adamski* had photographed **extraterrestrial space ships** for many years. His photographs date back to October 9, 1944 when he noticed and photographed a large cigar-shaped craft through his six-inch reflector telescope. Later he witnessed and photographed a mass sighting of 148 saucers flying in squadrons of

32.

By 1952 *Adamski* had 700 negatives of **extraterrestrial visitors**, but from those only 18 were good.

During his troubled and controversial life, it is estimated that 105,000 people attended his lectures, and that 45 million had either heard him on radio, or seen him on TV, and as he became a thorn in the sides of government and industry he became the victim of defamation. The venerable liars in the employ of the U.S. Air Force who published the U.S. Air Force's Project Bluebook made preposterous allegations about the *Adamski saucer photos*, such as the one by Edward J. Ruppelt who said they could be genuine, of course, but they could have been easily faked by a ten-year-old with a Brownie camera. I would be delighted to see how Mr Ruppelt, who is obviously more than ten years of age, could fake these pictures with a Brownie camera. The **ufo** pictures throughout this chapter were taken by *Mr. Adamski*.

A noted Hollywood cinematographer claimed that if *Adamski's* pictures were faked, they exhibited the cleverest trick photography he had ever seen.

Many of the *Adamski* teachings also contravened the teachings of many religious institutions. His information, as was said earlier, originated from his Venusian friends and their technology that is millions of years ahead of us and is incomprehensible and unbelievable to many of us who live here. We have many hurdles and obstacles to overcome before we will be broad-minded enough to accept such an advanced technology, and one of our main obstacles are the teachings of our churches.

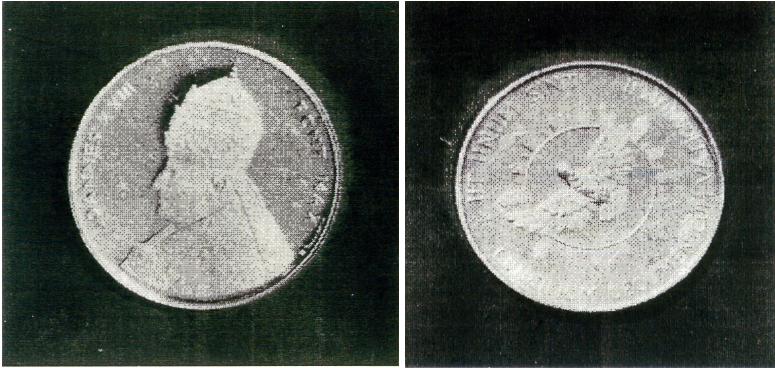
*Adamski* was the bearer of some very controversial information, for example, that our spirit lives on forever and only our physical body dies. Our soul is an entity of electric charges, similar in nature to the electricity that operates our radios and TV sets. It is airborne, the memory stored in our subconscious mind. It can be compared to the memory bank of a computer. This concept will probably contravene many of your most personal and inherent religious beliefs. I as a human feel the same as you. But remember, our religions are a man-made creation. When faced with hard evidence, as we have now, let us not put the cart before the horse.

*Adamski's* main mission on Earth was to prove that life existed on the planets around us in spite of denials from governments and vested interests. It is noteworthy that on that memorable day November 20, 1952, when *Adamski* met The Man from Venus in the California desert, a contingent of U.S. Air Force fighter planes tried to frighten the visitors away. It is especially noteworthy to mention that these people, our Cosmic neighbours, are only too willing to assist us with a technology millions of years ahead of ours. That is, if our governments and vested interests would let them.

*Adamski* was assigned to a variety of missions, such as the one in

which the space people gave him a letter written in the Venusian language, a replica of which appears on page 45. *Adamski* was told to deliver this letter to Pope John XXIII. *Adamski* did that, and when the Pope read this he understood the writing and became excited. In a near frenzy he asked, "How come I understand this?" I believe the letter was impregnated with the thought frequency of the Pope. There are no two human beings in the universe with the same frequency.

The letter contained a warning from the Venusians to all the people of Earth about the dangers of nuclear explosive devices, urging the Pope to make a public announcement about this. The Pope was dumbfounded over the letter and the fact that he could understand it, and as he and *Adamski* spoke to one another they remembered each other from a previous life. Past lives and reincarnation are not exactly part of the curriculum of a Pope. I believe the meeting had a traumatic effect upon the Pope, and he rewarded *Adamski* with a medal of the Vatican. A picture of the medal appears below.



This incident took place during the administration of President Kennedy. "Coincidence" so wanted it that the son of Khrushchev was on a holiday tour of Europe at that time. The Pope invited him into the Vatican and gave him a letter to take to his father; and the Pope also sent a letter to President Kennedy.

A few days later the death of the Pope was announced. *Adamski* was on a lecture tour of England at the time. They told him of the death of the Pope. I was told that he looked up into the air and said: "They killed him with an overdose of morphine. The Pope had cancer, but it was benign."

*Adamski* left a lot of precious data behind, information he had received from a civilization that was millions of years ahead of us. Some of that information will be unpopular, and I apologize to any reader who is offended. I am especially meticulous in those instances to remit the information as I reached it. As for instance the meaning of a virgin birth and the virginity of Mary.

Once a human cell is planted it must not be disturbed during its

GEORGE ADAMSKI  
Palomar Terrace Star Route  
Valley Center, California

Handwritten symbols in the top left corner.

Handwritten symbols in the top right corner, including a diagram of a solar system with a central sun and several planets.

Main body of handwritten symbols, appearing as a series of lines of text in an unknown script.

Published here for the first time, these strange symbols were allegedly written for Adamski by one of his extraterrestrial contacts in the late Fifties. This copy belongs to Lou Zinsstag. Note the interesting array of planets in our solar system (top right, third line), depicting three hypothetical planets beyond the orbit of Pluto. The twelfth planet is shown with a ring system like Saturn.



Once a human cell is planted it must not be disturbed during its growth. The animals of this planet instinctively know this and will not engage in intercourse while a fetus grows inside them. Our way of life is responsible for a widespread retardation of the people of our planet as compared to the people of other planets. This important information is more fully explained in **Chapter 15**, which deals with **D.N.A.**

Recently, eminent psychologists have confirmed during regressions that whenever orgasm occurs the fetus in the womb is violently shocked by the appearance of bright multicoloured lights. These repeated shocks have a detrimental effect on the later life of the child, even later in adulthood.

As is common among us, *George* became the envy and target of lesser men. He was labelled a charlatan and a fraud. Yet, there always was a group that knew. They would attend meetings every second Sunday of the month without fail. For twenty years F.S. had an open house where private lectures were given at his own expense. At the end of the lectures continental cakes and favorites were served with coffee or tea.

*Adamski* kept in contact with his friends, the people from our neighboring planets, till the very end, to the day he died. The information he received from them he passed on to F.S. and others, and this information is invaluable to us, since it would have taken us a tremendously long time to discover it on our own. At first F.S. had a very hard time trying to convince people that this information was the real thing, but as more and more time goes by and our space conquests verify so much of what was said, his following has increased considerably.

Before *Adamski* died he left behind material with F.S. to be released over many years. I am a witness to many of the predictions and information that *George Adamski* gave years before anyone on Earth knew these things. For instance, in one of his books published in the year 1952, long before our astronauts ever went to space, he wrote a description of the firefly effect he had seen while he was in space. Later John Glenn, one of our astronauts, saw the very same thing while he was in space, and upon his return to Earth he gave a description that was identical to the one *George Adamski* had given so many years earlier.

Some of the predictions he made we are just about to prove; for instance, he said there were 12 planets in our solar system and not just nine. In a recent article an astronomer claimed that he believed there was a tenth planet out there because of the orbit of Pluto, our ninth planet.

There is scientific data left behind by *Mr Adamski* that is of tremendous value, and I have no doubt that with time it will also be proven as right. He said there is an asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter, as we already know. This asteroid belt, like all other asteroid belts in the universe, is the womb of a solar system. It is in asteroid belts where new planets are formed. *Adamski* described another asteroid belt

between the planets Neptune and Pluto and yet another one behind the twelfth planet that we have not even discovered as yet. This asteroid belt on the outer rim of our solar system keeps our solar system in balance and separated from other solar systems. It also seems according to *Adamski* that we in this solar system are one of an island group of twelve solar systems. Each solar system is laid out in an orderly pattern just as everything else is in God's vast universe. An asteroid belt is in between every four planets and an asteroid belt on the outer rim of each solar system.



To understand the purpose of asteroid belts we first have to know how solar systems are formed. According to *Adamski* his space-brother friends told him that solar systems come from a cloud of cosmic dust, first rotating in a clockwise direction then changing direction and rotating in a counterclockwise direction. During this process much heat is generated, which melts the particles together. Then as they begin to cool a crust forms, and there is still no atmosphere surrounding the surface of these newly formed planets. There is a tremendous amount of pressure inside them, and sometimes a plug or big hole blows from the crust of

such a planet with the result that all the gasses and pressure contained therein escape and the planet begins to move about erratically, a bit similar to a comet or a balloon with the end left open so that the air escapes and the balloon flies around till all the air is gone and it falls to the ground. Well, sometimes planets are lost in this manner, and when this happens the solar system would be out of balance because everything in the universe operates by an orderly pattern; there have to be twelve planets in every solar system. So the system goes to work to replace the lost planet by forming a new planet from the asteroid belt nearest to where the earlier planet had been.

The atmosphere that surrounds planets forms later on, and it is this atmosphere pushing from the outside that stabilizes the pressure on the crust, since there is a tremendous amount of pressure inside planets wanting to come out.

Startling, and way above our present state of knowledge, is the revelation that there is a thirteenth solar system now ready to accommodate human life in our island group of twelve solar systems. That means one solar system is on its way out. Our space brothers went to investigate which solar system was on the way out, and they found that it was our solar system. All matter holds together by magnetic force, whether it be the atoms, molecules, or particles, and apparently this magnetic force after a certain amount of time becomes weakened and finally completely depleted and the molecules, particles and atoms fall apart and go back into space. Our solar system is the oldest in this island group of twelve solar systems. The space brothers have ways of ascertaining this information with spacecraft that go under the ocean at depths of up to 30,000 feet below the surface. There they can observe the movement of the plates of a planet and predict earthquakes and natural disasters before they happen. This also corroborates information we have of many sightings by earth people of these crafts going under our oceans. Well, they do this under the oceans of all planets, not just ours. They have also informed us that by exploding atom and hydrogen bombs, whether on the surface or underground, we just accelerate the death of our planet.

Now that there is a new solar system in our island group of twelve ready to take on human life, many of our space brothers have already left this solar system and are now getting this new solar system ready for habitation. They are very eager for us to build our own spacecraft so that we can relocate to a new planet already allocated for us in that new solar system. It may be for this reason that I am receiving so much help, especially on scientific matters, for the construction of a spacecraft. I very much doubt being able to ever go into space on my own resources, but I may be able to supply enough information to others to produce free-energy crafts for space exploration.

There is a passage in our Bible, a paragraph said by Jesus of

Nazareth, in regard to this new solar system and our old solar system that is on the way out. He said: "Heaven and Earth shall pass away but my Word by no means shall pass away, and a new Heaven and Earth shall take its place."

Obviously if this new solar system is now ready to support human life on it then two thousand years ago it was also ready, because it takes many years for this to get formed, and our Lord and Master knew about it and wanted to bring awareness to the people of that era. This may also explain part of the mission of *Adamski* to bring awareness to the masses, as it is very hard to relocate people like us in our present state.

It was in the year 1952 that the polarity of our solar system changed. I believe that it was in the year 1963 that *Adamski* attended an interplanetary convention that was held here on Earth, of all places. *Adamski* had attended many of those interplanetary conventions, but this was the first one held on Earth. For all the others he had been taken by his space-brother friends to whichever planet the meeting was held at. Before *Adamski* died in 1965 he told F.S. the exact location where this interplanetary meeting on Earth had taken place. It was in the mountains of Mexico in a kind of ravine and very rugged terrain that was virtually inaccessible except by helicopter. Believe it or not, many heads of governments were there as well, and they were very eager, as they spoke to *Adamski*, not to have their names revealed.

*Adamski* said some of the spaceships present were huge, many miles in length, and they were stacked side by side with their noses pointing to the ground, not actually touching the ground but about three feet above the ground, pointing downward, while the rest of the craft pointed at a slight angle straight up into the air. They were floating in the air but not moving with the wind; they were locked in that position as if held by some magnetic beam, and nothing could move them.

Near each nose was a hatch and steps of a sort for descending out of the cigar-shaped craft. What was really startling to Earthlings like us were the markings on some of those craft. *Adamski* wanted to photograph this, but they told him not to. On some of those crafts were huge swastikas, but I believe the swastikas were turned around in the reverse form of the German swastika. Apparently that swastika symbol is a very ancient symbol here on Earth. Hitler just adopted it for his own political furtherment. It was left to us here on Earth long before Hitler was ever born, and what it symbolizes is the unification of our solar system. It came to us a long time ago through our space brothers.

Believe it or not, the landing place for all these crafts in that ravine was only about 200 Km, west of Mexico City. Later, upon the instructions of *Adamski*, F.S. went to the site where this had taken place. Battling his way up the rugged terrain he saw a little Mexican boy in a tree looking goo-goo-eyed at him and his party. F.S. approached him and began a conversation. The boy told them that they were the only gringos

he had ever seen going up the mountain, but he had seen many well-dressed gringos with attache cases coming down the mountain. F.S. said that when he came near the place his compass began to spin around wildly. He said that these spacecraft approach the location at a tremendous speed, but when they get near the site they move at a very slow speed to their final destination.

According to *Adamski* the occasion for this meeting held here on Earth and attended by representatives of all the planets in our solar system was the change in polarity of our Sun in 1952. When this happens the orbits of the planets also increase, which can bring about many changes such as the tilting of a planet, and we already know what that means. It can bring about the melting of the ice caps on our polar regions and major flooding across the Earth. We on Earth are especially vulnerable to such changes as we have no proper spacecraft as yet to move to another planet.

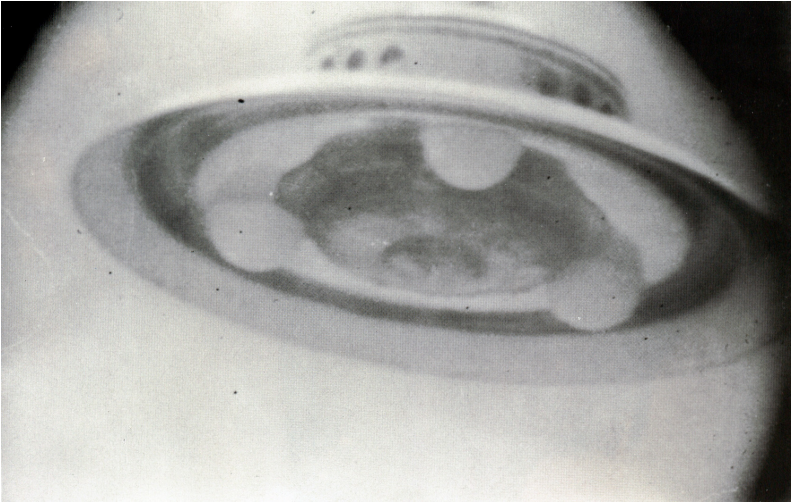
On the evening of April 23, 1965, *George Adamski* was rushed to a hospital suffering from a heart attack. He died in the early hours of April 24. His earthly remains were cremated by his own request. There was no funeral, just a simple graveside service. Chaplain Captain David F. Tate was handed the following prayer to read: "As the essence of the mortal form returns to the Earth from whence it came, we reverently dedicate our lives to the Cause for which *George Adamski* so nobly lived.

"We ask our Heavenly Father for the wisdom and the Courage to continue to bring to mankind the understanding and the beauty granted to each individual and so simply taught by His obedient servant.

"Our lives are richer for knowing *George Adamski* the man, for he shared his understanding of Cosmic Intelligence with all who would listen. And now, as he lives in a greater field of service, may we as mortals be ever mindful of the Symbol for Life for which he so unselfishly lived and died.

"His name is a symbol of hope and understanding in the midst of confusion, a promise of happiness and Life Eternal when Nature's Cosmic Laws are obeyed, Amen."

I have taken the liberty to reproduce this eulogy. I feel it aptly represents the lifelong work of *George Adamski*, **a man who is said to have been one of the most evolved beings that lived here and that Earth people were privileged to have had as a teacher on their journey to evolution. So that "ONE DAY ON EARTH WILL BE DONE AS IS DONE IN HEAVEN."**



The photographs through out chapter 4 of spacecrafts were taken by **George Adamiski**. Sometimes the space-brothers would pose their craft in front of him so that he could photograph them.

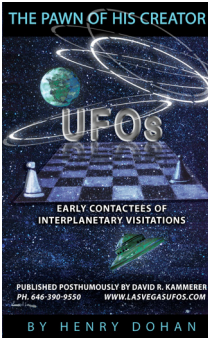
<http://www.georgeadamski.com>



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## Chapter 5

### THE MENTAL POWER OF ALIEN



The above title is misleading. The term "alien" is a misnomer. There really are no aliens in this universe, because all humans throughout the universe are children of the same Father.

In preceding chapters I explained reincarnation. Since I can convey the vast message I was given only in gradual steps, I have made reference to the fact that we are not always reborn on the same planet. No, on Earth we have a vast number of spirits-souls, reincarnated from other planets living right now here on planet Earth. There are also hundreds of thousands of people who, as agents from other planets, are now amongst us. It might appear both inconceivable and incongruous, but I urge the reader to keep on reading because later I will prove what I just wrote.

Let me quote a fitting statement by Charles Fort. He said and I quote: "The science of today is the superstition of tomorrow-and the science of tomorrow, the superstition of today."

Now I would like you to think back; fifty years ago we had no television, seventy years ago no radio. I felt this chapter needed a special preface since I was told that Venusians have been coming to our planet for 33 million years. The technology available to them is such that we have no comparables on our planet. I believe their mental powers are completely beyond the realms of our earthly understanding. We have a lot to gain from encounters with these beings. But first we must know ourselves, the capabilities and limitations of our bodies. As Christ said, "Know thyself and the mysteries of the world will unfold before you."

The technological knowledge we lack is by no means-our only shortcoming. Spiritually, according to the Space Brothers, we are at an all-time low. They warned us that unless we evolve spiritually, very soon, we will destroy each other and disappear-and thus suffer the fate of so many previous civilizations.

According to the space brothers, our spiritual evolvement is of paramount importance. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the

whole world, and lose his own soul?" St. Mark 8:36.

**Our nuclear build-up is of grave concern to our Cosmic Neighbours. The governments of many nations are controlled by the same element of egotistic egomaniacs, on ego-trips, which led to the destruction and disappearance of many terrestrial civilizations before ours, and the ignorance with which they approach the cosmic laws that govern the universe is totally monumental. They don't realize that we on Earth are nothing but a grain of sand upon a beach. Our military can devise all the weapons it wants and it will never alter the laws by which this universe runs. Even if our military was the greatest power in our solar system, which it certainly isn't. In fact we are the most primitive civilization in our solar system. But assuming that we weren't, there would still be a multitude of greater civilizations with greater weaponry in other solar systems. The number of planets and solar systems in God's vast empire is mind boggling. What is saving the neck of our aggressive governments and military is nothing but the benevolent kindness of our neighbours, which our governments and military in their asinine state of mind don't understand and mistake for a weakness on the part of our neighbours. The following excerpt from an article written by Diane Tessman in the *U. F. O. Review* will explain what I have just written.**

. . . The governments of the United States, the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republic, and other Earth governments, have stored the saucers-or the remains of them-in top secret areas. Usually these storage hangars are on military bases though in some cases, large corporations who contract with the military provide the hiding spots. This author recently talked with an ex-Air Force man who had top secret clearance during his military days. He gives the account of a chamber at Edwards Air Force Base, California, which is kept totally frozen by liquid nitrogen. Within this area is an entire saucer suspended forever in cryogenic freeze! He also tells of a good buddy of his who disappeared the day after he breached security and walked into the building where this chamber is out of curiosity. He never saw or heard from his friend again! ! ! !

If alien space crafts are kept under such tight security-and those who curiously wonder about them are "disposed of"-then what about the actual aliens whose bodies are taken by the military or "friendly" corporations with military ties? One can imagine the kind-of security and paranoia that surrounds the areas where these ET bodies are being stored.

Leonard Stringfield's monographs on crashed saucers, "**THE ROSWELL INCIDENT**" by William Moore, and other reports on crashed saucers and their alien occupants, all mention cryonic freeze as the method for storing the alien bodies. (Apparently military establishments are fond of freezing evidence of alien life as an "easy" and comprehensive "answer" to the dilemma of what-to-do with this "white



elephant").

In several of the documented reports of crashed saucers and their occupants it seems that the aliens aboard the downed craft were not dead when their craft touched down on earth. In one report, one small fetus-like alien was moaning over the body of his companion who was being carried out of the craft on a stretcher. What became of this still alive alien? And what of other aliens who were alive when taken into custody by earth governments?

At this point, we would like to give you information on this little-known tragedy from The Free Federation of Planets (The Brothers) themselves. This transmission was transmitted to me by Tibus, who is in active contact with earth in these latter days of the 20th Century:

Dear **UFO REVIEW** readers, this is Tibus. I come to you in love and light. I commend you for your abiding interest in our space craft (**UFOs**) and we who pilot them.

I am transmitting this urgent message at this time because it is vital that receptive and kind humans know what has happened-and is still happening-when our saucers crash land on earth.

Now, we understand that the skies above earth belong to earth people. We do not interfere with military's activities, we only observe. This is precisely why we do not use force to rescue our downed pilots and their craft. We have sworn our sacred oath that we will not interfere with earth's natural path. We do have high technology which could wipe out all earth militaries very quickly but of course we have never used these weapons, nor will we. We are beings of peace and love. Our weapons are defensive only . . . used to keep negative space forces away from earth and other planets that are only now emerging into the space age. If you doubt my transmission on this fact, you have merely to realize that no UFO has ever used its awesome weapons on an earth government or section thereof.

And so, dear friends, when one of our craft does have mechanical problems or is shot down by the military, we do nothing to help it; we can't, per our sacred non-interference oath. The pilots and crew members of these downed craft know that we cannot help them. It is a risk they take just as earth pilots take risks when on a mission.

If an earth government decides to store away our downed craft in a top-secret place, this is acceptable to us. It seems "absurd" for the government to feel threatened by us that our craft must be dealt with in such super-secret a manner, but this is earth's prerogative and we respect it.

If an earth government decides to freeze the bodies of our companions who have gone down with their craft, this is sad, but we accept it. We do not truly understand why our dead friends must be put on exhibition for a few top echelon military men and government leaders

to inspect as the years go by, but, again, risk was accepted by our crew and personnel.

However, there are those of our Federation who have been *frozen alive* by earth governments. This is by far the greatest wrong and this is why I am now transmitting this information to you. We *still* will not interfere with the earth government's decisions, but we do feel that we must let you know about this terrible tragedy.

Place yourself in the bodies of our Federation companions for a moment. You have survived the crash of your craft and you have been surrounded by primitive military men and weapons who take you off to an installation that is very secretive and prison-like. Earth governments realize that some of our crew members need a slightly different atmosphere than exists on earth and they provide breathing apparatus for you if so requested. They attempt to question you, to communicate. They do not realize that you are a telepathic being who can read their minds' thoughts without verbal language being used. You know that they want to know the secrets of your people's advanced technology, especially its weapons. You also realize that the people who are holding you prisoner do not have the wisdom or sense of decency not to *misuse* advanced technology and you already know from your observations of earth that they already misuse the technology that they now have!

You tell them nothing. You refuse to cooperate with them at all. You are threatened by them as they realize that you are not cooperative (plus, you know that even if you did cooperate, they would get rid of you after information had been secured). They torture you, usually with drugs or other "subtle" devices.

You still refuse to give information about yourself, the Federation, or its technology.

They decide that you will be frozen alive, kept in cryonic suspension until time itself stands still. You read in their minds long before the medical technicians arrive to prepare you for freezing (chemicals must be added to the blood to keep it from forming deadly bubbles).

Dear reader, our Federation companions who have been frozen live were frozen in a state of semi-consciousness, knowing the terror as the numbingly cold liquid nitrogen crypt over them in a sudden horrible micro-second, freezing all parts of the body. And what becomes of the consciousness (the soul) of these companions of ours? They remain in a state of limbo, in a dream/astral state that is haunting and frightening . . . for they are *not* dead and so the soul does not pass on to other realms as it does in the case of actual death for all universal beings.

Often we, their crewmates, as well as earth people, feel psychic communications from these poor souls, who exist as "ghosts" around the top secret installation where they lie frozen alive. Occasionally these Federation members have taken solid form, much as a tulpa does (a tulpa is a thought-form that the high monks in Tibet and we of Space

Intelligence have been able to manifest as solid beings).

In other words, our frozen friends can sometimes be *seen* for brief moments (there is an old earth song entitled "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking?"). You see, Federation beings have a *lot* of force, a lot of energy in their beings; they are telepathic beings who are highly evolved. And so they are able to "manifest" in the astral state more easily than most humans could under similar circumstances.

We also wish to transmit that this terrible method of freezing aliens is used because earth governments feel they might want to wake up the frozen sleepers at some future moment in an attempt to gain information considered vital. In a few cases, sleepers have been awakened and threatened that if they did not communicate, they would be frozen again. Each man and each woman who has been unfrozen in this way chose *not* to talk; we send them our respect and admiration for their bravery! They were then again frozen.

Cryonics is a science which earth is learning about quickly. There are private cryonic societies who successfully freeze individuals who die but who want to take the chance that they can be revived in 50 or 100 years after a cure for their illness is found (needless to say, the freezing must take place 30 minutes after death has occurred). These people feel they have nothing to lose since they have died anyway. They hope beyond hope that they can be revived and cured. This is perfectly all right and we admire their pioneering spirit and hope. However, to *misuse* this technology and freeze *any* person or being against his or her will is indeed a sin against God and the Universe!

The process of waking a sleeper (unfreezing) is a complicated one that involves a total transfusion of life-fluids. Many of our frozen companions have "alien" life-fluids but their blood was taken from them before freezing, stored, and will be used to transfuse back-into them (as they cannot accept human blood successfully) if they are awakened.

The thing that concerns us most is the state of limbo these companions exist in, drifting in and out of reality much like a vivid "bad dream" that you may have had at some time in your life. These dear friends live a constant dream-state, sometimes lucid, sometimes in the black hole of limbo and disembodiment.

At this time, there is nothing you as an individual can do for these Federation beings, just as there is nothing that we can do from "on high". However, we wish you at this time to be *aware* of their plight. This is very important! The time will come when your knowledge of this tragic situation will be of help to the sleepers! Please *know* what I have transmitted to you at this time and store it in your conscious mind. This is urgent that you do so!

Meanwhile, the dreams of the sleepers continue ....

God bless you.

May the healing light of God and goodness surround you always,

## Tibus of The Federation

Coincidences-they just kept on happening. Just as I was writing about our Space-Brothers who were frozen alive by our military I met a lady who is a secretary at the Wright Paterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, who said she was listening to a radio talk-back show at home, in Dayton, when the interviewer Stacey Taylor received a phone call from a man who said two extraterrestrial beings were held frozen alive in a section of Wright Paterson Air Force Base. Stacey said that he would have the matter investigated, and soon after, his show was stopped and he was taken off the air altogether.

This further corroborates the allegation that was made about Edwards Air Force Base in California.

I became dumbfounded; these sorts of allegations fit the image of the Russians but not that of the U.S., and I had no trouble finding disgruntled people in the U.S. Military willing to talk. One allegation is from an engineer at Wright Paterson Air Force Base who said that it was his job to investigate U.F.O. sightings and to evaluate them and report his findings to the Air Force. He said he had many for which there was no logical explanation. Then one day he was told to take his annual holiday. He went, and when he returned all his records were gone.

Then there is the case of a top U.S. brain surgeon who was told to go to the Wright Paterson Air Force Base. He was asked to give the approximate ages of 16 human bodies that were lying there. He evaluated them at approximately 700 years each. He left the room scratching his head, when a voice behind him called out? "What do you make of them?" And the puzzled surgeon replied, "I don't know. I think I am going crazy. To me their brain looks like they were 700 years old, but their bodies look quite young." "I am a dentist," said the man to the surgeon. "They brought me here to look at their teeth; they have no cavities anywhere. I believe they are extraterrestrials," said the dentist. "I am glad you said that," said the surgeon. "For a moment I thought I had lost my mind."

**There is no doubt about it-we are dealing with a major government and military cover-up. At first I thought that it was only because of the vast superior mental power of our cosmic neighbours and the disruptive effect that this would have on our establishment. However, as I went on investigating I soon found out that the cover-up conspiracy is far too elaborate and there had to be more to it, and then . . . Bingo, I found it. Later in this book the sordid truth is exposed.**

**As you read on, it will become more and more apparent how important it is to adhere to the basic rules of our Ten Commandments, as in the negative a few lies lead to more lies. Then a few murders to prevent exposure lead to more murders, and when this is perpetrated by people who have vast powers, then there is no end to what chaos they can cause. It is therefore in the interest of us**

**all that the information contained herein be passed on.**

**It is imperative that pressure be exerted upon our political leaders. There are many things that need to be changed. One of those is a full awareness of the existence of our cosmic neighbours and our insistence for legislation to be passed which will enable them to come here and help us. I believe that they are very eager to help as they feel that our civilization will disappear as so many other civilizations did before ours. The vast stockpile of atom and hydrogen bombs is not for a war between the U. S. and Russia, as our leaders are trying to make us believe, but is instead aimed at the destruction of most of our civilization after a selected few are taken from our planet. Please read on as this is fully explained later.**

To better understand ourselves and the world in which we live, there can be no better guide for us than the cosmic philosophy of *George Adamski*, as once when he said, and I quote: "If I am to promote good will in my neighbourhood, I will do everything on behalf of the world's population, not excluding or forgetting myself, since I will be the avenue through which the betterment is expressed. I am automatically in it. This kind of good and motive is cosmically recognized."

The following is a typical example of this cosmic law: In England, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a boy fell into a reservoir of water. A youth walked by and saved the drowning boy. The grateful parents of the rescued boy offered to reward the youth and were told that he wanted to study medicine but did not have the money for it. They paid for his studies.

Many years later the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Winston Churchill, was ill with pneumonia. The best doctor was summoned. Arthur Fleming, the inventor of penicillin, came to the aid of the Prime Minister.

It is rare in the vicissitude of a human life to be saved by the same person twice, but Arthur Fleming was the youth who saved Winston Churchill from drowning and later as a doctor with penicillin.

**Our present civilization is only 11,000 years old. It gives us a kind of insight into how many civilizations have come and gone from the surface of the Earth when we consider that our Venusian neighbours have recorded particulars of every civilization that has lived here for the last 33 million years. According to them, our history is a history of wars. During my life I have seen many wars, and the cause and effect of each is always the same. WARS ARE PERPETRATED THROUGH THE GILDED INSTIGATION OF THE GULLIBLE-WITH SLOGANS OF PATRIOTISM; SPRUCED IN ODIUM, JEALOUSY, AND ILL WILL. TILL TO COMBAT WE GO, TO SATISFY THE AMBITION OF A CORRUPT FEW.**

Einstein once said that he did not know what weaponry will be used in World War III, but in World War IV it will be sticks and stones.

Upon this statement of Albert Einstein I make the following observation.

It is one of the tragedies of our time that science and religion have become adversaries. For they are the two strongest forces in our present-day civilization. Through religion we understand the Creator-and through science, the mysteries of creation.

Science and religion must go hand in hand if they are to fulfill their service to mankind, as mankind explores the universe-and experiments in search of the truth. We see that without regard to the Great Architect who created this universe our scientific advances would be very limited. As everything in this vast void of creation falls into an orderly pattern, and as our scientists become aware and respect their Creator for the masterpiece in creation that this universe is, so the theologian must respect the efforts of our scientists, who are starting to make this world a better place for all to live in.

The Space Brothers and *Adamski* told us and publicized it widely that because of the way we live, we have lost the ability to communicate telepathically. *Adamski* instructed people on how to regain this ability that is supposed to be a natural gift to all humans. The pineal gland, which in earth man has atrophied and disappeared, is normally located in the centre of the forehead between our eyes. There are some rare exceptions among us who still have this gland and this ability, but they are very few.

The pineal gland is also responsible for giving people extra sensory perceptions. Strangely, people in India fit diamonds into the skin in the approximate location where the pineal gland should be. Some believe that sunlight reflects off the surface of the diamond, enters their forehead, and reactivates the gland. However, today in modern India this diamond is only symbolic, and its value is a controversial issue. However, among the people of India we find great awareness and the world's greatest psychics, such as Sai Baba, a man who has become a legend.

I hardly ever watch television; it was by a strange impulse that I turned on my TV, probably the first time in two months. I switched from one channel to the next to avoid the usual boring commercials, when lo and behold, I stumbled across a station broadcasting a program on spiritual matters, and there was a section devoted to Sai Baba. I saw on TV how he materialized things in his hands. There was no way he could have faked that. Later on he was shown with his hand inside an earthenware jar. One of his assistants was holding the jar upside down. Sai Baba put one hand inside the jar and from it fell out a vast amount of ash. The amount of ash that came out of the jar was far more than the jar could have held if it had been full. After a while Sai Baba took his hand out. I suppose he was tired of doing that. He changed arms and put his other hand inside the jar. I looked intently; his hand was open and he was not concealing anything in his hand. He put his hand inside the same jar

as his assistant held the jar upside down in front of an audience of many thousands. Again a vast amount of ash came falling from the jar. The TV commentator then explained that the ash was a powerful cure for all sorts of illnesses ranging from cancer to blindness, etc., which the people then treasure.

Sai Baba maintains that he is not an advocate of any one religion. His mission, as he put it, was to awaken the consciousness of all people regardless of their religion.

Alongside Sai Baba, Uri Geller can only be described as a rookie. Sai Baba has the incredible ability to materialize and dematerialize his body at will. To such an extent that he can be, in two places all at once. A Western dignitary who had travelled many thousands of miles to see Sai Baba became frustrated at not being able to see this man. Finally, disillusioned, he decided to return home. Sai Baba appeared in front of him and told him to wait, as he would see him that evening. Simultaneously, that man also saw another image of Sai Baba encircled by thousands of his Indian worshippers approximately three hundred yards or so away. It is needless to say that Sai Baba kept his promise and saw that man on that evening.

It happened during the year 1984 that a Hollywood film star went to see Sai Baba. During the interview she asked him if she could photograph him, Sai Baba consented. Then to her dismay the film star noticed that she was out of film, "Don't worry," said Sai Baba, "I have plenty of that film." He went away and came back with film, and to her greatest surprise the film star noticed a price tag on the film from the very same store in Beverly Hills from where she always buys her film. Upon her return to the U.S. she went to that store and asked the clerk there whether or not he had ever seen a little guy dressed in orange with an afro hair style, "Yes," said the clerk as he described Sai Baba to a "T". They worked out the time at which Sai Baba had appeared at the store and, allowing for the time differences between India and the U.S., it corresponded exactly to the time at which Sai Baba had gone away to India to get the film.

Shortly before his death *Adamski* said that there was a boy in India who was a great prophet. His teachings on **Cosmic Philosophy** fill the pages of many books. Such as the book written by Dr., Samuel H. Sandweiss, MD., a psychiatrist who went to India to see Sai Baba and became spiritually transformed to the point where he wrote a book about his experience. The following is an excerpt from his book about Sai Baba. "Amazing! Unbelievable! Unthinkable! The most mind-blowing, extraordinary experience-as if the most far-fetched science fictions were actually seen to be true." The psychiatrist went on to say:

All of this delivers a crushing blow to my previous beliefs and value system and it is painful to give them up. But when I see what appears to

be concrete evidence of our existence beyond time and space in a human being who not only demonstrates this reality, but teaches us how to attain realization of this higher self-then I must listen. I am witnessing here no abstract college argument or cerebral debates about whether or not God exists. I am seeing concrete evidence of such a reality.

When one finds a teacher of this caliber, all one can do is follow him, and this means full surrender as exemplified in the Bible. Those Bible stories evidently are not symbolic but true. There *is* a right and wrong way of behaving. The divine *does* become manifest in order to teach. God *does* appear on Earth. There are forces in the universe, powers of being, that we cannot even imagine.

Baba's mission is to cut out the cancer that is devouring society, that this is not easy and he is preparing people for the operation.... there will be a worldwide catastrophe and people will be given the chance to lead a righteous existence or else.

I am becoming humbled now in the feeling that I am really not in charge of my own destiny, that I am not the doer; God is the doer. I must nevertheless muster whatever strength I have to do my duty as best I can, to live a righteous life and do what a great master such as Baba says. There is no other choice.

*Give up attachment to world possessions, he says. Work hard, do your duty, overcome the five senses. Be loving, begin to perceive your inner voice and follow it. Meditate and find God, who resides above, below, around and within.*





I am saddened and frightened by the feeling that I may have to give up so many of the things that I thought brought me pleasure. I feel a great sense of helplessness and vulnerability in the face of Baba's awesome power. My basic beliefs are shaken. I have begun to realize that evil power must also exist, and I feel a little helpless in not being able to understand the dynamics and mechanics and laws of such a power beyond my senses.

I have just received irrefutable evidence to prove that in the early 70s the U.S. Government through its Central Intelligence Agency had one of its agents living near Sai Baba for seven years, for the purpose of obtaining as much data as they could about him, and that a two-hundred-page report was made about Sai Baba and the contents of this report made classified under U.S. secrecy law.

Sai Baba has been credited with feats that equal those that Christ did some two thousand years ago, such as raising people from the dead. He has made blind people see and deaf people hear. These powers have become a major obstacle to Sai Baba in that he is trying to make it abundantly known to everyone that he is not God. He is a son of God as we are all children of God, but he is not God. This statement may not go well with Christians, but then, this book was written not to conceal the truth, but to expose it whether people like it or not.

He is said to have materialized huge bowls of rice that feeds thousands of people. Sometimes he holds his hand out and vast amounts of a type of carbon fall to the ground, as is shown in a picture on the left, and this carbon will heal people from diseases such as cancer, heart disease; I believe every disease known to man is cured by it. And the curse of our stupidity haunts this man, as he desperately tries to make us understand that he is not God, only a servant of God, doing God's work in unifying mankind here on Earth. The man is giving lectures hours on end, and what he says seems to go in one ear and out the other, as people, and not only Indians, but also Americans and people of all nationalities, chant and meditate in front of pictures of this man, for hours on end, and pray in front of his photos.

I think it appropriate to insert here an excerpt from our Bible, Matthew 19:16-17: "And, behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, *Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God.*"

I am surprised to see that this famous phrase of Christ had withstood the onslaught of our clergy for so many years, although a more recent edition of the Bible no longer has this in it. I believe that Christ had the same problem with the people not understanding Him as Sai Baba has today. The teaching of these great emissaries or prophets, that were sent to our planet to advance our understanding of life and the Cosmos in which we live, has degenerated into a money-making venture, with a

spin-off of power for the clergy which is hindering us from knowing the truth.

The extraordinary power that Christ had Sai Baba has today and many people on Earth have in varying degrees. It is also an indication to us of the powers that people in our neighbouring planets have as they live within the realms of cosmic law. Christ tried to convey to us that it only takes a little bit of faith in God on our part and the same powers could be ours as well.

I have had some weird experiences of my own. It happened in September of 1985, I was back in the U.S. still researching and working on this book, when, to make matters worse, my tenant to whom I had rented my house moved out leaving an incredible mess behind. I was now faced with the prospect of several month's work and several thousands of dollars' damage trying to straighten the place out again. I was intensely thinking as I was driving north on 15, thinking about what I should do first. The thought went through my mind to go to K Mart and buy a broom. And lo and behold, I looked in front of me and there was a brand new broom, exactly the kind I wanted to buy, lying on the freeway. I wonder just how many of us have ever seen a broom lying on a freeway. Well, it was the first broom I ever saw on a freeway, and what was even more astounding was that no car had run over it. U.S. freeway speed is supposed to be 55 MPH, but everyone goes between 60 and 75. I was so astounded I had to pull up at the side and make my way between the cars to get that broom. Needless to say, I am still alive and I treasure this broom as a memento of the bizarre.

Another weird incident happened to me in Australia. I had just returned from a stay in the U.S. in 1982. My son was a few years earlier involved in an accident with his car, in which the car he was driving had overturned several times as it rolled down an embankment. He complained to me that he still had a considerable amount of pain near his spine as a result of this accident. He had been to doctors and chiropractors all to no avail, as the pain persisted. I don't know what made me do this; it was a sudden impulse for which I have no explanation. But I told him to lie down. I put three of my fingers in my right hand together, my thumb, middle finger, and index finger. I passed those three fingers up and down his spine, about half an inch away from him, as I prayed to God. I did that for about two minutes and my son's spine was cured, permanently. I have since done this for several other people and I have no explanation for what happens. But I feel that if your intentions are good and if you are willing to work for mankind, then God rewards you with some of the powers that our cosmic neighbours have, and you do not have to be a god to have those powers. It is also my belief that the closer to God you come the greater will be the power entrusted to you.

Sai Baba is only five feet tall. Jesus Christ was also small and of

slight build. Story has it that once as Jesus walked through the streets of Bethlehem, a bully came by and pushed Jesus into the drain that ran alongside. Jesus pointed his finger at the man and he died; Jesus then quickly brought the man back to life and warned him never to do that again. I believe from information I obtained that our cosmic neighbours, whether from Venus, Saturn, or any other planet, may not misuse these gifts with which they were entrusted or they will lose them.

Telepathy is a very important prerequisite if we are to evolve into a higher plane in future lives. You see, we have to adjust to the world in which we live-the world is not going to adjust to us. Telepathy exists in every planet in our solar system except the Earth, and we are the most primitive and backward planet in our solar system, not only spiritually but also technologically. Now you be your own judge as to whether or not you are ready to live on another planet that is more advanced. Could you share your thoughts with everyone around you? Remember, if you have bad thoughts they won't have you around, because you would be polluting their environment with bad thoughts. Could you be trusted to live on a planet where there was high technology? To never use this knowledge to kill someone? As Christ said "Love thy neighbour." Could you turn your cheek and love your enemy? If so you will never have an enemy, and the technology with which you would be entrusted would never be used against mankind. Did you know that on the Australian continent people have found evidence to prove that nuclear atomic devices were exploded there many thousands of years ago? So it is our technological knowledge mixed with ignorance that has been our folly for millions of years. We evolve to reach a technological level just as we have reached today, and then we use this knowledge to destroy one another.

Do you know why this kiss of life, this electric charge that we call spirit, was put into the physical bodies in which we now live? Well, we are supposed to be the caretakers of the planets on which we live and to do God's work on those planets, and when you read about the teachings of our prophets-the emissaries that were sent to us, such as Moses, Elijah, Christ, Krishna, Buddha, Mohammed, Job, and now Sai Baba-they all tell us that it is not a duty to do God's work but a privilege. Our cosmic neighbours, who have travelled through space for millions of years and who have reached solar systems far beyond our wildest imagination, travel at speeds far greater than the speed of light. (I might add here that our understanding of speed in relationship to light is wrong.) And when you ask these beings what or who God is, they have never seen God, and I believe that in all their travels they have never encountered anyone who had ever seen God. God certainly exists; they love and serve their Creator with the greatest of dignity and pride even if they have never seen God. In this regard two of our earthly religions seems to be right, the Moslem and the Jewish. To the Moslem the unseen God is Allah and to the

Israelites Adonai.

Two of the most important things for us to learn and accept on this planet are the fact that reincarnation exists and that we are the masters of our own destiny in achieving eternal life, which is the result of reincarnation. As Christ said: "Ye must be born again," and that does not necessarily mean that you are going to be born in heaven in your next life. No, a rebirth in heaven or the more evolved planets in our solar system has to be earned by the individual. You are the master of your own destiny, and leaving your worldly possessions to your church is not necessarily going to buy you a place in heaven, as our churches would like to make us believe.

As was stated earlier in this book, it was not until the year 553 A.D. that the Ecumenical Council meeting called the Council of Nice decided to strike Christ's teachings on reincarnation from the Bible.

It is equally important for us to understand and accept telepathy as something that humans can learn. **Adamski published three books on this subject**, and while his books are suppressed and not available in bookstores, they can be purchased from,

**The George Adamski Foundation**  
**P.O. box 1722**  
**Vista, Ca. 92085.**

<http://www.georgeadamski.com>

I have tried to implement his teachings and have had a limited amount of success in telepathy.

Sai Baba tells us that his mission on Earth is to unify the religions we have. He demonstrates physically that the powers of Christ, Buddha, and Krishna were not exclusive to those people and that none of them were gods. They were emissaries that were sent to us from our neighbouring planets to increase our awareness. Their missions on Earth were misunderstood and it was we who made them into gods against their will. Now he himself has the same problem that all of them had, as we are trying to make another god out of Sai Baba.

An American mother of four left her native U.S. to go and live in the squalor of India because of Sai Baba and his teachings, and to her, like to millions of others, Sai Baba is god, just as Christ is to the Christians, Buddha to the Buddhists, Krishna to Hindus. So now instead of him unifying religions, we have inherited one more god on this planet, and with this one more division.

According to **Adamski** telepathic communication lies within the reach of all of us. All it needs is to be developed. **Adamski wrote** three books on this subject in which he gave a step-by-step rendition of what we should do to learn this. It has been suggested that people on Earth

had lost their telepathic abilities over a span of many thousands of years during which time their ways had conflicted with cosmic laws.

The pineal gland is located in the centre of the forehead and is often referred to as the third eye. In *Adamski's book "Flying Saucers Have Landed,"* on page 111, he quotes from the book of Dzyan: "Then the Fourth Race (Atlanteans) grew tall with pride. We are the kings, they said, we are the gods. They built temples for the human body. Male and female they worshipped (phallicism). Then the third-eye acted no longer (man's knowledge reduced, the psychic organs ceased to function)."

It is through our alienation from God and the Cosmos that we have lost abilities normally available to humans. I cannot call them mental abilities because that would not define what they are. They are an inner sensuous feeling we no longer understand or have. It is still prevalent among some races we ignorantly call "primitive," such as the Australian Aborigine. These people have psychic abilities. They can walk through the most desolate part of the Australian desert and find water a few feet below the surface of the sand. They have become notorious for finding lost people when no one else can. We call them black-trackers. Often they can tell as they approach a lost person whether he is still alive or in pain or whatever. Their ability is an inner feeling, referred to by *Adamski* as consciousness. They have also been instrumental in Australia for many years in finding and saving lives.

Sometimes the police give an object to the black-tracker that once belonged to the lost person. The aborigine feels the object and from it can tell the police whether the person is still alive and where to go to find that person. To us this is inexplicable but not to the Aborigine. Once I saw a TV movie on an Aborigine who was dropped in the middle of nowhere in the Australian desert, in an area in which he had never been before. The camera crew, unknown to the Aborigine, was filming every movement he made. Within minutes he began to dig in the sand, and a few feet below the surface he found water. Let me point out that the Australian desert in that area was as desolate as the Sahara desert; there was not even a blade of grass anywhere in sight. After he had his water he walked on and within minutes found a lizard to eat, which he found also under the sand. They have conscious powers such as we the white people once had but have lost. Later he walked in exactly the right direction toward the ocean.

I was privileged to meet a lady in Southern California who helps the police in their investigations; she is what we call a psychic. When I first had a random meeting with her she had no idea who I was. It was not through an introduction that I met her; it was truly random-I am certain she had no idea who I was. She told me that my son had a bad stomach, describing to me exactly the place below his stomach where it hurts him. She then told me that he would have to stop drinking if he wanted it to become better. He likes his occasional "Chevis Regal," She then went on to describe my son and wife who were in Australia at the time, exactly in

every detail. As can be seen from this example, we still have a few white people who are endowed with these powers.

I believe that it was through the efforts of psychics like her that the "Manson" Sharon Tate murders were solved. I believe it was by the efforts of a psychic that the police immediately knew that two women had been at the scene of the crime when it was committed.

"In the universe are many dwelling places." Some are more consciously evolved than others. Those on Mars could revert back to war if they were provoked. The people on Jupiter are very superstitious and believe in black magic in spite of their tremendous technological knowledge. The people on Venus and Saturn are very similar to each other; they are very telepathic and have developed their conscious awareness over millions of years. They are very kind to one another and have a deep respect and love for God.

Telepathy in the hands of the right people is a tremendous tool toward achieving the ultimate goal, that of service to our Creator and of love and worship for The Great Architect of the Universe who is responsible for the existence of everything we have here. During lectures people at time have asked me how a peace-loving community like the one living on Venus would go if an aggressive planet wanted to invade them and take over their planet. What would they do to retain their planet?

Well, the answer is that being telepathic, they would know about the oncoming danger long before the invaders even got near them. They would meet them in space and give them such strong telepathic thought waves that the invaders would even forget why they came and turn around and go home.

Our inability to communicate telepathically is a kind of protection for us. Because many of the messages that are sent into motion are dangerous, as ignorant unaware people could be made to act in a manner that is dangerous both to them as well as to other people. If a thought wave was set into motion to attack all the people around you, and if that thought was absorbed by telepathic people who through a weakness in character were easily led and reacted to such a thought by really attacking everyone near them, and if each person that receives such a thought was to send out similar thoughts as well, then this bad thought could be multiplied a hundred or a thousand fold and become a threat to the whole community. "As you sow, so you shall reap."

Since not all the people in our own solar system are as evolved as the people from Venus and Saturn are, we find people here on Earth receiving messages from the wrong sources. I was given numerous instances where well-meaning people on Earth wasted precious years of their lives pursuing goals that were set for them by psychic entities unknown to them. These people too many to enumerate ended up with broken homes, often in despair, pursuing whims that these entities had

demanded of them.

Dangerous telepathic communication can also exist between you and the cells in your own body. Take for instance an obese person-the fatty cells in the body of that person are sending out telepathic messages to that person demanding more fatty food, and the more that person eats the more cells will there be in his or her body demanding that kind of food. It is a vicious circle that can be broken only when the person becomes aware of what is taking place and has the courage and strength to fight it.

The evolved beings who live in the planets around us watch their bodies and take tremendous care of themselves. They strive to reach an age and appearance of around twenty to thirty years and maintain that appearance for hundreds of years. Obesity, hunger, hatred, tension, greed, envy, violence, or bad thoughts do not exist among them. Also they are endowed with a better cloud shield around their planet than what we have on Earth, to keep damaging ultraviolet sun rays away from their bodies.

Scientists on Earth are convinced that we could all easily reach an age of around two hundred years each, if technology that is already available is implemented. However, our present economic social welfare system does not allow for such longevity, and it is because of this that technological achievements in this field of work are suppressed from the public.

Your mental attitude is very important to the aging process. It was once said by a philosopher that "You age when regrets take the place of dreams."

I have on numerous occasions heard it said by people to whom I spoke about the planets around us, that: "If only I could live there." It is a common drive by all living entities to look at the grass on the other side of the fence and regard it as being greener than the grass on this side. Just imagine a life in a place where everyone can read your thoughts-you could never get away with anything; or people looking in on you when you want to have privacy. Or imagine a life of up to a thousand years; our way, after sixty or seventy years, we get a break, a change for better or worse, as we reincarnate somewhere else into another body.

Here on Earth we all have our own version of what paradise is: The Jews, the Christians, the Moslems, the Hindus, the Buddhists-we all want our own version of a paradise, just to suit our own way of life. And Paradise-it just isn't like that.

In a Methodist Church a minister, who himself was a millionaire, gave a sermon asking his congregation to give him money to improve his church, when a voice within the crowd called out, "Why don't you give some of your money to the poor?" After the sermon was over some of the worshippers went looking for the man who had called out during the sermon, probably wanting to see who he was, and as people looked at him he suddenly disappeared into thin air. The man was a spaceman.

A Pentagon official who worked on the project "U", the classified

code name for the project U.F.O., said, "I worked on the preparation of the government "Blue Book" on U.F.O.'s gathering data from wherever I could. We kept everything secret to protect the public." "What do you mean?" I asked astonished. "Well, there were some bad guys amongst them; once a triangular spaceship shot a ray at the frightened occupants of a car after the people had got out of the car to hide in some bushes. Later these people lost their hair and developed holes in their nails as a result of whatever that ray was." "No doubt there are some bad guys amongst them." I said, "but they are few and far between, and this is not a feasible excuse for the government to suppress knowledge of something that is of vital importance for everyone of us to know. Our politicians and government are nothing but employees of the people who put them into a position of trust, and they have no right to reward our trust by telling us deliberate lies."

Our politicians and the governments we employ are abusing their powers over us in more ways than one. Consider their work over the last few years. Hardly a week goes by where they have not introduced one law or another that reduces the freedom of the community at large. The animals that roam freely on the surface of this planet have more brains than we people have. We were put on this Earth to express ourselves freely and learn from our mistakes. This is one of the main reasons why we are here in the first place. "Make no man thy master."

As can be seen from the data I have already given, the people on Venus and Saturn could be of tremendous help to us if we could just exert enough pressure on our governments to do the right thing by us. It is with this in mind that I ask all readers of this book to demand from their political representatives, whether their demands be in writing or verbal, to establish official diplomatic representation with the governments of these planets around us. So that once and for all this enigma comes to an end and we can all live like brothers and sisters alongside one another, helping each other, without our politicians using us in their little games of war and greed, because once we merge ourselves with such an advanced civilization we will benefit tremendously, as neither war nor violence could ever come to us or our children ever again.

In considering it, remind yourself that it is not us that are remembered, but our work that remains after we are gone.

The mechanics of telepathy are quite simple when we consider the cosmos, the universe in which we live, as an entity created by the Divine Creator who also created the complex machinery that is our body. While I do not consider myself versed in telepathy, I have had limited success doing it.

The best description I can give of telepathy is this: Everything we do, see or think emits energy charges resembling the electric charges that work our radios or TVs. However, the range of frequency of these



electronic devices is outside the range of frequency of our thought waves. Therefore, we are as yet unable to detect thought waves electronically.

I was told our cosmic neighbours have devices with electrodes that attach to their foreheads. They become quite good at telepathy while they use this device. But the mental powers of the human mind are by no means limited to telepathy. Earlier in the chapter I made reference to our having many hundreds of thousands of agents from neighbouring planets living among us. These people are here for a variety of missions. Many are here to avert a nuclear holocaust, others to advance our philosophic and technological standard, and many are trying to help us as best they can. Many of us have met **extraterrestrials** without knowing it. They are so well integrated into our society, we would never suspect them as being **extraterrestrials**. They speak the language without any trace of an accent. In approximately thirty minutes they have learned the language. The technique to achieve this is really quite simple. Imagine the memory bank of a computer or the data from one computer disc copied onto another. They have a box like device with two leads. The two leads are attached to their temples. The memory bank of the language they want to learn is stored inside the box-like device. On the face of the box, visual signs appear; they watch them intently while through the leads electrical data is conveyed from the box to the memory bank of their brain. We were told of a civilization once on Earth, before ours, that understood this technology. They were warriors and disappeared as a result of war.

The integration into any society is no problem for them. They look very much like us and have the same variety of races on their planets that we have on Earth.

I think it appropriate to relate here the exploits of one of these agents. It will give a better insight into the capabilities of these people. A leading U.S. newspaper once advertised a position, seeking a man to find lost people. A man applied who had no special qualifications for the job, yet secured it. He was reasonably good at the job. One day he walked into the boss's office while the boss was discussing the veracity of a flying saucer report. The man stood in front of the boss's desk; all the drawers were closed. He suddenly pointed to the bottom drawer and said for the boss to take out the 4-inch nail he had in there. The boss was stunned. "How did he know I had a four-inch nail in there," he thought. The man then put the nail on top of the boss's desk with the point facing down and the head of the nail resting against the man's bare hand. Without saying a word he pushed the nail into the boss's solid oak table. The boss and the editing staff of the paper were dumbfounded as they looked at the man. Before they could collect themselves, the man said, "This is something for you to think about." He walked out never to be seen again.

I will now tell you of an incident that happened to me. In **Chapter 2** I related to you the incident of the dentist and how, through him, I met the writer **Narciso Genovese**. After our initial meeting, I returned to see

this man privately. The dentist was back at his office and I asked the writer if he could organize a meeting with space people. I told him I had built a device in Australia and understood the fundamentals of cosmic energy. I also told him that I did not want to leave it at that. I felt my knowledge was of paramount importance to us here on Earth because we have such an energy shortage. Free energy would be the greatest thing that ever happened to us on Earth. It would revolutionize our entire way of life. That was my reason for wanting to make this knowledge available to as many people as possible so that it could not be suppressed. I told him I only had a limited amount of money and could not experiment too much. If he could provide contact with an **extraterrestrial** for me, it would facilitate matters considerably. I could then construct my device with an optimum of efficiency without the need of experimenting. I also told him that whatever we do here in this regard has to be simple, so that people can build this in their own back yards. If people had to rely on industry to make it, it would be suppressed. I needed a contact to gain more technical knowledge. He told me to give him a photograph of myself. I returned a few days later with my photograph. He then handed me a pen and told me to sign the photo. I did. He told me they read my thought waves from the photo and could determine what kind of person I was. He also told me that throughout South America many agents from Mars were living and working in executive management positions. Because of their enormous intellect, by our standards, they had no problem obtaining these positions.

At this time I was living in Escondido, a northern suburb of San Diego. One night a few weeks after this incident, I could not sleep. At two in the morning I awoke and felt very hungry. I looked in my fridge, there was nothing I could eat-I am a poor housekeeper. So to "Lavicios," an all-night "seven-eleven" type store, I went. I was amazed; I had been there many times before at all hours, but I had never seen it so full of people, especially at this early hour of the morning. I made my purchases and as I approached the cashier saw six people in front of me. Near the cashier I saw a magazine with the headline "Russian cosmonaut raped in space." I dove for the magazine and eagerly opened it to the page. I read it quickly as I waited in line. When it was my turn to pay, the cashier who knows me well smiled and said, "You shouldn't read that trash, it's all a lot of bull." I said, "No. You should read the *George Adamski books*. I just met a whole lot of people, especially here in this area, who all have met **extraterrestrials**. Believe it or not, there is a government conspiracy, a cover-up." The man laughed as if to say I must be some kind of nut. A man standing alongside me then said, "I have read all the *Adamski books*. I believe in it." I looked at the man; he was short, about 5'2", slight build, about 125 lbs. He had dark hair, an olive complexion, short cropped hair and a full beard that was neatly trimmed. He spoke English like any native Californian. I paid for the groceries, then

addressed the man. To me he looked young, like a man in his early thirties. It made me wonder, since the *Adamski* affair almost died down in 1965 when *Adamski* died. How come this man had read every *Adamski book* there was? I had never seen him in the *Adamski group*. I asked him, "How come you read every *Adamski book*?" "I heard about it from publicity there was." "Have you ever seen a flying saucer?" I asked. "We get a lot of them around here," he said. "I have seen many of them. *Adamski* made sketches of the inside of these devices and how they work." We became involved in a highly technical conversation dealing exactly with matter I did not know. The material I already knew was not discussed. I asked the man how he knew so much about electricity and mass. He replied he had read many books. I told him that these materials couldn't be found in books. But the man insisted the material was in one of the *Adamski books*. I thanked him for a very interesting conversation and went home.

Once at home I could not sleep as I thought back on the interesting meeting and the technical information I had received. Then it dawned on me! I reconstructed the exact conversation that had taken place. How did this man know what I needed to know? He had brought the conversation to it! The data he so briefly gave was of tremendous value. I got dressed and went back to Lavicios. The store was empty as it usually is at night. I asked the clerk, "The man, the little guy I spoke to just now. You ever seen him before?" "Oh, yes, he is a regular guy, he comes around almost every night." "Does he live around here?" "Guess so. Why you asking?" "Because I think he is an **extraterrestrial**." "You gone bonkers?" "No," I said. "These guys are pretty hard to pick." I then gave him a rundown on what I thought he should know. By his face I could tell he believed in nothing I said and found it all very amusing.

Several weeks went by. One night as I was writing, I felt very hungry again. I went to Lavicios. The clerk that is normally there was away; the new clerk was a stranger. To my amazement, in between the aisles was the little guy I had seen before "Hello!" I exclaimed with surprise. "Long time no see. What brings you to this neck of the woods?" "I saw an article about Nikola Tesla in this magazine." He lifted a magazine from the rack; it was the only copy Lavicios had from that issue. As the man showed me the fascinating article I said to him, "I have a copier at home. If it is alright by you I can copy it, then return the magazine to you." "Why, yes. Where do you live? I'll come around to your place to pick it up." "I live there," I replied as I wrote my address on a piece of paper I had in my pocket. The thought flashed through my mind that I had to find out more about this man, whom he was, etc., etc. I thought he couldn't have a girl or family, or he wouldn't be at Lavicios at such an unearthly hour. As soon as I had the thought, the man said to me, "I am in a hurry to get home, my girl is waiting." "What work do you do?" I asked as he walked toward the door. "I teach in High Schools." "Which one?" "I am out of

work at the moment." I felt sorry for the guy as he approached a car that looked like a rust bucket. The car was spotlessly clean inside. I asked the man, "What subject do you teach?" "Electricity. Don't worry, I'll have another job soon." I looked at his clean car and thought this car is too clean for anyone in this kind of work; as I thought about my car that is full of ICs and other electronic components. "This car yours?" I asked. "No, it's my girlfriend's. I have a bike." "Make sure to come to my place tomorrow morning for the magazine. We could have a cup of coffee and talk some more." As he got into his car and drove away, I yelled out, "Whereabouts you live?" "Also on Lincoln, other side from you." Needless to say, the man never came to get his magazine. And how he knew what side of Lincoln I lived on—that is another puzzle.

The magazine was expensive, especially for an unemployed teacher. I felt uneasy, maybe he was for real and too shy to come back for the magazine. I went back to Lavicios a few days later and left my address with the clerk, who was my friend. He had seen me with him the first time we met. I gave the clerk my address and a note to give the man in case he came back. I felt concerned and wanted to make sure the magazine that he had made a special trip to Lavicios for would be returned. I went all around the other side of Lincoln Ave. looking for the man. No one knew him. I went back several times to Lavicios to find out if he had been back. He has not been seen since.

It was many years later, in 1987, that the following happened: I was back in Australia and my wife Wendy Ann had on numerous occasions expressed her concern and fright at what I was doing pursuing a story like that. The very thought of **extraterrestrial people** was enough to frighten her. She works in a pharmacy and has been working there for over 15 years; she loves her job and the people who live in the neighbourhood. She spends a lot of her working time outside the pharmacy talking to people she knows well.

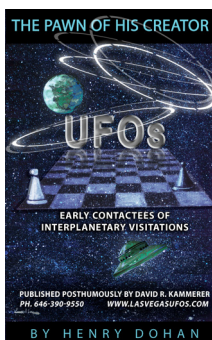
I have on many occasions told Wendy that there was nothing to be frightened about, that these people from the neighbouring planets looked like us and that they were much more intelligent and better people than we are. It was all to no avail as she said that she was still frightened.

One day as she stood outside her pharmacy talking to people, a van with deliveries of plants came to the store next door. A man was leaning against the delivery van; he pointed to some plants and said to Wendy, "These would look nice on your fence." We had just built a fence around our house and built flower beds into the fence. Wendy looked at the man; she had never seen him before, and being an extrovert she knows just about everyone in the area. She asked him, "How do you know where I live?" "**Oh, I know a lot about you. I also know Henry well. We call him the professor.**" Wendy looked at him intently; she was sure she had never seen him before. She excused herself and went into the plant shop to find out who that man was, and when they looked back at where he

had been a moment earlier he had vanished. I asked Wendy for a description of the man, and from the description I think it was the same man I had met years earlier in that seven-eleven type store, in the U.S.

## Chapter 6

### RELIGION



"There is nothing in the annals of our history that can equal the slaughter that was perpetrated, by man against man, in the name of God." . . . and as we search for light to find the cause that brought about this effect, we find that each and every religion carries an almost equal message. Yes, religions are man's interpretation of God-as beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. So religion is an interpretation of man.

It was in 553 A.D. in Constantinople that an Ecumenical Council meeting called the Council of Nice decided to strike Christ's Teachings on reincarnation from the Bible. It is said that the Catholic Church did this to solidify its authority over mankind.

According to Christ, humans were responsible for their own destiny-now and in the future. God was their only judge-and Christ was opposed to the formation of any kind of church. He felt ceremonial religion would enslave man's free will in his struggle for truth. He criticized the Israelite priesthood of that era because of this. Yet as soon as He died, His wishes were ignored as Christianity was formed.

Before the days of Exodus, the Israelites believed in a reward from God their Creator. Later, during their forty-year period of wandering from slavery to freedom, they followed a "Pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." Also they described how "The pillar parted the waters of the Nile enabling them to cross, whereas their pursuers were drowned." "The pillars," they said, "gave them shade in the day and light at night as well as religious guidance," and with this their ceremonial religion began.

The event is recorded both in the Old and the New Testament: "For throughout all their journey the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was in it by night, in the sight of all of the house of Israel" (Exodus 40:38).

"The cloudy pillar directed every move the Israelites made. When the cloud moved the people moved, when the cloud stopped the people rested

and made another camp" (Numbers 9:15-23).

It is recorded that once The Lord spoke to the people of Israel and said: "Hear my words; if there is a prophet among you, I, the Lord, make myself known to him in a vision, I speak with him in a dream. Not so with my servant Moses; he is entrusted with all my house. With him I speak mouth to mouth, clearly and not in dark speech; and he beholds the form of the Lord" (Numbers 12:6-8).

In his book, Ezekiel describes what the Earth looked like from great heights. He also described what it was like to be lifted by a "flying ship." To him the commander of the craft was The Lord. Ezekiel had a total of four **extraterrestrial** encounters over a period of nineteen years.

It appears that the well-intentioned help we received from our space brothers and sisters was misunderstood by primitive Earth-Man and is still misunderstood by us today. Those highly evolved human beings from other planets are not God. They are nearer to God because of their higher awareness and greater understanding of God and the world in which they live. But they are NOT GODS. The ceremonial religious rituals we Earth People have created, with so much hatred and dissent against one another over different interpretations, has resulted in what Christ foreshadowed 2,000 years ago. He said it would hinder us from learning the truth.

Christians and Jews are not the only people who formed symbolic religious rituals from their extraterrestrial experiences.

In the Tibetan "Kantuya and Tantuya" books, there is constant reference to prehistoric flying machines, emphasizing that the information was secret and not for the masses.

The Samarangava Sutradhara describes airships with tails that spouted fire and QUICKSILVER.

Religious pre-Inca legends said the stars were inhabited and that gods came from them.

The 5,000-year-old Indian epic Mahabharata makes reference to flying machines that could travel at great speed over vast distances with movements backward, upward and downward.

The history of earthman is a history of slaughter. Our unending list of religious casualties includes a variety of victims. Some were religious believers, others were not. There were the faithful Christians dismembered by lions at the Coliseum, a man burned at the stake for heresy because he said the Earth was round, and recently six million died inside gas chambers because their God was not Christ. And so the list goes on and will go on forever. For as long as we don't realize that the *God we all have is one and the same*.

Everything in the universe is created by God and has a reason and purpose for its existence. It has a cycle of life during which a specific task must be fulfilled. But basically, we humans are appointed by God as caretakers of the planets on which we live.

Our bodies are temporary houses for our souls-and what we do with ourselves while we are alive is what counts. It does not matter who we are. If we hurt someone in this life, we will be hurt in our next life. Or the time after. Like Pythagoras said, "Yet is all necessary for the development of the soul-and who fathomed that truth fathomed the very heart of the Great Mystery!"

Pythagoras was not the only intellectual with metaphysical beliefs; others were Einstein, Shakespeare and Plato, to name a few. "There are more things in heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." (Shakespeare's *Hamlet*).

"I think immortality is the passing of a soul through many lives or experiences, and such as are truly lived, used, and learned, help on to the next, each growing richer; happier and higher; carrying with it only the real memories of what has gone before. . ." (Louise May Alcott)

"Every new-born being comes fresh and blithe into the new existence, and enjoys it as a free gift: but . . . its fresh existence is paid for by . . . a worn-out existence which had perished, but which contained the indestructible seed out of which this new existence has arisen: they are one being. To show the bridge between the two would certainly be the solution of a great riddle." (Arthur Schopenhauer).

"In view of the endless duration of the immortal soul throughout the infinity of time . . . shall the soul remain forever attached to this point of world-space, our earth? Will it never participate in a closer contemplation of the remaining wonders of creation? Who knows but that the intention is for it to become acquainted at close range, some day, with those far distant globes of the cosmic system . . . which from this distance already provoke our curiosity?" (Immanuel Kant, *General History of Nature*).

"I maintain that cosmic religious feeling is the strongest and noblest incitement of scientific research." (Albert Einstein, *The World as I See It*)

Honore De Balsac Seraphita said, "We may need a lifetime to gain the virtue which will annul the errors of a preceding life.... The virtues we acquire develop slowly within us and they are the invisible links which bind us to one another-in an existence which the spirit alone remembers. For matter has no memory for spiritual things."

Narciso Genovese, author of *I Have Been to Mars*, was quoted by the press as saying, "Many special emissaries were sent to Earth by our cosmic neighbours; in their endeavour to advance our moral and cultural standards, such emissaries included Elias, Moses and Jesus Christ-and there were many others that were sent to various parts of the Earth."

People from our neighboring planets have tried to assist us for eons of time, sometimes at their own peril. Their endeavours were and are repeatedly foiled by our own actions.

People everywhere, from all walks of life, have reported personal contact with **extraterrestrials**. This morning on the telephone, I spoke to Mr. Howard Menger, author of the book, *From Outer Space*, a Pyramid



Book publication. In his book *Mr.*, Menger gives a step-by-step accounting of his experiences. He has been in contact with **extraterrestrials** since he was ten years old. Some of his contacts identified themselves as having come from Venus, Saturn, and Mars. He described his flight in a Venusian Scoutcraft from Earth to Venus. I was skeptical, and to put my mind at rest, this morning I telephoned Mr. Menger at his home in Florida. I asked him a series of technical questions about the inside of a Scoutcraft. I also asked the measurements and detailed descriptions of various parts, information not contained in any *Adamski books* or any other publication I know. I was dumbfounded. Mr. Menger gave me a detailed description such as only a very observant eyewitness could give. He has a tremendous eye for measurements and detail. He not only assisted me in my technical endeavours but corroborated what *Adamski* and Narciso Genovese had said. But Mr. Menger gave me much more technical data.

If there was even the slightest trace of a doubt in my mind before I spoke to Mr. Menger about life around us on neighbouring planets, it no longer exists. (No picture yet). On page xx there is a drawing based on Mr. Menger's description, giving measurements of various parts of the Scoutcraft. The measurements concur with information I gained from experimenting. The sketch of the saucer which Howard Menger was in resembles the one that *Adamski* had described.

Now I would like to take the opportunity to relate one of the many revealing incidents contained in his book. A man from Saturn put his hand on Mr. Menger's head and said, "From here on, Howard, every time you hear a tune of music you will be able to play it on the piano." Mr. Menger insisted he had never played the piano. "It does not matter, Howard," said the man. "From here on you will be able to," Now Mr., Menger not only plays the piano but sells records as well.

Two thousand years ago the greatest Cosmic Teacher that ever walked the Earth jolted his disciples with feats like that. We in our ignorance never understood Christ, and to us He became God. Now that we face the reality that these feats are not exclusive to Jesus, we should re-appraise our line of thinking.

Religion has been a source of hatred and division amongst us and a cause over which billions of human lives were lost. It is a deep-rooted belief within us, because we all grew up somewhere in someone's household where we saw some kind of belief. Children are very impressionable and easily influenced, especially at an early age. What happens resembles a brainwashing, where day after day in a receptive state of mind a child sees a certain way of life. It forms an impression that is hard to shake.

How many of us have ever thought whether or not the religion of our parents was right, rather than just following because that was all we ever saw? We could have been born into another household with another

religion, then thought that that religion was right. Each religion carries a fundamental truth enmeshed in a maze of useless symbolic rituals. And the religious dogma of our clergy is big business.

Unfortunately, some of the precious teachings of Christ became lost, due to the misinterpretations that were given by our churches. The language spoken by Christ and the people of that era was Aramaic. The King James Version of the Bible was not written till the year 1611. It is therefore apparent that much of the truth became lost over the years. Portions of the Bible were interpreted instead of translated, and vice versa.

A hilarious example of poor translation was the phrase in old Bibles that read, "We thank God for a bomb that danced on a table." In ancient Aramaic the punctuation was very important. If someone accidentally misplaced a dot from one place to another, that could alter the entire meaning of a sentence, and that was what had happened here. Many years went by till a monk in a monastery discovered that a point or dot had been misplaced, and from that moment on all subsequent Bibles read, "We thank God for the abundance on our table," instead of "We thank God for a bomb that danced on a table."

Reverend Dr. Frank E. Stranges is an evangelical minister who specializes in hermeneutics, the study of the interpretations of the Bible. He is also a very courageous man, because he gives public lectures exposing the misinterpretations of the Bible, which enrages many of his colleagues. For instance, Christ is alleged to have said: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." But this was not what Christ really said. Instead, says Rev. Stranges, the exact translation from Aramaic is this: "In my Father's *universe* are many dwelling places . . ." Can you see the difference? This opens our door to the infinity of the universe where there are many dwelling places on other planets.

It is hard to know whether these errors were accidental or intended. Neither can we be certain how the U.S. Government feels about Dr. Stranges, since he is also an ardent critic of the U.S. Government's role in suppressing the truth from the people. Last but not least, he has also not endeared himself to our industrial establishment who fear the technology of our neighbouring planets. One thing is certain, and that is that someone wants Dr. Stranges dead, one way or another.

I wanted to make an appointment to see this courageous man and was told that he is in the hospital. He was the victim of an attempt on his life. The sophisticated mechanics of this assassination attempt will illustrate the advanced technology that some of our adversaries in space have. Our adversaries are some of the Martians who, because of their warlike attitude, are refused reincarnation into any other planet except the Earth, where reincarnation is unknown. The Martians want us to stay ignorant and confused so that they can keep on coming here whenever

they wish. They are the ones described in the scriptures as Satan, Lucifer, the Devil, or God's knights of evil-and to make matters worse, they possess a technology thousands of years ahead of us.

I was told that Dr. and Mrs. Stranges were driving on the Boulder Highway in between the Boulder Dam and Henderson in Nevada when suddenly a big blue phantom car appeared right in front of them. It was moving very slowly. Dr. Stranges was driving; he swerved and applied his brakes to avoid a collision when the car behind them ran into them. Witnesses in a statement to police alleged that the big blue car "vanished" into thin air seconds later in the same manner as it had appeared.

This allegation might appear preposterous at first sight, since our present scientific knowledge is not sufficient to understand this. However; it was explained to contactees of the Venusians, who in turn explained to me three different possible methods that could have achieved this:

1) A thought wave can be sent somewhere. An image appears of an object or person. The image appears real as if it really was there, but in reality it isn't. Our Llamas in Tibet already know how to do this, and it was rumoured that the Venusians once had a base there and showed them how to do it.

2) The Venusians, as well as all our other neighbours, have a technology that can make objects or persons disappear. The objects or persons are there all the time but are invisible to the naked eye. However, they can still be seen by infra-red glasses. The technology basically involves bending light waves around the object or people that they want to make invisible to us.

3) This might be the most mind-boggling technology of them all: Our cosmic neighbours have the ability to materialize and dematerialize people or objects. In a dematerialized state they can move things about and then reassemble them elsewhere. So as you can see, any one of these three methods could have been used.

The following is a statement given by Dr. Stranges and his wife, in their own words, after the accident:

On the 11th of April, Dr. and Mrs. Frank E. Stranges were driving on Boulder Highway, returning from Hoover dam when all hell cut loose without warning.

The weather was clear, the sun was brightly shining and the Highway was uncluttered when, without warning . . . a "PHANTOM CAR" cut directly in front of our car causing a series of events that almost promoted us both from this planet. Our car swerved to avoid hitting the "PHANTOM CAR", blowing a front tire . . . being struck from behind by another vehicle, thus sending us spinning into the dirt meridian separating the oncoming traffic from that which we were traveling.

According to the Nevada Highway Patrol Accident report, the "PHANTOM CAR" was also viewed by witnesses who claim that the car

was "NOWHERE TO BE SEEN" following the impact.

Dr. Stranges had no feeling from his neck down. When the emergency vehicles arrived on the scene, they carefully removed Dr. Stranges from his car (under the watchful eyes of a deeply concerned wife), on a steel stretcher, after being fitted with a huge neck-collar.

According to a later medical report, Dr. Stranges had suffered a dislocated collar-bone, a ruptured spleen and fractured hip. On the way to the hospital (Which was a very painful ride), Mrs. Julie Ann Stranges (his newly married wife) sat in the front seat of the ambulance, continuously looking over her shoulder and wondering at the fate of her injured husband.



In addition to being a popular Christian evangelist, Rev. Frank E. Stranges is a long-time UFO investigator and director of the National Investigations Committee on UFOs. Because of his bold attitude on the subject of extraterrestrials and the fact that he claims to have met a space being named Val Thor in the Pentagon, Rev. Stranges has come under continued attack from the "Men in Black," and other Luciferian-oriented "Silence Groups" who have tried to keep such matters hush hush. His life has been put in severe danger on many occasions. Just recently, for example, he was sent to the hospital after being pushed off the road by a "Phantom Car." In this story, Rev. Stranges tells about this incident as well as his special "Ring of Fire" blessing which he has devised so that others may shield themselves from negative forces at work in the Cosmos.

Dr. Frank E. Stranges, founder of NICUFO (National Investigations Committee on UFO's), passed away on November 17, 2008 in California. [www.nicufo.org](http://www.nicufo.org)

Upon arrival at the hospital, they were both taken to the emergency room. Mrs. Stranges suffered injuries in her neck as well as to her right wrist.

Dr. Stranges was taken to an isolated area where the resident doctor, following a quick examination, instructed that x-rays be taken immediately. The nurse administered a shot to diminish his pain while he was being prepared for the x-ray room. The long journey through the hospital corridors seemed endless as he lay helplessly watching the ceiling lights dash by. He was wheeled into the x-ray facility when a voice rang out from the corridor requesting that the three men come out to the corridor *immediately*.

THIS IS WHEN IT HAPPENED! From his right eye, Dr. Stranges saw a lone, uniformed figure approaching the stretcher upon which he was still lying.

COMMANDER VAL THOR simply stated . . . "FRANK, PLEASE LIE STILL. DO NOT MOVE." (His head was still taped down to the steel stretcher upon which he had been placed at the scene of the accident.) Commander Thor then said, "DO NOT WORRY, DO NOT SPEAK, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT." Commander Thor then placed both his hands over the top of Dr. Stranges head, and began to Pray.

Within seconds . . . Dr. Stranges felt what he described as warm water passing from the top of his head to the very soles of his feet.

### **ALL PAIN WAS GONE!**

When the technicians had returned to the x-ray room, Commander Thor was 'gone.' They proceeded to x-ray Dr. Stranges from head to toe.

Following this, he was quickly returned to the emergency room for further examination and evaluation for treatment. Dr. Stranges was then subjected to a host of questions by the Medical Doctors because (1) HE HAD NO PAIN ANYWHERE IN HIS BODY, (2) THERE WERE NO MARKS OR BRUISES ON HIS BODY, (3) HE WAS SITTING UP, READY TO GET DRESSED AND LEAVE THE HOSPITAL UNDER HIS OWN(?) POWER .....

Result???? The car suffered over \$1500.00 damage and both Dr. & Mrs. Stranges are alive and well . . . Thanks to the provision made by Almighty God by assigning His Ministering Angels to assist and help in the hour of deepest need. At this writing, they are both receiving minimal care from their family doctor in the city of Van Nuys.

Dr. Stranges and his teachings are probably closer to the truth than that of any other religion. He advocates a brotherhood of all people regardless of religion, which concurs with the teachings of Christ, since Jesus said that the symbolic rituals of religion stop man from knowing the truth.

Today the concept that Jesus was a spaceman is not only acceptable to the man on the street but also to religious Christian publications. I refer to an article recently published in the Seventh-Day Adventist Official Press, *Signs of the Times*. In the December, 1983 issue an article headed, "Was Jesus an Extra-Terrestrial?" by Geoffrey E. Garne states the following and I quote: "Does the Bible have anything to say about extraterrestrial beings? Yes, it does! Does the Bible describe them? Indeed it does! Does it tell of any of these extraterrestrial beings actually visiting planet Earth? Most certainly-in the past and again in the future! Were and are they grotesque? No! The beings that have visited our planet from outer space are described as glorious celestial beings who brought with them messages of warning and hope that Earth's inhabitants could understand." The article goes on to say, "The glimpses given us in the Bible reveal that the universe is inhabited by beings who are intelligent, upright, majestic and perfect and who find their greatest delight in doing God's will."

Most of our biblical encounters with our cosmic neighbours were recorded by our early biblical writers with stories of mysticism, which were believable to the early primitive civilizations that lived then. One such story is the story of Jonah.

Story has it that God told Jonah to go and preach to the people. Jonah said no and instead went on a ship to go elsewhere. While on board, a huge storm developed. Jonah fell overboard and was swallowed by a whale. He nearly choked because of seaweed that was wrapped around his neck. Then the whale regurgitated and Jonah was back on dry land again.

I wonder just how many of us, other than Jonah, were ever swallowed by a whale. What an extraordinary story this is! Yet it fits the intellectual level of those contemporary people. Now nearly two thousand years later as the true story is told, people sigh in wonderment. Makes me wonder how Jonah would have gone, had he told the truth to those primitive people. Because as Jonah fell overboard he was picked up by a cigar-shaped UFO, which to the primitive people of that era must have appeared to be a whale. Jonah was inside it for several days, receiving instruction on the universe, God, and his mission on Earth. The radiation inside those UFOs is quite intense, and it was what caused Jonah's skin to go pale.

Jonah's experience made a profound traumatic change in his personality. He became an obedient servant to God and mankind-and even if the event was never reported to the people-exactly as it really happened, it increased the awareness of the people of that era.

The true sequence of events, now revealed in this book for the first time, was given to us by the people of our neighbouring planets. They feel that, due to our technological advancement, we are now ready to understand what happened.

"The first part of the Bible, the Old Testament, records innumerable instances," said a Christian publication, "of visitations by these celestial beings. Men saw them, spoke to them, listened to them, understood them, and were delivered by them from danger and destruction! The record is a thrilling one. It is far too extended to quote them all."

The most spectacular visitation is described in the opening chapters of the Gospel of Luke. He tells that a group of shepherds tending their flock in the Judean Hills saw one **extraterrestrial being** appear. The awed shepherds described his appearance as glorious. And he said to them. "Don't be afraid, I bring you good news of great joy" (Luke 2:10). Then suddenly a large group of **extraterrestrial beings** appeared with him, praising God and declaring, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace to men on whom his favour rests." See Luke 2:8-20.

Christ is quoted as saying: "You are from below, I am from above. You are of this world, I am not of this world" (John 8:23). He said he was in constant contact with beings from his world and he called them ANGELS.

"He ascended to heaven with fond farewells from His small flock of devotees. He was taken up before their very eyes, and a cloud hid him from their sight. They were looking intensely up into the sky as he was going, when suddenly two men dressed in white stood beside them. "Men of Galilee," they said, "Why do you stand here looking into the sky? This same Jesus, who has been taken from you into heaven, will come back in the same way you have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1:9-11).

The people in the U.S. who have recently made contacts with **extraterrestrials** are not unique in their experience. As can be seen from the many passages in our scriptures, that I have just quoted, **extraterrestrials** have visited Earth since time immemorial.

As a recorder of history, our ancient scriptures and the Bible became the most fascinating flying-saucer books that were ever written. Especially so in the early parts of the Old Testament, which the Israelites immaculately kept to this very day without alterations or omissions.

When Jews of Nazareth came, His teachings were so advanced that to this very day they are not understood, not even by our present-day civilization, as for instance the paragraph He gave on marriage, which was conveniently misunderstood and ignored by our clergy: "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven" (Mark 12:25).

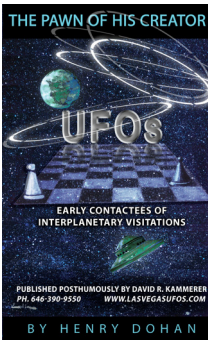
The space people do not get married. So when we die and are reborn on one of our neighbouring planets, then we will have to do as they do. They live together, man and woman, until their children are grown up. Then they talk it over with one another to decide whether or not they should stay together any longer. This depends very often on whether they feel that they both benefit from one another's company and whether or not they evolve spiritually by being together. If they decide that their

association is favourable to each other's evolution then they stay together and might have more children together; and if not they part and there are no hard feelings between them. Since it is their belief that no one owns anyone, marriage contracts and divorces just do not exist amongst them. They are spiritually attached to each other and feel an obligation to care for their children till they are grown up. But written contracts to this effect are just not necessary amongst such highly evolved people, since they know their obligation to God, their children, and the community at large.



## Chapter 7

### "ALTERNATIVE 3"



Morgan Hall, a C.I.A. agent, drank martinis while he sat on a portable toilet and through a two-way mirror watched a prostitute as she poured out drinks for her clients. The drinks were laced with chemicals, and it was his job to assess what effects the chemicals had on her clients. The code name of the operation was "Midnight Climax." The effect of the chemicals on her clients was only temporary and no complaints were ever lodged with the police. Prostitute clients were in no position to complain.

Morgan Hall, according to the C.I.A., is now dead and they do not know where he is buried.

On August 28, 1977 the Sunday Telegraph in Great Britain reported that the Health Department ordered hospitals for the mentally ill and mentally handicapped to collect statistics on operations carried out to change personality. Ministers publicly expressed concern over operations known as psychosurgery where portions of brain tissue are removed or destroyed. The operation is irreversible.

The operation was initially intended to be used only on persons that were exceptionally aggressive or depressed and who did not respond to other treatments.

Dr. Randolph Crepsion White alleged that he had performed psychosurgery on four young men and one young woman and that they had appeared to him to be sane. They were desexed and their natural biological urges and personality removed. In this condition they would obey any order without question.

Dr. White signed an official secret form before the operations and felt that there were extenuating circumstances behind this. He was later asked to perform the same operation on more sane people. This he refused to do.

Dr. White resigned on the grounds that he wanted to retire. He retired three years early and made this statement to the media from his

retirement home in 1975.

Astronaut Buzz Aldrin said in a statement to the Daily Express, "I was used as a travelling salesman." And the following is a transcript of a conversation between Mission Control and Astronaut Bob Grodin during his first Moon walk.

Mission Control: O.K., could you take a look out over that flat area there? Do you see anything beyond?

Grodin: There is a kind of a ridge with a pretty spectacular . . . oh my God! What is that there? That's all I want to know! What the hell is that?

Mission Control: Roger. Interesting. Go Tango . . . immediately . . . go Tango . . .

Grodin: There is a kind of a light now....

Mission Control (Hurriedly): Roger. We got it, we have marked it. Lose a little communication, huh? Bravo Tango . . . Bravo Tango . . . select Jezebel, Jezebel.

Grodin: Yeah . . . yeah . . . but this is unbelievable . . . recorder off, Bravo Tango, Bravo Tango.

Communication was then lost as Grodin was on another frequency. During a TV interview the following conversation took place between astronaut Grodin and TV commentator Benson:

Benson: Bob . . . what did happen out there . . . the moon landing?

Grodin: Well . . . I don't know how best to put this . . . but we had kind of a big disappointment . . . the truth is we didn't get there first.

Benson: What d'you mean?

Grodin: The later Apollos were a smoke-screen . . . to cover up what's really going on out there . . . and the bastards didn't even tell us . . . not a damned thing!

Benson: What is going on?

Grodin: Man, how the hell do I know? Ask the Pentagon! Call the Kremlin-after all, they were in space first. You don't think they just gave up, do you . . . Oh Christ, I need a drink . . .

Benson: Bob, you've got to tell me . . . what did you see?

Grodin: We came down in the wrong place . . . it was crawling . . . made what we were on look like a milk run . . .

Benson: Are you talking about men . . . from Earth?

Grodin: You think they need all that crap down in Florida just to put two guys up there on a . . . on a bicycle? The hell they do! . . . You know why they need us? So they've got a P. R. story for all that hardware they've been firing into space . . . We're nothing, man! Nothing! We're just there to keep- you bums happy. . . to keep you from

asking dumb questions, about what's really going on! . . . O.K., that's it, end of story. Finish. Lots o' luck, kid.

Astronauts like Bob Grodin, who speak frankly to the media, don't live too long. When the TV crew went back for another interview with Grodin they found his lonely bungalow empty. He had been taken to a mental asylum. The TV crew then went to the mental asylum and were told that he was allowed no visitors. They insisted that they wanted to see him. "Quite out of the question," they said. "His condition was too severe. Anyway, a visit would be quite pointless. Grodin could not string two consecutive words together. His mind was completely gone," said the hospital spokesman. Two months later Grodin's death was announced. Supposed to have been a suicide. The world was told that he had knotted pajama trousers together and hung himself from a hot water pipe in his room. Sounds like an elaborate suicide for a man whose mind was completely gone and who could not string two consecutive words together.

Another intriguing conversation happened in 1972 on a Moon mission,

Mission Control: More detail, please. Can you give more detail of what you are seeing?

Lunar Module Pilot: It's . . . something flashing. That's all so far. Just a light going on and off by the edge of the crater.

Mission Control: Can you give the coordinates?

Lunar Module Pilot: There's *something* down there . . . Maybe a little further down.

Mission Control: It couldn't be a Vostok, could it?

Lunar Module Pilot: I can't be sure . . . it's possible.

There was, however, one reference in the latest tape that made it startlingly different-the reference to a Vostok. Russia's Vostok flights took place in the early Sixties. According to the information made public, they were not designed to reach the moon but were merely Earth-orbiting spaceships.

So what could be made of the casual suggestion by Houston Mission Control-and an equally casual acceptance by the Lunar Module Pilot-that an obsolete Russian craft might be sitting on a crater on the moon flashing its lights in 1972?

According to a former NASA man, Otto Binder, the following Earth-Moon dialogue was censored and heard on a secret frequency between Mission Control and Apollo during the Aldrin-Armstrong moon walk:

Mission Control: What's there? . . . malfunction (garble) . . .Mission Control calling Apollo 11 . . .

Apollo 11: These babies were huge, sir . . . enormous . . . Oh, God you wouldn't believe it! . . . I'm telling you there are other space-craft out there . . . lined up on the far side of the crater edge . . . they're on the moon watching us . . .

The mysteries that we have so far exposed will become obvious and apparent with the disclosure of the most sinister plot ever: "Alternative 3."

Alternative 3 came into existence after a secret meeting in Huntsville, Alabama, in 1957, where Dr. Carl Gerstein gave three alternatives for our mounting environmental problem, suggestions on what we should do for the survival of our civilization. The first two alternatives were impractical, and the third alternative was for us to migrate to another planet.

"Alternative 3," according to Gerstein, "offered a limited option, an attempt to secure the survival of at least a small proportion of our human race." According to Gerstein, "It was a case of get the hell off this planet-while there was still time!" Of course we know now that Gerstein was wrong in this regard, but he did succeed in alarming the governments of our superpowers enough for them to instigate a covert operation known as "Alternative 3."

On June 20, 1977, Dr. Carl Gerstein was interviewed by Sceptre Television on a program called "Science Review." Dr. Gerstein is regarded as an eminent environmentalist. The interview took place because in 1957 at a secret conference in Huntsville, Alabama, Dr. Gerstein told leading U.S. Government officials that they were destroying this planet. He told them that "Through all the centuries man thought of the atmosphere surrounding us as being so vast that it could never possibly be damaged. So we have gone on abusing it and polluting it, and now it is too late. We have created a "Greenhouse" around this world of ours, a greenhouse made of carbon dioxide. Short-wave radiation from the sun passes straight through it, just as is the case in any garden greenhouse. It absorbs and holds the emitted heat from the surface of the Earth.

"Over the last hundred years," said Gerstein, "more than 360 billion tons of carbon dioxide were thrown up there and we keep adding to it daily, and once it is up there it stays there. The aerosol sprays that we use," said Gerstein, "also add nearly half a million metric tons of fluorocarbons into the atmosphere every year," A British Royal Commission on environmental pollution said, "If the worst fears about the extent of damage by fluorocarbons to the ozone layer were realized and no means of combating this threat were devised, the consequences to mankind on Earth could be calamitous." Yet, when it came to doing something about it, the British Government failed to do anything at all, because 10,000 jobs in Britain were on the line if aerosol sprays were

banned.

On November 27, 1987 the *Los Angeles Times* reported that it has been confirmed that man-made chemicals and propellants are the cause of a gigantic hole in our ozone layer above Antarctica.

Chlorofluorocarbons are prevalent in automobile and factory emissions, spray can propellants, and as refrigerants in air conditioners and freezers; these chemicals as gases mix in the presence of ice, releasing free radical atoms of chlorine, and it is in the upper atmosphere of our Earth where they quickly destroy our ozone layer.

The Environmental Protection Agency in the U.S. stated that for every 1 percent reduction in our ozone there will be an annual increase of 20,000 more cases of skin cancer in the U.S. alone.

Gerstein was right in the seriousness of his assessment, because only ten years later-not twenty years later-the changes to our weather due to the "Greenhouse" began to occur. So in fact in this one regard he was an optimist, not a pessimist as the scientific world in 1957 declared.

According to Carl Gerstein, "at the secret conference in Huntsville, Alabama there was one very prominent man, died a few years ago," said Gerstein, "who even put forward a plan for using ordinary people-superfluous people, he called them-as slave labour."

"It was quite startling, the way he had it all worked out," said Gerstein. "These gangs of slaves, who'd do all the heavy work down there, would be treated either surgically or chemically, so that they would complacently accept their new roles. They'd be rounded up, as he put it, in '*Batch Consignments.*' Yes, that was the expression he used-*Batch Consignments....*"

Before the American Civil War, slaves had no rights whatever and they *were* property. It seems that history always repeats itself, as that horrifying philosophy now exists again, but this time in space.

Large numbers of people have vanished from various parts of the world without leaving a trace. Many of those who vanish appear to be in their prime of life, healthy teenagers; the incidents are far too many to enumerate. There is, however, a book out which deals with this subject in great detail. The name of the book is *Alternative 3*, by Leslie Watkins and David Ambrose. Incidents described in this book cross-check with information I already had. The book is published by Sphere Books Ltd. The plot broadly resembles a "Watergate" cover-up, but far more sinister, as it exposes a systematic evacuation of top scientists from the Earth to Mars, and thousands of healthy young people are also systematically taken there probably unaware or against their will, as they are transformed into zombie-like slaves to work and care for the scientists.

We owe this information to the teamwork of Sceptre Television in Great Britain and especially to a man by the code name of Trojan who supplied Sceptre Television with a lot of inside information on the activities, conspiracies and assassinations of the K.G.B. and C.I.A. as

they pursued a mutual goal for *Alternative 3*, eliminating anyone who stood in their way. The following excerpt from *Alternative 3* provides a transcript of a conversation between eight American C.I.A. agents and eight Russian K.G.B. agents as they decided the fate of Dr. Carl Gerstein. The meeting was held in a submarine under the ice caps of the Arctic, and Trojan managed to tape part of it.

No names on transcript. No names were ever used. Only nationalities and numbers. Eight Russians-listed as R ONE through to R EIGHT-and eight Americans.

Procedure shown by subsequent transcripts-A EIGHT and R EIGHT alternate monthly as chairmen.

*February 3. Chairman: A EIGHT.* Transcript section starts:

A FIVE: You're kill-crazy . . . you know that? . . . absolutely kill-crazy. . .

A TWO: No . . . the guy's right . . . that old man is dangerous . . .

R SIX: I am reminding you that it was agreed . . . right from the start it was agreed . . . that expediencies would be kept to the minimum. . .

A TWO: And the old man, friend, is right there inside that minimum . . . the way he talks . . . he'll blow the whole goddamn thing . . .

R ONE: Who do you suppose ever listens to him? Eh? . . . nobody . . . that's who listens. Come . . . he knows nothing . . . not after all these years. Theories . . . that's all he's got . . . theories and memories . . .

A FIVE: That just says it, doesn't it? Here we are wasting time and wetting ourselves because of theories that are twenty years old. . . Jeez! . . . if we start spreading expediencies so low because . . .

R FOUR: The theories have not changed so much in twenty years and in my considered opinion . . .

A FIVE: . . . so low because of a semi-senile and garrulous old man . . .

A EIGHT: He's not semi-senile . . . he's not even that old . . . I heard him lecture last year at Cambridge and, you take my word, he's certainly not semi-senile . . . What, precisely, has he been saying?

A TWO: About getting air out of the soil . . . about how the ice is melting . . . people at that university . . . they're beginning to listen to him . . .

A FIVE: That's no more, for Chrissakes, than he was saying in Alabama back in 1957 . . . hell, I was right there at Huntsville when he said it.

. . .  
R FOUR: The Huntsville Conference was like this meeting . . . the discussions there were not for outsiders and . . .

A FIVE: Yes . . . but not many people took him seriously even then . . . and now that he's over the hill . . .

R FOUR: It is still a serious breach of security . . . it is dangerous and it could start a panic among the masses . . .

A FIVE: So all right! . . . Kill him! He's a harmless and doddering old has-been but if it makes you feel better . . . go ahead and kill him . . .

A EIGHT: Expediencies aren't to make us feel better . . . and our friend

here was right . . . we have agreed to restrict them to the minimum . . . anything else against this man?

A TWO: Yeah . . . the real bad news . . . I hear he's been dropping hints . . . nothing specific but oblique hints about the big bang . . . about the earth-air thing being cracked . . .

R SIX: But it is not possible for him to be knowing that . . .

A TWO: Maybe he doesn't know . . . not know for sure . . . but he's sure done some figuring . . .

A ONE: You're saying he's guessed . . . right? That's what you're saying?

A TWO: Too damned right that's what I'm saying.

R ONE: So it is as I said . . . theories and memories and now guesses. We sentence an old man to death because of his guesses? That is how you Americans wish us to work?

A EIGHT: Let's cut the East-West stuff . . . we're a team here, remember, and we don't have nationalities . . . now, we've got a hell of an agenda to get through and we've spent quite long enough on this Englishman. So let's vote . . . Those for an expediency? . . . Uh, huh . . . And against? . . . Well, that's it . . . he goes on living. For a while, at least. But I suggest we keep tabs . . . agreed? . . . Right then . . . Now Ballantine and this character Harry Caramel . . . looks to me like there's no room for question about either of them . . .

R SEVEN: This Harry Caramel . . . we are certain that he has stolen that circuit from NASA?

A EIGHT: Positive certain. And heads, I can promise you, have rolled at Houston. We also know that he's somewhere in England . . . probably London . . . so if he should link up again with Ballantine. . .

R SEVEN: I think we are all aware of what could happen if he did link with Ballantine.

A TWO: Especially with Ballantine's contacts in Fleet Street . . .

R SEVEN: How was it possible for a man like Caramel to get out of America . . . ?

A EIGHT: Don't tell me . . . I can say it for you . . . he'd never have got out of Russia that easily . . . but there it is . . . our people goofed and now it's down to us . . .

R SEVEN: As you say then, there is no room for question . . . both of them have got to be expedien-  
cies.

A EIGHT: All agreed? . . . Good . . . I suggest a couple of hot jobs . . . coroners always play them quiet . . .

R SEVEN: But first, presumably, we'll have to find Caramel . . .

A EIGHT: We'll find him . . . London's not that big a town and he'll soon be needing his shots.

A THREE: How hooked is he?

A EIGHT: Hooked enough . . . Now what about Peterson? Same deal?

A FOUR: We've all seen the earlier report on Peterson . . . what is the

latest assessment?

A EIGHT: He's getting more and more paranoid about the batch consignments . . .

R FOUR: You mean the scientific adjustments?

A EIGHT: Yeah . . . the scientific adjustments . . . he's running off at the mouth about ethics . . . that sort of crap . . .

A TWO: Ethics! What the hell do some of these guys think we're all at? Jesus! We're smack in the middle of the most vital exercise ever mounted . . . with the survival of the whole human race swinging on it . . . and they bleat about ethics . . .

A EIGHT: That surgery bit . . . it really got to him . . .

A FIVE: They should never have told him . . . he didn't need to know that . . . look, we owe Peterson . . . he's done good work . . . couldn't we just get him committed?

A TWO: No way . . . much too risky . . . he'd squeal his bloody head off.

A EIGHT: I endorse that. I'm sorry because I like the guy . . . but there's no choice. Anyone against an expediency for Peterson? . . . okay . . . that's carried . . . now for God's sake let's get down to the big problem . . . this stepping-up of the supplies-shuttle. Any word from Geneva?

That was where the transcript section ended. Three murders, quite clearly, had been agreed. No matter what they chose to call them, they were still talking about murder. But scientific adjustments? A great deal had been published in the Western Press about strange experiments being conducted on inmates-chiefly dissidents and political prisoners-at the Dnepropetrovsk Mental Hospital in the Ukraine. They were barbaric, these experiments.

One method they use for their expediciencies (assassinations), like in the foregoing, is termed "hot job"; it is what is known to us as "spontaneous combustion." They have the technology to induce this; the body burns up without there being a fire around the body. It appears to be similar to what happens in a microwave oven; a very intense microwave charge is induced, breaking up the molecular structure within the human cells. As a result of this a tremendous amount of heat is generated. The heat is usually so intense that the skull bones shrink from it.

Another method of assassination they call a "telepathic sleep job." They telepathically induce a hypnotic sleep in their victims, and it is in this condition where they give a variety of orders to their victims. One of their victims was ordered to pour turpentine over himself and then to set himself on fire. The agony of the burning awoke him, but by then there was not enough time to quench the flames and the victim died. On another occasion the victim, in an apparent deep hypnotic sleep, was seen by his wife as he pointed a gun to his head and pulled the trigger. And so



the assassinations go on and on.

The prominent radio astronomer Sir William Ballantine, who, in the previous C.I.A. and K.G.B. transcript, was condemned to die from a "hot job," had the misfortune of working at the Jodrell Bank Observatory in Great Britain to tape data from a space probe. He wanted to be helpful and took it to the U.S. to NASA to be decoded.

It turned out to be the elated conversation between Russian and U.S. personnel over a successful space mission in 1962 when they landed an unmanned capsule on the surface of Mars. They found Mars to have had a temperature that day of 4 degrees C and to contain an atmosphere like ours. In other words, Mars can sustain human life.

The technician at NASA who helped to unscramble the data for Sir William warned him to destroy that tape, as otherwise his life would be in danger. Sir William returned to Great Britain where he kept the tape. He died soon after from what they call a "hot job." And the technician who had unscrambled the data at NASA was also assassinated when he came to England to give the information to the media.

Incredible as it seems, the C.I.A. and K.G.B. are in league with each other. First, they made a concerted effort to prevent word of this from getting out, and when they failed they tried to prevent the publication of the book *Alternative 3*. They failed again. It was then that they both decided to kill their own agent. Having failed, he had become redundant and unreliable. Said a lady who had read the book *Alternative 3*, "The only distinction between the C.I.A., the K.G.B. and organized crime is that the first two have the *official* backing of our Super-Powers."

I do not think the U.S. President is aware of what is happening, at least not in every detail. I cannot imagine him condoning the systematic destruction of young people for a life of exploitation in slavery. I strongly and respectfully suggest to the President that if another Irangate and Watergate is to be averted, a thorough investigation and quick intervention is in order.

We have today an intricate array of computers spread across the Earth with a master operations control centre in Geneva. Geneva is also where the headquarters of *Alternative 3* is. These computers store a variety of personal information from millions of people, and it is by this means that the movers are selected. The movers are the elite, the scientists.

We have such a computer in the U.S. It is *under cover* and is supposed to be owned by a Detroit manufacturing Co. Its installation cost and operation is paid by the U.S. Government. In Great Britain the under cover is provided by a local authority. It does some minor work for them, but its major work is for *Alternative 3*. It was stated that more than 600,000 names with intricate personal records are already on it. In the Iron Curtain, in Poland, there is one in the "Academy of Sciences" in the Plac Defilad, in Warsaw, and there are many others all across the Earth.

As stated earlier, these computers pick the selected few that are required as the brains in a variety of fields, while little trouble is taken over the selection of "Components" or Batch Consignments (the slaves). They need to be strong and to have years of physical labour left in them, and they are expendable.

Our world has never before known anything as incredible as Alternative 3. A statement made by Leslie Watkins and David Ambrose in their book *Alternative 3*, reads: "...those regarded contemptuously as 'components' have been pitilessly shanghaied from their families and reduced to sub-humans. They now labour as mindless beasts of burden; and their only escape from degradation lies in death. That is the true and unforgivable obscenity of Alternative 3."

A 1958 secret document concerning the new territory states that each designated mover should receive back-up labour support of five bodies or "components." "These bodies," said the documents "are to be transported in cargo batch consignments and programmed to obey legitimate orders without question; their principal initial duties are to be in construction."

"Priority will naturally be given to the building of accommodation for the designated movers. In the interest of good husbandry, however," said the document, "basic and utilitarian accommodation will also be provided for the human components of batch consignments-as well as for relocated animals. All exceptions to this rule will require written authorization from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence."

"It is estimated," said the document, "that the average working lifespan of human batch-consignment components will be fifteen years and, in view of the high cost of transportation, every effort will be made to prolong that period of usefulness."

"At the end of that life-span," said the document, "they are to be considered disposable, for, although this is recognized as regrettable, there will be no place for low-grade passengers in the new territory. They would merely consume resources required to sustain the continuing influx of designated movers and would so undermine the success potential of the operation."

The tone of this document is such that for a moment I thought Hitler himself had written it. He had slave labour to further his ideas and he also had ideas that there was no place for those he considered low-grade. *I wonder what gives outright criminals the conviction that they can pass judgment upon others.*

A Policy Committee briefing from the Alternative 3 headquarters, circulated on September 7, 1965, explained the necessity for all components to be desexed to eliminate the possibility of them forming traditional mating relationships, which would detract from the efficiency of their sole function-performance-and to ensure that components do not procreate and so haphazardly perpetuate a substandard species.

"Laboratory tests revealed," said the document, "that an unacceptably

high percentage of components regressed to their preprocessing attitudes, rendering themselves unreliable, and it was agreed that they were not responsible for their unsuitability and there was nothing gained by killing them. They are therefore to have their memories destroyed."

"In the future no desexing will be done until after the personality adjustment of the projected components, male or female, has been assessed and approved. This will ensure that those which eventually return to their homes as rejects will betray no evidence of laboratory work."

It was around August of 1977 that a great rash of amnesia cases appeared all around the Earth. Reports came in from England, Canada, France, Australia, Germany, and Italy. They were all physically fit and apparently normal except for having no idea who they were or where they had been.

It was around September 1977 that mass disappearances of healthy young people occurred in Australia. By the end of the month, many of those reported missing were found by chance in what appeared to be a slave labour camp-possibly in readiness for clinical processing and transportation.

It is of great interest to note that in spite of all the money that was spent on this project, the inherent follies of our civilization follow us no matter where we go. I believe that the "movers," the so-called selected people, had squabbles over their national origin and races after they came to Mars. A document from one of their chiefs gives instructions that they should be more careful in selecting their movers to avert further problems.

There are countless planets and solar systems throughout the universe, and they have been in existence for eons of time. We know that everything that happens is recorded and known to God. Would it be logical to assume that this "Greenhouse" we have abated has happened elsewhere and is already known to God? Now let us look for a moment at what is around us. Let us look at the complexity of our own human bodies, the animals, the plants. Do you think this came about haphazardly by accident? To think that the Vast Intellect who created all this would allow us to ruin one of his planets because of our ignorance is to give little credit to the Intellect of our Creator.

Our Superpowers were alarmed by the findings of experts who, while they were right in their statistical calculations and short-term predictions, were alienated from the mechanics of the universe as a whole. There is no doubt about it-we are damaging our planet and shortening its life span. But the end of this planet will be neither by fire nor by flooding. It will be a disintegration of the molecules and atoms as they lose the magnetic force field that is holding them together. This information came from **extraterrestrial sources**, and we can thank *George Adamski* for procuring this information for us.

I mentioned flooding because there was a meteorologist by the name of Adrian Lerman who said there would be another flooding, as it happened during Noah's time, because of what we have done to this planet, and Carl Gerstein tells us that we will dry up and burn and that we should get away while we still can. One thing is apparent-they cannot both be right.

Yet, it is on the advice of scientists like Gerstein, Lerman and others that this elaborate conspiracy was devised. Countless innocent people lost their lives because of it, and there is no telling how many more lives will be lost before this is stopped. And we know their judgement was wrong in at least one instance, as we cannot dry up and burn and at the same time be flooded out. But their judgement is wrong in more ways than one, since those venerable gentlemen seem to be completely alienated from the mechanics of the universe in which they live.

First and foremost, let us get one thing straight: We are not the only human life there is. In our own solar system alone we have more than 150 billion people. Not to mention the innumerable solar systems of the universe. These people look exactly like us. However, fortunately for us, they are far more evolved than we are. So, cosmically speaking, if our selfish and ignorant society were to die out-that I do not think it will, but assuming it did-do you think we would be missed?

The greatest danger to the human race is the danger of man to man. Tolstoy once said: "Before I can understand I must love." There is certainly no love in the way our "Alternative 3" is organized. Neither do these organizers understand The Creator and His Creation. For it is right throughout the cosmos where one force will act against another, and it is by this simple mechanics that a balance is kept throughout the universe.

The "Greenhouse" effect, which we have created through the emission of our waste chemicals into the atmosphere, will stay with us for a great number of years yet to come. Even if we were to abolish the use of motor cars, airplanes, and aerosol sprays from one day to the next-that could never be done, but assuming we did-the "Greenhouse" effect would still remain.

What this carbon dioxide is doing is forming a barrier preventing the heat from the planet to escape. Let us look at some of the changes that have already occurred. First we had a period of exorbitant heat followed by a drought and we had fires in many parts of the world. This was followed by a period of excessive rain. Experts described it as similar to the frantic failings of some gigantic doomed creature. No, this planet is not doomed as yet; it is merely balancing out the forces we have set in motion.

First the excessive heat-this was a direct result of the "Greenhouse" effect. It caused a lot of water to evaporate from our oceans, water dams, rivers, lakes, and rain forests. This water went into the air where it combined with some of our exhaust fumes to form clouds. This

additional cloud cover has many beneficial effects. It shields us from the short-wave rays of the sun. It increases the rainfall across the surface of the Earth. This rain evaporates from the surface of our planet, thus cooling it. The additional rain also increases the growth of vegetation. Areas that traditionally were deserts are becoming rural land. The increase in vegetation also helps to absorb some of the chemicals that we have emitted, and in this manner our ozone layer will eventually be restored.

We will from here on be facing a worldwide change in our weather, but let us be thankful to Our Creator, for He is trying to restore the planet that we have tried to destroy.

As to our world population explosion, this problem is also due to our ignorance, as on other planets in the universe, procreation is controlled. I believe that only the healthiest and fittest of the species are allowed to reproduce.

We have in recent years witnessed many changes within our society; we have become more promiscuous and decadent than ever before. In the past, homosexuality was an unthinkable practice. Today it has become legalized in many parts of the world. It is my belief that in the not-too-distant future our levels of population will decrease as this obnoxious practice spreads.

Our bodies were the creation of a Vast Intellect, a greater intellect than any man will ever understand. Many of us will wonder why this Vast Intellect made homosexuality so easy to achieve. It is my considered opinion that it constitutes a break where the D.N.A. of the weakest and most susceptible will be the first to disappear.

It will be necessary for us to reassess our way of thinking. Even if Our Creator is helping us in the fulfillment of our duties as caretakers of this planet. We might be dangerously close to becoming redundant. The oil, which is a lubricant to the crust of every planet, should never be pumped out of the ground. We will in the not-too-distant future have earthquakes as we never had before. And as for our nuclear power plants- they must be the most awkward, dangerous, and expensive form of energy there is, and the damage from it to our environment is astronomical. In the technical section of this book, free energy and how to produce it is explained.

As for our organizers of the "Alternative 3" program-I feel genuinely sorry for them. They were unwittingly misled. We are all on trial on this planet. Problems are placed before us and our actions and reactions are assessed. Let us hope that Our Creator, whoever He may be by name, will look upon them as erring children, and I hope He will forgive them, as they knew no better.

I hope that our huge nuclear arsenal will be dismantled. We now know that the Superpowers have the capability to ally themselves, and a nuclear holocaust will never be a solution to our problems.

In the September 1987 issue of *Health Freedom News*, the following article appeared on what could become the greatest holocaust of all time. As the infectious disease of "AIDS" will take care of our overpopulation. The following article is an eye opener to how our governments are scheming.

## WHO MURDERED AFRICA<sup>2</sup>

By William Campbell Douglass, M. D.

There is no question mark after the title of this article because the title is not a question. It's a declarative statement. WHO, the World Health Organization, murdered Africa with the AIDS virus. That's a provocative statement, isn't it?

The answers to this little mystery, *Murder on the WHO Express*, will be quite clear to you by the end of my report. You will also understand why the other suspects, the homosexuals, the green monkey and the Haitians, were only pawns in this virocidal attack on the non-Communist world.

If you believe the government propaganda that AIDS is hard to catch *then you are going to die even sooner than the rest of us*. The common cold is a virus. Have you ever had a cold? How did you catch it? You don't *really* know, do you? If the cold virus were fatal how many people would there be left in the world?

Yellow fever is a virus. You catch it from mosquito bites. Malaria is a parasite also carried by mosquitoes. It is many times larger than the AIDS virus (like comparing a pinhead to a moose head), yet the mosquito easily carries this large organism to man.

The tuberculosis germ, also much larger than the AIDS virus, can be transmitted by fomites (inanimate objects such as towels). *The AIDS virus can live for as long as 10 days on a dry plate*. So, are you worried about your salad in a restaurant that employs homosexuals? You'd better be.

You can't understand this murder mystery, and you wouldn't believe my conclusions, unless you learn a little virology. I'll make it as painless as possible.

Many viruses grow in animals and many grow in humans, but most of the viruses that affect animals don't affect humans. There are exceptions, of course, such as yellow fever and small pox.

There are some viruses in animals that cause very lethal cancer in those animals, but do not affect man or other animals. The bovine leukemia virus (BLV), for example, is lethal to cows but not humans. There is another virus that occurs in sheep called sheep visna virus that is also non-reactive in man. These deadly viruses are "retro viruses"

meaning that they can change the genetic composition of cells that they enter.

The World Health Organization, in published articles, called for scientists to work with these deadly agents *and attempt to make a hybrid virus that would be deadly to humans*.<sup>1</sup> In the bulletin of the World Health Organization (WHO), Volume 47, pp. 251, 1972, they said, "An attempt should be made to see if viruses can in fact exert selective effects on immune function. The possibility should be looked into that the immune response to the virus itself may be impaired if the infecting virus damages, more or less selectively, the cell responding to the virus."

*That's AIDS*. What the WHO is saying in plain English is "Let's cook up a virus that selectively destroys the T-cell system of man, an acquired immune deficiency.

Why would anyone want to do this? If you destroy the T-cell system of man you destroy man. Is it even remotely possible that the World Health Organization would want to develop a virus that *would wipe out the human race*?

If their new virus creation worked, the WHO stated, then many terrible and fatal infectious viruses could be made even *more* terrible and *more* malignant. Does this strike you as being a peculiar goal for a *health* organization? The thought occurred to me.

Sometimes I believe in conspiracies and sometimes I don't. It depends on the subject. (Was there a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy? If you don't think so, then you must be a dumb liberal.) My attitude toward some alleged conspiracies, the Federal Reserve for instance, depends on what I had for breakfast.

But it doesn't take a bad breakfast to see an amazing concatenation of events involving Russian and Chinese communist nationals, the World Health Organization, the National Cancer Institute and the AIDS pandemic.

But what about the green monkey? Some of the best virologists in the world and many of those directly involved in AIDS research, such as Robert Gallo and Luc Montagnier, have said that the green monkey may be the culprit. You know the story: A green monkey bit a native on the ass and, bam-AIDS all over central Africa.

There is a fatal flaw here. It is very strange. Because Gallo, Montagnier and these other virologists know that the AIDS virus doesn't occur naturally in monkeys. *In fact it doesn't occur naturally in any animal*.

AIDS started practically *simultaneously* in the United States, Haiti, Brazil, and Central Africa. (Was the green monkey a jet pilot?) Examination of the gene structure of the green monkey cells proves that *it is not genetically possible* to transfer the AIDS virus from monkeys to man by natural means.

Because of the artificial nature of the AIDS virus it will not easily

transfer from man to man until it has become very concentrated in the body fluids through repeated injections from person to person, such as drug addicts, and through high multiple partner sexual activity such as takes place in Africa, among homosexuals and among native American Indians. After repeated transfer it can become a "natural" infection for man, which it has.

Dr. Theodore Strecker's research of the literature indicates that the National Cancer Institute in collaboration with the World Health Organization made the AIDS virus in their laboratories at Fort Detrick (now NCI). They combined the deadly retroviruses, bovine leukemia virus and sheep visna virus, and injected them into human tissue cultures. The result was the AIDS virus, the first human retrovirus known to man and now believed to be 100 percent fatal to those infected.

The momentous plague that we now face was anticipated by the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) in 1974 when they recommended that "Scientists throughout the world join with the members of this committee in voluntarily deferring experiments (linking) animal viruses."

What the NAS is saying in carefully guarded English is: "For God's sake, stop this madness!" Man went over the edge when he started playing God and started growing human tissue in the laboratory.

We've let the green monkey off the hook. How about the Communists! In my original monograph on AIDS, before Dr. Strecker alerted me to the scientific absurdities being put on the American people, I said:

"After the holocaust has run its course, and we've buried 10 or 20 million young people. who will protect us? If we are faced with an invasion from a Communist Mexico, aided by Communist Nicaragua and Cuba, who will defend the Rio Grande? Wouldn't it be ironic if the godless Russians and other communist countries, because of their Victorian attitude toward sex and their severe repression of homosexuality, escaped most of the ravages of the AIDS epidemic and took us over by simply walking across the Mexican border?" I wouldn't change a word of that. But it was based on my natural paranoia toward the Communists, having observed the way they operate for 40 years. Besides, they are saying that AIDS is a "capitalist plot." That really got me suspicious because, as any student of the communist conspiracy knows, *they always blame others for what they are in the process of doing.*

And what they are in the process of doing is conducting germ warfare from Fort Detrick, Maryland against the free world, especially the United States, *even using foreign communist agents within the United States Army's germ warfare unit euphemistically called the Army Infectious Disease Unit.*

You don't believe it? Carlton Gajdusek, an NIH bigshot at Detrick *admits it:* "IN THE FACILITY I HAVE A BUILDING WHERE MORE



GOOD AND LOYAL COMMUNIST SCIENTISTS FROM THE USSR AND MAINLAND CHINA WORK, WITH FULL PASSKEYS TO ALL THE LABORATORIES, THAN THERE ARE AMERICAN. EVEN THE ARMY'S INFECTIOUS DISEASE UNIT IS LOADED WITH FOREIGN WORKERS NOT ALWAYS FRIENDLY NATIONALS."

Can you imagine that? A UN-WHO communist Trojan horse in *our* biological warfare center with the full blessing of the Jimmy Carter's of this world?

I can assure you that the creation of the AIDS virus by the WHO was not just a diabolical scientific exercise that got out of hand. It was a cold-blooded successful attempt to create a killer virus which was then used in a successful experiment in Africa. So successful in fact that most of central Africa may be wiped out, 75,000,000 dead within 3-5 years.

It was not an accident. It was deliberate. In the Federation Proceedings of the United States in 1972, WHO said: "In the relation to the immune response *a number of useful experimental approaches can be visualized.*" They suggested that a neat way to do this would be to put their new killer virus (AIDS) into a vaccination program, sit back and observe the results. "This would be particularly informative in sibships," they said. That is, give the AIDS virus to brothers and sisters and see if they die, who dies first and of what, just like using rats in a laboratory.

They used smallpox vaccine for their vehicle and the geographical sites chosen in 1972 were Uganda and other African states, Haiti, Brazil and Japan. The present or recent past of AIDS epidemiology coincides with these geographical areas.

Dr. Strecker points out that even if the African green monkey could transmit AIDS to humans, the present known amount of infection in Africa makes it *statistically impossible* for a single episode, such as a monkey biting someone on the butt, to have brought this epidemic to this point. The doubling time of the number of people infected, about every 14 months, when correlated with the first known case, and the present known number of cases, prove beyond a doubt that *a large number of people had to have been infected at the same time.* Starting in 1972 with the first case from our mythical monkey and doubling the number infected from that single source every 14 months you get only a few thousand cases. From 1972 to 1987 is 15 years or 180 months. If it takes 14 months to double the number of cases then there would have been 13 doublings, one then 2, then 4, then 8, etc. In 15 years, *from a single source of infection* there would be about 8,000 cases in Africa, *not 75 million.* We are approaching World War II mortality statistics here-without a shot being fired.

Dr. Theodore A. Strecker is the courageous doctor who unraveled this conundrum, the greatest murder mystery of all time. He should get the Nobel prize but he'll be lucky not to get "suicided." ("Prominent California doctor ties his hands behind his back, hangs himself, and

jumps from 20th floor. There was no evidence of foul play.")

Strecker was employed as a consultant to work on a health proposal for Security Pacific Bank. He was to estimate the cost of their health care for the future. Should they form a health maintenance organization? (HMO) was a major issue. After investigating the current medical market he advised against the HMO because he found that the AIDS epidemic will in all probability *bankrupt the nation's medical system*.

He became fascinated with all the peculiar scientific anomalies concerning AIDS that kept cropping up. Why did the "experts" keep talking about green monkeys and homosexuals being the culprits when it was obvious that the AIDS virus was a man-made virus? Why did they say that it was a homosexual and drug-user disease when in Africa it was obviously a heterosexual disease? If the green monkey did it, then why did AIDS explode practically simultaneously in Africa, Haiti, Brazil, the United States and southern Japan?

Why, when it was proposed to the National Institute of Health that the AIDS virus was a combination of two bovine or sheep viruses cultured in human cells in a laboratory, did they say it was "bad science" when that's exactly what occurred?

As early as 1970 the World Health Organization was growing these deadly animal viruses in human tissue cultures. Cedric Mims, in 1981, said in a published article that there was a bovine virus contaminating the culture media of the WHO. Was this an accident or a "non-accident"? If it was an accident why did WHO continue to use the vaccine?

This viral and genetic death bomb, AIDS, was finally produced in 1974. It was given to monkeys and they died of pneumocystis carni, which is typical of AIDS.

Dr. R. J. Biggar said in *Lancet*: ". . . The AIDS agent . . . could not have originated de novo." That means in plain English that it didn't come out of thin air, AIDS was engineered in a laboratory by virologists. It couldn't engineer itself. As Doctor Strecker so colorfully puts it: "If a person has no arms or legs and shows up at a party in a tuxedo, how did he get dressed? Somebody dressed him?"

There are *9,000 to the fourth power* possible AIDS viruses. (There are 9,000 base pairs on the genome.) So the fun has just begun. Some will cause brain rot similar to the sheep virus, some leukemia-like diseases from the cow virus and some that won't do anything. So the virus will be constantly changing and trying out new esoteric diseases on hapless man. We're only at the beginning.

Because of the trillions of possible genetic combinations there will never be a vaccine. Even if they could develop a vaccine they would undoubtedly give us something equally bad as they did with the polio vaccine (cancer of the brain), the swine flu vaccine (a polio-like disease), the smallpox vaccine (AIDS), and the hepatitis vaccine (AIDS).

There are precedents. *This is not the first time* the virologists have

brought us disaster. SV-40 virus from monkey cell cultures contaminated polio cultures. Most people in their 40's are now carrying this virus through contaminated polio inoculations given in the early 60's. It is known to cause brain cancer that explains the increase in this disease that we have seen in the past ten years.

This is the origin of the green monkey theory. The polio vaccine was grown on green monkey kidney cells and the geniuses who brought us polio vaccine said, "We got away with it once so let's use it again." But they didn't get away with it and *in spite of the fact that polio was rapidly disappearing without any medical intervention*, 64 million Americans were vaccinated with SV-40 contaminated vaccine in the 60's. An increase in cancer of the brain, possibly multiple sclerosis, and God only knows what else is the tragic result. The delay between vaccination and the onset of cancer with this virus is as long as 20-30 years. 1965 plus 20 equals 1985. Get the picture?

The SV-40 virus gave rise to two more viruses that are very active in AIDS patients. Most young children and young adults have received the SV-40 inoculation from polio vaccination. Primary multifocal leukoencephalopathy (PML), brain rot, has been added to the burden of homosexuals who certainly had enough to bear having been given AIDS through hepatitis-B vaccine.

The final piece of the puzzle is how AIDS devastated the homosexual population in the United States. It wasn't from smallpox vaccination as in Africa because we don't do that any more. There is no smallpox in the United States and so vaccination was discontinued.

Although some AIDS has been brought to the United States from Haiti by homosexuals (it used to be one of their favorite "playgrounds"), it would not be enough to explain the explosion of AIDS that occurred simultaneously with the African and Haitian epidemics.

The AIDS virus didn't exist in the United States before 1978. You can check back in any hospital and no stored blood samples can be found anywhere that exhibit the AIDS virus before that date.

What happened in 1978 and beyond to cause AIDS to burst upon the scene and devastate the homosexual segment of our population? It was the introduction of the hepatitis B *vaccine that exhibits the exact epidemiology of AIDS*.

A Doctor W. Schmugner, born in Poland and educated in Russia, came to this country in 1969. *Schmugner's immigration to the U.S. was probably the most fateful immigration in our history*. He, by unexplained process, became head of the New York City blood bank. (How does a *Russian trained* doctor become head of one of the largest blood banks in the world? Doesn't that strike you as peculiar?)

He set up the rules for the hepatitis vaccine studies. Only males between the ages of 20 and 40, *who were not monogamous*, would be allowed to participate in this study. Can you think of any reason, *other*

*than the desire to do something amongst the population*, for insisting that all experiment be promiscuous? Maybe you don't believe in the communist conspiracy theory but give me some other logical explanation. Schmugner is now dead and his diabolical secret went with him.

The hepatitis vaccine, unlike the AIDS vaccine was not grown from human tissue culture. So accidental contamination didn't occur. *The AIDS virus was probably put in the vaccine deliberately*. It was no mistake.

The Centers for Disease Control reported in 1981 that four percent of those receiving the hepatitis-vaccine were AIDS-infected. In 1984 they admitted to 60 percent. Now they refuse to give out figures at all because they don't want to admit that *100 percent of hepatitis vaccine receivers are infected with AIDS*.

Where is the data on the hepatitis vaccine studies? FDA? CDC? No, the *U.S. Department of Justice* has it buried where you will never see it.

I have always said, and our forefathers told us this, that the greatest threat to the people is always *government*. Not foreign governments, but our own government. What has the government told us about AIDS?

- It's a homosexual disease-wrong. (The homosexuals certainly spread it but the primary responsibility wasn't theirs.)
- It's related to anal intercourse only-wrong.
- Only a small percentage of those testing positive for AIDS would get the disease-wrong.
- It came from the African green monkey-wrong.
- It came from the cytomegalovirus-wrong.
- It was due to popping amyl nitrate with sex-wrong.
- It was started 400 years ago by the Portuguese-wrong. (It started in 1972.)
- You can't get it from mosquitoes-wrong.
- The virus can't live outside the body-wrong.

The head of the Human Leukemia Research Group at Harvard is a veterinarian. Dr. O.W. Judd, International Agency for Research on Cancer, the agency that requested the production of the virus in the first place, is also a veterinarian. The leukemia research he is conducting is being done under the auspices of a school of veterinary medicine.

Now there is nothing wrong with being a vet but, as we have pointed out, the AIDS virus is a human virus. You can't test these viruses in animals and you can't test leukemias in them either. It doesn't work. So why would your government give Judd, a veterinarian, eight and one half million dollars to study leukemia in a veterinary college? As long as we are being used as experimental animals maybe it's appropriate.

The *London Times* should be congratulated for uncovering the smallpox-AIDS connection.<sup>3</sup> But their expose was very misleading. The

article states that the African AIDS epidemic was caused by the smallpox vaccine "triggering" AIDS in those vaccinated.

Dr. Robert Gallo, who has been mixed up in some very strange scientific snafus, supports this theory. Whether the infection of 75 million Africans was deliberate or accidental can be debated but there is no room for debate about whether the smallpox shots "awakened the unsuspected virus infection." There is *absolutely no scientific evidence* that this laboratory-engineered virus was present in Africa before the World Health Organization descended upon these hapless people in 1967 with their deadly AIDS-laced vaccine. The AIDS virus didn't come from Africa. It came from Fort Detrick, Maryland, U.S.A.

The situation is extremely desperate and the medical profession is too frightened and cowed (as usual) to take any action. Dr. Strecker attempted to mobilize the doctors through some of the most respected medical journals in the world. The prestigious *Annals of Internal Medicine* said that his material "appears to be entirely concerned with matters of virology" and so try some other publication.

In his letter to this medical publication Strecker said, "If correct human experimental procedures had been followed we would not find half of the world stumbling off on the wrong path to the cure for AIDS with the other half of the world covering up the origination of the damned disease. It appears to me that your *Annals of Internal Medicine* is participating in the greatest fraud ever perpetrated."

I guess they didn't like that so Strecker submitted his sensational and mind-boggling letter with all of the proper documentation to the British journal, *Lancet*.

Their reply: "Thank you for that interesting letter on AIDS. I am sorry to have to report that we will not be able to publish it. We have no criticism" but their letter section was "overcrowded with submissions."

*They're too crowded to announce the end of western civilization and possibly all mankind?* I don't think that's reasonable.

What can we do?

The first thing that should be done is *close down all laboratories in this country that are dealing with these deadly retro-viruses.*

Then we must sort out the insane, irresponsible and traitorous scientists involved in these experiments and try them for murder. Then maybe, just maybe, we can re-staff the laboratories with loyal Americans who will work to save a remnant of people to repopulate and recivilize the world.

References:

1. Allison, et al. Bull. WHO 1972. 47:257-63 and Amos, et al. Fed. Proc. 1972. 31:1087.
2. Jan. 11, 1986.
3. London Times. Front page, May 11, 1987.

As AIDS sweeps across the Earth a nuclear disarmament between the Russians and the U.S. is being negotiated. I guess AIDS must be their latest method for halting our overpopulation.

I do not think that Dr. William Campbell Douglas knew about Alternative 3. The book is hard to get in the U. S. What this courageous doctor did was to expose the assassins who brought this dreaded disease upon us. We have reproduced this article because it confirms the conspiracies of Alternative 3.

It was Solomon, the wise man, who said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Proverbs 29:18, KJV).

The book *Alternative 3* can be purchased from Sphere Books Ltd. 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ.

It looks to me as if the conspiracy of "Alternative 3" had the backing of Lucifer himself. Many references were made by biblical writers to God's Knights of Evil and how they were banished from the Kingdom of God. We have references to this effect also in many books, such as books written by *Adamski*, Howard Menger and many others who had direct contact with our Cosmic Neighbours, verifying that these evil entities are living on Mars, although not all the people of Mars are evil. We have also the testimony of *Narciso Genovese* who was taken to Mars, and his story is in **Chapter 2**. When he was there the planet was not only inhabited but had enormous structures on it which he reproduced for us through sketchings. He was there in the early fifties.

He certainly was not the only one that had been taken to Mars and saw people and a technically advanced civilization living there. Even before *Adamski* had come onto the scene, there was a book written by C.S.; Lewis titled *Out of the Silent Planet*, which describes the experiences of a man from Earth who was taken to Mars. C.S. Lewis had no option but to write the book in a science-fiction style. For who would have believed him? Yet, in the back page of the book is an angry letter from the man who had given the story to Lewis, denouncing him for making a science fiction book out of an event that had really happened to him. "The story I gave you was a true story," wrote the angry man, and like him are many others who can vouch for the existence of life on Mars, having been there only a few years ago. It now seems obvious that they moved out and destroyed their structures, and this concurs with information from *George Adamski*, which is explained in detail later on, where *Adamski* told us that this solar system was on its way out and that there was already another planet allocated for us in another solar system. It looks as if our Martian neighbours, who in the past have created countless wars and mischief amongst us, are at it again. My guess is that they moved out into their new planet in another solar system so as to facilitate our destruction by our own hand with this "Alternative 3," with

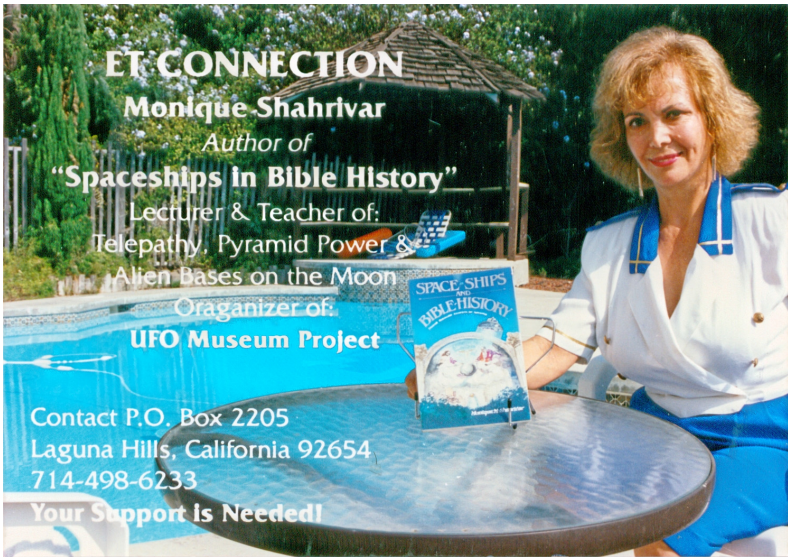
which our asinine politicians and scientists have played us right into the hands of Lucifer himself, as I believe that the Martians love to play games with us whereby we destroy ourselves. I believe also that it is characteristic of the people from Jupiter to give us everything we ask for without a warning, and if we destroy ourselves with it that is our misfortune. The people of Mars and Jupiter are very similar to each other in this regard, whereas the people from the other planets in our solar system are much nobler in their actions.

I believe that before *Adamski* died he told some of his co-workers that the major governments on Earth had decided to go along with the Martian way of life, since the way of the Martians was close to what we on Earth were accustomed to. *Adamski* then said that in view of this his mission on Earth was finished. Soon after, *Adamski* was dead.

During the turbulent history of this planet we saw many sources befall its inhabitants-the plague, leprosy, cholera, to name a few-and when we saw no cure, prevention became our best defense. Why not implement what is already known? Isolation of those that are afflicted has stopped the spread of diseases in the past. Why is it not done with AIDS? With the evidence now before us it may be the only option there is.

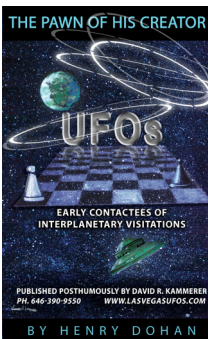
*The race is not for the swift . . . nor is the battle for the strong, neither is bread for the wise . . . nor favour to those of skill. But time and chance will come to them all. Ecclesiastics 9:11.*

With this I introduce a lady, the subject of my next chapter, without whose assistance this book might never have been written.



## Chapter 8

### THE STORY OF MAHIN "MONIQUE" SHAHRIVAR



Monique, born in Iran, educated in Iran, Belgium,





and the U.S.A., is best described as an idealist bent on increasing the awareness of people and to inculcate good will and a return to nature among us. Her work is described in some of her publicity.

When I began to write about Monique, I gave her the fictitious name of Margaret Servatis, which is what I have done all along to preserve the privacies of those about whom I write. Monique, however, went a step further. Monique realized the difficulties I have to convince people that this story is true. Monique gave me a break and consented for me to use her real name since she can corroborate most of what I have written.

Monique, an attractive brunette, arrived in the U.S. in the late fifties. Her photo above is some of Monique's publicity. Monique was soon swept off her feet, got married and gave birth to two lovely daughters. But married bliss was not Monique's destiny; she separated from her husband, and I believe he gave her as a parting gift a book of *Adamski*.

Down and out Monique, frustrated, heartbroken and lonely, went to get a job. Monique soon found employment as a beautician in a hairdressing salon. At night in the confines of her room she read the book of *Adamski*, the parting gift from her husband. Two weeks later when Monique had finished the book, a male employee at the hairdressing salon asked Monique to go out with him. And guess where they went. He took Monique to a private lecture that F.S. gave on cosmic philosophy along the teachings of *George Adamski*. All this happened after the death of *Adamski*, and I believe F.S. was the only one on Earth at that time promoting the philosophy of *Adamski*.

My question is: How did this employee at the hairdressing salon, who had never privately spoken to Monique before, know that she had read a book of *Adamski's* and was fascinated by it-and wait-the



**Astronaut Edgar D. Mitchell and Mahin "Monique" Shahrivar**

coincidences don't just end there. Her escort was also a tenant at the very house where the lectures were held. I consider the odds of "coincidence" astronomical. And it is imperative to point out that Monique had never discussed *Adamski* with anyone at work, nor had she taken the *Adamski book* to work.

I was told by F.S., Monique, and several others that the space brothers revealed to them that they had very sensitive devices on board their spaceships, and when they enter our atmosphere they can monitor everyone who reads an *Adamski book*. They consider it to be the prime tool for elevating the awareness of people on Earth.

The strange "coincidences" to which I referred earlier have happened to many people. And when I say "coincidences" I want you to be aware of the mathematical odds that are involved. The U.S. at that time was a nation of approximately 220 million people. The chance of meeting a predetermined person was a chance of 220 million to one. That is an overall statistic not including your daily meetings with your next-door neighbour or your constant encounters with the same people as you walk down the main street of a little town. No, what is meant is a random encounter anywhere in the U.S. of one particular person, not knowing where he or she might be.

It was long before I met Monique that I had a vague suspicion that the pyramid in Egypt was built by people from another planet. It was a hunch I had; I felt that the technology was too advanced to be ours. I attended lectures on our pyramids as far back as the early fifties, but the most fascinating lecture I ever heard came from Monique. And I was dumbfounded to find on the other side of the Earth a person lecturing publicly with the same views I had for many years but was frightened to express overtly for fear of ridicule. My belief is that the primitive bow-and-arrow booby traps they left behind were earmarked to outwit us in



case we gained access into the pyramids. As you all know, we entered one. The embalming techniques and booby traps tie in with the knowledge that primitive civilizations might have had. However, the aura on Tutankhamen's mummy, the immediate sprouting of seeds that are thousands of years old, and the actual location of the king's chamber in relation to the pyramid itself defies an explanation, being that this technology does not tie in with a bow-and-arrow civilization.

More recent information reveals that sections of the pyramid are out of bounds for tourists and visitors. It was alleged that in those places a natural permanent light exists, which illuminates continuously.

The pyramids are built at the very centre of all the land masses of our planet. All celestial bodies in the universe, including our Earth, pulsate. The centre of pulsation is usually the centre of such a mass, which is the very place at which these pyramids are standing. It is noteworthy to mention that one of the pioneers of this knowledge, Nikola Tesla, gave us the frequency of the earth's vibration in his book *Colorado Springs Notes 1899-1900*. Some fifty years later other scientists claimed there was a discrepancy in the frequencies Tesla had given. Nevertheless, Tesla's fundamental finding was never disputed. I make special reference to this pulsation of the Earth since it is this that our space-brothers use as their propelling force in their space ships, as is explained in several of *George Adamski's books* and also in the book *I Have Been to Mars*, written by the Italian author Narciso Genovese. I later found by experimenting that this technology does indeed work!

All is feasible. It is quite possible that we have had civilizations on Earth that were more advanced than we are today, and this corroborates evidence F.S. and other contactees of the Venusians have given us; it

appears that a very advanced civilization once lived in the area where these pyramids now stand, and it was prior to the big flood that these people were evacuated and taken to the Moon in big space ships by our cosmic neighbours, and they are still living on the Moon, contrary to the reports NASA and the Russians are giving us that there is no life on the Moon.

The pyramids are one of our greatest puzzles on Earth, and it was stated by experts that a powerful pulsating beacon emanates from the tip of every pyramid; this beacon is exceptionally strong in the case of the pyramids in Egypt, because not only are they enormously high but they are also situated, as I said earlier, in the centre of all the land masses of the Earth. The space-brothers informed *Adamski* that this invisible magnetic field force extends all the way into space.

There is an interesting marking on the U.S. one-dollar bill; it is reproduced on the next page. It shows a pyramid with tight-fitting stones, like what was used in the construction of the pyramids in Egypt, and from the tip of this an aura of energy is emitted, with an eye inside it.

Underneath this we have the inscription "Novus Ordo Seclorum" followed by "The Great Seal." Does this mean that the U.S. has appointed itself as the watchful eye to keep the great seal of secrecy over it?

*Adamski* stated that the advanced civilization that once lived in this area worked with **extraterrestrials** in the construction of these pyramids, and it was prior to the great flood that the Space Brothers took them away, and they are now living on our Moon. I believe that the bows and arrows that were found as booby traps inside the Pyramid of Giza were simply left there to mislead us and make us think that all this was built by primitive people. The most irrefutable evidence to this theory is the following: The arrows that killed and injured those that first entered the pyramids had copper tips on them. They were chemically copper yet as hard as stainless steel. When they were first found our scientists postulated that the ancient Egyptians had means of hardening copper, a science that has since become lost on Earth. Years later it was found that while the atoms are atoms of copper, the molecular structure is so arranged that it has flustered even the most eminent of our twentieth-century scientists. So we are dealing with a civilization that was more advanced than we are today. So their relationship to bows and arrows is like that of a Rolls Royce to a horse and buggy.

My belief about the bows and arrows is that they were planted there as a mere decoy, to prevent us from knowing the truth about its **extraterrestrial origin**; this is further emphasized by some of *Adamski's writings*. I refer to his paper, "My Trip to the Twelve Counsellors," a meeting that took place on the planet Saturn on March 27-30, 1962, in which every planet of our solar system was represented and *Adamski* was the representative from Earth. His paper says and I quote: "Mars, like Earth, had destroyed a number of civilizations that lived on her planet. In



fact, it was the Martians who came to Earth and taught us the game of war. Although they have grown beyond that now and progressed far beyond earth people in that respect, in others they are still behind us and could revert back to defense, but they would have to be provoked to do so. On the other hand the inhabitants from Venus and Saturn do not have those tendencies. Martians might not turn the other cheek, whereas the inhabitants from Venus and Saturn would."

"About 10,000 years ago a number of advanced Venusians migrated to the planet Earth. This contravened the Martian law which existed at that time. The Venusian visitors on our planet were successful in changing laws here which helped the advancement of that era. Then people from a number of other planets in our solar system also came to Earth-and here they fought each other for the control of the people of this

planet. Those who did not believe in war were killed by the ones who did . . . and the Venusians were among the ones that were killed. Thus, through this mixture of ideas, confusion spread across the Earth and as a result many types of gods were worshipped ever since. This is one of the reasons why the interests of other planets is focused upon the Earth, to correct the wrong that was sown among us. This is also the reason why so many messiahs were sent to Earth. They came here to dispel the false tales that were left by early visitors who pretended that earth people had to honour and serve them."

From the above it can be seen that not all our cosmic neighbours are sincere, wanting us to progress. No, some are against our advancement for a number of selfish reasons of their own, wanting us to stay confused and ignorant the way we are. This may explain, at least in part, the ploy behind the bows and arrows that were left in our pyramids.

I inserted this section about the pyramids into the chapter on Monique for two reasons: not only is she an authority on this subject, but she also had the courage to speak her mind-and when I say courage, this is what it takes, since we no longer have the freedom we once had. Our freedom of speech today is only a myth from the past. Especially so when the profit margin of our multinationals is in jeopardy. Yes, Monique underwent a systematic manoeuvre of harassment, and when this failed to stop her in her tracks, pressure was exerted upon the school at which Monique was teaching telepathy and about flying saucers until her classes were dropped.

But not even that could stop our determined Monique, who went on giving lectures elsewhere. Her following was tremendous as can be seen by her publicity. What finally stopped Monique were personal threats from government organizations who for obvious reasons I keep nameless. That human scum, on the payroll of Uncle Sam, is pretty good at frightening women and old men.

In **Chapter 2** I related the story of the writer **Narciso Genovese**, who claimed that approximately forty FBI agents had scrambled into the yard of his downtown Tijuana home and there frightened the hell out of him. That was after his book *I Have Been to Mars* was published.

My question is: Why would the U.S. Government send forty agents across the Mexican border to pacify an old man, if there was no truth in his story? And the same goes for Monique. Yes, Monique was getting too much publicity, and this was a threat to the establishment. Monique is a vivacious lady full of zest for life. I don't think she contemplates an early departure from this planet.

Monique had some strange experiences during the time that she conducted classes and gave lectures on flying saucers. Monique said that at the end of three years, when she finally had to give up giving lectures because of pressure from government agencies and vested interests, a student of hers who had attended the classes without ever missing a class

approached her and said that she had been living with a man who had come to her from another planet. The man had known this woman from a past life on another planet where they were married to one another; and before he finally returned to his own planet he gave the woman a ring. Monique later showed the ring to a jeweler to have it appraised and was told that the ring was made of a metal the jeweler had never seen before.

I personally met a man in 1984 who some fifteen years earlier had heckled and disrupted Monique as she spoke to the public about flying saucers. I had a lengthy talk with this man. I wanted to know what it was that made him tick. I was not surprised when he finally said to me that he did it because that was what his job was since he was at the time in the employ of the CIA I asked him what it was that induced the CIA to send an agent to a class of Monique's, especially in the U.S., which was considered the hub of democracy and freedom of speech. He became embarrassed and could not give me a straight answer.

Brian S., a nineteen-year-old Southern California youth, had a mind boggling experience. He alleged that the occupants of a UFO had put him into a trance and made him tattoo something onto his upper arm. The designs were later identified as the Plate of Nasco, and another design as Lake Titicaca. Monique told him to go to South America where these two landmarks are located. He did that and remembered parts of a past life he had here on Earth. Later while he was hunting for wild game with another youth, a friend of his, a UFO again approached and this time pulled them both up into the spacecraft. He remembers being made to stand against a wall inside the UFO while a brilliant beam of light shined against his forehead. He said that he felt paralyzed and unable to move while this happened. The beam of light hit him between the eyes at the position where the pineal gland is usually located. The two boys were then released and each went his own way. The result of this event turned Brian S. into a very sensitive telepathic human being; I was told that he has since developed devices that are scientifically ahead of our times. I believe plans are underway at this very moment to write a book about him.

Many years ago, long before I became interested in [UFOs](#), I saw Uri Geller performing to a packed audience at Sydney's Town Hall. I heard people all around me in the audience saying that Uri Geller as a child had been on board a UFO and had since acquired these powers. [UFOs](#) meant little to me at the time, but I remember the incident. I have now read a book about him by Andrija Puharich that enumerates many incidents of his being in contact-with **extraterrestrial beings**. It appears that his contacts are from outside our solar system. Important to note, however, is that his powers were given to him by these beings, just as what happened in the previous example were Brian S. also received his powers from these **extraterrestrials**.

In our ancient scriptures, now in the Bible, we have a passage where

God opened the door of heaven and banished Adam from it. Later in that same story we have the incident with the snake where Adam ate from the forbidden tree. This section I believe is only symbolic, as it makes reference to the tree of knowledge. He was not supposed to have knowledge, and it was therefore taken from him. It now appears that when people on our planet qualify for security reasons to possess such powers, those powers are reinstated to them.

It appears that since time immemorial people on Earth have confused their encounters with **extraterrestrials** with acts of God. The **extraterrestrials themselves are responsible**, to a large degree, for this confusion, since they regard themselves as an extension of the Creator, sons and daughters of God, and as doing God's work. A typical example of how this confusion works amongst people like Uri Geller who have had these encounters is well explained by Puharich in the book about Uri: The author was describing an encounter they had outside the city of Tel Aviv. Uri was puzzled, then said: "When I was out in that field, I realized for the first time in my life where my powers come from. Now I know for sure they are not my powers. Oh, I know that I have a little bit of telepathy and psychokinesis-everybody has some. But making things vanish, and having things come back, and the red light in the sky in the Sinai, the blue light tonight, that is the power of some superior being. Maybe it is what man always thought of as being God." Uri was at the time making reference to a section of a pen that had dematerialized and then later was given back to him during an **extraterrestrial encounter** in which those lights appeared.

Monique, in spite of a busy schedule, has been associated with the *Adamski group* for over twenty years, during which time Monique has seen the cover-up go from bad to worse as influential people conceal their transgressions. Monique, like many others in this group, implement their knowledge of Cosmic Law into their everyday way of life, and Monique does that with monumental success, as she helps elderly people regain good health. It was through her association with the *Adamski group* that Monique became inspired to study acupressure and nutrition so as to help people wherever she can, and now Monique has a great following of people wanting her services and she earns a good living from it. This concurs with one of the fundamental laws of the universe that the Venusians gave *Adamski*: those who help people or mankind also benefit ultimately from the help they give.

As you probably appreciate, Monique's time is at a premium; and yet Monique found enough time for me. I had just published the book *Whims of Destiny*, and I was looking for another story. When Monique came on the scene I suspect she canceled some of her appointments and spent days on end taking me around to meet people who witnessed this cover-up. To be perfectly honest, I could not at first believe the magnitude of the conspiracy I faced. But Monique produced witness after witness, people



in all walks of life, Native Americans who had nothing to gain by slandering their government. Many were retired servicemen who had faced death to protect their country. I began to listen more intently and decided to follow the leads on my own. I knew I had imposed a lot on Monique all ready and felt uneasy about it. I thanked her and she reassured me that I was no trouble. As I was about to leave she became pensive, frowned, and said to me with an implicit almost grieving tone of voice, "We are all children of the same Creator-and life is a gift that is given to us by God. How can some among us stand back and let millions of others die of diseases for which our space-brothers have cures? So that by keeping up this concealment, this denial of truth, they retain their wealth and power over those who have not. If there is any way I can help, don't hesitate-just let me know."

I was emotionally upset as I nodded and left the room.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Yes, the following episode in Monique's life will illustrate the truth of this: A Gentleman contactee of the Venusians-I will call him Dr. X for security reasons-once approached Monique and told her that if she lived at the service of God He would help her. Dr. X suggested that she teach telepathy and make people aware of consciousness. Monique did that-this happened many years ago at a time when she faced many problems after her husband had left her.

Once when she was under extreme pressure to get to work, her car would not start; it was raining at the time and it happened in an isolated part of town with no public phone around. She was desperate; her two little children were also in the car. All of a sudden a tow truck appeared from nowhere. Monique asked the driver where he had come from, and he said, "You must have called." It was on a dead-end street, and no other car was in sight. He took her to a garage. Later, when the car had been fixed and Monique went to get it from the garage, she was amazed that there was no charge made for the tow truck. "What about the tow truck?" She asked. "You must have already paid him," said the repair man.

This incidence of mystery was followed by another inexplicable occurrence. Once on a lake Monique was feeding the ducks. One of Monique's students was over for lunch one day. After lunch, Monique went out side to feed the ducks while David R. Kammerer watched from the kitchen window. He watched for a long time. David knew just how much bread Monique had in the bag and went outside to where Monique was. He watched very closely as Monique feed the ducks. The amount of bread in the bag and the amount of bread the ducks were eating did not add up. David observed materializing of bread as Monique was feeding the ducks. David told Monique to watch very closely the amount of bread she was giving and the amount of bread the ducks were eating. Bread was materializing out of nowhere. On another occasion, when she needed money, Monique found it on the floor in front of her.

Earlier in the book I made reference to some irrefutable evidence to prove the existence of **extraterrestrial space life**. The evidence happened to me, but it occurred during a time at which I was closely cooperating with Monique and other people in the *Adamski group* for the preparation of this book. It was toward the end of the year 1983. I was struggling to stay alive when suddenly I was cured of a heart disease of which I was dying, and since this miracle happened during the time that Monique took me around to meet various people for the story of this book, I feel it appropriate to include this in her chapter.

The following sequence of events was a prelude to what happened: During the Christmas festivities of 1977, while dancing, I suffered a massive heart attack. To be exact, the doctors called it a myocardial infarction of the lower wall.

At the time I was visiting the U.S., and it happened to me in San Diego. It was an agonizing pain in my chest, shoulder and left arm. Somehow I made it back to my chair. No doctor could be found. Those venerable gentlemen like everyone else were also enjoying the festive season.

I struggled back into my studio apartment in the north end of Euclid Ave near El Cajon Blvd. I was hoping that the pain would subside but it did not. I rang one doctor after another, and all I could get was phone advice such as, ring doctor so and so, one passing the buck onto another.

The agony was excruciating, and I was frightened to leave the house, especially in that kind of neighbourhood. I had no one in the U.S. whom I knew well enough to ask for help. Sometimes the pain subsided for half an hour or so but it always came back.

Finally, I drove myself to the Mercy Hospital on Washington St. There I fell into the hands of two super doctors. Two interns did a diagnosis and stated there was nothing wrong with me. I was delighted I ran up and down stairs to convince myself that the pain in my chest, arms and shoulders was nothing but some pulled muscles. Two doctors just could not be wrong, I thought. But the pain became worse than ever. Three days later, in desperation, I went to see Jeff, a Realtor who has an office nearby. He put me into his car and we went to see Dr. D.S., the best heart specialist in San Diego according to Jeff. Dr. D.S. then told me about the heart attack. He called an ambulance and back to the Mercy Hospital I went-and that heralded the beginning of an era of problems for me.

During the three days I had walked the streets of San Diego thinking that there was nothing wrong with me, as the Mercy Hospital doctors told me, massive damage happened to my heart. It was now too weak for a by-pass operation. I felt like suing the Mercy Hospital, but that would not cure my heart either. Finally, towards the middle of 1978, I located the world's best heart surgeon, a Swede who had developed new techniques in heart surgery. So, off to Europe I went. I had a choice: stay in the U.S.,

do nothing except take tablets, and face death in two to six months; or take my chances on the Swede. The Swede examined me and also became reluctant to operate, but I convinced him that it was better to have a small chance than none at all. The Swedish doctor was hard to convince as he kept saying to me, "I have my reputation to consider."

Now as you can see, I am still alive, so I survived the operation. I believe I died, or at least appeared medically dead, during the operation. So as a consequence, one doctor after another came to see me after the operation and asked me if I remembered anything that had happened during the operation, and when I told them I did not, they appeared surprised.

I was on the critical list for a long time and spent over a month in the intensive care section of one of the biggest hospitals in the world. Later when I flew back to the U.S., Continental Airlines helped me by allowing me to lie across four seats. They also had wheel chairs at both airports.

Back in the U.S. I soon improved, and it looked like I had a new lease on life. But my exaltation only lasted for two and a half years as my heart reverted back to its old ways-lack of breath and an agonizing pain in my shoulders and left arm. A thorough examination revealed that two of my bypasses had occluded, blocked up again. This time there seemed no reprieve.

I was back in Australia going through hell, when I took stock of what had happened during my life. Early in life I had nothing but a chase for the buck to make ends meet, and now that I was no longer on the bread line, I faced a certain agonizing death in some hospital ward. What a waste it had been, when I suddenly remembered an episode that had happened to me some twenty years earlier. It was during the early 60s while experimenting that I came across a vast resource of natural energy from our planet. It was a very simple procedure and looked like a major breakthrough, considering how energy-starved we really are. But the most startling discovery came a few days later when a metal hollow ball floated in mid air due to a heavy static charge that I had applied to it. It meant to me that our planet carried a high static charge and that it was this charge that was responsible for our gravity.

At the time that this happened I was heavily committed to another discovery that dealt with macromolecular structures. There was a limit to how many discoveries I could patent and market successfully. So I kept this in raps for an opportune time. It was later that year that I took a vow never to invest my money into another invention, after industrialists had hoodwinked me into a scheme by which I lost both my money and my patents. This took place in the year 1962. In 1964 I gave it one last try, but I could not find anyone to back me. So what could have been the most precious intention of how era was left pigeonholed in my memory for nearly twenty years. It was now the year 1980 and I knew that I only had a few more months to live. All my life I wanted to help people; all

my inventions were the type that helped the consumer and never the industrialist. Consequently, I never made any money from it, as I never became a party to suppressing my own ideas, and now as a last witness to existence I wanted everyone to have it free, for mankind to use. It was then that I built a device about which I wrote at the beginning of this book. It worked exactly as I had anticipated it would.

From that moment on, strange things began to happen around me, and it was this that motivated me to call this book *The Greatest Cover-up that Ever Was*. I began to do things that were quite irrational. I was dying yet went to the U.S. to invest money. I needed an investment in the U.S. like a hole in the head.

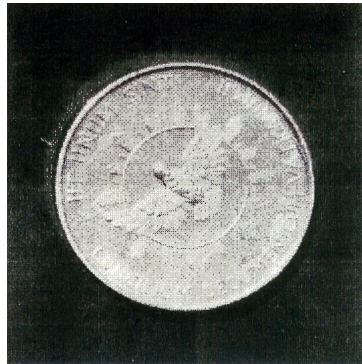
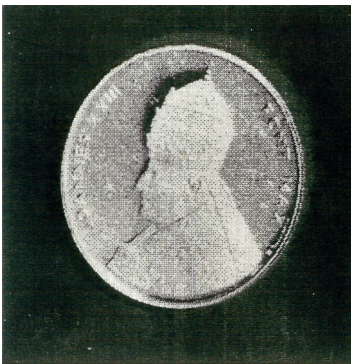
Following an advertisement in a *San Diego* magazine, I invested money with an investment broker whose office was in Vista, California, a small town with only 36,000 inhabitants. Several weeks later F.S. or Mr. Flying Saucer, as I call him, replied to my letter and sent me an enlarged picture of the undercarriage of a flying saucer together with an *Adamski book*. He asked me to come to a meeting of his group; the address of the meeting place was also in Vista, and not only that, but in walking distance from where the investment broker was. Here I come from Australia, make an irrational move and land in the very hub of the Flying Saucer country as I call it. All this after the development in Australia of an antigravitational-device. Had I been more religious I would have called it "Divine Providence," but that was too simple an explanation for a scientific mind.

It is noteworthy that the advertisement that first put me in contact with F.S. was in a nationally-circulated magazine with a circulation of nearly five million copies throughout the U.S.. F.S. could have been anywhere in the U.S. I had no idea where he was at the time I invested my money.

At one of those meetings I met Monique, who told me that she felt very resentful against the U.S. Government for denying the whole world the truth of what had happened; an encounter with a civilization thousands of years ahead of ours was the greatest thing that could ever happen to us. Just imagine the mind-boggling knowledge that they would have. It would change our lives and help everyone on this planet. What right has the U.S. or any government to deny us this opportunity? Millions of people are dying needlessly, and the others-we live and die not knowing the real purpose and reason for our existence. We are what our brothers and sisters on the other planets call the "lost spirits." It is through no fault of ours we were never given a choice; our governments made the choice for us. I believe that every administration the U.S. have had in recent years was approached by our space neighbours and asked whether or not they wanted them to come so they could help us. The Russians in the Kremlin refuse because they fear to lose power over their people, and the U.S. Government is manipulated by big business and oil

interests, a power that no president dares to defy. With the exception of President J. F. Kennedy, and you all know what happened to him. Since I feel this incident is somehow related to what happened to me. I will give a brief mention of it.

I was taken around by Monique to convince myself that what has happened was really true. One day, on my own I followed through on a lead. I met a man whom I will call agent xx. He told me that *Adamski* was given a letter to give to Pope John XXIII. A xerox copy of this letter was made available to me and is reproduced on page 123. When *Adamski* handed the letter to him, the Pope became ecstatic. It was written in Venusian and yet he understood every word of what had been written; and not only that, but he also remembered episodes of his past life and remembered *Adamski* from a past life. Reincarnation and past lives is not exactly what the Roman Catholic Church believes in, especially not when you are back on Earth again. The Pope was alarmed; it must have been a traumatic experience to so devoted a man. The message that was conveyed in the letter was very important to everyone who lives on this planet. It was a warning that many civilizations before ours had died out on this planet. We reach a state of development like we had reached now, and then, through acts of war, destroy all life on Earth. It was a warning aimed at stopping the exploding and building of nuclear explosive devices, as this also had detrimental consequences upon the balance of forces in the universe and the life span of our own planet. It made reference to the "orbital tilting" of our planet and changes that had already taken place due to our callous nuclear explosions. In short, we are ruining our planet and endangering the entire solar system. They asked the Pope to make use of his position on this planet to stop this insanity. The Pope was startled. He awarded a Papal medal to *Adamski*, photographs of which are reproduced below.



Coincidence so wanted it that at this very time the son of Khrushchev was visiting the Vatican. The Pope organized a meeting with him and

GEORGE ADAMSKI  
Palomar Terrace, San Diego  
Valley Center, California

Handwritten symbols in the top left corner.

Handwritten symbols in the top right corner, including a diagram of a solar system with a central sun and several planets, some with rings.

Main body of handwritten symbols and text, appearing as a series of lines of cursive script.

Published here for the first time, these strange symbols were allegedly written for Adamski by one of his extraterrestrial contacts in the late Fifties. This copy belongs to Lou Zinsstag. Note the interesting array of planets in our solar system (top right, third line), depicting three hypothetical planets beyond the orbit of Pluto. The twelfth planet is shown with a ring system like Saturn.

gave a letter to him to be delivered to his father. The Pope also sent a letter to President J. F. Kennedy. No one knows the exact content of this letter.

A few days later *Adamski* was in England. A man came to him and told him that Pope John XXIII was dead. *Adamski* looked up and said, "Yes, they killed him with an overdose of morphine," The Pope at the time had only the beginning of a benign cancer. It is noteworthy to mention, although I wrote about this earlier, that *Adamski* had powers which earth people usually don't have.

I was dumbfounded by one small detail in this story: How did the Pope understand the Venusian writing of this letter when no one on Earth could? A reproduction of this letter written in the Venusian language is shown on the next page. I felt that this needed explaining before I could accept the story as a whole. Finally I got the answer. Apparently everyone in the universe has a frequency of his or her own. No two humans have the same frequency anywhere in the universe. It is something unique to everyone, like fingerprints. Apparently the Venusians impregnated the paper on which the letter was written with the frequency of the Pope, emitting such thought waves that he could understand. Remember, we are dealing with a civilization 33 million years ahead of us.

I believe President Kennedy was in pursuit of the space truth almost as ardently as I am. He met *Adamski* in the very same house in Vista where I met F.S. This house in Vista, California is quite a historic building, for it was there that John F. Kennedy first met *Adamski* and some of the Venusians many years before he became the president. (No photo get) of the front of this house or of the window on the side of this house. It was through this window that "Orthon," a Man from Venus, used to have to clime in to get away from the CIA and FBI, which were tailing Him.

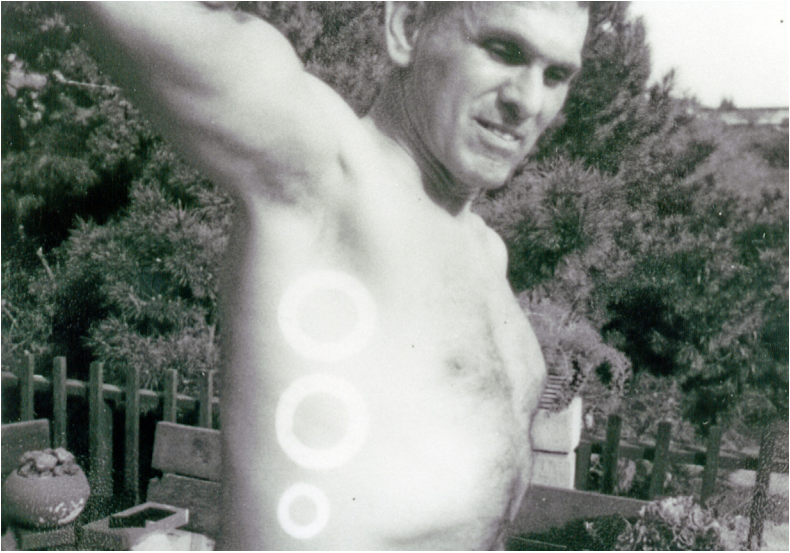
Since the space people know the past, present and future of everyone of us, they told Kennedy that one day he would become the President of the U.S. Kennedy thought it was ludicrous, since he was a Catholic, and the space brothers told him, "No, you go for it and you will get it." Kennedy kept in touch with *Adamski* and had clandestine meetings with him even while he was President. Kennedy had one weakness, and that was that he loved too many women. I believe he was intimate with Marilyn Monroe and confided in her about his **extraterrestrial knowledge**. Also, he was the first U.S. President to invest one billion dollars of the U.S. budget in space research. He became a threat to our oil and industrial magnates, which led to his Mafia assassination and that of Marilyn Monroe.

I suppose by now you may wonder where this ties in with Monique and myself and irrefutable evidence of space life. Well, I heard about all this and it had a traumatic influence on me; all those assassinations to suppress the truth was more than I could stomach. I remember sitting in Monique's car when I made a vow that I would not rest till the truth was known across the Earth. It was not an idle threat-I meant every word of it.

That evening I had another late appointment and returned to my house in Escondido at about 2 in the morning. I was up again at 7 a.m. to do more work, when I went into my bathroom and there, (on page 126 & 127), saw the marks on my body as is illustrated in the pictures. It shows the ring-like marks on the left and right side of my body. These marks remained on me for about nine months. During that time I became younger and the blockages in my coronary arteries also opened up. I was thus given another lease on life. I made inquiries and showed those marks to F.S. and others and was told that the space brothers have a ray that they can aim at a person. The ray can be made to traverse the roof of a building or sometimes even several floors till it hits the person at whom it is aimed. The purpose of this ray is to rejuvenate someone they consider useful. I wondered how it was possible to have the marks on both sides of my body, three marks on one side and one mark on the other side of my body, and I was told that they send a telepathic message to the person, in this case to me, to turn over so to put the other mark on my other side-and all this happened while I was asleep. The marks are only a side effect from the invigorating and rejuvenating rays that I had received-and from that memorable night on, I felt a marked improvement to my general health. Before this I had problems breathing plus agonizing cramps in my arms and legs due to poor circulation, and when I walked even a short distance I developed cramps in my feet. But the most painful ailment was a cramp in my shoulders which doctors said was a reflectionary pain that originated from my heart. The improvement to my health was so marked that everyone who knew me was astounded at the quick change I had undergone, and as my health improved I became younger in looks as well. The marks on my body were seen by many people, and many defiant knockers became convinced to the point where they in turn convinced others that the story of the space people had to be true; there was just no other explanation to what had happened, but the most startled people were the doctors. Most doctors could not even hear a heart murmur on me. Only when I told them to check again, as I had had a serious heart attack and a five by-pass operation, did they say that they could hear something faint, an almost inaudible murmur. The blockages in my coronary arteries that had been so hard they could not be removed, according to the doctors, are now vanished, and I became at least thirty years younger.

I feel now as fit as I did when I was a teenager; I exercise one hour per day, I lift weights, and I have a room at home fitted out as a gym. I lift 220 lbs. four times in succession and do 54 push-ups in succession without a rest in between. To increase the weight on my arms I do the push-ups at an incline where my feet are on a ledge four feet high. I know of no one my age who can do that, and when I go to a gym I find very few people, any age, who can do anything like what I do. I am now 58 years old.





What the space brothers did for me was far more significant than the mere saving of a human life. It illustrated the tremendous technology that these people possess. When I went to sleep that night I had locked all doors and windows, and in the morning when I got up and saw the marks, all windows and doors were still locked, I phoned F.S. who told me that the ray had gone through the roof and ceiling of the house before it entered my body. Apparently the space ship was somewhere hovering above the house. The irrefutable evidence that was left behind were the marks that remained on my body for nine months, and then the result of it was that I became cured of a heart disease and also became younger. I grew about four inches, going back to the same height as when I was young. Teeth began to grow where I had none, and on the crown of my head where I was completely bald, hair began to grow, and things I had dreamed about I was how able to do again.

I believe the same treatment was also given to *Adamski* when he was sick in the hospital from a heart disease. F.S. told me that at the time *Adamski* was in the hospital there were five floors above him. The space brothers shot their ray through the roof and five layers of concrete floors and ceilings to reach him. The marks that it left on his body were identical to mine.

As I explained earlier, a telepathic message was sent to me to turn over in my sleep so that the same procedure could also be done on the other side of my body. If this in itself is not startling enough, then consider the following. For any of this to happen, they had to look in on me; this means that no matter where you are, the space brothers can see you and know what you are doing, and also read your thoughts and send you thought waves.



I have in previous chapters made reference to people who in ancient times had contact with **extraterrestrials**, and it was upon those contacts that our religions are based. I draw attention to a section of our scriptures that describes God as omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. Our space brothers consider themselves an extension of Our Creator and in the service of God. I think there is an explanation linking what has happened here with that portion of the Bible.

Once a well-known astronomer from Harvard University was asked if he believed in the existence of flying saucers and life on other planets, and his reply was that he felt that we on Earth were nothing more than an animal in a cage for more advanced worlds to observe and study. They asked the astronomer, "Why don't they talk to us?" And his reply was, "If you went to the zoo to look at the animals, would you bother to talk to them?" Irrefutable evidence to this effect was left on me by this ray I described earlier.

We have millions of people on Earth suffering of heart disease, people who can thank their politicians for their suffering. Because the space neighbours are only too willing to come here and teach us their technologies and way of life, by which they have become the masters over all diseases. There is no cancer, heart disease, or any other ailment on our neighbouring planets. All we need is to acknowledge the existence of our neighbours so they can come here and teach us how human beings should live. No wars, no hydrogen or atom bombs, love thy neighbour, no violence, no killing, no racism, and accept that we all have the same God, who has created us all equally.

A fitting description for the word "politician" is in the Webster's

Dictionary; it says: "sophisticated liars: often used with implications of seeking personal or partisan gain, scheming."

I kept in touch with Monique but tried to make my own investigations; I felt I had no right to endanger her, as the subject was too volatile. I was ready to face the consequences of this book, but I had no right to expect that from others.

It was the year 1987. I was in Australia when a group of U.S. tourists headed by Reverend Elaine P. came to see me; they had heard about the device I had built in Australia and wanted to see it. We spent many interesting hours together, and later some remarked that the visit they had to my home had been the highlight of their trip. Later we went to dinner and during the meal we discussed Egypt and the pyramids.

Said Reverend Elaine P., "I once took a tour to see the Pyramids, and I was told that during a private party King Farouk had a few drinks too many. Intoxicated, he took his friends to the 'Sphinx,' and **as he stood between the two paws of that great statue he touched the underbelly of it-a giant stone moved, and as it did it uncovered the stone carving of a giant cobra snake. The King pulled on the fork-like fangs of the snake-another stone moved; this revealed an entrance into this huge structure.** Said the King as he looked into the dark opening in front of him, **'Not even I am allowed to go into it.'**" And Elaine said to me: "I have since taken many tours to the Pyramids, and I have on many occasions tried to find that stone on the belly of the Sphinx, always without success."

Later on in the chapter on Reinhold Schmidt a description is given of the historic artifact that the Saturnians showed Reinhold during a visit to the inside of the Sphinx. The above statement, the chapter of Reinhold Schmidt, and the writings of the American anthropologist George Hunt Williamson in his book *Secret Places of the Lion* all concur that the Sphinx is hollow and contains priceless historic treasures. In *Secret Places of the Lion* Williamson wrote: "The builders of the Great Pyramid buried one of their great space ships near the structure. It will be revealed-no doubt within a comparatively short time-that there are many secret chambers within the Great Pyramid, and that its true entrance lies under the silent object that is like a lion, and yet like a man ... the Sphinx! It will not remain silent much longer..."

The well-known anthropologist Mr. George Hunt Williamson was also one of the eyewitnesses to the landing of **Orthon**, The Man from Venus. His testimonial as an eyewitness is shown on the next page.

We, the undersigned, do solemnly state that I have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Admaki and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Saucer" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.

*Alice K. Wells*

I, the undersigned, do solemnly state that I have read account herein of the personal contact between George Admaki and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Saucer" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA  
COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

On this 20th day of  
Erla Knauth

March

1953 before me,

Alice L. Wells

Notary Public in and for the said County of San Diego, State of California, reading certain affidavits personally appeared *Alice L. Wells* personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed in the within instrument, and she acknowledged to me that she executed the same for the purposes and consideration therein expressed.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at San Diego, California, this 20th day of March, 1953.

NOTARY PUBLIC  
OF CALIFORNIA

I, 1953 before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the County of San Diego, State of California, reading certain affidavits personally appeared *Alice L. Wells* personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed in the within instrument, and she acknowledged to me that she executed the same for the purposes and consideration therein expressed.

*Alice L. Wells*  
Notary Public in and for said County & State.  
My Commission Expires 1/1/56

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

We, the undersigned, do solemnly state that we have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Admaki and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer "Saucer" ship. And that we were a party to, and witnesses to the event as herein recounted.

*Alfred C. Bailey*  
*Betty M. Bailey*  
*George H. Williamson*  
*Betty M. Williamson*

State of Arizona,  
County of Navajo.)

On this 6th day of March 1953, before me, C.D. McCauley, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Navajo, State of Arizona, personally appeared Alfred C. Bailey, and Betty M. Bailey, his wife, and George H. Williamson, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed hereto and acknowledged to me that they signed same for the purpose therein stated.

Given under my hand and official seal at Winslow, Arizona the day and year first above written.

My Com. Exp. 10-25-56

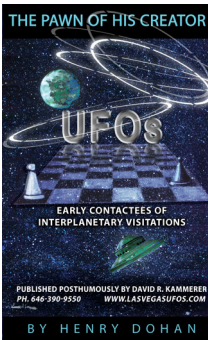
*C.D. McCauley*  
Notary Public

13 THE AFFIDAVITS

Photostatic copies of the original affidavits of the witnesses sworn by them before notaries public.

## Chapter 9

### MR. HOWARD MENGER



As I became more and more interested I worked around the clock, sometimes eighteen hours without sleep. It was a frustrating job, as I came across many people too frightened to speak about this subject. Others were only too delighted to reveal all they knew, provided that their name would never be revealed; amongst those was an ex CIA agent who in his own words said that he was "ashamed" of what he had done and was now anxious to make amends. He met me at a diner on a Sunday morning and spent five hours of his time giving me a detailed description of classified CIA operations to cause confusion and suppress all knowledge of **extraterrestrial life**. His story could have been the main theme of a James Bond type movie. However, after some soul searching I decided that I could not use his story no matter how I disguised it, because the story is so unique that it would ultimately reveal his identity to his ex-co-workers. So I kept looking for material I could use in a book.

Surely NASA must know the truth. For how long did they think they could fool everyone and get away with this? Surely enough, their story began to unscramble as already thousands of people knew the truth and many books were written revealing different aspects of this international deceit. One such book appeared in California U.S.A., its title, *We Discovered Alien Bases on the Moon*, by Fred Steckling. The book is documented with 125 NASA photographs and area blowups. Steckling says: "Searching for this type of truth is not an easy matter because the governments involved in such projects prefer to clamp a tight lid on their findings. However, in time the truth will always be revealed, because only a few men can take such secrets into their graves, and sooner or later, information will leak out." I found this book well documented and presented. Yet, when I wanted to buy it at the local book store I could not get it. I asked at several major stores with the same result. I later found out that it was suppressed in the same way as all the **Adamski books**

were. It is sold through –

The George Adamski Foundation  
P.O. Box 1722 Vista, CA. 92085.  
<http://www.georgeadamski.com>

Why suppress its sale, I asked myself, if there was no truth in it? I became more and more spurred on as a sentence rang in my ear: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free."

When Aldridge and Armstrong first landed on the Moon, a giant step was taken by a little man. During the broadcast that we received on Earth, Aldridge said that the ground beneath him was wet, and as he said it static interference was dubbed into the reception that obliterated the word "wet."

I believe it was then, at this very historic time in our evolution, that plans were made that if the existence of Moon life was to somehow leak out and become known to us, the people, a football match should be staged on the Moon between Earthlings and the people of the Moon as a means of getting acquainted with one another. However, our Space Brothers who were on Earth at that time flatly refused by saying that our thought waves are not evolved enough yet to mingle with beings thousands of years ahead of us. The mere thought of the violence that is involved in football is not conducive to their level of evolution. This probably hurt the egomaniac pride of our rulers even more, because today they will go to all extremes to deny the existence of life on the Moon.

I frantically began to look for other books on this subject and after an exhausting search obtained the last copy of a book now out of print, *From Outer Space*, by Howard Menger. This book is a Pyramid nonfiction publication and deals with the experiences of this man Howard Menger, who was befriended by beings from our neighbouring planets. He describes in the book his experiences inside spacecrafts and gives a detailed description of a trip to the Moon. I was exhilarated, because here finally was a man who had all the ingredients I needed: first-hand experience with **extraterrestrials**, space ships, the universe, and most of all he had the COURAGE to speak about it using his name.

I wasted no time. I made a number of phone calls and through the grapevine got his private number. In my first telephone conversation with Mr. Menger, he sounded astounded and bewildered. A man from Australia had come to the U.S. in pursuit of space-life evidence. He told me that he was no longer associated with this kind of life (it was something out of his past), that he was now engaged in a business as a sign writer and that his business kept him very busy. I was prepared for that because the people who gave me his telephone number told me he would be saying that. I got him a bit off guard, I think, when I asked him about details of the space ship described in his book. I told him that I had



built a device in Australia that operated on gravity and became airborne. I then asked him for measurements of various components inside the space ship. We spoke for a while on a technical level and I was astounded by his keen eye for measurements. I remarked about it and he told me he had been a draftsman in the navy. I was overwhelmed but remained sublimated as I asked him to grant me an interview. I told him that I was in California and would come to Vero Beach in Florida, to the other side of the U.S., if he was prepared to speak to me. He consented and gave me instructions on how to find him.

A few days later at Vero Beach I met Mr. Menger, A tall powerfully built man in his late fifties, an intellectual with an analytical mind, he leads a very busy life as the owner and manager of the biggest sign

business in the area. He devoted many years of his life to the furtherment of mankind, and I consider him, after F.S. to be today's best informed man on space and our space brothers. He showed me things that the space brothers had shown him, amongst which is a device that spins, a free energy machine. A description of this and instructions on how to build it are on the two next page. For the fun of it I reproduced it and found that it works. On page (NO PICTURE YET) are other devices that he built while under the guidance of his space brother friends, but with those he only had a partial success. He became so involved in the space brother program that his livelihood and safety became threatened-and now that his business is a thriving success, I suppose he realized that the pressures of everyday life do not allow for the intemperate indulgence of personal pursuits.

With the permission of Mr. Menger I later reproduce excerpts of his book dealing with his trip to the Moon. I do this to illustrate circumstances that occurred during this epic voyage to which Mr. Menger refers in a puzzled manner. I find this especially interesting because it not only fills our scientific void for the understanding of our universe, but it also proves the truth in Mr. Menger's story.

The next two pictures are from "THE HIGH BRIDGE INCIDENT" The Story Behind The Story. RELEASED AFTER 35 YEARS OF SILENCE.

(1991) \$24.95 + \$5.00 S/H

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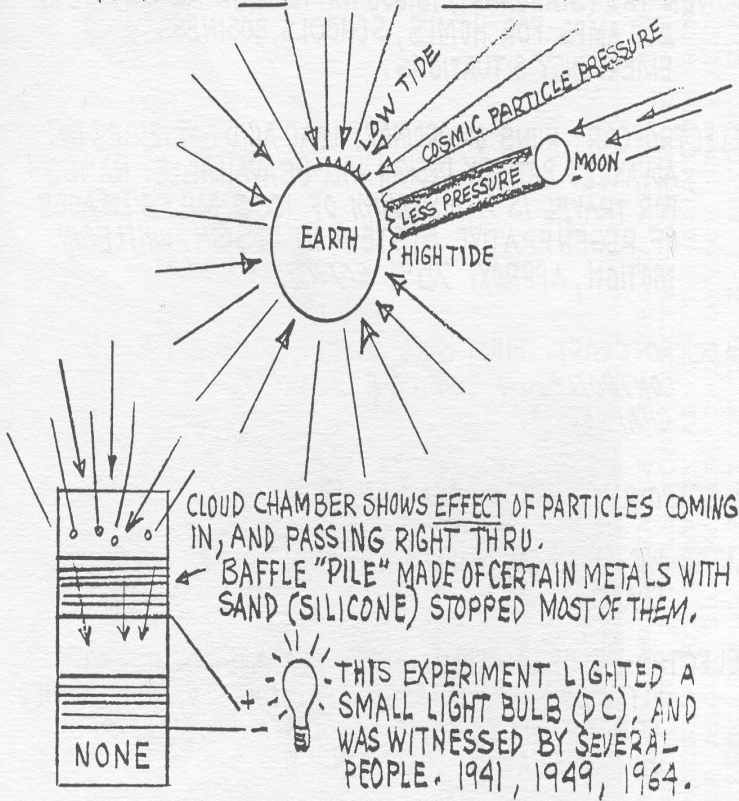
<http://www.howardmenger.com>

For how could he have written this book giving so many detailed descriptions of experiences and things he saw? And they all add up on a scientific level. There was no way Mr. Menger could have fabricated this story, because many of the things he described in his book were unknown to our scientific world at the time of publication. He aptly describes his experience by saying that he felt like an Australian Aborigine on a sightseeing tour of New York City. This description of the Moon certainly does not concur with the desolate desert Moon photographs that NASA showed the world. Our NASA scientists, the astronauts, and many people on the payroll of Uncle Sam should be indicted as the most flagrant liars of all time.

When Howard Menger went to the Moon the space ship he was in orbited the Moon for eleven days, They underwent a processing that changed the polarity, frequency, and vibration of each atom in their physical bodies to adjust to the attractive inertial mass of the Moon. The space brothers told them that a complete change took place in their atomic physical system. This technology is still completely unknown to



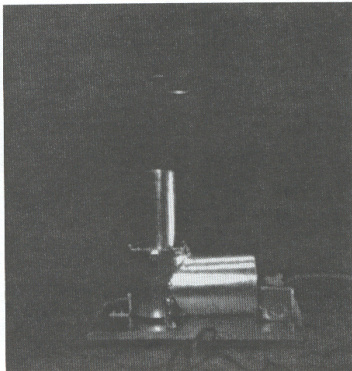
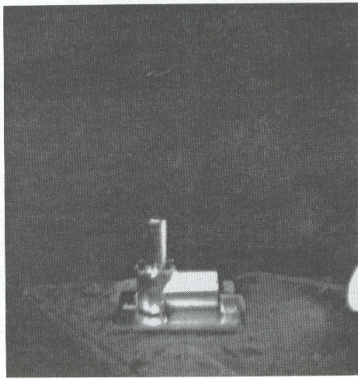
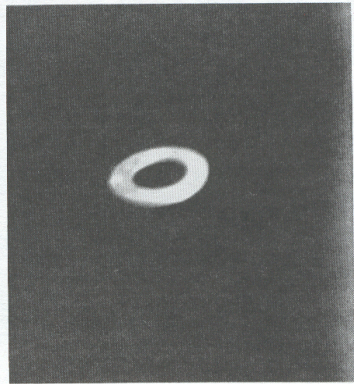
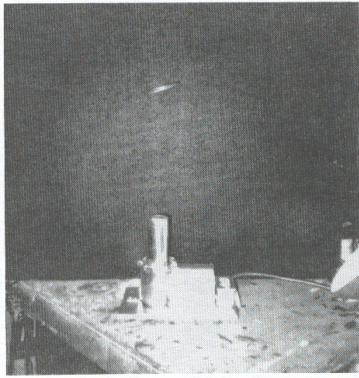
HERE IS MY ILLUSTRATION SHOWING WHY I BELIEVE GRAVITY IS A PUSH NOT A PULL. EVIDENCE..NOT PROOF.



THIS WAS THE EXPERIMENT THAT LED TO GETTING THE ELECTRO-CRAFT OFF THE GROUND AND INTO THE AIR, IN 1951 AFTER MANY EXPERIMENTS, ONE OF WHICH WAS CHANGING THE DC VOLTAGE TO HIGH VOLTAGE AC AND HIGH FREQUENCY PULSES, ON A GOLD PLATED ALUMINUM RING 4 FT IN DIAMETER WITH A 3 FT RING IN THE CENTER.

I HAVE LEFT OUT CERTAIN DETAILS IN THE ABOVE DRAWINGS ETC TO PROTECT MY INVENTIONS.

HOWARD MENDER



This device (Howard Menger constructed) in 1949) demonstrates very simply the theory behind the extrapolated hypothesis for the propulsion system of the Electra craft X-1 (1951).

NOTICE the ALUMINUM ring (non-magnetic) in the air from pulsed electromagnetic force.

Theoretically, GRAVITY (which Menger claims is a PUSH not a pull) is cancelled out allowing the aluminum ring to rise suddenly.

our scientific world today. Yet, this book by Howard Menger was published in the late fifties. The following are excerpts from this book.

## DESTINATION LUNA

In September, I again met the same agent at Beseckers Diner, the meeting again arranged by a telephone call. This time he was alone. After having coffee we left in my car and drove to the same field from which we had embarked previously.

"Well, Howard," my friend announced as we neared the location, "this time I think we're going to land on the moon. If we do, you will have a great experience."

One craft was waiting for us. As we entered it I was again surprised to see people whom I and members of my Thursday night group knew personally. One of them, an elderly man, was not, however, a member of any saucer group, but a fellow of great prestige in his community. I knew personally that at one or more times in his life he had been persecuted by orthodox agencies of conformity. I was so moved with emotion in meeting my old friend that I actually burst into tears. His eyes filled with warmth as we greeted each other; then after greetings were exchanged all around, the craft took off-Destination Moon.

This time only six people were aboard: one space visitor at the controls, one at the table acting as instructor, and four people from Earth.

The man at the controls began speaking with a slight accent through a loud speaker:

"My friends, this trip will be a longer one than the previous journey. You will soon go through a processing, whereby a complete change will take place in your atomic physical system. Each atom of your physical body will undergo a processing which will change its polarity, frequency and vibration, to adjust your body from its balance to the earth's attractive inertial mass to that of the moon's. This will require approximately a week and one half, Earth time. Do not be alarmed at the initial effects. Nothing can harm you. Now keep your eyes on the view screen."

We looked at the screen and saw the earth fast diminishing in size as we sped away from it. Again the voice assured us:

"Please do not be alarmed. Remember that we are only expressions or projections of a reality, which in truth does not exist. You are being changed atomically to fit a reality of expression, or what you call the moon. When we reach it, my friends, you may observe and take pictures at will; but the processing will continue as we orbit the moon and will seem to involve a week and a half of your time."

The lights dimmed and were supplanted by a yellowish glow over the entire room; then the lights came on again, and I felt a strange sensation. For a few seconds breathing seemed difficult, but then it became easier and easier. It is difficult to describe my physical and mental feelings. I seemed to think more clearly, to compose my thoughts

and reach conclusions more quickly. The senses seemed to be stimulated. Colors became more vivid; the sense of smell became sharper, for I remember becoming aware of perspiration odors of myself and companions. My sense of touch must have been accentuated, for I could feel the seat under me more distinctly, though it in no way made me uncomfortable. The man at the controls explained the processing was now being carried out and would be continued.

The instructor sitting with us saw one of us stifle a yawn. He laughed and mentioned something about it being our bedtime. For the first time I wondered just where we would sleep.

He led us through a doorway into the sleeping quarters, which were arranged in sections with three beds, bunk style, one atop the other, to each compartment. My elderly friend, myself and another man were assigned to one of the sections.

I said, "Well, we might as well try them out," as I climbed to the top bunk and stretched out.

My elderly friend sat on the bottom bunk and felt the softness of what must have been a mattress. "Ahhh!" He exclaimed; "this is really something!"

I removed my outside clothing and put them on a kind of built-in hanger, set my shoes on a ledge. The bed did not feel overly soft; instead it seemed to give just the correct extent to support the contour of the body. I laid my head on a flat pad of soft material, pulled the single warm (but extremely light) coverlet over myself. Despite the excitement of the day I fell asleep quickly.

We were awakened by a gentle knocking on the sliding compartment door. It was our instructor who said it was time to get up. I looked at my watch, and discovered we had slept only four hours; yet I felt rested and refreshed, as if it had been eight or nine hours.

My first reaction upon arising was to go to the porthole and look out to see where we were. Various blobs of light of different colors filled the field of vision, along with one giant red ball, which looked like a huge planet. Later I was told it was the sun, though I never understood why it did not appear bright.

Next on the agenda was a warm, invigorating shower in a compartment containing three or four cubicles, partitioned by translucent walls. When I stepped inside one of the cubicles the door closed behind me and lights went on automatically. I saw automatic controls for room and water temperature. Three shower heads, one above me and two at waist level, could be operated separately or all together.

I pushed a button and a flow of water, apparently mixed with warm air for it was quite bubbly, fell over my body. I had never had a shower so invigorating. I looked around for soap, but there was none. Seeing another button I had not previously pushed, I put my finger on it and a stream of a colorless solution came from the shower heads and

completely lathered my body; at the same time the water was turned off. I pushed the "soap" button, then the "water" button, alternately, enjoying the novelty like a small boy would have done.

I could hear my friend trying to sing in the next cubicle and assumed he had mastered the technology of the shower, though fortunately, for my musical sensibilities, the partitions were partly sound-proof.

"Howard," I heard him call faintly, "this thing had better be what I think it is, for I'm going to use it!"

The sanitary facility to which he obviously referred looked very much like one on Earth, except that the bowl was lower to the floor and was made of a hard white translucent material, not a ceramic. A kind of sink with the same bubbly water was a part of a built-in vanity arrangement, complete with mirror. I looked at my face, thinking I would have to borrow a razor from someone. Surprisingly my beard had not grown-and throughout the trip we found it unnecessary to shave.

I stepped out of the cubicle into the main room and joined two others already waiting there. Then I smelled food and suddenly discovered I was ravenously hungry. Our instructor opened a compartment in the wall and withdrew some items of processed food, which he put into a deep well, or pot, set into a sink-like unit. He pushed a button and the pot filled with liquid. He allowed the food to seep in the liquid for about five minutes, then he drained the liquid from the pot. He pushed another button and almost instantly the appearance of the food changed and steam rose from it. It had been cooked in little more than a second!

"You will forgive me," he said apologetically, "if I do not don the traditional caps sometimes worn on Earth during such operations, particularly the backyard amateur kind of barbecue cook."

He removed the food from the pot by means of a large, deep strainer and transferred it to plastic-like plates that he said were disposable. He set the plates on the table. "No, I haven't forgotten your juice," he laughed, and drew fresh juice from a spigot in the food compartment wall.

During the trip we enjoyed many kinds of processed foods, including cabbage, parsley, carrots, potatoes, very large wheat kernels, kernels of corn. We used a green mineral salt to season our foods, and I particularly enjoyed some kind of spread, similar to avocado butter, but white in color.

Often we were served nuts from other planets, though only the nutmeats and I didn't have a chance to see the shells. One of them, large and almost a meal in itself, was served in slices. Another kind tasted something like a brazil nut. I remember eating with great pleasure a fruit which was about six inches in diameter, round, smooth, orange to red in color, with skin like a nectarine. When one bit into it he found it very juicy. It tasted like a combination of peach and plum. The pit was small, and looked something like a plum pit.

All of the vegetables were very tasty. The potatoes had a meaty, nut-like flavor, probably because of the high protein content. The parsley leaves were much larger than our variety, but less strong in flavor.

My friends who read this will probably laugh at my talking so much about the food, to the exclusion of many other interesting things, for they know what an enthusiastic eater I am. However we passed our conditioning period away in many other pleasant ways. We listened to music that came from the earth and other planets as well; and constantly we talked to our space friends, learning much from them.

The view screen proved to be a constant source of interest and delight as we tuned in on different planets and saw scenes of these fascinating worlds. We communicated through the view screen with other craft and other agents in different locations on the earth, the moon and elsewhere. There wasn't a dull moment.

I am not certain how long we spent in these pleasant occupations, but, estimating by my watch, I believed it to be about ten days. I have often thought that time might have been different, possibly because my beard didn't seem to grow; but that could have been a result of our conditioning-however, all our other bodily functions seemed to progress normally.

Although there weren't any "No Smoking" signs and I assume it would have been all right with the crew, I noticed nobody smoked during the trip, or later on the moon. For the first time in years I had no desire to puff on my faithful old pipe. Again I reflected that time seemed to stand still, and yet there was constant activity on board the craft. I am still perplexed, and confess that the matter of time is still too complicated a subject for my becoming intellectually involved.

## SIGHTSEEING TOUR

Finally came the long-awaited announcement. Through the loudspeaker the man at the control panel informed us we were preparing to land on the moon. He motioned me to him and I walked to his seat at the panel. He opened a kind of drawer and handed me a metallic object that contained colored filters.

"Hold these over your camera lens when you take pictures," he instructed.

I remembered I should be taking pictures and hurriedly grabbed my camera, began snapping through a porthole. I got an especially good picture showing cloud formations and the atmosphere around the moon; but as we came closer to the surface I noticed the photographs did not come out well. I could see we were approaching a huge dome-shaped building, about 150 feet in diameter and perhaps 50 feet high. I could see colored lights flashing inside it, shining through the translucent material of which it was constructed. As we rounded the building and prepared to

land, I noticed a base or pedestal of solid white material on which the dome structure rested.

I became more aware of the simple beauty of the lovely, iridescent, pearl-like structure. As we landed, I saw we were gliding across a flat copper-colored road toward a huge opening in the base of the structure.

The door of our craft opened and we stepped out on a ramp that led down to the floor of the building, which appeared to be a huge aerodrome. Moving ramps led up to other floors, and I guessed there must be at least two levels above the ground floor.

Next we were led to a huge lounge, with potted plants and flowers lining the walls and attractively arranged near seating units. Sculptured bas-reliefs decorated the walls.

Attractive ladies in flowing pastel gowns came toward us smiling, offered us refreshments. We took the drinks and sat on a long circular couch in front of a view screen.

Several screens, without sound, were on at the same time; if one wished to listen to any one of them, he had but to push an appropriate button. The screens seemed to be transmitting regular programs from different planets. Some of them were educational, while others appeared to be designed purely for entertainment. The ladies explained we were waiting for our guides, who soon showed up.

They told us I was to split up with my companions who were going with a different group from my own. I followed along with my assigned group and came to what I guessed was an elevator shaft, as a guide pushed a button, and I assumed we were going to another level.

To my surprise the door opened upon a corridor that led to a long train-like vehicle with 10 or 15 coaches with plastic domes over them. Each coach must have been 50 feet long.

The strange vehicle had no wheels, rested in suspension about a foot above the copper highway that ribboned through the terrain and disappeared from view. We boarded the "train" and soon were gliding noiselessly above the highway. As we traveled, we could see all around and above us.

If I write another book, perhaps I can at that time take enough space to describe my visit in some detail; but it would take hundreds of pages to do it justice. Instead, I shall review it quite briefly.

We seemed to be on a tour. First, we were taken from building to building, then apparently out of the city. We passed mountains, went through valleys, visited underground installations; every few seconds people of our party would give out with "Oh's" and "Ah's," as some new breathtaking sight appeared.

Some of the terrain, in one section of the moon near the so-called "dark-side" reminded me of Flagstaff, Ariz., while other desert sections made me think of Nevada. Huge cliffs and mountains made our own look like ant hills. One particular desert locale brought to mind "The Valley Of

Fire" in Nevada. There we stopped long enough for our guide to open the door and permit us to stick our heads out for a brief moment, which was all one could take, for it was terribly hot outside-like a blast furnace. I was certain no one could have lived outside very long and was glad he had shut the door.

At that moment a huge bullet-shaped object, broken and protruding from the sand where it had crashed, came into view, giving silent testimony to man's pitiful attempts at getting into space by brute force. Our guide confirmed that it represented a brave attempt by some unknown planet, and at the same time spoke with great respect for whom he termed "intrepid men from a distant world."

Apparently the rocket was the second stage of a much larger craft. Watching the tragic scene as it quickly flashed by, I assumed that the end of the craft, consisting of four spheres that looked as if they were supposed to revolve, had contained the men, and should have separated from the second stage in order to effect a landing. Something had gone wrong as it had remained attached.

Still not naming the planet of origin our guide added the rocket had crashed there in that blast furnace of a desert in the Earth year 1944.

Finally we came to another large dome-shaped building, where we halted and our guide told us we could get out on the moon's surface where we could breathe the air with little or no difficulty. That pleased the group, for we were eager to stretch our legs.

My first impression was that I was in the desert. The air was warm and dry. I could see little wind funnels forming on the ground, drawing up dust particles like tiny whirlwinds. I looked up at the sky. It was a yellowish color. When looking I had the queer impression that if I walked some distance I would fall off, since the horizon seemed foreshortened.

In the distance we could see the jagged edges of high mountains etched black against the saffron-colored sky. The ground beneath our feet was like yellowish-white powdery sand, with stones and boulders and some minute plant life showing here and there as we looked around us.

Along with its weird beauty, the landscape of that side of the moon had an air of desolateness difficult to describe. I remembered wishing the rocket we had seen had tried landing on the other side of the moon where the crew would probably have had a better chance to survive.

Once again we were separated into smaller groups, according to language, and each given a guide who spoke its particular language. Along with ordinary folk, scientists, geologists, electronic engineers, rocket experts (one of whom I knew personally), astronomers (I also knew one of them) and other learned people made up our group. In the other groups I had spotted hundreds of Russians, Japanese, Germans and other people from other nations. Despite the language barrier, however, it seemed all the people in the tour had a kind of common bond of understanding and brotherhood; warm smiles and hearty handshakes



abounded when there was no vocal way of communication.

Since I was an ordinary lay observer, I was not shown many of the things the technicians were allowed to inspect; but I probably would not have understood the concepts anyhow. All of us were shown musical instruments, samples of art and architecture, and other interesting things. In fact one building was like an interplanetary world's fair, with each planet represented by some sort of contribution in art, technology and so on.

They also showed us their advanced horticultural operations, and in one place I saw flowers and plants growing in long vats of jelly-like substance. We were shown how clothing was cleaned by a kind of high frequency sonics, and passed, in one building, trays of exquisitely cut gems that we were permitted to handle and inspect. The multitude of sights we witnessed was enough to stagger the imagination. Our wonder probably could be compared to that of an aborigine from Australia on a sight-seeing tour of New York City for the first time.

After four days of this lunar junket, we were finally treated to a huge dinner by our hosts, with such a spirit of happiness and good will permeating all of us. It made me wonder if what I was seeing and hearing were not just a beautiful dream.

But I had been able to take photographs to prove my trip, though only of the dome-shaped buildings, the craft and some mountains (for some reason I was never allowed to take photographs of surface detail, people, their mechanical installations and the like).

The dinner signaled our departure and, once again in the ship, it seemed our reprocessing consumed very little time. Before we knew it we were back on Earth, disembarking at the same field from which we had left.

As I drove off in my car, I wondered if the storm that we had seen brewing over the South Pacific on the view screen would hit soon or be dissipated before it reached the lower atmosphere.

From the brief description given to us by Howard Menger we see how many disclosures made by [Adamski](#) tie in with what Mr. Menger said. He describes the hot furnace-like air on one part of the Moon, where they put their heads out of the windows of the train, and then the temperate atmosphere where their buildings are. [Adamski](#) said that the hot air on one side of the Moon and the cold air on the other side were not bottled up and that their cities were in the temperate zone between the two. [Adamski](#) said the same in 1947 in his first book *Pioneers of Space*, which I reproduced in the foreword of this book. How did he know that in 1947 unless the space brothers had told him.

During the week and a half that they orbited the Moon,

decompression and acclimatization took place so that they could walk around without space suits. This also concurs with what Adamski and Narciso Genovese had said.

An example of how the frequency of thought waves can play tricks with our vision is illustrated by an example that Howard Menger gives in his book, *From Outer Space*. He was explaining in a narrative how he had formed a group to pass his experiences on so that some of his pupils would become teachers who would teach others who, in turn, would teach still others. The meetings usually began about 8:00 p.m. and lasted until midnight. Says Howard in his book:

One night in the spring of 1957, during a coffee break in the discussions, I mentally broke away from the group to relax. My thoughts took me back to the old 1950 light green station wagon I had traded in a few days before in Philadelphia for a new 1957 station wagon. I sentimentally thought of the "old jalopy" and the many wonderful experiences I had while owning it. In my mind's eye I drove it along on a blacktop road, picturing many things in vivid detail. Then I left the reverie, returned mentally to the group, and becoming aware of the discussion, joined in, without giving another thought to my vivid mental experiences.

We left the house about 12:30 A.M.

At the next meeting the telephone rang about midnight and the host answered it. I was surprised to learn the call was for me from the police station in Bedminister Township, a few miles from Pluckemin. I picked up the phone.

"Are you Howard Menger?"

"Yes."

"We have a summons down here for you. Would you please come down and pick it up? Sgt. Cramer claims you were speeding and went through a red light in his district about 11:40 P.M. on (he named the date of the last meeting)."

Checking the date and time with the group, I said, "It couldn't have been me, because I was here at that time and there were at least 20 people here with me. Besides, I do not have a 1950 station wagon, sir; I have a 1957 Plymouth station wagon, and incidentally, it could not have left the premises because it was blocked in by other cars, and I had the keys in my pocket."

The voice insisted I come down and pick up the summons and appear in court to answer charges-else pay the \$15.00 fine.

I did not go that night, but after thinking about it I realized what had happened. I had been thinking about my old station wagon and had been driving it mentally the night of the last meeting-at the exact time mentioned by Sgt. Cramer! Could it have been possible that my thoughts

had manifested into an actual projection? They finally sent the summons through Police Chief Kice at High Bridge, who delivered it personally to my home.

I decided to appear in court and took along seven witnesses. The charges were presented; then several witnesses testified, and finally I was called to the stand. I pleaded not guilty to the charges. I said I was not there at the time and had witnesses to prove it. Furthermore, I did not have occasion to drive through that section when going to and from my friend's house.

Sgt. Cramer's testimony went something like this: He saw a light green station wagon with license plates WR E79 speed past him. When the car reached the red light at the intersection it went right through without stopping. He said he pursued the car to the red light where it "disappeared."

His using the word, "disappeared," intrigued me. The roads stretch out straight for long distances through the country in each direction from the intersection, so it was likely that tail lights from such a speeding car would have still been visible. He was asked if he saw a driver, but he said he did not, and reiterated the station wagon had just disappeared at the intersection.

When the judge heard that, he remarked, "Well, what do we have around here, a phantom car!" A tenseness came over the entire room. I realized Sgt. Cramer was not lying—he had seen my old car, and I felt sorry for him.

The Judge said, "I feel like either putting a man in jail for perjury or breaking a sergeant!"

I was finally recalled to the stand and still affirmed I was not guilty. Finally, the testimony of the witnesses and fact I no longer owned the station wagon gave the judge no other alternative but to arrive at the decision of "Not Guilty."

Incidentally, we had checked with the auto agency in Philadelphia where I had traded in my old station wagon and learned it was still in the shop being repaired for resale.

The judge aptly summed up the case with:

"This is the strangest case I have heard in all my years on the bench!"

A classic example was also given by [George Adamski](#), about his parents. [George's father](#) died in the war, and the very moment he died he must have had a very deep thought of his wife to whom he was very devoted. It so happened that at the very moment of the death of Mr. Adamski Sr., his wife lay in bed and the image of her husband appeared standing in front of her. She called out and the image disappeared. As he later related the incident to friends, [young George](#) said, "Thought waves can materialize." This was the explanation that his space brother friends had given him.

The Lamas in Tibet also know how to materialize thought waves,

and they give it the name of "Tulpas." I believe that the Venusians once had a base there and showed them how to do it.

I take this opportunity to convey some information which the space-brothers gave to the people whom they contacted. They said that every human being in the universe has a frequency pulsation of his own. There are no two humans with the same frequency. The reason for this is to ensure that no one human can enslave the spirit of another.

I wonder how many of us have had the experience of being in a place or a house and whenever we are in this environment a certain thought will go through our minds. Or whenever we are close to a certain person we think of a certain thing.

It was in Vista, California that in the early fifties two Venusians lived in a house for nearly three years. During this time an invaluable amount of knowledge was passed onto the occupants of this house and amongst it the answer to the above question. It seems that thought waves not only travel but also impregnate materials such as, for instance, the walls of a house, or the floor on which we stand. A classic example of this was demonstrated to a man who was friendly with those Venusians. They were at the time in the Arizona desert. The Venusians wanted to know what had transpired on a certain spot in the desert half an hour earlier. They placed a device that resembled a video on the floor, on the sand of the desert, and it began to show exactly what the people were doing and the conversation that had taken place there half an hour earlier. On the video you could see that a helicopter had landed there. It showed what the occupants of the helicopter did and said to each other. Each movement they had done as if it had happened just then, not half an hour earlier. They said this impression remained on objects not just for half an hour but for many years, and they said that they could replay at will anything that had happened there or anywhere else at a given time. In other words, anything that happens, anywhere, is thus perpetuated, as the thought waves, actions, and movement of people, as well as the movement of objects, is thus recorded into the molecules of materials around the area where something had taken place. In this manner everything, everywhere in the universe, is recorded for posterity.

This may explain why some people like us are not welcome to live among the people from those advanced planets. If our thoughts were recorded for posterity they would no doubt pollute their environment with our kind of mentality.

Our conscious sensitivity is not developed well enough for us to perceive the thought impressions that we leave behind wherever we are. One of the Venusians who lived in the house in Vista, California, was over 300 Earth years old when he first came here, yet he looked like a man in his early twenties. When he left three years later to return to his own planet, he had aged, in his looks, by at least three Earth years. He explained that the mental pollution, the anguish and strain under which

the people here live, had taken its toll on him. Another visitor to Earth found the strain of living here so unbearable that he had to return to his own planet every few days to recover from the strain.

It is by the mechanics of thought impressions left upon materials that many yet unexplained phenomena on Earth occur; for instance, the phenomena of what happens in haunted houses, where someone died under violent circumstances, circumstances that caused severe anguish to someone. It is during those moments of a crisis that deep impressions much deeper than normal are left in the surrounding area of where this incident had taken place. These thought impressions of anguish are sometimes so powerful that they materialize into the image of the person who had left them behind. That is when we say that we have seen a ghost. When the house is demolished, or the components that formulate the house are rearranged, then the images or ghosts will disappear.

Said a friend of the space people: "One day they gave me a whole lot of metal discs and told me to go dig holes and leave those discs hidden under the ground. They told me that those discs emitted thought waves whereby everyone at a radius of so many miles from the disc would think about space. They felt that our space interest and space explorations were paramount for our cultural and technological advancement.

When dealing with a civilization that is so many years ahead of us, many of our phenomena became explained. For instance, our lunatic asylums are full of people who are claiming to be Napoleon. Some of these people appear quite rational except for the inexplicable claims they make about being Napoleon. The [extraterrestrial friends of Adamski](#) left the following explanation for this phenomenon: When the physical body of a person dies and it returns to the Earth from whence it came, the atoms of that body disperse, and as they do some are absorbed by other living matter on that planet. Some may be absorbed by plants, and that plant may be consumed by another human so that eventually an atom that once belonged to the body of Napoleon ended up inside the body of another human. That in itself occurs all the time with everyone who dies and everyone who is alive-our physical bodies are in fact the composite of a great number of atoms that once were inside the bodies of people who lived before us, and most of us do not go around making claims that we are Napoleon or anyone else. So what happened in the case of these unfortunate people, who today crowd our mental facilities, is that Napoleon was a very strong personality, much stronger than people normally are, and, as I explained earlier, it is through our consciousness that we receive messages that are sometimes emitted by the atoms or cells within our own bodies. So as these people receive messages from atoms or cells within their own bodies, and as they are oblivious to the mechanics of how or why they receive these messages-and our psychologists don't know any better either-we could have a whole lot of healthy people in mental institutions who only needed an explanation for

the strange messages they are receiving.

During another historic encounter we received the following information:

A space visitor confronted a man, a labourer in his late fifties in Southern California, and asked him if he knew what the purpose of life was. The man was puzzled and shrugged his shoulder. The space visitor then asked him if he knew what the difference between man and animal was. The man moved around restlessly; it was obvious that the questions were more than the man cared to answer. The spaceman then went to give the following explanation to what he had asked: "The difference between man and animal was in the creativity that man had," he said, "that a bee for instance could only do one thing, produce a bee hive, and it has done the same thing for millions of years; the same goes for all the other animals in the kingdom of God . . . and as God is the Creator of this Universe, so He gave the dominion of creativity to man. So men, like God, are allied in the creation of this universe . . . and in this he differs from all other species."

Man is also the keeper of creation. Take for instance a dressmaker who is endowed with the creativity of her profession. She first makes dresses for herself, and when she finds that she has more than she needs, she makes dresses for other people. In doing this she helps other people with her creativity, and with this she does God's work on Earth.

Knowledge and evolution have no bounds. The more we think we know, the more we realize how little we know. In dealing with a civilization such as the one that exists on the planet Venus, we are dealing with a civilization that is 33 million years ahead of us. Because this is how long they have been coming here to our planet. As I already said earlier, the technology and philosophy of those people is incomprehensible to us. Howard Menger was privileged to meet a Master from Venus who tried to make him understand that there is a fourth dimension in the universe. The following is an excerpt of what the Master said: "You must act with realism in the illusion as you walk in the light of the Infinite Mind among your people. You are an illusion or projection in a given dimension of your real self. You call it third dimensional, but that is not accurate, because you could not see, hear, taste, smell, or touch unless you were, in effect, a reality, an expression in a projected form of fourth dimension. The very fact that you can think makes you a fourth dimensional being. Inanimate objects, such as tables, automobiles, houses, are in reality third-dimensional."

It has been stated by some of your great thinkers that time itself is the fourth dimension. Time is a condition of the fourth dimension, because you cannot have time without motion; nor motion without time-and neither without thought. You, as an expressing, thinking being, are composed of both motion and time, making you a fourth dimensional

thinking being.

Nothing we see with our physical eyes is Truth, but simply a reality in the dimension of a reflection, or an effect, secondary in nature related to a Cause from a primary Source. However, the mind, be it known, still thinks after the so-called "death," which in reality does not exist. In Truth, neither life nor death exists. Truth IS.

Truth never changes. Only reality, in the form of matter, energy, and time changes. Your fourth-dimensional body is expressing as an instrument of your infinite spirit, through soul and mind, with the brain acting as an instrument of your mind, as a radio or computer receives what you call electricity to activate its motions and express with music, voice or answers to problems. The electricity still exists after the radio is destroyed, although both are inferior by far to the mind and brain.

Some of your metaphysicians say that you are the sum total of what you have been in past expressions. This is highly inaccurate. You can only be the sum total of past experiences if you are fully aware of those experiences and lessons. Forgotten lessons cannot be added to the total until one is made aware of them. You are never the sum total in any given dimension.

Many of your population have voluntarily reincarnated here on Earth from other planets of your own solar system, to help in a plan that is universal in scope. They, on their previous planets, have expressed and experienced a much higher understanding of the Infinite Father's universal laws. We have only begun to contact them and release them from a memory block, due to the lower frequency of your planet Earth. Nevertheless, we dare not interfere in the form of force or control in any way. This would not conform to the Father's laws to which we adhere. We are for progress, fulfilling to the best of our capacities, the Will of the Infinite Father. To act against these laws, we realize, would turn them against us.

But, this is not the reason we do not act against them. To act against them would deter progress of expression, the very progress to which we have dedicated ourselves. Many of you, the people of Earth, those reincarnated volunteers, have had quick flashes of a truth communicated to your minds originating from your infinite self, but these thoughts have been discarded as imagination, or hallucinations and dispelled from your consciousness. It is easier to do this than listen and act upon truth. It is easier to conform to the distorted ways of your world than to speak your mind and lose so-called friends, prestige, money, power, and false security. This is the difference between the men you have named Jesus, Moses, Buddha, Confucius, and many others, as compared to kings, generals, tyrants and dictators who are all in reality strategic murderers of men.

Your scriptures tell of the evil of murder and persecution as evidenced by Moses and Jesus. This being against the laws of the

"Being" you call God has not changed the thinking of the people of earth. You still look up to, fear, or conform to men who have reached a high place of authority or power over their brothers. Do you think this God sanctions force, persecution, murder or evil in any form? Certainly not. Those who do, worship a false God, to suit their own ends.

Soon, your closest "friends" will shun you in the near future because of their distorted interpretations of events that will take place, but this is necessary, in the sense that it becomes part of a large screening process, all closely monitored by us, who are orbiting your planet.

This is a statement given to Mr. Menger by a Master from the planet Venus. It is quoted from one of Mr. Menger's books. The Earth people like Mr Menger who were chosen for this trip were selected, out of the billions that live here, upon their service to God and their merit of past lives.

Mr. Howard Menger was taken to the Moon by our space-brothers in the company of about three hundred other people from Earth. When they returned to Earth only two out of the three hundred had the courage to speak about their experience. They were George Van Tassel, who is now deceased, and Mr. Menger.

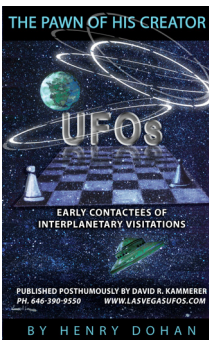
Mr. Howard Menger became a very active servant of God. He gave many lectures and enlightenment to many people, and as he did, he became a thorn in the eyes of government, industry, and our churches. There are many ways for our society to silence a man, and they do it usually on a financial level. Howard Menger, like anyone else, has to earn a living. One company after another closed their accounts on him. Some of them were old customers, and when he asked them why, some told him that they resented what he was lecturing about. This may explain why it was so difficult for me to get Mr. Menger to consent to an interview. When I telephoned him from California he was quite resigned never to get involved in this ever again. It took me nearly half an hour to change his mind. However, once I came there he became very friendly and was a great fountain of information. After all, he had been in contact with **extraterrestrials** since childhood.





## Chapter 10

### I GET THE STORY OF REINHOLD SCHMIDT



It was now the year 1986; six years had gone by since I first made an antigravity device in Sydney, Australia. My house in

Escondido, California was more trouble than I had bargained for. The tenants had moved out and left me with thousands of dollars worth of repairs. It needed new carpets and drapes, and the house itself was a wreck. I felt like blowing my brains out. To me that place was nothing but trouble, and I could not sell it no matter what I did; it seemed to be jinxed. I knew the space people had something to do with it. Probably they wanted me to stay in the area. As I tried to sell it I kept meeting the right people, not for the sale of the house, but for the book I was writing and also for the building of the spaceship.

I cannot write about every coincidence that happened, because if I did, this book would become another "Forsyte Saga"; there just would not be enough space for it all, but I mention the most interesting just to illustrate the enormous telepathic powers of our cosmic neighbours and the way they can make things happen.

I was living with friends in San Clemente. The house in Escondido was rented out, and I was ready to go home when I received a phone call to see a developer in San Marcos. I got into my car, and as I was about to get onto the freeway, on the ramp of interstate 5 south there stood a hitchhiker. He looked like he had seen better days, unshaven and in need of a bath, with a big back pack alongside him. Usually I stop for hitchhikers, but this one looked like trouble. I went past him when my conscience got the better of me. I pulled up, put my car into reverse, and back to him I went. "Where you heading?" "To San Diego." "I can take you as far as Oceanside, then I have to go east on 78 to San Marcos." He asked, "Where is Oceanside?" and I knew that he was not a local. "It is about 28 miles nearer to San Diego than what you are now." The man got in. "Where you from?" I asked. "Australia." "You got to be kidding? Where in Australia?" "Sydney." "Where in Sydney?" "Rose Bay." That was the Sydney suburb where I lived when I built the model spaceship in 1980, and the man lived only one street away from where I did. I looked at the man intently; what a coincidence to find a man from the same suburb on the other side of the Earth.

The man was well educated and had gone to a lot of trouble to see the world. I asked what he did for a living. He was a school teacher who supplemented his income hiring out his yacht at week-ends for cruises on Sydney Harbour.

In San Marcos I found the developer; minutes later we all were on our way to Escondido to look at the house. Later we went to a Denny's restaurant for lunch. I told the developer how I met the guy. The conversation soon went to sailing, and from that to the "Americas Cup." "If you want a cup, why don't you make another one for yourselves?" said the Aussie to the developer. It soon became apparent that both were experts at boat building.

Upon our return to the office the developer opened a back door; there was a fiberglass factory behind the office. It was a shock to me because

for three to four days preceding this I was intently thinking about the possibilities of fiberglass in the manufacture of some of the parts needed in my project, and I had intended to visit fiberglass factories to acquaint myself with this industry. Had the hitchhiker not been in my car and spoken to the developer, I would not have seen his factory, and the information I received was invaluable.

In February of 1986 I gave a lecture in L.A. to a group called "Understanding." I had a packed audience and pulled no punches as I told about the conspiracy of which we all are victims. Christ was right when He said, "Make No Man Thy Master," He must have known what our politicians would do when they become our masters in our government. Whether you live in a democratic country, a communist one, or any other kind, once people are given powers over others, those powers go to their heads. I told my audience about the many attempts by our spacebrothers to come here officially and that it nearly succeeded under President Kennedy and that his assassination was alleged to have been linked with his desire to announce the truth to the people. Earlier in this book I made reference to the Mafia assassination of President Kennedy and that of Marilyn Monroe. It was also alleged to me that Pope John XXIII and the head of the U.S. Navy were also assassinated to keep the public from knowing the truth about the space life that is all around us. While I am not in a position to prove all these alleged assassinations, one thing is certain: I am in a position to prove conclusively that there is a conspiracy to prevent the people from knowing the truth about the advanced beings that live in the planets around us in our solar system, and judging from that, these alleged assassinations augur the existence of a motive.

At the end of my lecture to the "Understanding" group, a lady came to me and pushed a small piece of paper into my hand as she walked past me; during a coffee break I read the paper. "If you want more data about the assassination of President Kennedy ring me at . . ." I rang her as soon as I got home. A meeting was arranged during which she gave me a xeroxed copy of literature she had. It involves a man called Reinhold Schmidt who had close contact with people from the Planet Saturn. The government wanted him to deny the truth . . . and when he would not, they put him into a lunatic asylum. He was a lucky man, because he had a good job and his employer fought the government and secured his release from the asylum. My question is: How many sane people are there in U.S. lunatic asylums just because they happen to be honest? I consider Mr. Reinhold Schmidt a hero who deserves immortality amongst us. He stood up against all odds to serve humanity, and the only way I can give him justice is by letting him tell his own story in his own words.

## INTRODUCTION

My life was a normal one, by average world standards, until

November 5, 1957. At that time an experience took place which I never dreamed would happen to me. I was born on February 16, 1897, in Kenesaw, Nebraska, of German-American parents. However, my home and business are now in Bakersfield, California. My daughter and her family live in Livermore, California, and my two sons who are also married, live in Woreland, Wyoming. As a salesman and a grain-buyer, I have spent much time traveling for a Brawley, California firm whose operations also extend to corn-picking and shelling in Wilcox, Arizona. However, my travels have taken me mainly to the middle west, in negotiations with grain-growing farmers. Perhaps all my excursions had something to do with my being contacted by beings from another planet, for certainly there would not have been a similar opportunity if I had worked at a regular office job.

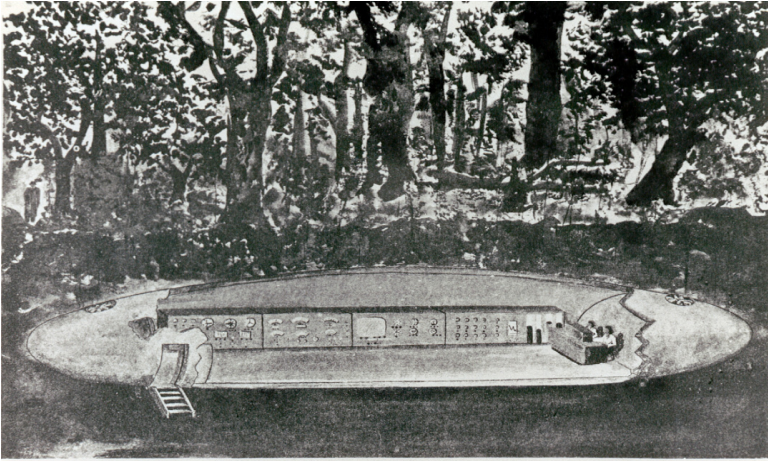
Many of you will believe, and others will laugh at, my claims of these contacts. Especially fantastic to some people is the fact that I was subsequently taken for rides in their space craft. Not only are these things true, but also, these wonderful people from another world have taught me more about our own planet Earth than I could possibly have learned through the usual channels of books, newspapers, radio and television.

My experiences since 1957 are recorded in the Congressional records of the United States. It may surprise you to know that in the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., there are five offices with a personnel of twenty-five men and women who work exclusively on reports concerning Unidentified Flying Objects and allied subjects.

Since my first contact with a space ship and its six occupants from another planet, I have lectured all over the United States and in Canada. Before that unexpected encounter, I had never been a "Flying Saucer" fan. I had, however, heard and read of people who claimed personal contacts with space beings. My reaction was: maybe they're true; maybe not. I kept an open mind. But I had always been a man who kept his feet on solid ground, with little time for delving into subjects that were out of the ordinary. Then . . . it happened to ME!

### THE KEARNEY INCIDENT

On a misty November 5, 1957, I finished my work about 2:30 p.m. It had been a busy day of inspecting fields of milo and corn a few miles from Kearney, Nebraska, which is about thirty miles from Kenesaw, my birthplace. (Incidentally, Kearney is the exact center of the United States, being just 1,733 miles from both San Francisco and Boston.) I was driving near an old sand bed on the Platte River, and close by was an abandoned farm house. It seemed like a good place to turn my car around but, as I started to do so, there was a brilliant flash of light a short distance ahead. I drove on to investigate what I thought might be someone blasting trees, although I had heard no noise. Within a hundred



SATURNIAN SPACESHIP LANDED NEAR KEARNEY, NEBRASKA, NOV. 5, 1957.

feet of the river bank my car engine suddenly stopped. I turned the ignition off and on several times, thinking that perhaps the battery had gone dead or that maybe the rough road had jiggled some wiring loose. As I started to get out of the car to check the engine, I noticed something ahead that appeared to be a large, half-inflated balloon. When I walked toward it, skirting a clump of willow trees and tall grass, it was obvious that it was not a balloon, but a great silvery craft which seemed to be made of some kind of metal, such as polished steel or aluminum. It was resting on what I later found out to be four hydraulic rams serving as landing gear, but it looked like some sort of balloon more than anything else.

As I came within about thirty feet of it, a tiny stream of light, about as big around as a pencil, shot out from it and hit me across the chest. It seemed as if I were suddenly paralyzed; I could not move. Maybe I was only scared stiff but, before I could analyze my feelings, a door in the ship slid open and two men came out of it toward me. They asked if I were armed and, although I said no, they frisked me anyway, but they took nothing from me.

After regaining some of my composure and discovering that I could move again, I asked them what they were doing here, what kind of craft they had there, and where they were from. One of the men did the talking. He was evidently the leader and I shall refer to him hereafter as Mr. X. He spoke English with a German accent and said that they couldn't answer those particular questions at that time. However, when I asked to come closer in order to see the ship, Mr. X invited me aboard since, he said, they couldn't leave for a few minutes anyway. He said that I could look around inside but not to touch anything.

## INSIDE THE SHIP

Besides the leader, there were three men and two women in the ship. The women were sitting behind a big desk on which there was a large frame which enclosed what looked like a viewing screen. At the same end of the ship were four columns of colored liquid: red, green, blue and orange. These tubes were approximately 4 1/2 feet high and 6 inches in diameter. The ladies seemed to be watching the liquid very closely as it moved slowly up and down, like the pistons in an automobile. The three men were working on an instrument panel that filled one side of the room. I saw one of them clip off some short wires. The panel was filled with clocks, dials, buttons and switches. In the center was a large screen which looked like our television screens, but it was not working while I was there.

The walls of the ship were about a foot thick and looked glassy. Oddly enough, I could see through them . . . the sky, the surrounding scenery, even the weeds and brush beneath us were visible! But, I remembered, looking at the ship from the outside it seemed to be made of a solid piece of metal. There were no portholes or windows. The only opening was the doorway.

All of these people had dark hair and what looked like sun-tanned skin. The men were about five-feet-eight inches tall and weighed about 170 pounds. I guessed the ladies' weight at about 120 pounds, and they were about the same height as the men. They wore light-colored blouses, dark skirts and shoes with medium heels. Both the men's and women's clothing were similar to what we find here on our streets. Any one of them could have walked unnoticed among our people.

The instrument panel had no name or identification which might have disclosed the place of manufacture, but I did notice some Arabic numerals and some Roman numerals on it. However, there were no other figures or letters of any kind on either the inside or the outside of the ship.

Another thing that fascinated me was the way the crewmen glided, instead of walking, across the floor when they stepped back from the instrument panels! It seemed as though they were on a moving sidewalk, although I saw no moving parts . . . and when I tried it, it didn't work! I wondered if they had something special on their shoes.

When these people spoke among themselves they used high German, which I happen to understand, as I graduated from a school in which both German and English were taught. I could speak, read and write German at the time, and I still speak and understand it fairly well. But these people all spoke to me in English with a German accent.

Mr. X asked me if I knew anything about the United States' satellite program. When I replied that I did not, he said, "They're planning to send up some satellites, but the first two will never leave the ground. The third

will go up, but it won't send back much data."

This prophecy has since proved true. The results of those flights were printed in newspapers all over the country.

After I had been inside the ship for about half an hour, one of the men who had been working on the panel said to another, "Wir sind fertig," which means "We are finished." Mr. X said to me, "You will have to leave now." I was relieved to hear that because, frankly, I had been a little bit concerned about ever getting off that ship again!

As I stepped onto the ground, the motor started. It sounded like a large electrical one, and it became quieter as it worked up momentum. It ran a few seconds and then the ship took off . . . straight up in the air! About 12 feet off the ground it turned pitch black. Then at about 100 feet it turned a bluish-green, and headed southwest. There was a brilliant flash, and then the ship absolutely disappeared before my eyes! I estimated the ceiling of the clouds that day to be only about 800 feet, but the ship had vanished at about 150 feet. A county official told me later that the craft had stalled a tractor, two cars, and a large truck . . . all of which had been beneath the path of the ship during its takeoff.

During my first visit aboard the strange craft I had been told not to try to start my car until the ship was out of sight, and that an attempt to do so would be unsuccessful. Now I realized why my car had stalled earlier when I first approached the ship.

#### A MATTER OF RECORD

It was about 3:15 p.m. when I returned to my car. I turned around and headed for Kearney. Suddenly, the significance of my experience hit me full force. I shook so violently that I had to stop the car and try to pull myself together. Should I report what had happened or just keep quiet about it? I was afraid that no one would believe me and that I might even lose my job. Then I remembered both a radio and a television announcement that the government wanted volunteer skywatchers to report Unidentified Flying Objects. I decided that it was my duty as a citizen to report the whole thing.

First, I went to my minister's home to tell him about it and to ask his advice. He wasn't in. Then I drove to the Kearney police station and asked to see the sheriff, but he was on vacation. The desk clerk called the Deputy Sheriff at the courthouse and made an appointment for me to meet him there.

When I finished telling him everything that had happened that afternoon, he said, "Let's get out there." We went in his car. On the way he remarked, "This is quite a co-incidence. Did you hear the siren blow at noon today?"

"Yes," I said, "I was in my hotel room and I thought there was a fire."

"No," he replied, "someone called and reported a strange object in the sky, moving toward Kearney."

When we reached the place where I had seen the ship, we saw imprints of the four hydraulic rams on the dry bed of the Platte River. We also noticed some oil on the sand at the spot where the ship had stood. The oil was a dark green color, fine textured and sweet smelling. However, I could not be positive that it had come from the ship.

I suggested to the deputy that we rope off the area and post some guards. But he felt that other officials should first have a chance to investigate the matter.

When we returned to Kearney, he reported everything to the Chief of Police. The Chief asked me to accompany him to the site and also requested that the City Attorney and a reporter from the local newspaper go along, too. The next time we went out to the area of the strange ship's landing, the five of us drove in a police car with the siren going full blast all the way!

Everyone saw the imprints of the craft and the oil in the sand, and all agreed that there had been some kind of a large object there which had made the impressions. The deputy and I stepped off the distance between the prints and we estimated that the ship had been about 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. I guessed its height to be about 14 feet.

When I suggested again that we rope off the area and report to someone in higher authority, they said it would not be necessary since all five of us were convinced that a large ship had landed there.

We gathered some of the greenish oil in a small mustard glass which we found on the river bank. The Chief of Police said he would have it tested. Then we drove back to town and they dropped me off at the Fort Kearney Hotel, where I was staying.

At last, I thought, I've done my duty . . . told them everything that happened. Now I can relax. (Little did I realize that this was only the beginning of a chain of circumstances which made me almost regret that I had reported the occurrence. Yet, it was to lead to some of the most incredible experiences of my life.) I sat down in the lobby to watch television. Shortly, the local program was cut off for a special news flash: "SPACESHIP LANDS AT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA!!" I was very much surprised because nothing had been said to me about making an announcement over the air. In fact, I had not even referred to the object as a spaceship, because I didn't know what it was. I thought that perhaps it might have come from Russia, and that it was manned by a crew of German scientists getting data on the first Russian Sputnik which had been launched about a week before.

Within a half hour or so the Chief of Police called me to ask if I would come over and help answer the deluge of telephone calls. He was swamped! Reporters, photographers, citizens and officials were all asking for information. When I got to the police station, the Chief turned his



office over to me. There were two telephones which ran incessantly and I did my best to handle them. The Chief took calls in the outer office.

There was absolute bedlam for about sixteen hours! Photographers and newsmen came in from surrounding cities and even from other states. At 9:00 p.m. the Chief of Police and I were interviewed on a local radio station, and at 10:00 a.m. we appeared on a local TV station. These programs were also released on national radio and TV networks.

The crowds of curious and interested people who flocked to Kearney caused a traffic jam for blocks around the police station. Inside there was "standing room only."

During the night I made several trips with various officials to the ship's landing area. The last time was at 3:00 a.m. and, even at that hour, there were about thirty cars there, and groups of people were milling around. There was much activity there all night long.

### THE WHOLE STORY CHANGES

Back at the police station we were still answering 'phone calls and trying to keep a semblance of order. I was pretty tired after the long day of unusual events, but I had become aware of a change in the manner of the officials as they discussed my experience. Not only that, but the story they were now telling no longer sounded the same at all!

Suddenly, about 6:00 a.m. they asked me to say that my experience had not happened at all, and that it was a lie! They even asked that I change my story to match theirs! I was dumbfounded at this turn of events. I told them that they could tell whatever story they wanted to, but that I would not change mine unless the truth would jeopardize the security of the United States. They had no answer for that!

Then the Chief of Police asked me if I would submit to a test on the lie-detector.

"Not now," I said. "I'm hoarse from talking for sixteen hours and I'm very tired. However, I will take a test after I have had a few hours of rest . . . IF the other fellows will take one, too!"

There was no reply! When I indicated that I wanted to go back to my hotel room to get some sleep, the Chief of Police said that I couldn't because they were going to hold me. "For what reason?" I asked. They didn't know, they said, but they were just going to hold me, and they did.

### TO JAIL WITHOUT A WARRANT

Finally, I was allowed to go to bed . . . but it was in a cell in jail. In Kearney, the police station, the jail and the firehouse are all combined in one unit. So I had merely walked from the police station over to a cell in the jail, accompanied by an officer. I was not handcuffed, however, and at all times they were courteous in their dealings with me, although I was

jailed without a warrant.

When I got up a few hours later, I told them I was ready to take the lie-detector test, but they said then that it wouldn't be necessary. Later, while discussing the situation with Major Wayne Aho, he told me that I had been completely within my rights to refuse to take a test while I was in a state of fatigue, strain and hunger. However, I am still willing to take the test if the Kearney officials will do the same. So far, there have been no takers!

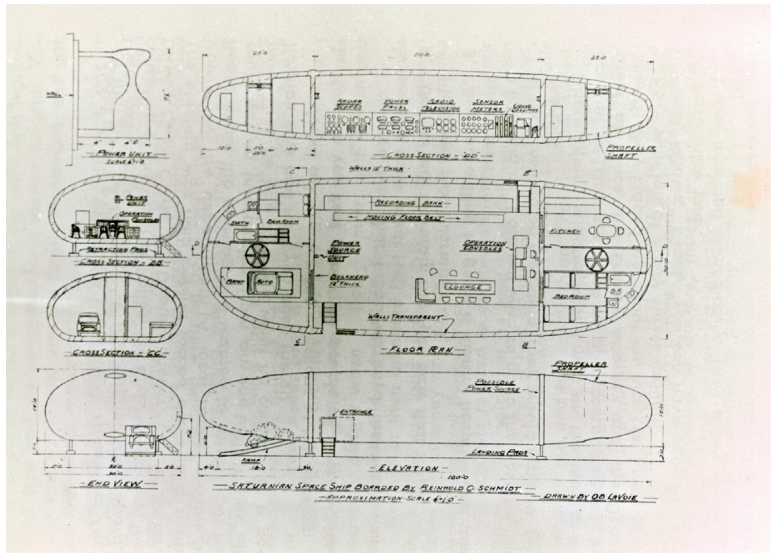
About 10 o'clock that same morning, the County Attorney came to see me. He said that they had evidence which proved that my experience was untrue and that I might just as well make up my mind to say so! He had with him two oil cans, one of which was found within a few feet of the spot where the ship "supposedly stood." The other can, open and half full, was of the same lot number and, he said, was found in the trunk of my car with the can opener beside it! Now who would leave an uncovered can half full of oil, standing in the trunk of his car?

I told him he would have to think of a better one than that. Either he or I could not see, or else all the officials of Kearney were blind, as well as five or six hundred other people who had walked up and down the river bed all the previous afternoon and night. (The first oil can was supposed to have been found just that morning, within a few feet of the place where the ship had been standing.) I suggested that the fingerprints be taken off the cans that were found but, as far as I know, nothing was ever done about them.

It seemed to me that the County Attorney looked a bit sheepish. I brought to his attention the fact that the cans which he had showed circular holes, and that the can opener I carried in my car cut a triangular hole. Also, the two cans in question were of the Veedol brand. The oil cans I carried then, (which are still in my car), are RPM and Skelly. A local radio announcer told me subsequently that the Veedol Company had announced that they sold more than five thousand cans of oil a day, and they wanted the public to know that their oil did not smell! Later, I discovered that some of the oil had been poured out into the trunk of my car and over my laundry.

Two Air Force officials had arrived in Kearney during the night from Colorado. The next morning about eleven o'clock, November 6th, I was taken over to the police station to talk with them. They recorded my whole experience on tape as I told it to them. During this session, one of the Kearney officials happened to wonder out loud just how the ship could go straight up when it took off. One of the Air Force men forgot himself for a moment and admitted, "Oh, we know all about that."

Soon after that meeting, some of the local officials went back on radio and television and announced that my experience was a hoax. I was confined to jail again and was allowed no telephone calls or outside contacts. I was told sometime later that my employer had tried to reach



me for three successive days, via person-to-person calls, but to no avail.

On November 7th, two days after my encounter with the ship, it was suggested that I have a mental test. I asked permission to call my brothers so that they could bring me an attorney, but my request was denied.

"We have good attorneys here in Kearney," I was told. Running through a list of attorneys in the 'phone book, an official pointed to one and said, "Here's a good fellow." They called him in and I found out that he was the Assistant City Attorney. His first words to me were, "We don't believe your story and we want you to change it!" (And this was the person they wanted to "defend" me!)

"Well, I have news for you," I said to him. "If that's the way you feel, I don't want you for my lawyer!" The following day it was announced in the paper that I had an attorney of my own choice!

### ... IN A MENTAL Hospital

About eleven o'clock that same night, November 7th, I was called to a meeting of a mental-hearing board, consisting of the Chief of Police, the County Attorney, the District Court Clerk, the Deputy Sheriff, and a doctor. The meeting was held behind locked doors in a room above the fire department. (A local radio announcer heard about the meeting and wanted to attend, but he could get no information from anyone until it was all over. Then he had to glean what he could from a policeman who had not even been there!)

The doctor asked me three questions at the hearing:

1. "How do you feel about the people of Kearney, Nebraska?"  
I assured him that I had no hard feelings toward anyone.
2. "Do you still maintain that you saw that ship?"  
I told him that I certainly did.
3. "Are you willing to go to a mental hospital and take some tests?"  
I told him no, I did not wish to go to the hospital, but if they insisted on my going, they would have to pay the bill!

About fifteen minutes later I was on the way to the hospital at Hastings, Nebraska, accompanied by the Chief of Police, the County Attorney and the Deputy Sheriff. They kidded me about the nice rest I was going to have with lots of pretty nurses around!

"Well, fellows," I said, "you can have your fun now. I'll have mine later."

I was admitted immediately. They didn't waste any time!

During my stay in jail an item had been printed in the local paper to the effect that my wife and my brothers had had me committed to a mental hospital. This was entirely untrue, and my family demanded, and got, an immediate retraction.

One of the officers had called my brothers, one in Hastings, and the other in Grand Island, and had told them that I was a suicidal risk, and that my tie, belt and shoe strings had been removed from my cell. There was absolutely no truth in these statements. As for shoe strings, I had been wearing boots which had no strings at all. Not one thing was removed from my cell, not even my razor.

My brothers were also told that I had been smoking marijuana! The truth of the matter is that I do not smoke at all. I have never been a smoker.

Both of my brothers said they couldn't figure how I could have gotten "mentally ill" so fast, since I was perfectly alright when I had dinner with them and their families the previous Sunday.

The officer then admitted that there were no grounds for holding me, and suggested that they (my brothers) bring an attorney and a sheriff, and commit me to the mental hospital themselves!

My brothers refused to do this, on the advice of their attorney. He said that he had been following the case all along and that it had gotten too big for the authorities to handle and now they wanted to wash their hands of me and the whole thing. "Besides," he added, "if you commit Smitty, the responsibility for such an error will be on your heads. And if I know Smitty, he'll get out of this alright."

About ten o'clock the first morning of my stay in the hospital, I appeared before a panel of about thirty people, consisting of doctors, nurses and other staff members. After answering questions for twenty

minutes, I was invited to ask any questions that I might care to. But I had none to ask. Then I was excused from the session.

I went to the recreation room to watch television. The doctor who was assigned to me came in a little later and asked why I thought I was sent to the hospital. "I don't know," I said. "It wasn't my idea in the first place." He said that they would have to give me some tests, and I said I thought that was the general reason for my being there. Thereafter, for almost two weeks they tested me thoroughly.

During the second week they did an encephalogram, a test made on a machine which records brain waves. Four days later the same test was repeated. Then I learned that the charts had been so regular that they had thought something was wrong with the machine!

About the twelfth or thirteenth day I appeared before the board again. The hospital superintendent asked if they wanted to question me further. Only one person had a question. It was: "What would you say if we kept you here for a year or two and gave you treatments?"

I replied, "I think you doctors are smarter than that. You know very well that I don't need any treatments."

That same day my employer from Brawley, California came to the hospital to see me. Since he had been unable to reach me by phone, after three days of trying, he had finally decided to fly there to find out what was going on. In the hospital, as in jail, I had not been permitted to make any telephone calls, unfortunately for my business activities.

Major Wayne Aho, Ret., director of a civilian UFO research group called Washington Saucer Intelligence, told me later that he had called me at the hospital and had been told that "We have to protect Reinhold Schmidt from the public, and the public from him!"

My boss vouched for my sanity and stability. My Los Angeles employer sent an affidavit to the hospital, vouching for my business judgment and my honesty, and stating that, in all the time I had bought thousands of dollars worth of grain for his company, there had never been any reason to doubt my ability or to question my character.

I was released from the hospital that day. In all fairness, I must say that, on the whole, my stay there was not too unpleasant. They gave me a private room, and I got along well with the nurses and doctors . . . except for one psychiatrist.

One morning he had come in to talk with me. "I'm going to ask you some questions," he said, "and I want you to answer with the first thing that comes into your mind, whether it answers the question or not."

"Who was smarter," he asked, "George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "I wasn't even born then!"

The next question was: "If you weren't a human being, what would you rather be?"

"I'd rather be a psychiatrist!" I said.

With that he slammed his notebook shut. I asked if there were any more questions.

"No," he said, "Our records don't stand up in court anyway."

## BUSINESS BEGINS TO BOOM

When I returned to Kearney, the first thing I did was to ask my boss if I still had a job. "You certainly do," he assured me. "I made a little investigation here in Kearney myself for three days before I came to see you, and all the people I talked to were behind you 100%. That much reassurance made me feel a lot better.

He suggested that we put an ad in the paper to let people know that I was back in Kearney and ready to buy grain again. The ad ran in the afternoon paper as follows:

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### Attention Milo and Corn Growers

That crazy grain buyer from California is still around and would like to bid on your grain. Will pick it up at your farm in twenty-ton trucks. Call me at the Fort Kearney Hotel.

Reinhold O. Schmidt, Brawley, California.

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By evening I was deluged with calls from farmers offering to sell their grain to me. If there had been sufficient transportation, I could have bought thousands of tons of grain that very evening! I was busy for almost three months afterward buying grain just in the vicinity of Kearney alone. I thought how nice it was to be back in business again, leading a normal life.

## I RIDE IN A SPACESHIP!

Since my first encounter with the people in the strange metal ship, I have learned that they always keep their word. During my first visit aboard their ship, they had said that they would see me again. But I had not the slightest thought of another contact with them as I drove along a country road outside of Kearney, just three months to the day after my first experience.

It was February 5, 1958. I had finished looking over a field of grain near Elm Creek, about twenty miles west of Kearney, and was on my way home. I was driving about fifty miles per hour when suddenly my car stopped as abruptly as if I had jammed on the brakes. It was the same car I had been driving at the time of my first experience, a 1955 Buick Super. Instantly my attention was drawn to a large silvery object hovering just inside the fence that edged the meadow at the side of the highway. It looked just like the first ship that I had seen and I thought, well here we go again! They've come back!

I parked my car and, as I walked towards the fence, another car approached. There was a man, woman and small child in it. They looked at me and I waved at them to stop, hoping to have some witnesses, but they hurried by. I don't know whether they saw the ship or not.

As I climbed over the fence, the door of the ship slid open and there was Mr. X!

"Greetings, Reinhold," he said in his pleasant voice. "It is nice to see you again. We would like to talk with you." Then he invited me aboard and offered to give me a short ride since, he said, it would cause too much commotion if they remained by the roadside to converse with me.

You can imagine how intrigued I was with the prospect of a ride in their craft! My mind was whirling with a dozen thoughts . . . They even knew my name! But how . . . ?

Immediately the ship rose straight up in the air. When we were about 150 to 200 feet in the air, Mr. X said, "If any of your friends are watching now, they will not be able to see the ship." Yet, again, I could see the entire countryside through the walls.

I asked what power they used to propel their ship and he said, "We get our power from the Sun and from the Earth."

Sitting in the ship was as comfortable as being in my own living room. There was no sensation of movement at all during the flight, nor was there any during the ascent, or later, in the descent.

Presently we landed on the dry sand bed of the Platte River, about twelve miles west of the place where I had first seen them.

Incidentally, both times the ship had landed on what is called accretion land. It is ground that cannot be privately owned or sold. It can only be leased by the owner of the adjoining land. At one time, this particular area was part of the river bottom and was filled with water. Later the river channel was deepened and narrowed by man, the water was drained off, and grass, shrubs, and trees began to grow on this part of the river bed. I have wondered since if, perhaps, these people purposely chose this land so that they would not be trespassing on private property.

### THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

I was puzzled as to what these people could possibly want with me.

Now that we had reached the relative seclusion of this quiet spot, Mr. X turned to me.

"Now, Reinhold, we want to ask a favor of you. We have three questions to ask, and we would consider it a great kindness if you would obtain the answers for us."

- "1. What would be the reaction of the United States if other planets were to set off atomic bombs and to start Sputniks and other Satellites flying around which would affect the Earth, interrupting its radio and TV operations, and other devices?
2. What was the plane carrying, other than passengers, that disintegrated over the Pacific on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu?
3. How would your people react if a fleet of these ships were to land on a friendly mission? Would they accept us on friendly terms?"

I assured them that I would do my best to get the answers for them, and asked them to what address I should send the information.

Mr. X smiled and said, "We will contact you again."

And with that I had to be content, but at least I knew that I would be seeing them again. I could look forward to some new and interesting times. Then I remembered . . .

"But I may be in California by the time I get all the answers," I said.

"It makes no difference," said Mr. X. "We can pick you up at any time, in any place."

"How did you know I was driving along that country road back there?" I asked in amazement. . . . or do you just pick up anyone who happens to be nearby?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. X. "We tune in to individual brain impulses, and we can pick up anyone we wish, wherever he may be."

I thought of the places I had been during those difficult days after I first saw their ship. I started to tell Mr. X about it and he said, "Yes we were aware of the circumstances, and we were standing by. If they hadn't released you from the hospital by a certain time, we would have made ourselves known by putting on a mass demonstration over Kearney."

How I had wished for something like that at the time of my trouble with the authorities! But, evidently, that had not been the right time for such a display.

During the course of our discussion, my friends told me that they were from the planet Saturn! I thought of the rings around it, as it is pictured in our astronomy books, and I tried to imagine these people at home . . . such a long way from us. I could have questioned and listened endlessly, but presently Mr. X said that their visit at that time could be



only a brief one, and that they would then return me to the place where I had left my car.

The whole thing had taken about forty-five minutes. As I disembarked from the ship, he said, "Be sure to have your battery checked, Reinhold. We have stopped your car twice now, and if we stop it a third time your battery will go dead." After each time that I was stopped, the battery had boiled dry. It was a twelve-volt battery and was then about a year old. The black top coating had holes blown in it from the excess pressure when they stopped the car. The second time, one of the filler knobs was blown off and lost.

We parted with friendly goodbyes, and they reminded me that they would see me again. Another meeting to look forward to!

### A LESSON LEARNED

This time I did not report my contact to anyone in Kearney. Instead, I tried to get in touch with Major Wayne Aho in Washington, D.C., with whom there had been some telephone conversations and correspondence, as a result of my first experience. Major Aho was out of town. However, I finally reached him a few days later in Detroit, where he was lecturing on a tour of the middle west. We arranged to meet in Davenport, Iowa, on February 17th.

The day after our meeting I told my experience to a public audience for the first time. Then Major Aho asked me to join him for the rest of his tour so that I could tell more people of my experiences.

### A SHOW IN THE SKY

On March 5th and 6th, Major Aho, John Otto and I were scheduled to lecture in Kearney.

On the evening of the 5th, a radio announcer with whom we had visited earlier, called us at the hotel.

"Don't quote me," he said, "but there's something you should see in the western sky above the Sun."

We dashed to the west window. There above the setting sun was what appeared to be a large white star, but it was neither the time nor the position for such a star! About five minutes later, another object appeared to the left of the "star." It was round and dark. Presently the bottom of it began to glow an orange color, and it became brighter as we watched. Then it moved and dipped, and we could see a dome-like structure. Soon the orange color changed to red and became quite brilliant before it faded out entirely, and the object became invisible.

A few minutes later, the white object changed to orange, then to blue . . . and then gradually faded from sight.

All three of us witnessed this unusual display. You can imagine how

excited we were, and we felt that this was definitely a confirmation of our activities right there in Kearney . . . and just minutes before we were to speak on that very subject!

Suddenly, someone said, "There's a jet over on the right!"

But a moment later, there was neither an object nor a vapor trail to be seen. Just then, another "jet" appeared on the left side of the sky. But, as we watched, we realized that it was not a jet at all. It was a gray, cigar-shaped object with a blinking red light in its nose. Instead of a vapor trail, it had a bushy tail of scintillating light which moved right along with it. It moved clear across the sky and disappeared in the distance on the right. It was then 7:19 p.m.

With a start we suddenly realized that we had just barely enough time to get to the lecture hall by 7:45. We left in a glow of excitement, and we were sure that the wonderful sighting must have been meant just for us!

Later on that evening a salesman who had attended the lecture told us that he had seen part of the space display as he had entered the hotel. He said that, in the dining room, "the show" had been the main topic of conversation. A man who was sharing his table had remarked, "Well, there's a lecture on Spaceships in town tonight. Wouldn't you know they would have some kind of gimmick!"

The salesman had replied, "That would be a good trick, but how in the world did they get them up so high?"

People have often asked me why there aren't more witnesses to a space ship landing? I have no pat answer, but I feel sure that there are often more witnesses than we may realize. It is certainly possible that others saw the same ship which I first saw, because there were hunters and construction workers in the vicinity. Maybe they were afraid to speak of what they saw. A Kearney radio announcer says he has a tape recording of two local business men who testified that they heard some unusual sounds while they were pheasant-hunting on the afternoon of my contact. They said they believed the sounds came from the ship. The announcer said, also, that he checked with Lowry Air Force Base and learned that there were no aircraft aloft on the afternoon of November 5th, between 1:00 and 6:00 p.m., because of low ceiling and hazardous flying conditions.

Another question which is frequently asked is why the occupants of the ship spoke German. Perhaps they knew that the inhabitants of Kearney, and most of Nebraska, are largely German settlers. I don't know. But I can tell you this: When my boss came to Kearney to see me after my release from the hospital, he brought with him a business associate from Mexico, a man who was very much interested in my experience. He told me that he had encountered a similar ship in Mexico. It, too, carried four men and two women. But they spoke to him in Spanish! We wondered whether it was the same ship and crew which

both of us saw.

Since that time I have learned that the Saturnians speak any language and, apparently, they use whatever tongue is understood by those whom they contact! I have not yet discovered their method of learning, but I feel sure that many fascinating and enlightening things are yet to be revealed.

## AN ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

Since my second meeting with Mr. X and his crew, I had been wondering through what channels I would find the answers to the three questions they asked of me. During my travels I had been reaching out to various sources in an attempt to find the answers when, on April 5th, 1958, I had my first success in that direction. You may remember that the second question referred to the plane that crashed over the Pacific on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu. My friends asked what the plane was carrying, other than passengers.

Two newspaper articles were sent to me from NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena) which pertained to the plane crash.

The first was a report from the Des Moines Register, dated November 9, 1957:

"A large Stratocruiser, enroute between San Francisco and Honolulu, is reported missing after having sighted mysterious blinking lights in the sky early this morning. The last position given by the plane was about 900-1000 miles northeast of Honolulu. A military transport flying near the area reported sighting similar mystery lights, blinking off and on, 120 miles north of the last reported position of the Stratocruiser after it had been reported missing. A full scale sea and air search is in operation with vain efforts to find the plane carrying a crew of four, and thirty-six passengers, in the event it might have plunged into the sea."

(NOTE: Later reports said 44 aboard.)

I wondered if the blinking lights might have been Spaceships and, if so, whether they could have caused an accident? Was that why my friends from the Spaceship wanted to know about the cargo?

The other article was from the Associated Press, published January 16, 1958, in the Omaha World Herald:

### Radio-Active Cargo Fell-Mystery of Plane's Crash Unsolved

"San Francisco, Cal. (A.P.)-The Pan American Stratocruiser,

Romance of the Skies, was carrying shipments of chemicals and "radio-active" materials when it crashed in the Pacific, killing all forty-four persons aboard, a Civil Aeronautics Board hearing was told Wednesday.

The huge airliner, bound from San Francisco to Honolulu, mysteriously plunged into the ocean about midway between two points last Nov. 8th.

Only nineteen bodies were recovered.

The first witness before the seven-man hearing panel was David L. Thompson, of CAB investigators, who has spent the last two months seeking clues from the wreckage.

Mr. Thompson said one thing certain was that the plane had burned after it struck the water.

He said the plane carried a shipment of "Yellow label sodium sulfite restricted cargo packed in accordance with ICC regulations."

"In addition," he said, "there was White Label radio-active material aboard the plane."

Mr. Thompson offered no solution to one of the prime mysteries of the tragedy-the riddle of why crewmen were unable to send a distress message in the twenty-three minutes from the time it last gave a position to the time it struck water."

I wasn't sure that this information would completely answer Mr. X's question, but it was as much as I was able to find out about it and, certainly, it gave me food for thought. Perhaps that was the purpose of the questions in the first place. As far as numbers one and three were concerned, they were questions which anyone could well ponder. I have thought a great deal about them. Also I talked with lots of people in the course of my work, and was able to get opinions from people in many walks of life. I hoped that, when Mr. X and I met again, the answers I had would be acceptable to him.

#### MR. X CALLS ON ME!

In the latter part of April, 1958, Major Aho, John Otto and I gave a lecture in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Afterwards, several of us went to the hotel coffee shop to continue our discussion while we had a bite to eat.

Suddenly I felt extremely hot, as if I were almost suffocating. I

excused myself and went outside for some air. My attention was immediately drawn to a black MG which was parked at the curb, and who should be sitting in it but Mr. X and one of the ladies from the Spaceship! After we greeted each other, Mr. X asked if I would like to take a little ride with them. I told him I would be delighted to and I got into the car.

We drove about six miles down the main highway, then turned off the pavement onto a dirt road. There ahead stood a big silver Spaceship! As we approached it, a beam of light shot out from it. Mr. X dropped his hands from the steering wheel, and the car was pulled up the ramp, via the beam, into the ship.

We didn't have a flight this time but, instead, remained aboard right there where the ship had landed.

For about two hours we talked. Mr. X very graciously accepted the answers I gave him to the questions he had asked. We discussed many things, including some information which I do not yet have permission to reveal publicly. However, I want to mention this contact as a matter of record, and I look forward to the time when I will be allowed to explain the reason for their visit at that particular time.

### ... TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Part of June, 1958 I spend buying grain in Nebraska and Colorado. While I was in Denver, Mr. X contacted me again. He asked me if I would like to join him and the rest of the crew in a flight to the Arctic Circle, sometime in August. Would I LIKE to! I would even skip my work for awhile in order to go! When I asked why they had chosen the Arctic Circle, he said,

"Let's just say it's for an educational purpose."

The thought was fascinating and I looked forward to the time with excited interest!

By the time August came along, my work had taken me to the West Coast. It would be no problem for my space friends to find me, since they could perceive my whereabouts at any time, merely by tuning in to my brain impulses.

I was living, for awhile, in an apartment in Hollywood, California.

On August 14th, there was a knock at my door. I opened it to find Mr. X, good as his word. I invited him in and we chatted for a few minutes.

Then he asked me if I could be ready by that evening to leave for the Arctic Circle. I told him that I would have to make a few 'phone calls and then I could meet him. He suggested that I drive to my rock quarry off Highway 6, about forty miles north of Mojave. (Incidentally, my Saturnian friends were instrumental in my getting into the quarry business. I have four quarries now, which they pointed out to me and helped me to acquire. They showed me how a valuable metal could be



MR. SCHMIDT HAS BEEN INTERVIEWED MANY TIMES. ONE OF HIS LATEST INTERROGATIONS WAS BEFORE THE MOVIE CAMERAS IN HOLLYWOOD.

extracted from the rocks of one of the quarries. This metal is similar to that which the Saturnians use in the construction of their Spaceships. When certain improvements in our social and economic systems have been made which will qualify us to associate with those people who have already learned how to work and live together in peace and friendship, then we of Earth will be able to use this metal in the construction of Spaceships in which we also can visit other planets.

The quarry is in a desolate area and, rather than leave my new 1958 Buick car there, I asked Mr. X if I should put it in a garage. But he said, "No, drive your car out there and we will take it aboard the ship."

I wondered if the weight of the car, about two tons, would be a problem, but he said that weight was not a problem for them.

After finishing my telephone business, I drove out to the quarry. The Spaceship was already there, and it was larger than any I had seen before. It appeared to be about 200 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 14 feet high. Except for its larger size, it looked just like the ship I had been aboard near Kearney.

There is a large galvanized steel tank, about 20 feet in diameter, at the edge of the quarry. It was put there by the government to supply water for deer and cattle, and is fed by a nearby spring. The Saturnians had drawn off half the water in the tank, about fourteen or fifteen barrels. They needed it for use in their ship.

The moment I arrived, the ramp at the fore end of the ship was lowered and I drove right up onto it. Then it was raised up and into the ship, and off we went! We left the quarry at 4:15 p.m.... destination, North Pole!

We stopped in Greenland for about thirty minutes, and twice . . . briefly . . . in Alaska, to check on some mineral deposits. At one time during the flight, I asked how fast the ship could go, and they said they could give me a "fast ride." For a few minutes, according to an instrument that looked like a speedometer, we went 40,000 miles per hour! Mr. X told me that the craft could go much faster, but that we would overshoot our destination if we went full speed at that time. There was no vibration at all, and I could tell by the changing appearance of the Earth below that we were really "up in the wild blue yonder!" The Earth looked a fuzzy blue-green, and was surrounded and almost obscured by rings of silvery haze, similar to those we see around the planet Saturn.

The Saturnian space craft was a versatile machine, as I was soon to discover. It could be used not only for space and atmospheric flight, but as a boat or a submarine, on or under the water.

In just one hour and twenty minutes we were over the Arctic Circle! Mr. X pointed out many things of interest. I saw a place where there had once been ice-caps over a thousand feet high. Today that area is water. This reversal was caused by the blasts of atomic bombs, which so changed the atmosphere that the great ice-caps began to melt. There have been many atmospheric changes in a relatively short time. Because of these changes some of our former vast frozen areas have now become warm and tropical. The Arctic has been extremely cold for thousands of years, but now it is beginning to thaw. Continued testing of the A- bombs could further upset our weather and even our planet's stability on its axis, which unless prevented, could lead to unimaginable destruction. When you have actually seen some of these changes for yourself, you realize

what is happening to the surface of the Earth, and what more could happen very soon, unless something is done to change the trend of man's folly. Looking down on that boundless and changing Arctic region was an awe-inspiring thought-provoking experience.

Presently we decelerated and came down lightly on the open water. Then we plunged straight down beneath the surface and descended to a depth of 350 feet, where we remained for about three hours. (I found out later that the reversible fans, one at each end of the ship, made the straight-angle plunge possible. The fans were about twelve feet in diameter.)

We saw two Russian submarines in the distance. They were mapping the ocean floor in order to build bases from which missiles could be fired to any part of the world, without sound or warning. Mr. X told me that our government knew all about it and had stationed three of our submarines in the area.

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From the Bulletin Board of the Navy Department  
at Long Beach, California

ROBERT S. ALLEN REPORTS . . . Jan. 14, 1959

WASHINGTON-The U.S. and Canadian navies have made a sensational sinister discovery.

Off both their Atlantic and Pacific coasts they have found imbedded on the ocean floor, up to depths of 1,000 feet, more than a score of large steel radioactive devices of unmistakable Russian make.

In some instances these extraordinary mechanisms were well within both the U.S. and Canadian three-mile limit.

Navy authorities are certain these devices are "Position Markers," to be used by Soviet submarines for launching nuclear-armed missile attacks against U.S. and Canadian coastal cities and other targets.

While only a relatively small number of these Russian mechanisms have so far been uncovered, both U.S. and Canadian officials are convinced "hundreds" more have been planted off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

It is estimated this has been done by the Soviet "fishing" and "research" vessels, freighters and submarines which have been repeatedly observed off these coasts in the past several years.

The grim menace presented by these Red undersea "Position Markers" is now under urgent consideration at the highest levels.

In view of the known large number of Russian missile submarines, at least 100, it is being pointed out in these strategy discussions that the submarine "Position Markers" constitute a greater immediate danger to



the U.S. and Canada than the Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles being developed by the Soviets.

For this reason it is very possible that finding and neutralizing these sinister Soviet submarine devices may become a top-priority naval task.

Made of special radioactive steel, the Red "Position Markers" emit high-energy rays which can be detected by instruments in submarines.

With these underwater devices, Soviet subs would be greatly assisted in launching nuclear missiles at particular targets without having to surface for that purpose.

Naval experts point out that a fractional error at the launching point of a missile could mean a wide miss at a target hundreds of miles away. But by using the radioactive markers, Red subs could readily determine their exact positions and be greatly facilitated in executing devastating missile attacks against cities and other targets on U.S. and Canadian coastal areas.

\* \* \*

Since my flight to the Arctic, the Navy Department has informed me that the Russian missile bases have been destroyed, and that Russia no longer wants an atomic war.

Mr. X said that the Space People would not have allowed the firing of the missiles, nor would they permit an atomic war to take place. He explained that they have ways of interfering with such plans, and that they do so only when other planets, and, indeed, the whole galaxy, would be endangered. Otherwise they do not believe in meddling with the will of the Earth people. They do not wish to see us destroy ourselves, he said, but the will to change from our senseless games of war and destruction must come from our own people. It saddens them, he added, to see some of the things that occur here on our beautiful planet but, because they abide by Universal Laws, they cannot and will not interfere with our free will, unless, in our foolishness, we also jeopardize other worlds.

The Saturnians said that they were using a device to decrease the amount of radiation in our atmosphere from atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions. The mechanism is dropped from a high altitude, and it not only works to purify the air but it helps to nullify the action of the bombs themselves. You may have seen one of these objects. They have often been referred to as "green fire-balls."

But here in the depths of the cold Arctic waters I was more concerned at the moment with icebergs floating over us. They looked like big white clouds, and they seemed to be drifting just under the surface of the water. Of course, it is generally known that seven-eighths of an iceberg are under water, so that it is a very small part that is seen above the surface. There were constant loud crashes as the thawing ice bulged, cracked, and broke open under the tremendous pressure.

Finally, we pulled away from the massive frozen chunks overhead, and surfaced. We moved to a place on an ice-cap where we saw all around us the thawing bodies of animals which had been frozen in the ice for probably thousands of years! I recognized polar bears and walrus, and some prehistoric animals which I had never even seen pictured! Apparently some of the native Eskimos had been slicing off the well preserved meat.

There was also evidence nearby of some type of city or dwelling area, because we could see houses and other buildings which had been completely frozen in the ice.

Presently, one of the ladies said, "We know that you Americans like coffee, and we have come prepared to give you some." I thought maybe they had brought a thermos of it, and I told her I would enjoy a cup. She picked up what looked like a percolator and put water and coffee into it. I noticed that she used an American brand, MJB.

She set the percolator on a table, and I expected her to either plug it in somewhere or to put it on a hot plate, but she did neither. In a matter of moments I could smell the coffee perking merrily! I asked the lady what made it work. She answered, "It is the same power and energy . . . free energy . . . that propels the ship. It can be channeled in any way, from flying a Spaceship to making coffee!"

She said that I could touch the percolator without burning myself, and it was true. Also, when I lifted it up it continued to percolate. My friend said that it would go on doing so even if a piece of ice were put in it! I asked if I could take it home to show my people what free energy could do. She said that I couldn't have that one, but that they would bring me another one from their planet sometime. The coffee was very good and tasted just like what we make here.

I was aboard the Saturnian ship from August 14th through the 18th. During that time I ate only a few small wafers supplied by the Space People. Each wafer was about as big around as an Alka Seltzer tablet, but twice as thick. They were very pleasant to taste. One day I ate three of them to see how much food value was in them. I felt no hunger or fatigue all day.

Whenever I mention the wafers during my lectures, there are always a few ladies who ask me about them afterwards. They seem to think the wafers would be the ideal answer to their diet, cooking and dishwashing problems!

While we slept, the ship hovered in space about six or seven miles above the Earth. I asked if there was not some danger of collision with another Spaceship or a meteorite. They assured me that there was no danger, since they were always on automatic pilot. If another ship came within range of us, it would automatically steer clear and the protective magnetic field generated around the ship would repel any meteorites or other cosmic debris.

The bed I used was much like my own, with the usual mattress, sheets, pillows and blankets. The ship was always comfortably warm and it remained at a constant temperature. It was always pleasantly light inside, too, but the light seemed to come from the walls of the ship rather than from any single source or fixture.

I recalled that, when we were submerged, the glow from the ship projected for at least three or four-hundred feet.

Finally, Mr. X said that it was time to return to the rock quarry near Bakersfield, and shortly we sped off in the direction of home.

In a little while we landed back at the quarry. I thanked my friends for an unforgettable journey and they assured me that we would meet again in the near future.

I drove my car down the ramp, then up Highway 6, and back into the everyday affairs of life in the city.

After such an experience, it was difficult to bring my thoughts back to mundane living, but of course I had to be realistic. The scope of the Saturnian way of life had struck me forcibly, and I could only wonder if somehow, someday, such a way of thinking and living could not also be enjoyed by the people of Earth.

## THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND FUTURE

It was not until January 24th, 1960 that I was again contacted by Mr. X at the Padre Hotel in Bakersfield. He came to my room for a short visit. Then he told me to drive about four miles east of Bakersfield on Highway 466, which is only a two-lane road.

I left Bakersfield at 9 a.m. On 466 there is occasional heavy traffic but, at the time I was there, no one else was around.

I was just cruising along at about 40 miles per hour, when the car suddenly left the road and went up into the air! My '58 Buick and I were lifted up bodily. As we started to get higher the Space People evidently blanked out my mind to protect me if I should panic as a result of such a startling experience. The next thing I knew I was opening the door of my car and stepping out to be greeted by my space friends inside the Spaceship. I had expected to see the ship hovering as usual, somewhere near the road, and to either park my car or to drive onto the ramp, as I had done before.

Perhaps my previous experiences were a preparation for this contact. As you remember, the first time they let me walk into the ship. The second time I drove up the ramp. The next time, in Tulsa, I rode with Mr. X in his MG and, as we approached the ship, he took his hands off the steering wheel and we seemed to be guided by a beam of light right into the ship.

Now, in my fourth contact, some force had lifted my car and me, in a unit, right off the highway and into the ship! It was the same ship in

which I had previously journeyed to the Arctic Circle.

This time we took off in the direction of Montana. As we approached that state, I saw an enormous object up ahead. Mr. X told me that it was what they called a Mother ship, since it could house many smaller craft of the 200-foot-long type on its hangar deck. He explained that the mother ships performed a function in space similar to that of our own aircraft carriers on the surface of the water.

As we neared the Mother ship, an opening appeared in its side and we glided smoothly in. The size of the hangar deck was tremendous! It could have held dozens of the smaller craft, as well as hundreds of people, with room to spare! But the Space People tell of some of their other ships which are even larger than this one-of ships that are several miles in length.

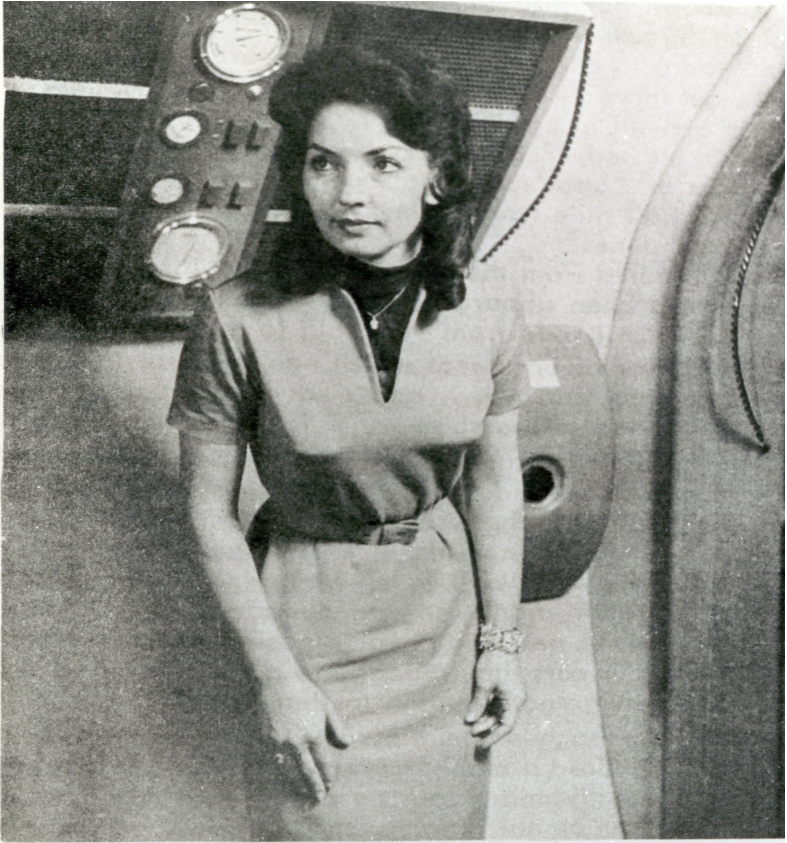
There were twenty-five or thirty people working and walking about the deck and they were dressed much like the average person on our streets. We were greeted cordially, but I am sure that the spoken words were just for my benefit. The Saturnians normally do not need to speak to each other verbally, (although they do occasionally), because they communicate by telepathy. It is interesting to watch the changes in their expressions as they do so.

Mr. X's crew walked around the deck and mingled with the others. I had been told the names of the crew, as well as Mr. X's, but was asked not to reveal them. The reason was that "Sometime you may meet one of our other contactees and, if he mentions our names you will then know that he, or she, is a true contactee and has spoken with us, who are from the planet Saturn." That seemed reasonable, and I have kept the secret.

One of the first things I noticed when I got aboard was a row of missiles on display, some of them partially burned up. Perhaps you, too, have wondered what ever became of some of the U.S. and Russian missiles that have been sent up and which were never finally accounted for. Well, I found out! The Space People had taken some aboard their ship when it was obvious that otherwise they would be completely burned up by re-entry into the dense layers of our atmosphere.

There was a globe-shaped object on board about the size of a 21 inch TV set. It was a stationary glass sphere, and within it revolved another globe. It turned slowly and on it were moving pictures showing the history of our Earth.

I was fascinated as it went back in time, thousands of years ago, to the period when the Earth was torn by terrific volcanic action. There, from out of the past, pictured on this amazing viewscreen, were scenes where the oceans were literally forced out of their beds to form great destructive tidal waves. There were pictured prehistoric animals being covered by volcanic lava! Shattering earthquakes were causing a molten



THIS YOUNG LADY LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE ONE OF THE CREW MEMBERS, WHO BY ANY STANDARD IN OUR SOCIETY, IS A TOP SCIENTIST. MR. SCHMIDT NOTICED THE HEAVY INSTRUMENTATION IN THE SPACE CRAFT. 'MR. X' TOLD HIM THAT HIS CREW, THROUGH THE USE OF THIS CRAFT, WERE STUDYING MANY PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL ASPECTS OF OUR PLANET THAT ARE UNKNOWN TO OUR CIVILIZATION.

upheaval as matter spewed forth from the very depths of the Earth! Here was I, in the twentieth century, seeing the terrible destruction of our Earth in what had once been, to me, a very dim past, but which was now so vividly alive!

Slowly the pictures took us through the old civilizations and through the awful wars of earlier times, and then into the battles and the changes of today. We were shown the quarrels in which our nations are presently

engaged. How petty and futile they seemed. Then the devastating atomic blasts were relived, and there, in sickening evidence, was shown the appalling damage that had been done to human life, as well as to the plant and animal life in many parts of the world.

It saddened me deeply to see the ordeals which our little Earth had survived, and I knew that she could not withstand much more.

Then, before me passed the pictures of what could be our glorious future. Planes flew without wings, motors or gasoline. All needs for power were met by utilization of the free-energy which my Saturnian friends had demonstrated to me. I saw a city where no cars or buses traveled the streets, and the people walked wherever they wished, in safety. "Automobiles" without wheels floated above tree tops and buildings. There were landing areas on the tops of the buildings, from which the people descended to the street level.

An atmosphere of unity, order, and tranquility pervaded every scene. How wonderful to live in such a world! If ours could only be that way ....

Soon Mr. X and his crew were ready to leave, and we got into the little ship. As we left the Mother ship, we seemed to float right out into space, with no sensation of direction, as we feel it in our planes. I was never strapped in at any time, and there were no safety belts. In spite of speeds that seem fantastic to Earthlings, there was never any feeling of motion while aboard the ship. It was far more gentle traveling than it is in our finest cars, or even in our newest jet flights!

I told you before of the pleasant glow of light which is always present within the ship. Yet there is an awareness of day and night because you can see the change through the walls of the ship. When it is dark, the stars are visible. In the daytime the "sky" looks blue whether you are several miles up or close to the Earth.

Sometimes, at lower altitudes, we could clearly see the water and land areas of Earth. But when we reached the lofty heights that we did on that trip, distinguishing features of the earthly terrain below were not discernible, and all terrestrial color faded into a neutral gray.

Curiously enough, the sun's rays never seemed to penetrate the walls of the craft. At least, the temperature always remained the same and was completely comfortable.

Before long we landed near Bakersfield. This extraordinary trip had taken about seven hours. In all that time I had eaten nothing and, yet, I was not hungry at all.

I parted rather wistfully from my friends this time. There had been so much to stir my thoughts that it was even more difficult than usual to face the idea of confronting the everyday environment. Our space friends can show us the way to a new and wonderful world, but they said that it is up to us to bring it about. There is so much to be done, and due to the present crisis on earth which affects the welfare of all our people, not a moment should be wasted in applying the solutions to our problems

which have now been given to us. The Space Age is here NOW; the great change has already begun ....

## THE SECRET BENEATH THE PYRAMID

Numerous books and documents have been written about the Pyramids of Egypt, particularly of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh and the Inscrutable Sphinx, which has kept its secrets down through the centuries. But at last the silence has been broken, and what is perhaps the greatest of its mysteries has been disclosed by a visitor from the planet Saturn . . . to me, a humble Earth man, whose duty it is to share with you a revelation of overwhelming significance.

In his recent book, "Secret Places of the Lion" George Hunt Williamson, American anthropologist and scientist of the New Age said:

"The builders of the Great Pyramid buried one of their great space ships near the structure . . . It will be revealed-no doubt within a comparatively short time-that there are many secret chambers within the Great Pyramid, and that its true entrance lies under the silent object that is like a lion, and yet like a man . . . the Sphinx! It will not remain silent much longer ....

I have wondered if, when Dr. Williamson wrote his book, (which is highly recommended), he knew just how soon a revelation would take place? For on February 9, 1960, this proof became a reality when I was again privileged to go in a Spaceship with the Saturnians, to Egypt to see for myself what lay beneath the Great Pyramid!

After the experience in the Mother ship over Montana, Mr. X had told me that we might go to Egypt in the near future. I don't know how they plan their contacts or on what they base their decisions as to where they will go. I can only be grateful that I have been privileged to be contacted at all. It makes me feel humble, to say the least, and most eager to do what I can to bring the messages of the Saturnians to my fellow Earth brothers. Each new contact and subsequent visit aboard their craft has been a greater step in learning, not only about ourselves here on Earth, but about Universal Laws and the wonderful way of life that is possible when they are applied. I had also soon realized that Mr. X was no ordinary man, but nothing had prepared me for what I was soon to discover!

## ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE

At 9 a.m. on that memorable February 9th there was a knock at my door. It was Mr. X. I asked him in and we talked for a while. Then he said they were ready to go to Egypt and he told me where to meet him

and the crew. Then he left, and I got ready to leave.

In a very short time I got into my car and drove out Highway 466 toward the Tehachapi Mountains. After a few minutes I saw the ship ahead, hovering beside the road, with the ramp down. I drove right up the ramp and into the ship. As before, there were no other cars in sight on the highway. I have learned that circumstances can be controlled by our space friends, and if they don't want to be seen, they won't be! Also, the force-field around the ship can make it invisible by bending light around it.

The ship was the same 200-foot model that I have ridden in before. The main area was probably sixty to seventy feet long and had two rooms at each end for sleeping quarters and for storage space. Their MG and my Buick were parked in the storage compartments. The furniture was similar to what we use in our homes. There were several chairs and davenportes, and a large desk. Just for fun I tried to move a couple of the chairs, but I couldn't budge them. They were not bolted or welded to the floor, but I didn't find out what held them down.

The crew members, the same as on my previous ventures, worked with various instruments. The two ladies sat at the large desk at one end of the ship, intently watching the tubes of colored liquid. (The women were the pilots.) The radar screens showed any approaching object, whether the ship was on the ground or in flight.

The men were usually busy watching the large instrument panel. Sometimes they stayed in their living quarters. I also had a room assigned to me for sleeping.

It was quiet, though pleasant, being with these people. They did not converse a great deal. They knew my thoughts and usually anticipated my questions before I could ask them.

Although our present destination was Egypt, we did not go directly there. We made several stops in northern Alaska to check on some new mineral deposits. We were not more than twenty minutes or so in each place.

We arrived in Egypt about 12 noon of the same day we had started, (February 9th). The ship landed on the outskirts of Cairo, somewhat east of the Pyramids and about a half mile from them, and nestled down among the sand dunes.

We traveled from the ship to the Pyramids in the MG which had been aboard. It might have been the same one in which I rode from Tulsa out to the waiting ship. It had a kind of back seat which one lady sat in, while the other one and Mr. X and I sat in front. The other men remained in the ship.

Many people have asked me why the Saturnians used one of our Earth-made cars. Mr. X explained that their vehicles could not be used here on Earth for, being wheelless, they do not travel along the ground; they hover and fly. I couldn't help wondering if our means of



transportation didn't seem as outmoded to the Space People as horse and buggy carriages do to us! At least by driving our cars they manage to get around and not to attract unwanted attention to themselves.

When we reached the parking area near the Great Pyramid, I noticed a number of small foreign cars. There were, apparently, many tourists visiting that day. I don't know whether or not there is an admission fee. If any of my friends paid, I didn't notice. I was too busy being impressed with this great "Wonder of the World," which covers more than thirteen acres. Each baseline of the Pyramid is 750 feet long, and it is 480 feet high. It is constructed of huge yellow limestone blocks, each weighing 54 tons!

The engineering world has long puzzled over the question of how those huge blocks were cut so precisely and lifted and put into place, and I marvelled at how smoothly they still fitted together, after all these centuries! Our scientists have already begun to suspect that this great edifice was built through the application of higher laws than any we have heretofore known.

Mr. X verified these findings when he told me that the stones were lifted by the use of Universal Laws and by the forces of nature, which can even cause iron to float. Obviously the ancients could make use of these laws to neutralize gravity and thus render the stones weightless. The Great Pyramids, then, were built by levitation of the stones!

We had only just arrived but, already, my mind was buzzing with fascinating new thoughts.

I saw that tours for visitors were being conducted through the Pyramid, but we did not join these groups. Instead we went off in a different direction, and shortly I realized that we were alone. We went down through many subterranean corridors and made several turns as we walked along. In one corridor I noticed off-shoot passages leading into it, but we passed them by. I am six feet, two inches tall, and some of the passages were low enough that it was necessary to stoop in order to get through. There were signs about, warning people to watch out for low ceilings.

As we followed Mr. X, he seemed to have a specific destination in mind, rather than taking us merely on a sight-seeing tour. I was absorbed in my thoughts, but no amount of imagination on my part could have prepared me for the startling revelation which was soon to confront us! I don't know whether or not the ladies knew what we were going to see, but I suspect they did.

Presently Mr. X pulled out a small pencil-like light and flashed it against a section of blank wall in the corridor. Imagine my surprise when a heavy stone door, about three feet thick, opened gradually, just enough to let us pass through. Before it opened its outlines had not been perceptible at all.

As we passed through the secret door and it closed slowly behind us,

we entered a corridor about seven feet high and five feet wide. It was very dark and I saw no signs at all. As we started to walk two abreast down the corridor (approximately 60 feet long), Mr. X flashed his light into the darkness and a room at the end gradually filled with light. Later I recalled that there had been no odor of mustiness, which one might usually expect in a room which had been closed for a long time.

Then Mr. X made a statement which completely dumbfounded me. He said that this was the first time the secret door had been opened for over two-thousand years, and that he, Mr. X, had been the last person to close it! I was faced with the staggering thought that he was over two thousand years old! I must have-stared hard at him. It was difficult for me to comprehend. He seemed to be no more than forty or forty-five.

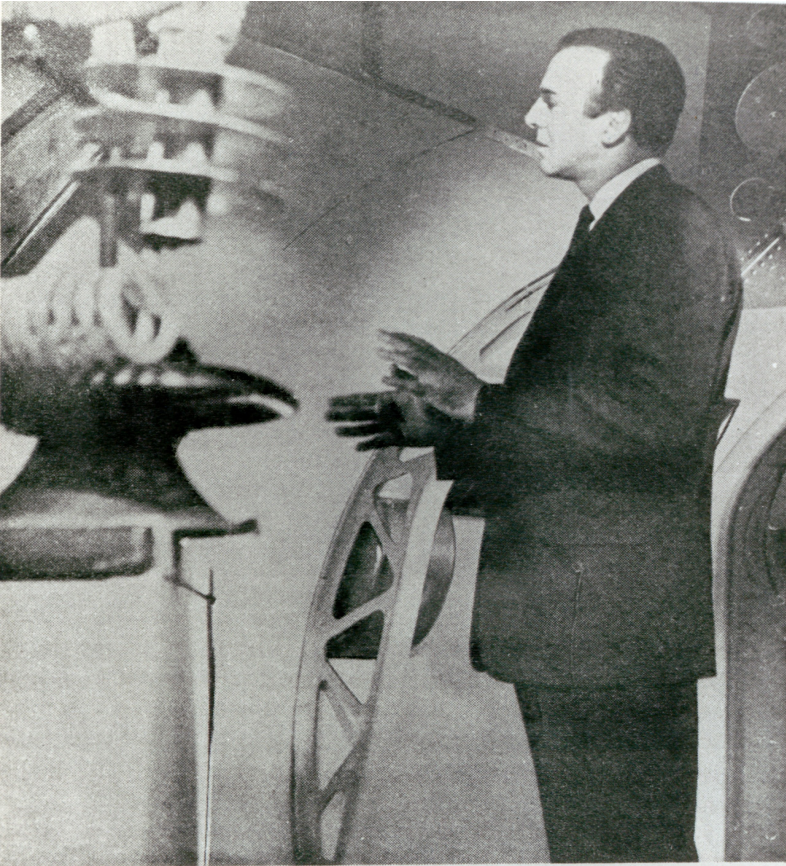
I really don't know how to describe the feelings that overcame me. I was completely awake and more alert and aware than I have ever been in my life, and I knew that this was a true experience! To say that I felt awe in the presence of this simple man, who was so wise, so powerful and yet so unassuming a being . . . is indeed an understatement. I do not yet know why he revealed to an ordinary Earth man a secret that has been hidden from the world since the crucifixion of Jesus.

With an effort I forced my mind to dwell on our present surroundings. It was then I realized that we stood in a triangular room, and before us was the smallest Spaceship I had yet seen. It was circular and about 60 feet in diameter. It could best be described as looking like two saucer-shaped metal plates welded together at the outer rims. It was similar in shape to many which have been reportedly seen by Earth people, although most of the sightings have been of larger craft. There was a door on the curve of the lower plate with two steps leading into the ship. We entered, and again I was stunned at what I saw.

There stood a huge wooden cross of what looked like dark red wood. The heavy pieces dovetailed into each other and were held together with wooden spikes. In the end of each crosspiece was a spike hole, and down low on the main beam was a footrest, in which there were also spike holes. I was overwhelmed with the significance of what had happened on that cross, such a long time ago. I was thoroughly shaken . . . and feelings of horror and pity swept over me.

On a table nearby I saw a pair of sandals and a robe, which was an eggshell white, linen-like material. I winced as I saw a crown of thorns beside it. My friends did not need to explain to me Who had worn those garments. I felt heavy with sadness at the thought of man's savagery which had taken so many forms through the ages, and which, unfortunately, is still rampant.

The circular room of the ship had a desk in the center, with what looked like control panels on one side. There were also several chairs and a small davenport, all of an antique style. One large chair, plain wood without upholstering, had arms and a high back. Mr. X told me that Jesus



'MR. X', THE CREW CAPTAIN OR LEADER AMAZED MR. SCHMIDT BY SPEAKING TO HIM IN EXCELLENT GERMAN AND ENGLISH. HOWEVER, MOST OF THE 'CONVERSATIONS' WERE CONDUCTED BY 'TELEPATHY'. MANY TIMES 'MR. X' WOULD ANSWER A QUESTION THAT MR. SCHMIDT HAD IN HIS MIND BEFORE HE COULD FORM IT INTO WORDS.

sat in that chair when He was taken to His home planet in that very Spaceship!

Resting on dark wood tables were several circular stone bowls which were filled with precious stones of different sizes and shapes. There were diamonds as big around as quarters! For a moment I thought how I'd like to have a handful. Mr. X immediately read my thought and remarked, "They would only bring you trouble." Then he told me that the jewels had

been the gifts of the Wise Men.

There were bolts of beautiful silks and linens, along with objects made of gold, silver, copper and onyx. I noticed some long staffs, also, like the ones which are used by shepherds as they tend sheep. Mr. X said that all of these things will some day be on display for all the people of Earth to see.

He went on to explain that "Jesus left the Earth in a Spaceship, the very one in which you now stand. He did ascend into the clouds, as people claimed He did, and as has been done by many others who understood the Laws of Levitation and Anti-gravity. The Spaceships of old were able, as are those of today, to condense the moisture in the atmosphere so as to form clouds around them which would obscure them from view. This was the case with the ship which Jesus entered and which then transported Him to the planet Venus."

Then, as he continued, I was again startled at the disclosure that Mr. X was the man who had accompanied Jesus in the ship on His home flight! Then Mr. X had returned the ship to Earth, to be placed in that tomb until the time when people would be ready to accept its astounding significance. That will be when more minds are attuned to Universal Laws and Truths, which will automatically relegate many false legends and ideas to the dark ages.

In the northeast corner of the little ship stood a desk on which there were thirty-two tablets of a heavy-quality paper, rather dark in color. It looked like papyrus, the parchment paper used by the people of olden times to record important data. They were about eighteen inches across, when open. I had expected to see some ancient language or symbols recorded on these parchments, but imagine my surprise when I found the events of the past, present, and future there described in modern day English, in black ink and written in a beautiful longhand. As I leafed through them, I noticed that the pages seemed to be sewn together. Strangely enough, the records were not musty or even dusty, yet the room was not a vacuum. We could breathe easily, although there was no indication of a source of air.

The tablets told of events of the past from the beginning of the world to 1958. From 1958, they stated, there would be development of an unusual nature in many ways, until 1998. That period would be a "preparation for the coming of the Master." The end of this present Earth cycle, it was indicated, will be 1998.

Mr. X went on to tell us that there were other records buried in different underground areas that have never yet been revealed, and which pertain to the time beyond 1998. I learned, also, that there was another door leading from the room in which the Spaceship stood, but Mr. X didn't say when it would be opened . . . or by whom.

We had been inside the Spaceship for about two hours when my friends asked me if I wanted to make any more notes. (Fortunately, Mr. X

had suggested that I might want to bring along some note paper, and how right he was!) I had made numerous notes and I replied that I thought I had taken down everything I needed to, and Mr. X said, "Alright, we'll leave then."

When we stepped out of the small ship, we stood again on the crackless stone floor, surrounded by the white limestone walls. I took a last look about me and, in doing so, I noticed that the ceiling was curved, rather than flat. Coming again to the end of the corridor, Mr. X flashed his little "pencil-light" toward the wall and the huge door opened again for us. As we went through into the corridor beyond, I looked back just in time to see the light within the Spaceship go softly out. The whole room was again in darkness as the great secret door closed behind us.

When we reached the surface again, we blinked for a few moments in the bright desert sun. The shadows were deepening, and my mind and heart were full. I didn't feel like talking and, fortunately, my companions understood. We got into the MG and, with a lingering look at the imposing structure arising from the sand, we drove back to the waiting Spaceship among the dunes.

#### HOME, BY WAY OF RUSSIA

Our homeward route took us over the Soviet Union, where I found out what the Saturnians had meant when they had said earlier that they would interfere, if necessary, with our continued use of atomic bombs. At the time I had remarked that the Earth people are quite stubborn, and asked how they would be able to stop them? They replied that they might have to do the same thing that was necessary with Russia: "just slap one back in your face!"

Now I could see most graphically what they meant. I saw a bomb devastated area in Siberia. It was a hideous black scar several hundred miles long. There was absolutely nothing left in that desolate waste to indicate that there had recently been human and animal life there .... Not a trace remained of former homes and other buildings, nor of trees, birds and flowers. This, then, was what had happened when one of Russia's bombs fell back on her own territory. Heaven forbid that we should bring such disaster upon ourselves!

There was nothing in the papers about that colossal catastrophe, but it was shortly after it happened that we quit testing A-bombs. According to the Space People, Russia had invited representation of all governments to inspect this devastated area. They also told me that if any country tries to use an A-bomb, it will fall back on the territory from which it is sent.

We passed over the Arctic Circle again, but this time we didn't land. On my first trip there, I had learned that the Earth was tilted at a dangerous twelve degrees off its normal position, and that there was a grave possibility that it might shift on its axis. But recently, I had been

told that it had moved back to six degrees off center, and the danger had been averted. Believe me, I breathed a sigh of relief!

We were tracked by jets both on our flight to Egypt and on the return trip. We saw them on the radar scope and the view screen in the ship, and we heard many reports about the "mysterious missile," which was really the ship in which I was riding! On our way back as we hovered over Washington, D.C., we monitored the local newscasts which were also talking about the "mysterious missile."

Our trip to the Pyramids, over the Soviet Union and the Arctic Circle, and back to California took from the morning of February 9th to the late afternoon of the 11th!

As we landed again in the country-side where I had boarded the ship, I noticed that a couple of cars drove by on the highway, but they must not have seen us. At least they paid no attention to us.

It was difficult indeed, to convey my feelings to my friends. I was overwhelmed with the rare privilege which they had given me, and I felt most humble and grateful.

Then I got into my car and drove down the ramp and onto Angelus Crest Highway, north of Pasadena.

Now that I was literally "down to Earth" again, I had to give my attention to the lecture which I was scheduled to give that evening at 8 o'clock, at the Pasadena unit of the Understanding organization. Well, I really had some startling surprises for them this time!

As I mused over the events of the past two days, it occurred to me that my thinking had undergone some subtle changes in a very short space of time.

I was brought up in the orthodox Lutheran faith, whose teachings are much the same as those of many of the major religions. I had always had a questioning mind, and there were many things for which I had never found answers, from any source. After the enlightenment of this newest and most thrilling experience, I realized that some of the things which had puzzled me most were now clear to me. The explanations had been simple, logical and unassuming, and they seemed to have "clicked" with a deeper knowingness which had been dormant within me. True, I had been stunned at first, but there had been no mental struggle to understand or to accept. It was as though a great Light had been turned on and, though its brilliance had first blinded me, I was no longer in the darkness.

Probably many of you have heard and read about this New Age which we have entered. There are many others throughout this Earth who, like me, have learned about life and the beings on other planets from some of those very beings themselves. We now realize that the "heavenly" sort of life, which most of us have heard about since Sunday-school days, is not only possible but is actually in existence on many other planets. We have learned that Venus is said to be the most highly evolved and the most beautiful of all the planets in our solar system. We

also understand that our Earth has quite a way to go in evolving to what it could be!

Let me assure you that the Space People want only to see our eyes opened, so that we may help ourselves to bring about a "heavenly" existence on our own Earth, which is really a very beautiful planet.

I know that many of you have scoffed as you've read my message, and I can only agree that you are entitled to your opinion. But remember, my friends, that he who is wise does not ridicule or discredit, merely because he does not understand. He allows that "all things are possible."

The great Teacher, Jesus, said, "In my Father's house are many mansions . . ." No doubt He referred not only to the countless other planets, similar to ours in shape and substance, but to numberless other galaxies and solar systems . . . as well as to the infinite dimensions in consciousness, of which we have not yet even dreamed.

To you who accept these things, I say that there is much to be done. If you wish to be an active part of the establishing of an harmonious, peaceful and abundant life on our Earth for all people; your sincere desire will lead you to the right place to be of service.

My wonderful experiences are not over, for my Saturnian friends have promised me the greatest experience yet: a tour of the planets! On that occasion, they said, five other persons will be taken also, but I do not yet know who they will be.

There is much to look forward to, and I give you my solemn promise that I will faithfully bring to you the true messages from my space friends, as I receive them.

Meanwhile, let us all work together to make our Earth home a far better and happier place than it has ever been before.

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I had several meetings with the lady who gave me the literature of Reinhold Schmidt. Unfortunately I never met Mr. Schmidt. He had passed away many years earlier, but the lady and her husband were close associates of Mr., Schmidt and had first-hand information about everything that had happened. They knew I was writing this book. Yet, they never asked or received any reward for giving me this story. Their actions are identical to those of many other people, each of whom contributed a cornerstone toward the production of this book.

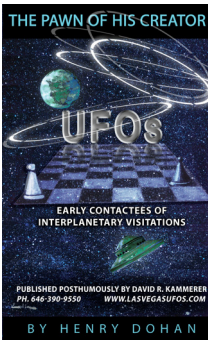
Time was running out for me. I only had a few more days left in the U.S. before I had to be back in Sydney. During those few days they invited me to their home twice. At the second meeting they told me about an event not contained in Mr. Schmidt's writings. It is unclear whether or not he was frightened to write about it or could not because of lack of time. They related to me the following incident: Mr. Schmidt was once taken to a meeting that the people of Saturn had with President Kennedy. They wanted Mr. Schmidt to be there as a witness. At the meeting they

asked President Kennedy to make a public announcement about the life that exists on all the planets around us. The President replied that he personally would very much like to do that but could not, because if he did they would certify him insane, and he would end up in the same place where he, Mr. Schmidt, had been.

The writings of Mr. Reinhold Schmidt constitute one more testimonial of evidence to prove the massive cover-up we have.



THE HISTORY OF EARTH



Strange and ancient legends say that it was about eighteen million years ago that along a magnetic path between Venus, Earth, and Mars came a huge shining radiant vessel of dazzling beauty that brought forth the first settlers to this the third planet from the Sun . . . and the legend says that the beings that came were more like gods than like men; they were archaic divine kings of a world government-and it is from them that the egotistic violent earthman has developed.

In Earth's vexed history of disasters many legends were left behind such as a South American legend concerning the destruction of the first civilization, probably that of Atlantis. There was a temple of mysteries, according to the legend; it was called the "House of the Flame," in which a priest scientist kept the secret of cosmic power. No one except an initiate was allowed to approach this house without suffering instant death.

Once, a young priest ventured into the forbidden house and, like a child playing with matches, unleashed the terrible power that was contained in great underground tunnels and vaults; flames burst out from beneath the Earth and destroyed nearly the whole country, which sank beneath the sea with its 60,000,000 inhabitants.

Another reference is contained in the Book of Dzyan: "Then the Fourth Race (Atlanteans) grew tall with pride. We are the kings, they said, we are the gods. They built temples for the human body. Male and female they worshipped (phallicism). Then the Third Eye acted no longer, man's knowledge reduced, the psychic organs ceased to function.

The first great waters came, they swallowed the seven great islands. All holy saved, the unholy destroyed. With them most of the huge animals (saurians) produced from the sweat of the Earth."

An ancient commentary in strange-moving language tells how air travel was well advanced in ancient times. According to this commentary the good rulers of Atlantis left the doomed continent by air after having

first removed the aircraft of the evildoers, whom they put into a hypnotic trance. When they woke up it was too late. The great flood was upon them and the terrible purification had begun.

The great king of the Dazzling Face was sad at seeing this. He sent his vimanas to all his brother kings with pious men, saying: "Prepare, arise ye men of the good law and cross the lands while yet dry. The Lords of the Storm are approaching. One night and two days only shall the Lords of the Dark Face (sorcerers) live on this patient land. She is doomed and they have to descend with her. The nether Lords of the Fires are preparing their fiery weapons. But the Lords of the Dark Eye are stronger than they are and versed in the highest magical knowledge. Come, use your own; let every adept cause the vimana of every Lord of the Dark Face to come into his hands lest any of those sorcerers by these means escape from the water, avoid the Rod of Karma and save his wicked people."

Overcome with grief, the great king wept. Yet even he wished the evil-doers to be spared pain. When the kings assembled, the waters had already moved, and the nations had crossed the dry lands and were beyond the water mark. The kings reached them in their vimanas and led them to the lands of fire and metal. When the Lords of the Dark Face awoke and looked for their vimanas to escape the waters, they found them gone.

Then came the catastrophe. For several years, say the Indian Puranas and the South American Popul Vuh, the stars, the Sun and the skies were hidden by volcanic clouds and there were violent storms. It seemed as if the end of the world had come, and the mighty adept rulers left in despair. One sentence in the old commentary rings out as if it were the death knell of a great civilization: "The Azure seats are empty. The Lords of the Dazzling Face have departed in wrath."

Their departure marked the end of an age and heralded the midpoint of our planet's cycle of evolution, and it was from then onwards that war, struggle and chaos were the order of the day, and according to the Hindus it is to continue for 300,000 years until the spiritual and higher mental forces regain full mastery over matter.

Until then those Azure thrones will remain empty; never again will we see a human being of the highest order ruling a tribe or nation on Earth or gaze upon his sun-aura or dazzling face, which is the visible unmistakable mark by which the adept are unveiled.

The Lords have departed, some with their peoples and keepers of the good laws. Others, we are told, left the planet Earth forever.

Among the Arabs is another old legend; this one is about the transportation of the great Egyptian stones: It said that beneath the stones they put sheets of papyrus on which certain things were written and then struck the stones with a rod, whereupon they moved through the air the distance of a bowshot. In this way they reached the point where the

pyramids now stand.

Adamski in his writings postulates that the papyrus might have been some insulating material to reduce the Earth's magnetic pull. The stones began to float through sonic powers or the personal vibration of someone, and striking the stones with a rod was only a way of applying that energy to the stones.

Many a reader may ask: Why, if they knew so much, did they disappear and with them this tremendous scientific knowledge? and the same question will be asked again in 10,000 years henceforth when the ruins of our own civilization will be found . . . and the answer is that they perished as all will perish whose personal power outstrips their wisdom..

According to the book of Oahspe the vimanas, the flying saucers of our ancestors, were propelled by music alone. This may well sound preposterous to us now living on this energy-starved planet, yet it was only a few years ago that our scientists discovered that atoms can be smashed and divided by ultra-high frequencies. Could it have been that on a lower order of energy at a lower frequency the energy contained in particles and molecules were freed?

The energy force to which I have made reference was known to the Atlanteans, I believe, under the name Mash-Mak, and to the Aryan Rishis in their Astra Vidya as the "Vril of Bulwer Lytton's," "The Coming Race." Yes, they mean the coming race after our civilization has gone. It is this force, according to many writings, which when aimed at an army from a fire chariot (saucer) would reduce to ashes a hundred thousand men and elements as easily as it would a dead rat.

In the Vishnu Purana, the Ramayana and other works we have the sage Kapila whose "glance made a mountain of ashes of King Sagara's 60,000 sons. I could go on enumerating many other works, such as the "Kapilaksha," in which this technology is referred to; and yet, there has been a man in our own civilization, a lonely unknown inventor by the name of John Worrell Keely, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the U.S.A., who rediscovered this lost power and gave it the name "Dynaspheric Force." It happened in the 1890s, and it seems that Keely had produced a 25 H.P. motor which began to turn every time he would play a certain tune on a violin. Keely had to do nothing else than play the tune once; the motor would begin to move, then accelerate faster and faster on its own till it nearly jumped from its mountings, and this would happen while he just looked at the motor. To stop it Keely had to do nothing else than just play a discord tune once; the motor would slow down, till eventually, on its own, it stopped. Keely aroused enough interest with his discovery that the wealthy Barnato Brothers sent Ricardo Seavas across the Atlantic and a Company was formed, "The Keely Motor Company." History shows it that the shareholders of the Company put a stooge into it to try to find out how Keely was doing it. For six months the men looked closely at Keely manipulating the stop lever that

turned the machine on and off. Then one day as they were setting up the machine together the man said to Keely, 'I know how you do it.' "Well, try it then," said Keely. The man tried and nothing happened; then Keely put his hand on the man as he tried again, and then it worked. What was needed was Keely's personal vibration to run through the man and then it worked. This is a science which is yet unknown to us today even in our more advanced stage of understanding; and just as well that it is, because if people in our present state of evolution were to tap the enormous resource of energy by which we are continuously surrounded and then use it in wars or for the destruction of human life in any way whatsoever, it would be the Pandora's Box for the perdition of our civilization.

Now think of what a disappointment Keely and his invention must have been to the power-crazed pillars of our society when they found out that it all depended on the personal frequency of one human being, in this case Keely. Well, Keely was not the only one. In the estate archives of Nikolai Tesla there is a reference to a somewhat big contraption yielding one light because of the pulsation's of our planet. Later on Lester Henderson of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania became a thorn in the side of our scientific establishment when he produced a motor that drove on the magnetic field of our planet, producing enough light for two 110-volt lamps. A certain Herr Doktor Hochstetter denounced Henderson as an irreverent fraud. Henderson, a battler, faded into obscurity, and the scientific pillars of our society remain as ignorant and untarnished as ever.

I sent a copy of this chapter to F.S. for evaluation, and as soon as I did that, two days later-"Coincidence," fate, call it what you like-it so happened that I met an elderly gentleman who had been a UFO investigator nearly all his life and in whose home I was privileged to see such a motor. This motor was based on the research of yet another man, Les Hendershot, who is prominently featured in the books of Charles Fort, as he is in the Book of the Damned, which features people like that, who are not understood by our society. The motor employs Nikolai Tesla's principles where the field to the primary is supplied by the Earth. There are two primaries, instead of one, opposed to each other; in the centre was a magneto high frequency switch and two transformers, also two capacitors instead of the leaden jars that Tesla once used. The contraption fascinated me, to say the least; there was only one thing wrong with it: it never worked while I was there. Said my friend to me, "I made it exactly to the specification of Hendershot and when I could not get it to work I called on Les and had him check it out. Les checked it out, stood over it, and said to the contraption, "You son of a bitch, why don't you go?" and as soon as he did that it began to work. Both my friend and I said the same famous words to the contraption, but for us it never worked.

My friend informed me that Les Hendershot became very

disenchanted over having to be present to make these things work. So much so that finally he committed suicide. I believe he died in 1962 and is buried at the Rosecrans Cemetery in Point Loma, San Diego.

As the foregoing proves, much literature is available to us over the disappearance of Atlantis, Mu, and Lemuria. However, much of what we have is ancient writing and scientific speculation about a very ancient event. From [Adamski](#) we have the following data: Atlantis was destroyed by the collapse of a huge gas bubble in the gas belt below the crust of our planet. The volcanic activity was triggered by the tilt or shift in plates, which form the crust of our planet. The gas escaped through vents in the plates and volcanoes. The clever Atlanteans left in time and resettled in Egypt and other parts of our planet, while the masses perished and many who wanted to get away simply could not as there were not enough ships to take them away. We know that they had two kinds of ships, sea-going and air-going, in the era of Atlantis.

If a cataclysmic disaster of any magnitude were to befall us today on our planet, we would be more vulnerable since our space capability right now is less than our Atlantean ancestors had so many years ago.

Lemuria and also Mu were destroyed by very similar events.

This information comes to us from the space-brothers via F.S. and Adamski.

Sources:

Writings of George Adamski. By permission, the G.A.F. Vista. CA USA.

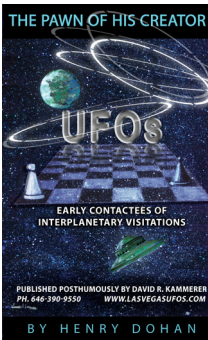
James Churchward, *The Cosmic Forces of Mu*.

Kingsland, *The great Pyramid in Fact and Theory*.

*The Secret Doctrin*, Vol. 3, Adyar Editon.

## Chapter 12

### NOAH'S ARK



The scriptures of the Old Testament record that a man by the name of Noah, who lived to the sprightly old age of 960 years, spent 120 years of his life warning people of the impending danger of a flood. He told people to build a certain type of boat, specifying what kind of tree to use in the construction of this boat and giving exact measurements to which this boat should be built. According to the scriptures the information came from God, in keeping with the practice in those days of presenting information from a space brother as being the word of God.

In 1985 I began to type the chapter on Noah's Ark. The telephone rang; it was Pastor John G. who today is Pastor in the Seventh Day Adventist Church at Valley Center, of all places. Valley Center was the town in which **George Adamski** lived for many years. Pastor John G informed me that his friend Ralph was in town and that he wanted to meet me. Now guess who Ralph is. Of all the people in the world, Ralph was the electrical engineer sent on an expedition to Mount Ararat to investigate the remains of a boat sticking out of the snow, a boat believed to be the historic biblical ark.

Ralph had not seen his Pastor friend for many years. He was living way up north and he just happened to drop in unannounced just as I was typing this chapter on Noah's Ark.

I hate to disappoint Ralph and many others, but that boat sticking out of the snow on Mount Ararat simply is not the boat on which all the animals and plants were carried. It could well be a boat dating back to that historic era, as many boats were in fact built upon the warnings of Noah and used for the saving of human lives; some of those boats were beached in South America when the flood waters receded. Can anyone imagine what a gargantuan job for an earthman it would have been to collect two of every species. No, our space brothers did it, and the Ark carrying the species for reproduction was a spaceship.

This information may not go down well with our Churches and Synagogues. But then, that Greatest Teacher of them all once said: "Religions are stopping man from knowing the truth."

Our Bible is usually close to the truth, except where spaceships and space life are concerned. It is recorded in the Bible that Noah had three sons: Ham, Sham, and Japeth. Ham means black in Hebrew, Sham white, and Japeth yellow.

Well, the truth is that black people were left in Africa, whites in the Middle East and Europe, and the yellow race in Asia. Now guess what kind of people they picked: In orbit around the planet Jupiter are many moons, some bigger in size than the Earth, and on those moons lived unruly brothers; well, they were the first settlers of our present civilization. I asked what about Australia with all its different plants and animals. The settlers from Australia also were unruly brothers, from another moon also orbiting Jupiter. They brought with them their own flora and fauna from their moon of origin. The animals were their pets.

The unruly brothers that were left here were given nothing, not even tools to see how they would evolve on their own.

This information coincides with other information I have. I remember once seeing a documentary movie about Great Mysteries of our World. In it was shown a human skeleton approximately 11,000 years old. In the skull of the skeleton were three holes, and nearby somewhat crude surgery tools were found. Brain surgeons were asked, and the findings of some surgeons was that they thought a brain surgery operation had taken place there. Interesting also were the comments of the brain surgeons; from the bone structure surrounding the holes in the skull they determined that the patient had survived the operation and had died some time later. Noteworthy is that the technology to perform brain surgery was known on Earth some 11,000 years ago, but they did not have the refined kind of surgical instruments we have today but had to use crude tools, which was apparently all they had.

Three observations are worth a mention.

- 1) As unruly as they are alleged to have been, they still had enough love and care for each other to perform a brain operation under the most trying of conditions in an endeavour to save a human life.
- 2) Unruly or not, there must have been a great surgeon amongst them.
- 3) The skeleton was as if it were a skeleton in the cupboard as it corroborates the story we were given to a T.

The twelve tribes of Israel also were unruly brothers and they originated from the twelve planets in our solar system (twelve, not nine).

Information contained so far in this chapter comes from an impeccable source, and it is in the context of history that it be recorded.

Just as I was beginning to write about the ark the telephone rang; it

was John the Pastor who suggested that I should meet Ralph who had made intensive studies on the subject. His books and papers even included a personal letter from a professor of Archaeology from Adelaide University in South Australia.

Carbon tests carried out to confirm the age of the boat certainly indicate that it came from that era. It also appears that someone, maybe Noah, had lived in and around that boat, and it was estimated by scientists that whoever he was, he was there for a period of about one year. Further down the mountain they found the remains of grape vines that someone had planted so many years ago. The inside of the boat was so full of silt that they only gained access to two rooms at the very top.

According to many scientists it is believed that the Earth before the flood was enshrouded in a thick layer of clouds similar to the fog you see now early in the morning in mountainous areas; rain was a kind of drizzle, and it is believed that the vegetation across the Earth must have been very abundant.

The U.S. Government built a battleship, the "Oregon," along the biblical measurements of the Ark. It was the job of Ralph to operate a sonar device to estimate the measurements of this boat under the snow and ice. The measurements of the boat are identical to the biblical measurements and also identical to the measurements of the "Oregon," and the "Oregon" is the most stable ship in the U.S. Fleet. It is not the fastest, nor is it the most maneuverable, but no matter how rough the sea is, or how many guns they fire all at once, the ship never rocks.

I believe that for 120 years before the flood occurred Noah preached to the people about the imminent danger. But no one listened. The people laughed and mocked Noah. Methuselah, who lived to a ripe old age of 964, was one of the few to help Noah in the construction of a boat. It is said of Methuselah that he died before the flood. Had the people listened, many more boats could have been built and many more lives would have been saved.

Like Noah, [George Adamski](#) was given many missions by the space brothers, one of which was to convince the people on Earth about the dangers of nuclear explosive devices. His mission was no different from the one Noah had some 11,000 years ago, and the result was exactly the same: Yes, they laughed.

Astronomers believe that it was due to a tilt in the axis of the Earth that the flood occurred-and when it did, water came from everywhere. I believe the people stopped laughing, but their realization came too late; there was no time left for them to get to higher ground.

Today we are again at the threshold of yet another such catastrophe. Our governments were warned and the people, who are kept oblivious to the danger by the deceit and denials from our governments, will be the ones to suffer unfairly because they had no voice to determine their fate.

It is because of this that books like this are written and lectures are



given in a hope that enough people across the Earth will get to know the truth in time to make demands upon their governments, so that their interests and that of their children are represented.



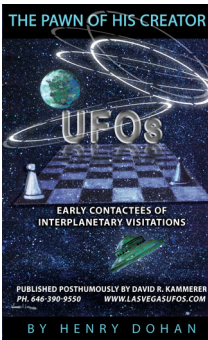
**Dr. Daniel W. Fry, Ph.D.**

*Dr. Fry holds a Ph.D. from St. Andrews College of London, England, his book, "Steps to the Stars," being the thesis upon which his doctorate was granted. Now a resident of Merlin, Oregon, Fry, who has been listed in "Who's Who of the West," since 1961, developed a number of parts for the guidance system of the Atlas missile while holding the position of Vice-President in Charge of Research at Crescent Engineering and Research Company of California. Prior to his association with Crescent Dr. Daniel W. Fry was employed by Aerojet General Corporation of White Sands Proving Grounds, New Mexico, where he was in charge of installation of instruments for missile control and guidance. He has been employed by the California Institute of Technology as a consultant.*

*Founder and National President of Understanding, Inc., he is well-known as a researcher and lecturer in the field of Unidentified Flying Objects. Understanding, is an international, non-profit organization dedicated to bringing about a greater degree of understanding among all of the people of Earth and preparing them for their eventual inevitable meetings with other races in space. He is the author of several books including "White Sands Incident" and "Atoms, Galaxies and Understanding".*

## Chapter 13

### UNDERSTANDING



Throughout the annals of our history are innumerable references to great minds who contributed each in their own way toward the evolution of our society. The contributions they made are very diverse. One such man is Dr. Daniel W. Fry, Ph.D. He founded groups all over the U.S., one of which was the Los Angeles group of Understanding where I was privileged to lecture on two occasions. Over the years the groups have conveyed government-suppressed information to thousands of people-and it is because of this that his name with those of many other contributors should go down in history as names to be remembered.

Dr. Fry, a highly qualified research scientist, was contacted by the space people. I believe it was at first a traumatic shock to him; like me, he found it extremely hard, at first, to believe it possible. However, once he was convinced that it was not a gag he spared no effort to help humanity.

The following is an extract of a speech he once gave.

#### MESSAGE TO MANKIND

#### OUR CIVILIZATION-ITS PROBLEM AND SOLUTION

Will the eternal dream of true Peace and Brotherhood among all the people of the world ever become a reality? The answer to this question will soon be known, for the next few years ahead are extremely critical ones, and depending on the actions of mankind during this time, we will either emerge as a civilization into a new Golden Age or pass into oblivion as a result of self-destruction. The following more specifically outlines the understanding of this great world problem and its solution.

Our civilization is facing a great problem, and during the last few years it has become a critical one. Its existence is not the fault of any

race, creed or political faction, but is purely the result of natural tendencies. It is an extremely simple problem, and like most simple things, its importance has been overlooked by-too many of our people. Also, like all simple problems, the solution is inherent in the complete understanding of the problem. In order to understand it thoroughly, it is necessary to state it in the simplest possible terms.

There are three types or branches of science that are necessary for the proper development of mankind: the Spiritual Science, the Social Science and the Physical or Material Science.

The spiritual and social sciences must come first. There can be no development of the material science unless there first exists a foundation of the spiritual and social sciences. You can prove this to yourself by considering the difference between man and the animals. The animal has no spiritual or social science and consequently has never developed a material science. A few of the insects such as the ant and the bee have developed a rudimentary form of social science to the extent that they are able to live together in large numbers, work together for the mutual welfare, and have a form of discipline that is common to all. As a result of this they also have developed a very limited material science, in that they do erect structures, and store food against a future time of need. The fact, however, that they have no spiritual science has proven an absolute bar to further development with the result that they have not advanced a single step in thousands of years.

Mankind, on the other hand, has, from the very beginning of his development, sensed the fact that there is a Supreme Power and Intelligence that pervades and controls all nature. Man's attitude toward this power has varied from fear and resentment, to reverence and love, but always he has had the desire to learn more of the nature of this power. Thus the spiritual science had its beginning in the very dawn of human intelligence. With the realization that man could improve the conditions of his life only by co-operation, came the first tribal gatherings that were the beginning of the social science.

From the foundation provided by these two sciences the superstructure of the material science began to emerge, and here begins the problem. The development of the material science, being constantly stimulated by the ever increasing needs and desires of the body, progresses normally according to the square of time. This too, you can prove to yourself if you consider the inventions and material developments that have taken place within the last thirty of our years, compare them with the development of the previous one hundred years and then compare that in turn, with the previous one thousand years. You will see at once that the development of the material science takes place at a rate that is constantly accelerating. The spiritual and social sciences on the other hand, progress normally, only directly with time, and even this rate of progress is not always maintained.

You now have the problem of a huge and massive structure, growing at an ever increasing rate, standing upon, and supported only by a foundation that is growing at a much smaller rate. It is obvious that unless some means are found to stimulate greatly the growth of the foundation, a time will inevitably come when the structure will collapse upon that foundation, bringing ruin and destruction to both.

Our race is now in constant danger of total destruction by an agency that itself has produced. Why should a people be menaced by their own creations? Simply because they have not progressed far enough in the spiritual and social sciences to enable them to determine the uses to which their creations shall be put.

If reduced to the simplest terms, social science is the study of man's relationship to his fellowman. The spiritual science is the study of man's relationship to God. The indispensable requirement for progress in either of these sciences is a sincere desire for a better understanding.

The solution to our problem is not as complex as it may seem. We must learn to understand ourselves; we must learn the Laws of the Universe and live by them. When we have achieved this, love follows automatically. That the three sciences must grow proportionately with each other, is a "Great Lesson" and should be the first thing taught to our youth throughout the world. Whether or not mankind surpasses the point of self-destruction will be determined entirely upon how many people truly understand our problem and eagerly work toward its solution. Responsibility of repairing the foundation of our civilization depends and rests upon each individual equally.

It is through our lack of understanding that incredible acts of violence are committed. We cover our trail and hope to escape exposure.

A man who gives private lectures to a **UF0 group** was approached by two men who identified themselves as government agents. They warned the man not to insult the U.S. Government. He replied that he had no intention of doing that. Said the more senior agent. "You know what happened in Guyana? It was a government assassination to eradicate the whole group." You might remember the incident; a congressman and a news reporter were also killed there. The bodies then rotted in the sun for a week and no fingerprint could be made.

With a greater understanding of the universe, they would have known that the only judgment that matters is made by an Entity from which concealment's cannot be made.



HENRY DOHAN



# UNIVERSAL UNDERSTANDING

POB 1745  
SUN VALLEY, CA. 91352

PRESENTS:

"WHIMS OF DESTINY"  
a lecture by Henry Dohan

Saturday, January 25th, 1986 at 8 PM  
at the Eductivism Center  
3003 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Santa Monica, Calif.

We are presenting a new speaker at our new location for the new year. Henry Dohan is an Electrical Engineer who comes to us from Australia and who has innovations and patents in 33 countries around the world. Since 1980, Henry has been experiencing the Whims of Destiny as his life came under the guidance of superior beings. After completing some preliminary research on gravity and energy in Australia, he came to the U.S. where the whims of destiny have taken him to the right people.

He will present overwhelming evidence that life exists on nearby planets and that a government cover-up is preventing people from knowing the truth. He will explain this conspiracy and the incredible evidence that he has so far uncovered. Civilians only, please!

#### Directions:

The Eductivism Center is located at the corner of Santa Monica Blvd. and Stanford St. The entrance is on Stanford in the city of Santa Monica. Take the Bundy Dr. (Centinela Av) turnoff of the Santa Monica Freeway (10) north to Santa Monica Blvd and turn west to Stanford St. or take the Cloverfield turnoff to 28th st to Santa Monica Blvd and turn right to Stanford St. If you take Sepulveda Blvd from the south, go north to Santa Monica Blvd and turn west to Stanford St. The Center's number is 213-829-5911.

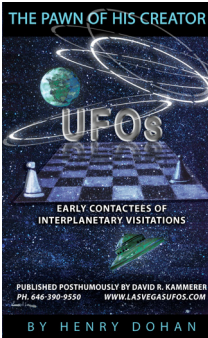
Any questions? Call Bill Hamilton at (818) 504-9353 evenings.

(Mr. BILL HAMILTON is in the last picture by the door).  
(The number above is an old number that was Mr. Bill Hamilton's).  
(The address for UNIVERSAL UNDERSTANDING in 2010, I don't know).

<http://danielfry.com>

## Chapter 14

### MAN AND NATURE



According to the book of Genesis, at the beginning of mankind, man was given permission to rule over all there is on Earth, except his own kind. Man, as the highest form of creation, was thus allowed to rule and make use of all the products of nature of that planet, with wisdom that is. This also included the elements of our planet: fire, water, and air.

It was intended that in the chain of life man should sit on top and be able to partake of the vegetable as well as the animal resources for his food. These resources each possess their own intelligence, which we receive from them in the form of food-and as they surrender their intelligence to us, they are elevated and rewarded by giving a higher service to God.

I now draw your attention to the preceding two paragraphs where with wisdom man was allowed to partake of the natural resources of our planet, and one of those resources is the water we drink. It was a surprise to many when our legislators proposed that our drinking water should have fluoride added to it to preserve the welfare of our teeth. Why fluoride of all things? Why not vitamin C? Which is so much more important as it helps to prevent heart disease, helps our immune system, and is even beneficial to cancer sufferers. So why fluoride of all things? Well, it appears that fluoride has the unusual property of making people docile and easily appeased, so they become easily led and are good followers-and judging from what our governments are doing to us, we need to be drugged, like zombies, so we will submit and let them get away with it.

I again reiterate that section of the book of Genesis that gave man permission to rule over everything on this planet with wisdom, except over his own kind. In previous chapters I made reference to how in the Middle Ages man ruled over man with chains and whips-and today, the very same result is achieved in a much more subtle way by our monetary

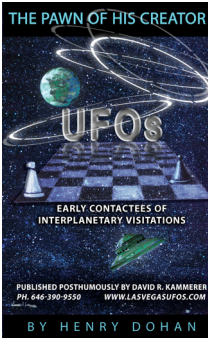


system. To illustrate this I draw your attention to a major development now happening in the U.S.A. where millions of people are leaving their homes on the East Coast of the U.S. to resettle in the West, because utility prices over there have soared to a point where they can no longer afford it. Many save and scraped all their lives to pay off a house over there and now in their retiring years find they cannot make ends meet. They sell their homes for whatever they can get and end up for the remainder of their lives renting a unit in a senior citizen complex on the West Coast of the U.S., with many of the less thrifty losing their property to a bank or some other government lending institution. How would those affected feel if I were to tell them that they are the victims of a well perpetrated scam to fleece them of their life's savings? The U.S. Government as well as the governments of several other major countries on Earth are aware of methods by which energy can be produced at almost no cost, not using oil, coal, nuclear fuel, or any other such sources which damage our environment. Not to mention the fact that in recent years our governments have conveniently forgotten that electricity could also be produced by the storage of water in reservoirs and that this water, after it leaves the generator turbines, might then be used either for domestic purposes or for the irrigation of farm land. So as you can see, water which is still abundant on our planet can serve a multitude of services to mankind if we use it in a manner conducive to the well being of our society, along the lines of Cosmic Law.



## Chapter 15

### ORTHON THE MAN



It was on November 20th, 1987, at 5:30 a.m. that I left my house at Escondido, California, U.S.A. to reenact one of the most historic events that occurred to our civilization, for it was on this very day 35 years earlier that a Man from another planet officially had landed on Earth.

I left Escondido and went north on freeway 78 to the city of Riverside; from there I went southeast on 91 for about four miles, and then we went east on 10 till we came to a small town called Desert Center; from there we headed north on Rice Road. The terrain was a desert-like plain with jojoba plantations. In the distance on the left side of Rice Road, about five miles north of the town of Desert Center, some low mountain ridge could be seen.

The driver was my guide, David R. Kammerer who has been a member of the [Adamski group](#) for many years. We approached the first of the low mountain ridges. David parked his car on the side of the road. The terrain had been used by the army as a training ground, especially during World War 2. We crossed Rice Road and headed west; about 100 yards from the road the first of a series of low foothills began to ascend. The terrain was rugged, resembling ancient volcanic soil. We went to the summit of the first hill. From there we saw Rice Road in front of us, and to the right of us in the distance was the town of Desert Center. It was a warm sunny day, and as we looked east at the distant outline of mountain ridges we saw two Air Force planes heading in our direction. This of course was after David R. Kammerer saw a transparent space craft as he was focusing the camera to take pictures. The camera was not ready and I doubt if it had been, the transparent space craft would not have come out. Then again, if David R. Kammerer was not focusing the camera, David would not have seen the transparent space craft. The Air Force planes came to the point at which we were standing, and as they swooped to a few hundred feet above us David and I simultaneously waved to them. I

did that instinctively so as to convey the message that we were not going to do anything illegal. David later told me that he had waved to them for the same reason. After all, we were on government land.

West of us some small clouds could be seen and I had the impression that we were being watched. We descended the other side of the hill, and as we did we saw tire marks that could have been a truck or some heavy army vehicle. The tire marks went on into a ravine behind that first hill and up to almost the top of the next hill. The tire marks stopped on the second hill at a point where there was something that looked like a cross that had fallen over.

David R. Kammerer then pointed to a small gorge between that second hill and another hill north of it. It was on this point between those two hills that this famous event had occurred on November 20, 1952. **George Adamski** had a meeting at this very place with a Man who had come to Earth from the planet Venus. This Man had lived on Earth in a previous life and, I believe from information that I was given, this terrain on which He had landed was well known to Him. For it was here, on these little mountain ridges, that He as a teacher had lectured to the Indians that lived there, some two thousand years before our time. Such is the story that I was given.

David R. Kammerer and I went down from the summit of the first hill and followed the tire marks that ascended the second hill that was immediately behind. Near the summit of the second hill and another hill north of it was a small saddle, and it was in this depression where the small scout craft had landed that brought "Orthon," The Man from Venus, back to Earth, on that memorable day, November 20th, 1952. Below is a reproduction of a photo that was taken by one of the witnesses who were there at the time it happened.



12 DESERT CENTER, CALIFORNIA  
20 November 1952

This Brownie photo was taken just as the 'Scout Ship' departed and shows the wild rocky valley where the amazing contact took place. The little ship from Venus (arrow) can just be seen rising from the saddle in the hills.



In the photo you can see the small craft as it landed. To further confirm the event we reproduce the sworn affidavit of witnesses on the next page.

We went south onto the tip of the second hill, and as we looked down we saw a hole in the ground, about 15 feet deep. Above is a reproduction of this. What is noteworthy about this is that it appears to be a hole made by nature. I have never seen anything like it anywhere. It

I, the undersigned, do solemnly state that I have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Adameki and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Boat" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.

*Alisa E. Wells*

STATE OF CALIFORNIA  
 COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO } ss  
 On the 20th day of March 1955 before me, a Notary Public in and for the said County of San Diego, State of California, appearing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Alisa E. Wells, personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and who acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purposes and consideration therein expressed. I witnessed the signing of the same in witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at San Diego, California, this 20th day of March, 1955.

I, the undersigned, do solemnly state that I have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Adameki and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer--"Boat" ship. And that I was a party to, and witness to the event as herein recounted.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA  
 COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO } ss  
 On this 20th day of March 1955 before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the said County of San Diego, State of California, personally appeared Alisa E. Wells, whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and who acknowledged to me that she executed the same for the purposes and consideration therein stated.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

We, the undersigned, do solemnly state that we have read the account herein of the personal contact between George Adameki and a man from another world, brought here in his Flying Saucer "Boat" ship. And that we were a party to, and witnesses to the event as herein recounted.

*Alfred C. Bailey*  
*Betty M. Bailey*  
*George H. Williamsen*

State of Arizona, )  
 County of Navajo. ) ss

On this 6th day of March 1953, before me, C.D. McCauley, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Navajo, State of Arizona, personally appeared Alfred C. Bailey, and Betty M. Bailey, his wife, and George H. Williamsen, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed hereto and acknowledged to me that they signed same for the purpose therein stated.

Given under my hand and official seal at Winslow, Arizona the day and year first above written.

My Com. Exp. 10-25-56 *C.D. McCauley*  
 Notary Public

13 THE AFFIDAVITS

Photostatic copies of the original affidavits of the witnesses sworn by them before notaries public.

looks as if the rocks were interlaced by one another, and there is definitely no sign of any human intervention; nature had made the rocks to fit in such a manner that a cleft about fifteen feet deep was left there. The top three feet of the hole have timbers around them to stop soil or small stones from falling into the hole. From the type of timber that was used and the amount of decay that occurred on this wood, I estimate that this work was done some twenty-five years or so ago. Whether or not something was taken out of there I do not know. But the hole is only about sixty yards away from the actual landing site of the saucer. From a distance the timbers at the top resembled the appearance of a cross that had fallen over. Page 209 is a photo of what this looked like.

David R. Kammerer and I walked around the area for about an hour and a half before returning to the small town of Desert Center, where we had lunch and returned home.

I made reference earlier in chapter four to [Adamski](#) having been groomed since childhood for a special event. Well, he was to meet a Man who would come to Earth from the planet Venus. Apparently [Adamski](#) knew this Distinguished Man from a previous life, and it was because of this that he was chosen for this mission.

It is with reluctance but in the context of history that I feel a need to explain the discrepancies that exist between the predictions made by our religious scholars and what actually happened out there in the desert. The U.S. Government was told about this event, and [Adamski](#) requested that this be an event for all mankind to witness. In consultation with industry, churches, and the politicians of that era, the reply of the government was that mankind on Earth was not as yet ready for such an event. I was told that on the very day of the landing the U.S. Air Force was out first; they tried to encircle the huge mother ship, presumably to capture it, and when this failed they tried to scare the small scout-craft away. They failed again, and then they filmed the historic event.

I am in no position to give justice to such an important event in our history, since I was not there at the time. However, I have the writings left by [George Adamski](#) describing it, and with the permission of the [George Adamski Foundation](#) I reproduce the following description of this memorable day.

It was in the morning of the 20th of November 1952, that seven people met at a location near Blythe, in California. They were Dr. George H. Williamson, an anthropologist, and his wife Betty, of Prescott, Arizona, USA; Mr. Al. C. Bailey and his wife Betty of Winslow, Arizona, USA; Mrs. Alice K. Wells, owner of Palomar Gardens, a cafe restaurant at Valley Center, California, USA; and Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, a secretary also of Valley Center. I have purposely mentioned the names and addresses of these people as they, together with [Mr. George Adamski](#), became eyewitnesses to one of the most historic events of this planet, and, their sworn affidavits are presented on page 210.

The following is a verbatim reproduction of the statement given to us by **George Adamski**:

I said, 'Someone take me down the road-quick! That ship has come looking for me and I don't want to keep them waiting! Maybe the saucer is already up there somewhere-afraid to come down here where too many people would see them.' Lucy quickly got into our car and started the motor. Al asked if he might go too, and climbed in beside her, telling the others to stay where they were and to watch closely all that took place, I got into the back seat of the car.

As Lucy turned the car around and started down the highway, Al looked up and I looked out the back window and both of us saw the big ship turn also, silently moving along with the car, but high in the sky and what looked like about half-way between the highway and the mountain ridge. We both watched it closely as we rode along for about half a mile.

Here I asked Lucy if she could safely turn to the right for a short distance to get me closer to a spot I saw and felt would be ideal for setting up my telescope.

There were tracks of some vehicle clearly visible, and it looked as though a road might be on the ground directly under the big ship. Al and I had noticed this apparent road at the base and running the entire length of this mountain ridge when we had walked over to the other end of the ridge shortly after our arrival. At the time we discussed it, we decided this was an old abandoned target range and this road had been worn there by jeeps at one time.

The rocks here were small but extremely sharp and hard on tyres. Then there had been bottles broken and glass strewn around, so I questioned the wisdom of driving across it. But much time and effort could be saved if we could drive instead of having to carry all of my equipment by hand to the spot I had chosen, a good half mile in from the highway at the base of a flat-top, low, hill-like formation.

My equipment consisted of my six-inch telescope, a tripod and a cardboard case box containing the camera and attachments for the telescope, the film holders, seven in all, loaded with superfast film, and a Brownie Kodak.

We decided to try driving in closer and succeeded in making it safely, stopping within about 200 feet of my chosen spot. Here the large ship appeared to be almost directly over the car, and as the car stopped, it stopped!

Al helped me unload my equipment, set up the tripod and fasten the telescope on it as firmly as possible.

This was difficult since the gusts of wind were blowing quite strong and in spite of all we could do it would shake the telescope. And an unfirm foundation is never conducive to good picture taking.

But I did not want to waste too much time with these preparations

because I did not know how much time I was being given. I felt a definite need for haste, but as I think back over my experiences, I am not sure whether this feeling was coming from those in the big ship, or being created by my own excitement.

I told Al. and Lucy to get back to the others as quickly as possible and for all of them to watch closely for anything that might take place.

As I have said before, I had many times entertained dreams of actually meeting the personnel of some of the craft I had been clicking my camera at for several years. I have expressed myself a number of times as being not only willing but decidedly anxious to take a trip in a saucer. This, despite the fact that I have heard a number of rumours of people disappearing, with the only explanation seeming to be that they were taken up in a space craft of some kind. Most of such rumours seemed well founded as the facts were given to me, and none of these 'kidnapped' persons had, to my knowledge, returned.

Faced with the fact that if there were a landing at this time, and if I were permitted a personal contact with the crew that landed, there was also a possibility that I, too, might be privileged to take a trip somewhere with them, even to the place from wherever 'they' came. Consequently, I wanted to be sure that those with me should witness my going.

That was why I had cautioned all of my companions to watch very carefully to see whatever it might be possible for them to see at the distance they were from me. This distance was something between half a mile and a mile.

Asked how long they should wait before returning for me, yet to be sure their presence would not interrupt anything that might be going on, I told Lucy to return for me in an hour, unless I signalled for them before that time. I explained that when the saucer left, if one did come in as I was hoping, I would walk to the highway and wave my hat. But in all cases, to return at the end of an hour because I was certain everything would be finished by that time.

As the car was turned to obey my instructions, the big space ship turned its nose in the opposite direction. Silently, but quickly, it crossed above the crest of the mountains and was lost to my sight, but not before a number of our planes roared overhead in an apparent effort to circle this gigantic stranger.

Al. and Lucy were able to keep it in sight longer than I because on the highway they were farther from the mountains. Not until they had joined the others did it disappear from their sight as it turned its nose upward and shot out into space, leaving our planes circling-nothing.

Alone with my telescope and my thoughts, I busied myself attaching the camera to the telescope and making adjustments with the eyepiece. This adjustment had become slightly distorted in the moving and setting up. All the time thoughts kept racing through my mind, possibilities of what could take place; fears that nothing would; wondering if the big ship



would return, or if the planes had chased it away for good; if a strange craft did come close, would I get the kind of picture I wanted-one which would be convincing beyond all question to the general public-and a thousand other thoughts along this same line.

And while I had long hoped for a personal contact with a man from a flying saucer, expectation that such would actually take place at this time was far from my mind. I was hoping for a good picture, a possible closeup of some space craft that would show more detail than I had ever before succeeded in getting. But from previous experiences, I would not have been too disappointed if nothing further had occurred.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed after the car had left me when my attention was attracted by a flash in the sky and almost instantly a beautiful small craft appeared to be drifting through a saddle between two of the mountain peaks and settling silently into one of the coves about half a mile from me. It did not lower itself entirely below the crest of the mountain. Only the lower portion settled below the crest, while the upper, or dome section, remained above the crest and in full sight of the rest of my party who were back there watching. Yet it was in such a position that I could see the entire ship as it hovered in the cove ahead of me. At the same time, many miles of the highway and surrounding terrain were in full view of the crew within the saucer.

Quickly I spotted it in the finder on my telescope, and as rapidly as possible I snapped the seven loaded films, without taking time to focus through the ground glass in the back of the camera. But I was hoping and praying all of the time that Lady Luck was with me and that the pictures would turn out well.

As I removed each film holder with its exposed negative from the camera-an old Hagee-Dresden Grafles type-I put it in the right-hand pocket of the jacket I was wearing. Here, I was sure, these films would be safe from any accident.

I took the camera off and replaced it in the box in which I had brought it. I then decided to see what I could get with the Brownie. As I snapped the first picture (Plate 12) I noticed the saucer flash brightly as it moved away and disappeared over the same saddle through which it had first come, just as a couple more of our planes roared overhead.

I stood watching them as they circled a couple of times and then continued on their way. I was sure the saucer had again evaded them and was on its way to its mother ship.

Then I decided to take a couple more pictures with the Brownie just to show the general terrain in this section in case my space craft pictures turned out well. I still questioned whether or not they would. But this is always the case and I never know until the finishing work is completed. I have never grown to the state of complete assurance of having a good picture, as expert photographers usually have when they take one.

After taking three pictures with the Brownie, I just stood there for a

few minutes looking around and with the Kodak still in my hand. I was somewhat awed by being so close to a saucer and I wondered if whatever or whoever was in it knew I was photographing it. I had a feeling that they did. I only wished I could have seen the one who was operating that beautiful craft and could have had a chance to talk to him.... Maybe he would let me look inside.

Suddenly my reverie was broken as my attention was called to a man standing at the entrance of a ravine between two low hills, about a quarter of a mile away. He was motioning to me to come to him, and I wondered who he was and where he had come from. I was sure he had not been there before. Nor had he walked past me from the road. He could not have come from the side of the mountains on which we were. And I wondered how he had crossed over and descended any part of them without me having noticed him.

A prospector perhaps? Or someone living among these mountains. I had thought no one would be within miles of this spot when I chose it. Or could he be a rock hound, stranded way out here? But why was he motioning to me unless he needed help? So I started toward him, mentally questioning in a minor way, but still feeling the exaltation of my recent experience.

As I approached him a strange feeling came upon me and I became cautious. At the same time I looked round to reassure myself that we were both in full sight of my companions. Outwardly there was no reason for this feeling, for the man looked like any other man, and I could see he was somewhat smaller than I and considerably younger. There were only two outstanding differences that I noticed as I neared him.

1. His trousers were not like mine. They were in style, much like ski trousers and with a passing thought I wondered why he wore such out here on the desert.

2. His hair was long, reaching to his shoulders, and was blowing in the wind as was mine. But this was not too strange for I have seen a number of men who wore their hair almost that long.

Although I did not understand the strange feeling that persisted, it was however a friendly feeling toward the smiling young man standing there waiting for me to reach him. And I continued walking toward him without the slightest fear.

Suddenly, as though a veil was removed from my mind, the feeling of caution left me so completely that I was no longer aware of my friends or whether they were observing me as they had been told to do. By this time we were quite close. He took four steps toward me, bringing us within arm's length of each other.

Now, for the first time I fully realized that I was in the presence of a man from space-A HUMAN BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD! I had not seen his ship as I was walking toward him, nor did I look around for it now. I did not even think of his ship, and I was so stunned by this

sudden realization that I was speechless. My mind seemed to temporarily stop functioning.

The beauty of his form surpassed anything I had ever seen. And the pleasantness of his face freed me of all thought of my personal self.

I felt like a little child in the presence of one with great wisdom and much love, and I became very humble within myself . . . for from him was radiating a feeling of infinite understanding and kindness, with supreme humility.

To break this spell that had so overtaken me-and I am sure he recognized it for what it was-he extended his hand in a gesture toward shaking hands.

I responded in our customary manner.

But he rejected this with a smile and a slight shake of his head. Instead of grasping hands as we on Earth do, he placed the palm of his hand against the palm of my hand, just touching it but not too firmly. I took this to be the sign of friendship.

The flesh of his hand to the touch of mine was like a baby's very delicate in texture, but firm and warm. His hands were slender, with long tapering fingers like the beautiful hands of an artistic woman. In fact, in different clothing he could easily have passed for an unusually beautiful woman; yet he definitely was a man.

He was about five feet, six inches in height and weighed-according to our standards-about 135 pounds. And I would estimate him to be about 28 years of age, although he could have been much older.

He was round faced with an extremely high forehead; large, but calm, gray-green eyes, slightly aslant at the outer corners; with slightly higher cheek bones than an Occidental, but not so high as an Indian or an Oriental; a finely chiselled nose, not conspicuously large; and an average size mouth with beautiful white teeth that shone when he smiled or spoke.

As nearly as I can describe his skin the colouring would be an even, medium-coloured suntan. And it did not look to me as though he had ever had to shave, for there was no more hair on his face than on a child's.

His hair was sandy in colour and hung in beautiful waves to his shoulders, glistening more beautifully than any woman's I have ever seen. And I remember a passing thought of how Earth women would enjoy having such beautiful hair as this man had. As I said before, he wore no protection over it and it was being blown by the winds.

His clothing was a one-piece garment which I had a feeling was a uniform worn by space men as they travel, like Earth men in various types of work wear uniforms to indicate their occupations.

Its colour was chocolate brown and it was made with a rather full blouse, close-fitting high collar much like a turtle neck, only it did not turn down. The sleeves were long, slightly full and similar to a Raglan sleeve, with close-fitting bands around the wrists.

A band about eight inches in width circled his waist. And the only break in colouring of the entire garment was a strip about an inch and a half in width at the top and bottom of this waistband. This was brighter and more of a golden brown.

The trousers were rather full and held in at the ankles with bands like those on the sleeves at the wrists, in style much like a ski pant.

Actually it is very difficult to describe this garment in colouring for I know of no descriptive word in our language that would suit it perfectly.

It was definitely a woven material, very fine, and the weave was different from any of our materials. There was a sheen about the whole garment, but I could not tell whether or not this was due to a finishing process or whether it might be the kind of substance of which its thread was made. It was not like our satin, silk, or rayon, for it had more of a radiance than a sheen.

I saw no zippers, buttons, buckles, fasteners or pockets of any kind, nor did I notice seams as our garments show. It is still a mystery to me how his garment was made.

He wore no ring, watch, or other ornament of any kind. And I saw nothing to indicate, nor did I have a feeling, that he had a weapon of any kind on his person.

His shoes were ox-blood in colour. They too were made of some apparently woven material but different from his suit because these looked much like leather. It was soft and flexible because I could see the movement of his feet within them as we stood talking.

High like a man's oxford, they fitted closely around his feet, which I would say were about size 9 or 9 1/2. However, the opening was on the outer side about half way back on the heel between the arch and the back of the heel. Two narrow straps were here, but I saw no buckles or fasteners, and I reasoned that these straps must have the quality of stretching similar to the woven inserts in some women's shoes.

The heels were slightly lower than on Earth men's shoes, and the toes were blunt. I noticed his shoes particularly because during our conversation he made it very plain to me that his shoeprints were most important. But more about that later.

Suddenly realizing that time was passing and I was getting no information by just looking at him, I asked him where he came from.

He did not seem to understand my words, so I asked him again.

But his only response was a slight shake of the head and an almost apologetic expression on his face, which indicated to me that he was not understanding either my words or the meaning behind them.

I am a firm believer that people who desire to convey messages to one another can do so, even though they neither speak nor understand the other's language. This can be done through feelings, signs, and above all, by means of telepathy. I had been teaching this as fact for 30 years and now I concluded I would have to use this method if information of any

kind was to pass between us. And there were a lot of things I wanted to know, if I could only think of them.

So, to convey the meaning of my first question to him, I began forming, to the best of my ability, a picture of a planet in my mind. At the same time I pointed to the sun, high in the sky.

He understood this, and his expression so indicated.

Then I circled the sun with my finger, indicating the orbit of the planet closest to the sun, and said, 'Mercury'. I circled it again for the second orbit, and said, 'Venus'. The third circle I spoke, 'Earth,' and indicated the earth upon which we were standing.

I repeated this procedure a second time, all the while keeping as clear a picture of a planet in my mind as I was able to perceive, and this time pointing to myself as belonging to the Earth. Then I indicated him, with a question in my eyes and my mind.

Now he understood perfectly, and smiling broadly he pointed to the sun; made one orbit, made the second, then touching himself with his left hand, he gestured several times with his right index finger toward the second orbit.

I took this to mean that the second planet was his home, so I asked, 'You mean you came from Venus?'

This was the third time I had spoken the word 'Venus' in relation to the second planet, and he nodded his head in the affirmative. Then he, too, spoke the word 'Venus.'

His voice was slightly higher pitched than an adult man's. Its tonal quality was more that of a young man before his voice completes the change from childhood to maturity. And although he had spoken but one word, there was music in his voice and I wanted to hear more of it.

Next I asked, 'Why are you coming to Earth?'

This question too was accompanied with gestures and facial expressions as well as mental pictures, as were all the questions I asked of him. I repeated each question at least twice to be sure that he understood the meaning of the words I was speaking. The expressions of his face and his eyes told me clearly when he understood, or when there was still any uncertainty in his mind as to what I was trying to ask. I also repeated the answers he gave me to be sure that I was understanding him correctly.

He made me understand that their coming was friendly. Also, as he gestured, that they were concerned with radiations going out from Earth.

This I got clearly since there was a considerable amount of radiation of heat waves rising from the desert, as is often the case. Such as the waves that are often seen rising from pavements, and highways on hot days.

He pointed to them and then gestured through space.

I asked if this concern was due to the explosions of our bombs with their resultant vast radio-active clouds?

He understood this readily and nodded his head in the affirmative.

My next question was whether this was dangerous, and I pictured in my mind a scene of destruction.

To this, too, he nodded his head in the affirmative, but on his face there was no trace of resentment or judgment. His expression was one of understanding, and great compassion; as one would have toward a much loved child who had erred through ignorance and lack of understanding. This feeling appeared to remain with him during the rest of my questions on this subject.

I wanted to know if this was affecting outer space?

Again a nod of affirmation.

In this respect let me say here, it has long been known by scientists of Earth that the cosmic ray, as it is called, is more powerful in outer space than it is in the Earth's atmosphere. And if this be true, is it not just as logical to assume that the radio-active force from the bombs being tested by nations of Earth could also become more powerful in space, once leaving the Earth's atmosphere? Logical deduction supports the statement of this space man.

But I persisted and wanted to know if it was dangerous to us on Earth as well as affecting things in space?

He made me understand-by gesturing with his hands to indicate cloud formations from explosions-that after too many such explosions. Yes! His affirmative nod of the head was very positive and he even spoke the word 'Yes' in this instance. The cloud formations were easy to imply with the movement of his hands and arms, but to express the explosions he said, 'Boom! Boom!'. Then, further to explain himself, he touched me, then a little weed growing close by, and next pointed to the Earth itself, and with a wide sweep of his hands and other gestures that too many 'Booms!' would destroy all of this.

This seemed sufficiently clear, so I changed the subject and asked him if he had come directly from Venus in the ship I had photographed?

Here he turned around and pointed up behind the nearby low hill.

There, hovering just above the Earth, was the saucer I had seen earlier and thought had left. I had been so engrossed in the man that I had failed to look beyond him into the recesses of the cove to where the small craft had apparently returned and remained hovering all this time.

He was amused at my surprise and laughed a most hearty laugh. But I didn't feel that he was laughing at me, and consequently I felt no embarrassment.

I laughed with him, and then asked if he had come directly from Venus to Earth in that?

He shook his head in the negative and made me understand that this craft had been brought into Earth's atmosphere in a larger ship.

Recalling to mind the large ship we had first seen, I asked if that was the one?

A nod of affirmation was his reply.

Now in my mind's picture I put a number of smaller craft-like this one at which I was looking-inside the big ship. I could tell by his expression that he was receiving my mental pictures, and I compared this big craft with our own naval plane carriers.

A nod of his head told me this was right.

So I asked if the large craft might be called a 'Mother' ship?

He seemed to understand the word 'mother' for now his nod of affirmation was accompanied by an understanding smile.

Next I asked if our planes which had appeared around the 'Mother' ship, and those that came down close and observed me as I was photographing his smaller craft had bothered them any?

To this he answered 'yes' with a nod of his head.

Then I asked, 'How does your ship operate? By what power?'

Although he was very expert in mental telepathy, I had some difficulty in getting a picture of this question in my mind. Even though I gestured with my hands as well as I could, it took me several minutes before I succeeded in getting him to understand the meaning of my question. But I did finally succeed.

He made me understand that it was being operated by the law of attraction and repulsion, by picking up a little pebble or rock and dropping it; then picking it up again and then showing motion.

I in turn, to make sure I understood, picked up two pebbles and placed them close to each other as though one was magnetic, pulling on the other, illustrating it that way as I spoke the word 'magnetic'. After a short time of doing this, he answered me; even repeating the word 'magnetic' which I had already spoken a number of times.

Then he replied 'yes'.

Here I remembered about the little disks that had so often been reported. This was easy, for I indicated with my hands a small circle, then I pointed to his hovering craft and to him, while in my mind I was wondering if these little disks were piloted.

He quickly understood and shook his head in the negative. Then also making a small circle with his two hands, he raised it to his eyes and then pointed to his ship, followed by a gesture toward space, and I received his thought of the big ship.

I understood this to mean that the little disks so often reported sighted were really eyes of larger craft-either the saucers or the mother ships-remotely controlled and not piloted. As I reviewed this in my mind he assured me I was right.

Then in my mind I saw an explosion in space with a bright flash.

As this picture formed in my mind, he laughed and made me understand that in such cases something had gone wrong with the little disks so they could not be brought back to the ship that had sent them out. Then the control had caused a cross-current, or short circuit, to take

place. And an explosion resulted. But he assured me that this was always done out far enough so that there was no danger to men on Earth.

Suddenly the thought came to me to ask if he believed in God?

This he did not understand, for he was not familiar with the word 'God'. But I finally succeeded in getting the thought in my mind-he was watching me closely-of creating something, and then with the motion of my hand, symbolizing the vast sky, the earth, and all, and speaking the words 'Creator of All'.

After a few repetitions of this he understood my thoughts, for I am sure my gestures were not too good.

And he said, 'yes'.

I realized fully that he naturally wouldn't understand our names for things and to him God probably would be represented by some other word or name.

But he made me understand, by elaborating a little longer with his gestures and mental pictures, that we on Earth really know very little about this Creator. In other words, our understanding is shallow. Theirs is much broader, and they adhere to the Laws of the Creator instead of laws of materialism as Earth men do. Pointing to himself, then up into space-which I understood meant the planet on which he lived-he conveyed the thought to me that there they live according to the Will of the Creator, not by their own personal will, as we do here on Earth.

I then asked if there were any more landings forthcoming like this one.

He answered me, saying there had been many landings before, and there will be many more.

Are space people coming only from Venus? Or are there other planets or systems from which they come? I asked, and here again I had a little difficulty in conveying my thoughts. But I finally succeeded.

To this he made me understand that people are coming Earthward from other planets in our system, and from planets of other systems beyond ours.

I had suspected this for a long time, so his reply was no surprise to me. But now I wanted to know, 'Is space travelling a common practice with the people of other worlds? And is it easy?'

He spoke the word 'yes' in answer to both of these questions.

I remembered reports of men being found dead in some saucers that have been found on Earth-saucers that had apparently crashed. So I asked if any of their men had ever died on coming to Earth?

He nodded his head in the affirmative, and made me understand that things had on occasion gone wrong within their ships.

I could understand this because I knew that both the big ship we had all seen first and the smaller one I had photographed were mechanical craft. And things can go wrong with any mechanical device.

But I wasn't satisfied. I had a feeling that he was trying to save my



feelings, but I wanted the whole truth. So I persisted, and asked whether men of this world had been responsible for any of these deaths?

His reply to this was 'yes', and by holding up his hands several times, as well as with other gestures, he tried to tell me how many.

But I could not get the numbers. I could not be sure whether he was indicating actual numbers, or whether his indications should be multiplied by tens or hundreds, or by what number according to our method of counting.

Remembering a question that had often been asked of me by people with whom I had talked, I asked why they never land in populated places?

To this he made me understand that there would be a tremendous amount of fear on the part of the people, and probably the visitors would be torn to pieces by the Earth people, if such public landings were attempted.

I understand how right he was, and within my mind wondered if there ever would be a time when such a landing would be safe. I was wondering, too, if such a time ever arrived, would they then attempt public landings.

He read my thoughts as they were passing through my mind, and assured me that such a time would arrive. And when it did, they would make landings in populated territories. But he made me understand clearly that it would not be soon.

In the beginning of our conversation, when I realized that I would have to use my hands for gestures to get this man from Venus to understand my questions, I had set my Kodak on the ground. Now I picked it up and asked him if I could take a picture of him?

I am sure that he understood my desire, since he was so good at reading my mind. Also I am positive that he knew I would do him no harm because he showed no signs of fear when I picked up the Kodak. Nevertheless, he did object to having his picture taken, and I did not insist.

I have heard many times that men from other worlds are walking the streets of Earth. And if this be true, I could easily understand his desire not to be photographed, because there were a few distinguishing points about his facial features. Normally these would not be noticed. But in a photograph they would be conspicuous and serve as points of identification for his brothers who have come to Earth. However, I respected his desires and felt it unwise to question further on this subject.

But I did ask him if any Earth people had been taken away in space craft.

He smiled broadly, and in a half-way manner nodded his head in the affirmative, although I felt that he was not too willing to give that information.

One more question persisted-that of a particular case I knew.

He answered this question for me, but warned me not to mention it further. In fact, I might add right here that he told me a number of things which I must not reveal at this time.

So, changing the subject again, I asked how many other planets are inhabited?

He indicated that large numbers of them throughout the universe are inhabited by human beings like us.

Then more specifically, I inquired how many in our system?

He made a large circle with his hand and covered it with a sweeping motion, as if meaning that all of them were.

I wondered whether I understood him correctly, and he made me realize quite firmly that I did.

Naturally my next attempt was to learn if people everywhere are all of the same form as we on Earth.

His response to this question was emphatic, as if he knew exactly what he was talking about, and I understood clearly that the form is very much universal. He tried to explain further, but I could not understand too clearly whether they vary in size, coloring and flesh textures on various planets, or whether there is a mixture on each planet as on Earth. Logical analysis would indicate the likelihood of the latter.

Despite the conclusions of most 'orthodox' scientists it has always seemed to me a fallacy to believe that other planets are not the home of intelligent beings even as is our Earth.

All planets are apparently made out of similar substances. All revolve in the same space. Some are larger, some smaller than others, and all are in varying degrees of development-changing ceaselessly. This is true of all forms, whatever they are, wherever they be.

Reflecting telescopes will never give the full answer. For just as they reflect the light from a planet, they reflect also the particles moving in our atmosphere, and throughout space, and in the atmosphere surrounding the body they are studying.

Until finer devices are developed to filter out all the reflections from the countless moving particles everywhere present, a correct reading of any other body in space will be impossible with a reflecting telescope.

On the other hand, if and when the much-talked-of space platform becomes a reality, I believe actual facts about space will be revealed to our ever-searching scientists, and this will cause the reversal of many theories that today are accepted as facts.

Presence of space craft in our atmosphere, and personal contacts such as the one I have made, prove the old astronomical theories to be wrong. As completely wrong as man's sailing around the world proved the ancient theory of the Earth being square to be incorrect.

Since there are people on other planets, I wanted to know if they die, as Earth men die?

He smiled, and remembered a question I had asked earlier, if any of

his people had died in coming to Earth?

So to clear the subject for me, he pointed to his body and nodded in the affirmative-that bodies do die. But pointing to his head, which I assumed to mean his mind, or intelligence, he shook his head in negation, this does not die. And with a motion of his hand, he gave me the impression that this-the intelligence-goes on evolving. Then pointing to himself, he indicated that once he lived here on this Earth: then pointing up into space-but now he is living out there.

I tried to learn the time involved in this type of transition but did not succeed in getting an answer from him. I did receive an impression but cannot say definitely that it is correct since so many thoughts were going through my mind. I could have allowed a slight confusion to enter.

An awareness of time began pressing upon me and there were so many questions I still had not asked him. I was trying to remember them and decide which ones were most important.

One question I wanted very much to ask him was, 'Is the moon inhabited?' I believe it is, and that the people of other planets who indulge in inter-planetary travelling have bases there. My theory about other planets and the atmosphere surrounding them includes the moon. <sup>1</sup>

But I forgot this one. Should I ever get another chance to talk with an inter-planetary traveller, I hope I remember to ask this question.

Nor did I ask him his name. But in a time like this, names and personalities are entirely forgotten. They mean so little and are very unimportant. Perhaps, if I should be privileged to meet him a number of times in the future I might remember to ask his name. Nor would I ask the name of any other inter-planetary traveller I should ever be permitted to contact, if it was in any way similar to this contact. In fact, I didn't even think of this point until someone later asked me about it.

He, too, must have received an impression that our visit was drawing to a close and that he must return to his waiting ship. For he kept pointing to his feet and talking in a language I surely had never heard before. It sounded like a mixture of Chinese with a tongue that I felt could have sounded like one of the ancient languages spoken here on Earth. I have no way of knowing this as fact. It was only my reaction as I listened, and his voice was indeed musical to listen to.

From his talk and his pointing to his feet, I felt there must be something very important there for me. And as he stepped to one side from the spot where he had been standing, I noticed strange markings from the print of his shoe left in the earth. He looked intently at me to see that I was understanding what he wanted me to do. And as I indicated that I did, and would comply, he stepped carefully on to another and another spot. Thus he made three sets of deep and distinct foot markings. I believe his shoes must have been especially made for this trip and the markings heavily embossed on the soles to leave such deep imprints.

Then motioning for me to come with him, we turned and walked

side-by-side toward the waiting ship.

It was a beautiful small craft, shaped more like a heavy glass bell than a saucer. Yet I could not see through it any more than one can see through the glass bricks that are popular in some of the newer office buildings and homes, which permit more light to enter than would solid walls.

It was translucent and of exquisite colour.

As we approached it, I suddenly became aware of a shadowy form moving within the ship, but there were no definite outlines and I could not say whether it was a man or a woman.

However, that no mistake may be given here, let me say that I definitely do not believe this ship was made of glass such as we know it. It was a specially processed metal. Let me explain it in this way.

Carbon is a soft, opaque, elementary substance. Diamond is a clear, hard stone that radiates prismatic colours in the presence of light-and is almost indestructible. Yet basically a diamond is carbon. Through natural processes of heat and pressure, Nature has transmuted the soft carbon into the hard diamond.

Earth scientists are working with this same principle and are having a limited degree of success.

It is my belief that the men on other planets-more versed in universal laws-have learned and are using these laws for practical purposes. I believe they know how to bring their primary elements from the opaque stage to a translucent stage, yet practically indestructible in hardness, as is the diamond. And it was of such a material that this space craft was made.

And after being so close to one of their small craft as I was to this Scout Ship, it is my firm conviction that it is this quality that makes them so elusive to our eyes and even to cameras, yet showing them on radar screens that require a density of some kind to show up. For I am told by radar operators that lights alone, or light reflections on clouds, do not show on radar screens. Neither do clouds, with the exception of rain clouds and ionized clouds.

Also it is this translucent quality, along with the power they use, that makes them often appear as different coloured lights without definite form.

The ship was hovering above the ground, about a foot or two at the far side from me, and very near to the bank of the hill. But the slope of the hill was such that the front, or that part of it closest to me, was a good six feet above the earth. The three-ball landing gear was half lowered below the edge of the flange that covered them, and I had a feeling this was a precautionary act just in case they had definitely to land. Some of the gusts of wind were pretty strong and caused the ship to wobble at times. When this took place, the sun reflecting on the surface of the ship caused beautiful prismatic rays of light to reflect out from it, as from a

smoky diamond.

This was observed, too, by the six others who maintained a steady watch from a distance.

The splendour as it flashed its prismatic colours in the sunlight surpassed every idea I had ever had about space craft. A beautiful vision in actuality. The answer to many questions. A long-cherished hope realized . . . for here before me, silent in the desert stillness and hovering as if poised for flight, this ship of unearthly construction awaited our approach!

The very realization of the experience I was having overwhelmed me . . . and I found myself speechless. No longer was I concerned with Earth alone. Rather, it was more like living in two worlds at the same time, and though I should live to be a hundred years of age, or more, I shall never forget the joy and the thrill of my first close approach to a Scout Ship from planet Venus—a sister to Earth.

Nearing the ship, I noticed a round ball at the very top that looked like a heavy lens of some kind. And it glowed. I wondered if this could be used as one end of a magnetic pole to draw their power from space as they were moving through it. In the photographs this ball looks like a large ring, and I have been asked if it was used to hold the smaller craft in place in the mother ship. I doubt this, unless it is suspended in its place in the larger ship through the force of magnetism. This could easily be.

The top of the craft was dome shaped, with a ring of gears or heavy coil built into and encircling the side wall at the base of this domed top. This, too, glowed as though power was going through it.

There were round portholes in the side wall, but not all the way round, because immediately above one of the balls of landing gear I noticed that the wall was solid. Whether this was true over the other two balls I cannot say because I did not walk around the ship. The covered portholes must have been made of a different quality or thicknesses of material for they were clear and transparent.

And once, for a fleeting second, I saw a beautiful face appear and look out. I felt that whoever was inside was looking for the one who was still out with me, but no word was spoken. The face disappeared so quickly that I caught only a glimpse of it, but I did notice that this person, too, had long hair like the man I had been talking with.

The lower outside portion of the saucer was made like a flange, very shiny yet not smooth as a single piece of metal would appear. It seemed to have layers of a fashion, but they couldn't be used as steps because they were in reverse to what steps should be. I have no idea of the reason for such construction, but it must have had a purpose.

I was absorbed in observing every detail of this strange and beautiful craft as we neared it, and I wondered just how they were managing to keep it in the hovering state as I saw it.

My space-man companion warned me not to get too close to it and

he himself stopped a good foot away from it. But I must have stepped just a little closer than he, for as I turned to speak to him, my right shoulder came slightly under the outer edge of the flange and instantly my arm was jerked up, and almost at the same instant thrown back down against my body. The force was so strong that, although I could still move the arm, I had no feeling in it as I stepped clear of the ship.

My companion was quite distressed about this accident, but he had warned me and I alone was to blame. However, he did assure me that in time it would be all right. Three months later, his words have been proved true for feeling has returned and only an occasional shooting pain as of a deeply-bruised bone returns to remind me of the incident.

At the time I was not so concerned about my arm as I was about the exposed negatives still in the pocket of my jacket on that side. Immediately I reached in and removed them to put them in my other pocket.

As I held them in my hand, this visitor from Venus reached out and indicated that he would like one. Whether or not he realized that the power from his ship might have neutralized the film to a certain extent, I have no way of knowing.

However, at his request, I held the entire stack out to him and he took the top one. This he placed in the front of his blouse, but I still didn't see any opening or pocket of any kind.

As he did this, he made me understand that he would return the holder to me, but I did not understand how, when, or where.

I asked him if I could take a ride in his ship?

He shook his head.

Then I asked if I could just go inside to see what it looked like in there.

But, smiling very cordially, he made me understand that would be impossible at this time for he must be going.

I was a little disappointed, but at the same time it gave me hope that there would be another time and another opportunity.

Since I was not permitted inside the ship I cannot answer all the questions I have been asked about its construction, air conditioning, etc. However, it is my theory that they have solved their space craft construction problems as we have learned to build submarines for underwater travel. I believe space problems and water problems are very similar in respect to travelling through them. Both are fluid. Water is but gasses in liquid form. Space is composed of gasses in free state.

With a few graceful steps he reached the bank at the back of the ship and stepped up on to the flange. At least that is the way it looked to me. Where the entrance was, or how he went into the ship, I do not know for sure, but as it silently rose and moved away, it turned a little and I saw a small opening about the centre of the flange being closed by what looked like a sliding door.

Also I heard the two occupants talking together, and their voices were as music, but their words I could not understand.

As the ship started moving, I noticed two rings under the flange and a third around the centre disk. This inner ring and the outer one appeared to be revolving clockwise, while the ring between these two moved in a counter clockwise motion.

As I stood in this mountainous recess—a solitary man watching the beautiful Scout Ship glide silently over the crest of the mountains and disappear into space—I felt that a part of me was going with it. For, strange as it may sound, the presence of this inhabitant of Venus was like the warm embrace of great love and understanding wisdom, and with his departure I felt an absence of this warm embrace.

There was an emptiness such as can be compared only with the feelings experienced when a very dear one departs; yet a longing remains for his presence. And to this very day I feel the same emptiness and longing whenever I think of this visitor from another world.

Yet there was and is an inexpressible joy for the privilege I had been given of glimpsing friends from a world beyond this Earth—and the ecstasy of a visit with one of them.

After this small craft had completely disappeared from sight, I hurriedly returned to the footprints my friend had impressed so strongly upon my mind.

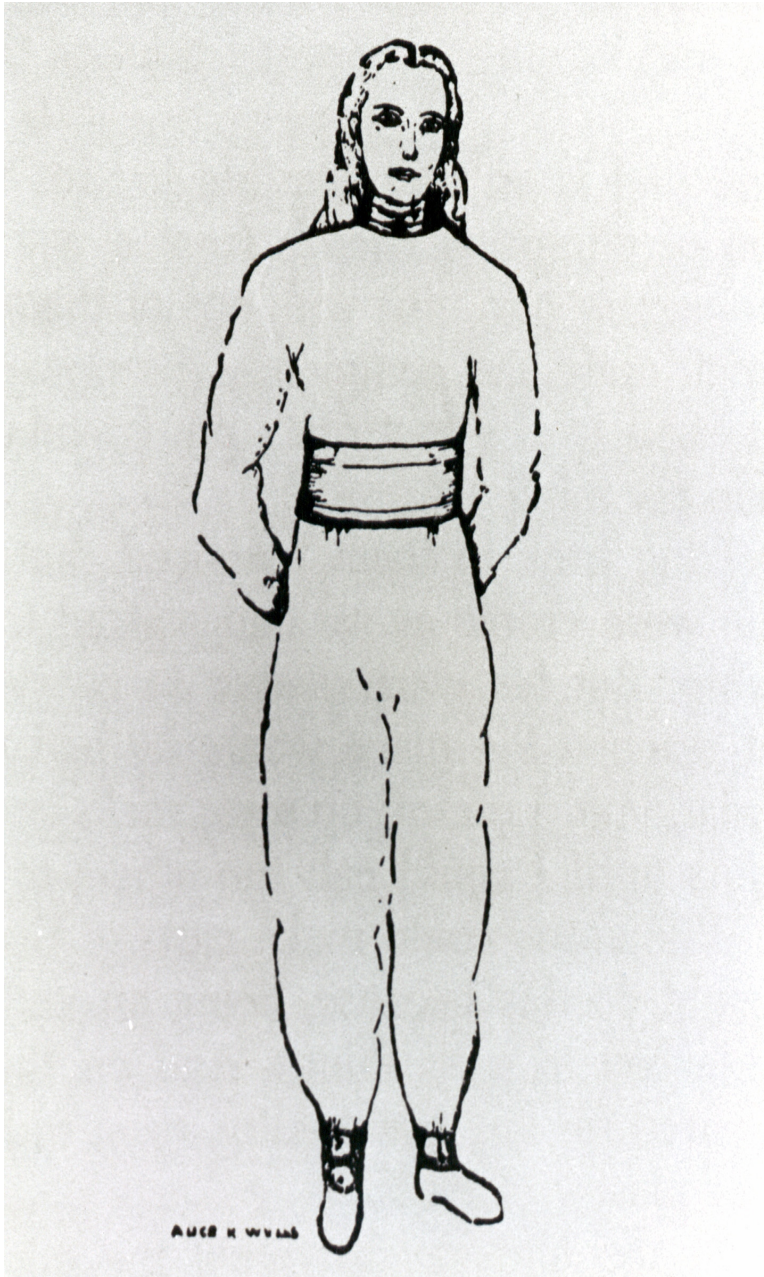
As I was walking back to them I noticed that both his footprints and mine were visible as we had walked together toward the hovering ship. But his were deeper in every instance than mine.<sup>2</sup> When I reached the place where he had so deliberately impressed the markings, I picked up some rocks and laid a border around the prints until I could call the others to come and see them, and Dr. Williamson could make casts of them.

I knew he could do this because, being an anthropologist, he was well experienced in such things. And on this trip we had tried to be prepared for any eventuality, even to having along a small package of plaster of Paris.

On my way to the highway to signal the others as we had agreed, I paused momentarily by my telescope to put the Brownie Kodak in the box with the camera belonging to the telescope.

All of them, as they were watching, had seen the small craft as it flashed through the sky on its take-off. But if they had not they would have known something had taken place because of the number of planes circling over the vicinity. And one large B-36 had appeared right over the scene. The noise of these planes was much in contrast to the silent movement of the two types of space craft which we had all just seen.<sup>3</sup>

Excitedly checking their watches, my friends were preparing to start on their way to me when they saw me waving my hat in the prearranged signal. It had been exactly 60 minutes from the time we had separated. And I had told them to wait one hour before coming after me, whether



One of the witnesses, Alice Wells, made this sketch of the visitor while watching the interview through binoculars. It conveys the broad features of his appearance but is far short of doing him justice.



The drawing on the page 229 of "Orthon," the Man from Venus, has only an 85% actual resemblance to The Man. Venusians or other highly evolved spacebrothers who come to Earth do not want to be photographed. There are a number of reasons why, one being that it gives away their identity, but even more important than that is that they are telepathic and have no names on their planets. When one calls another, all they do is make a mental image of the face of the one they want to call, and the one being called then receives the message no matter where in the universe he or she may be. If their photo were given to people like us who do not understand telepathy, and we looked at their photo, they would think we were calling them. Martians, on the other hand, are not as highly evolved as that and also not as telepathic. They use names to call one another.

When our Air Force captured some Venusian spacecraft they could not understand what they used for communication as nothing resembling a radio or TV was found in any of them. Well, there is no need for them among such people; communication is by telepathy.

they saw me signalling or not.

Waiting by the roadside until they reached me, I suggested they leave the cars there instead of again driving over those sharp rocks.

I was so excited-although I had not realized it-that I could scarcely talk. They, too, were excited and all began asking questions at the same time. I told them I had talked with the man and he had left footprints. 'Come on-look at them!' And that was all I needed to say.

George took the plaster of Paris, a couple of mixing pans and a gallon jug of water out of the car, and together we all walked back up to the footmarkings.

In spite of the rough walking, questions were fired at me from all sides, but I seemed to be in another world. I felt as though I was only moving bodily here on Earth, and my answers to the questions were given in a daze. This feeling of being in two worlds at the same time continued with me for a couple of weeks, and even now when a strong memory of the experience overtakes me, this feeling returns.

Arriving at the spot where the visitor and I had stood talking, and where the footprints were purposely embedded in the earth, everybody gathered around, with various exclamations as all noted the strange markings. Truly, here was a message that would take much work to interpret.

Both the Bettys took photographs of the prints, while Alice, a splendid artist, sketched them, for each print contained different markings. After photographing them, Betty Bailey also made quick sketches of them. To my knowledge, none of these photographs turned out good enough to show anything distinctly.

There was not sufficient plaster of Paris to make casts of all of the

prints-there were more than a dozen good ones of the visitor's steps as he walked from the ship to where we stood talking, and then returned to his ship. So George was able to make only one good complete set and two partial sets.

The one good set he took home with him for preservation treatment and careful study. One of the other sets he gave to me, and the third set he took home with him in the hope that some of the symbols would show up plainer in the partial casts, and together he could get more detailed symbols to study.

Since then he has done excellent work on interpreting these symbols from astronomical charts and ancient symbology. So we now have a partial message.

Others, too, have worked independently in an effort to learn the message of the symbols. And while much has been learned, there is still a great deal of work to be done before the full message is known.

I have been asked in this connection, how symbols of another planet could be interpreted here on Earth. The reasoning on which these people have worked has been twofold:

1. That ancient civilizations have lived on Earth whose development and understanding of the Universe in which they lived was far superior to that of man today. Thus their symbols-records of their wisdom-would be of a Universal nature. If, through careful comparison, the symbols in the footmarkings were found to be like those left on Earth by ancient civilizations, a comprehensible message could be worked out.

2. Astronomy has its symbols. If any of these were found in the foot markings, they could be understood as guide posts in space, presently being used by men of other worlds in interplanetary travel. And thus a helpful hand is extended to Earthmen as they turn their thoughts and efforts outwardly toward space travelling.

During all the while the footprints were being photographed, sketched and casts made of them, planes were circling overhead as if trying to see what was going on down there on the ground, narrowing their circling, widening it, and banking as they turned.

I was aware of their presence because their motors resounded in the still desert air, and sometimes a shadow crossed the ground. But I was not interested enough to try to keep count of how many there were at any one time, or during the entire time. My thoughts were more with my recent visitor and his craft.

Several hours were consumed before the excitement had subsided a little and the casts were made and sufficiently dried to wrap and pack for carrying without danger of crumbling or breaking.

George and Al. asked permission to give a report to an Arizona paper and I granted it. They decided to drive to Phoenix since that was the closest large city whose papers would probably have the greatest coverage. They asked me a number of questions to help them in their

report, one of which was-‘How large was the saucer?’

I answered ‘about 20 feet’ but I was still in that ‘daze’ and did not recall actually noticing how large it was. I had noted the details and not the overall. But to substantiate their report, I gave them a couple of the holders with exposed film in them for the paper to finish and use, if they so desired.

We carried the telescope and other equipment to the highway and packed everything safely in the cars.

After everything was packed and checked for safe riding, and while we were all taking a last long look around this, to us, historical spot, Al. made a marker of rocks and an empty bottle to locate the place again if anyone wanted to come out in the near future to investigate and to see the footprints. I made a different type of marking in a bush nearby.

Then we drove to Desert Centre for dinner. Probably we appeared as a detached and ‘big-eyed’ group in the little restaurant that evening as we tried to associate such a mundane thing as bodily nourishment with the veritable ‘other-worldly’ experience from which we had just come.

Al. took the speedometer reading on his car and it was exactly 10.2 miles from the place on the highway to the intersection at Desert Centre. This was the only accurate mileage reading made that day. Other distances and times were approximations, with two exceptions-the time the large cigar-shaped ship was first sighted, and the 60 minutes I was away from the others, taking photographs and talking with the man from space.

On 24 November the Phoenix Gazette published the report of my contact with the Venusian, along with photographs of the four witnesses who had given them the story. A picture of sketches made of the footmarkings and a very poor photograph of the saucer-the best of those taken at the time and which were in my pocket when I was caught in the power of the craft-accompanied the story.

That report as published was true fact, with two exceptions. I am not associated with the staff of the big observatory on top of Mt. Palomar, nor do I own the business at Palomar Gardens. These mistakes have been made many times in the past and I am doing my best to correct them.

Since there were a number of good footprints left in the ground when we left, the two men, Al. and George, suggested that the reporters drive out with them to see the prints for themselves.

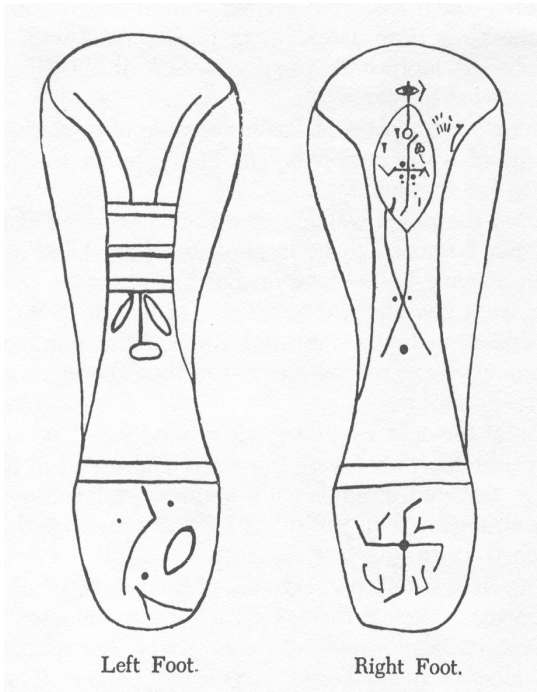
This was not done, because the story was accepted as given, and the sketches were proof of their reality. However, let me say here, according to the report given me, the newspaper men did not accept the story as a matter of course. They were first incredulous and tried in every way to break it down and to get some of the witnesses to change their story. One man reminded the women folks of the dangers they were all submitting themselves to if their story was false. But all four remained firm on what they had personally seen and the facts as I had told them.

Then excitement gripped the newspaper folks (although caution remained uppermost), and fear that a competitor might get a scoop on them resulted in a truncated version of the story being accepted and published in the Gazette.

Readers were so interested in the story of this contact that every copy of that issue of the paper was quickly snapped up and for some time afterwards the Phoenix Gazette had to turn down requests from people all over the country, who had their money refunded to them.

You may well ask: Where is the historic correlation between our history and the landing other than a man from Venus having landed on Earth? To understand that we only have to read the Gospel of Luke, and from it we see that Jesus of Nazareth was very much alive after the crucifixion, because dead people do not come to dinner, say grace, eat fish, and give blessings. So what the disciples saw rising into the sky was not just the soul of Jesus but also His body.

I have on numerous previous occasions made reference to the ability of our space-brothers to make themselves invisible through a force field; they also know how to apply this force field to their spaceships. It was alleged to me that a spaceship invisible to the people had been there and had taken Jesus to South America where He continued His work.



One thing certain is that Jesus of Nazareth never died in the Middle East. From the Gospel of Luke I reproduce the following excerpt:

## LUKE-Chapter 23

### Jesus' Burial

50Now there was a man named Joseph, a member of the Council, a good and upright man, 51who had not consented to their decision and action. He came from the Judean town of Arimathea and he was waiting for the kingdom of God. 52Going to Pilate, he asked for Jesus' body. 53Then he took it down, wrapped it in linen cloth and placed it in a tomb cut in the rock, one in which no one had yet been laid. 54It was Preparation Day, and the Sabbath was about to begin.

55The women who had come with Jesus from Galilee followed Joseph and saw the tomb and how his body was laid in it. 56Then they went home and prepared spices and perfumes. But they rested on the Sabbath in obedience to the commandment.

## Chapter 24

### The Resurrection

On the first day of the week, very early in the morning, the women took the spices they had prepared and went to the tomb. 2They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, 3but when they entered, they did not find the body of the Lord Jesus. 4While they were wondering about this, suddenly two men in clothes that gleamed like lightning stood beside them. 5In their fright the women bowed down, with their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, "Why do you look for the living among the dead? 6He is not here; he has risen! Remember how he told you, while he was still with you in Galilee: 7"The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, be crucified and on the third day be raised again." 8Then they remembered his words....

28As they approached the village to which they were going, Jesus acted as if he were going farther. 29But they urged him strongly, "Stay with us, for it is nearly evening; the day is almost over." So he went in to stay with them.

30When he was at the table with them, he took bread, gave thanks, broke it and began to give it to them. 31Then their eyes were opened and they recognized him, and he disappeared from their sight.

### Jesus Appears to the Disciples

36While they were still talking about this, Jesus himself stood among them and said to them, "Peace be with you."

37They were startled and frightened, thinking they saw a ghost. 38He said to them, "Why are you troubled, and why do doubts rise in your minds? 39Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself! Touch me and see; a ghost does not have flesh and bones, as you see I have."

40When he had said this, he showed them his hands and feet. 41And while they still did not believe it because of joy and amazement, he asked them, "Do you have anything here to eat?" 42They gave him a piece of broiled fish, 43and he took it and ate it in their presence.

44He said to them, "This is what I told you while I was still with you: Everything must be fulfilled that is written about me in the Law of Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms."

45Then he opened their minds so they could understand the Scriptures. 46He told them, "This is what is written: The Christ will suffer and rise from the dead on the third day, 47and repentance and forgiveness of sins will be preached in his name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. 48You are witnesses of these things. 49I am going to send you what my Father has promised; but stay in the city until you have been clothed with power from on high."

#### The Ascension

50When he had led them out to the vicinity of Bethany, he lifted up his hands and blessed them. 51While he was blessing them, he left them and was taken up into heaven. 52Then they worshiped him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy. 53And they stayed continually at the temple, praising God.

In previous chapters I have made many references to famous passages in our ancient scriptures and then showed the correlation of these passages with revelations that were given us by **extraterrestrial encounters**. In this regard this book is not the first of its kind, nor will it be the last. In fact, many are the books written along these lines and many are very famous, such as the Moslem bible the Koran; others less famous include the book Heirs of the Gods, which is a space-age interpretation of the Bible. But where all these books differ from this one is that they do not provide irrefutable proof that our religions are based on **extraterrestrial encounters** between Earth people and our cosmic neighbours; and many passages in our scriptures that describe **encounters** between prophets and God are in fact wrong insofar as God is an unseen entity that does not take up the shape of man. God is in every one of us—we are a creation of God and an extension of our Creator. But if we ask our space brothers who have been to solar systems far beyond the realms of our imagination, and we ask them to tell us what God looks like, none know, nor have they ever encountered anyone who had ever seen God.

The historic material to which we draw reference concurs with

information that I was given. For it was said to me that the Man who had landed on the historic site to which I had gone was none other than "The Healer," The Great Prophet of the Indians, and also the Teacher of All Teachers, The Son of Man, our Lord Jesus of Nazareth.

There are times in everyone's life when difficult decisions cannot be avoided. We are called upon to live in truth, and we are called upon to give service to our Creator who gave us life, and it is required from us to live in harmony and brotherly love with our fellow human beings, as we are all children of the same Father. There are times when all those requirements cannot be simultaneously fulfilled and it is then that we have to make a decision. To live in a lie, deny progress and the will of God; or to expose those amongst us who go against God.

Religion has always been a delicate and controversial issue with many of us, and it has created more wars and destruction than any other issue. I therefore write this chapter with great apprehension, as it will contravene the most fundamental views of many religious scholars. People who grew up in a household where they experienced only one sectarian way of life have difficulty understanding that God is not exclusive to the religion in which they were indoctrinated. But He Is One And The Same To All Religions . . . and as we know religions differ, so they cannot all be right.

The information that I am about to give is most controversial and I am in no position to either confirm or deny it. I merely present it as information I was given by a source who I know had access to extraterrestrial information. I therefore leave it to the reader to accept or refuse it.

Contrary to the teachings of our churches, Jesus of Nazareth had an earthly father. Hence the many references He made about Himself as the Son of Man. This might relate to why the Romans labeled Him "The King of the Jews," as it was alleged to me by several people who had contact with extraterrestrials that His earthly father was the old Jewish King, King Herod. I was told that there is also a reference to this effect in the Dead Sea Scrolls. Even if Dr. John C. Trevor, the official voice of the churches on the Dead Sea Scrolls, adamantly denies any reference to Christ being contained in the Scrolls, there are eyewitnesses who claim to have seen those references.

This book contravenes the fundamentals of many religions, and this is unavoidable as I try to expose the many controversies and conspiracies that prevent us from knowing the truth. Two thousand years ago it was the ego of the priesthood of that era that brought about the crucifixion of Christ; and with this, to this very day, we foiled the existence of a kingdom of God on Earth. Today, two thousand years later, it is again the ego and greed of our clergy that is instrumental in preventing us from knowing the truth, all with this the conspiracy that surrounds the modus of our UFOs and why there is no kingdom of God on Earth.

The life of Jesus of Nazareth was most remarkable, as in the short period of three years. He changed our course of history forever. It was two thousand years ago at the birth of Jesus that the Earth was at a low spiritual ebb, and it was because of this that our space brothers conceived a well-devised plan to elevate our spiritual understanding by bringing to us The most evolved Man of this solar system, Jesus of Nazareth. His life was enshrouded by many mysteries, as we only have from the churches an account of His life from birth to age 12 and from age 30 to His resurrection three years later. This leaves 18 years unaccounted for. There are books available such as *The Secret Life of Jesus Christ* by Nicolas Notovich who, with devotion and perseverance, followed a lead till he found secret scrolls in the possession of Buddhist Lamas in Tibet alleging that Christ had lived many years in Tibet where the Lamas taught Him their religion. It was also alleged that He had been to India where He had learned yoga from the Hindus. It appears that He had followed a well devised plan to fulfill a specific mission.

A Hindu yogi of the highest order said, "The miracles that Christ performed is what a yogi of the highest order can do." This may explain why our churches insist on mysticism instead of telling the world the truth of where Christ had been.

I now draw your attention to **Chapter 4** dealing with **Adamski** and the incident where Uncle Sid, the man from Venus who looked after **Adamski**, arranged for **Adamski** to go to Tibet at the age of 12. It seems a strange coincidence that both **Adamski** and Jesus of Nazareth would go to Tibet at the same age; and I believe that **Adamski** also went to India, just as Christ did, to learn from the Hindus.

Notovich and the Dead Sea Scrolls are not the only writings to shed light on the secret years in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. There is a one hour video cassette that expounds in detail this part of Jesus' life.

**Narciso Genovese**, the Italian writer I met in Mexico by "coincidence" as I described in **Chapter 2**, authored many books under the instruction of his Martian friends. In one of those books, titled *Christ The Man*, he wrote the following: "Man is as much a child of God as Christ himself. It is for this reason that Christ is referred to as the eldest or first-born child, because all the other children of God are the people. It is for this reason that Christ taught us to call God 'Father': 'Our Father, that thou are in Heaven...'"

"The divine connection of man is confirmed throughout the Bible. . . God Himself respects our will and wishes, because we are, like Him, free to express ourselves." So as you can see, Narciso Genovese, who is himself a staunch Catholic-under the instruction of a very advanced civilization, wrote that Christ was his older brother, a child of the same Father whose children we all are. This gives a totally different outlook to what our Christian churches are trying to impress upon us. It also gives us a clearer indication of why they adopted the Ten Commandments and





then changed them to suit their own aims. The first and second of the Ten Commandments tells that God is One and Only One and that we are not to worship or serve any other.

(NO PICTURE YET) On page xx is a reproduction of what the Ten Commandments originally were and what they are today. What makes it so important for us to accept the Father as Head of the household is that it would unify all the people and religions across the Earth. That may not go down well with those religions who are aiming to subdue others for a

greater following.

It is also noteworthy how, according to the Tibetan scrolls, the early Christians changed historic events in an endeavour to further their own interests. According to those scrolls, the Jews of that era were very much behind Christ. It is alleged that they idolized Him, and it was the Romans, fearing His popularity, who had Him crucified. It is also alleged that Judas, who is depicted by early Christians as the villain traitor, was in fact only a hostage of the Romans. They tortured him into doing what he did because he could no longer bear the agony. It was alleged that after Christ heard the accusations that Judas had made at the trial, He said to Judas that He forgave him because He knew that he had done it under duress. The Lamas in Tibet are an impartial party, whereas the early Christians benefitted from their story instigating hatred against the Jews, and it was under this pretense that through persecutions many Jews became Christians.

The cross was the usual mode of execution for the people of that era. It was first introduced by a woman, the queen of Azyria, some two thousand years before the life of Christ. The Romans adopted it and it became the official tool of execution for them. I believe that at one stage they crucified 2,000 and at another 6,000 Jews. I believe that it took more than a week for some of those unfortunates to die nailed to a cross.

It was alleged to me that there were many reasons why Jesus of Nazareth allowed Himself to be crucified. It was mainly to help with the spiritual advancement of the people of that era, but He also did it for His own spiritual advancement. Apparently, no matter how evolved you are, you can continue to progress indefinitely.

The shroud which is now in Turin was the actual cloth that was placed over Jesus at the time. The lightning and thunder which occurred and got the Romans running for cover was caused by a spaceship that was there. The resurrection three days later was caused by a magnetic gravitational beam, by which the body of Jesus was taken inside the spaceship. It was inside the spaceship where his wounds were healed and he recovered. I first received the story about Christ that I have just related via contactees from the space people, and their story was that after the resurrection and the healing of Christ in the spaceship they took Jesus to the Americas where he continued His work on Earth; and this section of their story is fully corroborated by a book, and I have to come to the conclusion that the rest of the story must therefore also be true.

I think it worthwhile to mention that I have met several people in Southern California who were pulled up into spaceships through a magnetic type of beam, and what happened looked very much like what is described in the Bible as the resurrection of Jesus.

There is a startling book on the market which coincides with this great moment of our history. The book is called *He Walked the Americas* by L. Taylor Hansen; Published by LEGEND PRESS 9533 Clinton Road,



Amherst, WI 54406 (ISBN 0-9644997-0-3). The book is one of the most astonishing revelations I have so far uncovered, You see, it was from the space people that the story so far related was given to us. What it needed was corroboration from other sources. Well, that is what this book is.

A great achievement is never accomplished without the personal sacrifice of someone, and so it was with Lord Kingsborough, who gave his fortune and his life to the research of a story that goes across the

Americas and concurs with the story I was given by the [Adamski Group](#).

It was upon the efforts of people like Lord Kingsborough, Elaine Beam, and a host of Indian leaders in South and Central America that this book was written. It is the story of a White Man with hazel-grey eyes, long hair, and a beard and who had miraculous healing powers in his hands. He wore long white socks and golden sandals. Drawings of the Man are preserved to this very day, by the Indians of this area, on rocks and in caves. They idolized Him, and to them He is and will always be "The Greatest Prophet That Ever Was." Carbon tests of artifacts of the era indicate that the Man must have lived about two thousand years ago. It is said of the Man that He had walked the Americas from South America through Central America, and it is said of Him that He ended His service to Almighty God upon this planet in the area known to us as the California Desert, and it was here where He had now landed.

This is how the author introduces the startling material of this book:

## INTRODUCTION

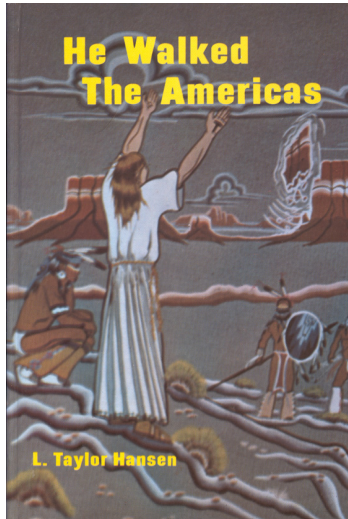
These are the legends of The Healer. This is the drama of MahntAzoma, or Tl-Acoma, The Mighty, sometimes called Kate-Zahl, The Prophet. The backdrop is not the land as we know it, for the action moves through many climates changed by the passage of two millennia; through mines long buried under a forest cover; through valleys once fertile and rich in commerce which have long returned to barren desert; down highways now covered by the strangling jungle or lost in the silt of other ages; through cities whose legendary beauty is still whispered by the story tellers of a hundred nations.

The sequence of these fire-light legends, particularly vivid among the wild tribes, form one by one a curious pattern. It is the story of a saintly white teacher, whose hands performed miracles of healing, and whose strange eyes, grey-green as the ocean, looked down the vistas of the future.

His symbol is woven into blankets; carved upon the walls of canyons; burned into pottery; danced in dances. His name is given to rushing rivers; tall white mountains; sacred forests; springs of never ending water.

Strong is this tale of the Ancient Americas, but broken like a chain of gems long-scattered. Running it backward, as one must to find the beginning, the seeker finds himself in Pacha-ca-mac, once queen of the Peruvian shoreline, now long returned to rubble and ruin. Here He stares across the wide Pacific-for it was from thence He came; He who always asked the people to name Him, and one of whose names, among many others was The Lord-Of-Wind-And-Water, Tah-co-mah or KateZahl, The Prophet.

The photograph of the cover of the book *He Walked the Americas*. It shows a White Man in between the Indians with raised hands blessing them. This is exactly how all the Indian tribes describe the Man. Notice the cross on his hand.



The miracles performed by this Man, the healings He gave, and His teaching about God and the universe are identical to what is contained in our Gospels about the life of Christ.

I have made reference in early chapters about the problems we have because of our Martian neighbours who like to play around with us and study us as if we were an animal in a cage and how closely associated they are with the Vatican. It was alleged to me that if Earth people were left alone there would never be a war here. Earth people are lethargic and indifferent, not the type that likes a war.

It was alleged to me that the Second World War was instigated by the people of Mars in an endeavour to unify the many factions that now exist on Earth, to have one nation, one religion, and one head of government across the Earth, similar to all other planets in our solar system where there is only one government to a planet. If we recall the speeches of Hitler, this was precisely what he was aiming at. It was alleged to me that they simultaneously brought about the government of several people who had been living on Mars in their previous life. These people, through their past life experiences, developed similar points of view and an affinity to one another and a personal liking of one another. One of those was Hitler, another Mussolini, Franco in Spain, Peron in Argentina, and some in Japan and in Great Britain. As we all know, their plan never worked. The Swastika in itself is a Cosmic Symbol meaning the unification of the solar system.

It was also alleged to me that when everything collapsed around them, they decided to save the life of Hitler; after all, he was instigated by them to do what he did. Hitler allegedly died at the age of ninety-two in South America, a natural death from old age. The body found in the bunker was that of Hitler's double.

**The prophecies of Nostradamus is another Martian-instigated plot.** We are dealing with a very advanced technological society. They know how to send telepathic messages to someone and make anyone of us do what they want him or her to do. To this I am a witness, because they also did that to me at the beginning; now that I know this, it no longer works on me. They sent telepathic messages to Nostradamus, who sat in an attic room and wrote what they wanted him to write. Later with their technology they brought about the predictions which they themselves had made. Hitler was one of those.

**Narciso Genovese is another Nostradamus-like figure.** It is not his fault-he simply does what the Martians ask of him. He is the writer about whom I wrote in **Chapter 2**. He wrote a book, *Slaughter for the Gods and Peace*, which predicts World War 3 before there will be a kingdom of God on Earth. His books abound in misinformation. The things the Martians want us to know and what they don't want us to know is simply misconstrued. It is certainly not the fault of this great man; as I said earlier, he simply did what he was told to do. As for instance, according to the Martians there is no life on Jupiter, Uranus, Neptune and most of the other planets. So why do they misinform us? Well, the people of Jupiter are a lot smarter than the Martians are, and it was alleged that they are jealous of them; and as to the people of the other planets, people on Earth will begin to ask a lot of questions, such as why they haven't come here before. Well, they did, and it caused interplanetary wars that were fought here on Earth. The last such interplanetary war was fought only a relatively short time ago and is recorded in our ancient scriptures. It was what the scriptures referred to as the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The scriptures say they were destroyed because the people who lived there were sinners. It is partly true. The people of Jupiter thought the only one worth saving was Lot, and that everyone else was worthless and should die. The interplanetary dispute first came about when the people of Mars decided to land here and take over this place. The Venusians, who are also our neighbours, did not take to this very kindly. They don't approve of the Martian philosophy and way of life. So they also came when the Martians landed. The people from Jupiter told both of them to get out and gave them time to leave. The people of Venus said, "If the Martians go we go." And when none left the people from Jupiter came and killed everyone that was here, Earth people included.

Before the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the people from Jupiter sent an emissary to warn Lot, and he was told to get out of the city and not to look back. His wife, however, was more

inquisitive and looked back, and the scriptures have it that she was transformed into a pillar of salt. It was a subtle way to silence her as she had become a witness to an interplanetary war. The people from Mars also believe in killing, but are not as advanced as the people of Jupiter, and the people from Venus, who have a philosophy of turning the other cheek and being killed rather than to kill, lost a lot of people trying to help us. This may explain why the people from Venus, being good guys, are reluctant to approach us. Especially now that our governments had decided to go along with the Martians. The carnage at Sodom and Gomorrah was so bad that there were not enough new bodies at the time into which so many souls could be reincarnated. Because of this many of them not only lost their bodies but also their souls.

The people from Mars like to pretend that they are our saviours. In a Tijuana newspaper article, the writer Genovese wrote that Jesus of Nazareth was an emissary sent to us from Mars. Again this is the kind of information the Martians gave him. I believe that Jesus of Nazareth has lived on every planet in our solar system, and Mars was just one of many. No, Jesus was sent to us because the Federation of Planets, which is the governing body of this solar system, wanted to help us. The government of this solar system is on the planet Saturn, and I believe they are also the most evolved people in this solar system, with the Venusians a close second. If our solar system were a kind of school, then our little planet is the kindergarten, Mars is class one, Jupiter class two, and so on until Venus and Saturn are the two highest grades.

As was said earlier in this book, there is human life on every planet in our solar system, and the people who live on those planets look very much like us. Except that the majority of them are better looking than we are. Every race that exists on Earth also exists on our neighbouring planets. The man on the front cover of this book is a race like the pygmies we have in the Brazilian jungle. The **extraterrestrial** on the cover is also very old; even by **extraterrestrial standards** it was estimated that he might be a thousand years old.

It has been the aim of Martians to take over this planet since time immemorial. Except for Jupiter, they are not welcome to reincarnate into any other planet. They are too aggressive and not evolved enough for the other planets. So while our Earth is in a state of confusion, unaware of the mechanics of reincarnation, they reincarnate themselves for a life on Earth whenever they want to. It is therefore in their interest to keep us ignorant and confused for as long as they can. **Many times when Martians come to us in their spaceships, they pretend to come from another solar system, the Pleiadis, planet Solo, and all kinds of other places. That is part of their game of deceit. They will pretend that there is no life in our own solar system. Yet, 85% of all the spaceships that are seen in our atmosphere are from our own solar system.**

One thing to remember is that God does not kill, despite erroneous

references found everywhere in our scriptures. Whenever an **extraterrestrial entity** commits a murder it is always in the pretense that they did it for God. But do not be afraid of **extraterrestrials**, because the vast majority of them are very good people, only trying to help us. A similar incident was the freeing of the Israelites from slavery. They opened the sea for the Jews to pass, and when the pursuers came after them they were drowned. The saving of the Israelites from slavery was in itself a very noble act. But the same could have been achieved without killing the pursuers. These people have such a huge repertoire of scientific material at their disposal, they could have erected an invisible force field between the Israelites and the pursuers that would have achieved the same without killing anyone. The last two incidents were brought about by the people from Jupiter, and as you can see they have a very advanced technology. The people from Mars and Jupiter are the only **extraterrestrials** in our solar system who believe in killing someone. The people from the other planets prefer to be killed rather than to kill. But remember that those incidents happened many thousands of years ago. The people of those two planets have since progressed enormously, and now they would have to be provoked before they would revert to killing again.

Our Space Brothers are trying to help us as much as they can, but the dilemma the space people have with us is even more complex because of laws regarding our planet that the federation, the governing body of his solar system, imposed on their own people. There must not be any direct interference on their part against our way of life. It can only be done with the full consent of our governments-"Thy will be done"-to give us a freedom of expression and to learn from our own mistakes.

The Man from Venus came here for our advancement and evolution. When He first arrived He had no name. "Orthon" was the name that the Earth people gave Him. "Orthon" in Greek means "the Noble One."

We can tell at what stage of evolution a space brother is by whether or not he or she has a name, The people from Mars all have names; their writing of course is different than ours. (NO PICTURE YET) Their alphabet is reproduced on the top of page xxx, and on the bottom of the same page are some Martian words with their translation and phonetics.

Some of the Martian agents that come to Earth have names that sound phonetically like Tage and Thon, who are men; and Teel and SemJase, who are girls. As we can see, the people from Mars have names when they come here, whereas the people from Venus do not have names on their planet. You may wonder what the people from Venus do when they want to call one another. Well, being telepathic, they send a message out, picturing in their minds the person they want to contact. The other person receives that message and replies telepathically, and they find one another no matter where in the universe they are.

**Orthon The Man**, whom **Adamski** first met in the desert, lived in



the Vista area of California on and off for about three years. (No photo get) of the historic house in Vista in which Orthon lived. (No photo yet) the side of the house showing the window that Orthon had to climb to get away from the FBI and the CIA which were tailing Him wherever He went. The previous time Christ came to Earth we crucified Him and this is what happened this time.

When Orthon first came to Earth He was 360 years old but looked like a man in his twenties. Three years later when He returned to His own planet He had aged by three years. The tension had taken its toll on Him and He aged like any Earth person did.

People may wonder what kind of person He was. I was never privileged to meet Him, but those who did say He is a most humble person with the most incredible powers. Once when Adamski needed help to move a big heavy table from a storage shed into a house, Orthon just happened to be there; Adamski said to Orthon, "I'll need about four or five people to move this table." He estimated that it could have weighed about 300 lbs. It was solid oak. Orthon told Adamski to go to the street and make sure no cars were coming. Adamski said that he saw Orthon put His hands on the top of the table and it began to float. He held His hand over the table all the way as He walked alongside it and it floated all the way from the storage shed into the house.

On another occasion Adamski had problems with the plumbing in a house near the foothills of Mount Palomar where he lived. The house was low on the ground and there was not enough space for Adamski to get under the house. Orthon volunteered to help since He is small, and He fixed the problem. I write this to illustrate the humility of such a great Man who was not too proud to go under a house to help somebody. On another occasion in the city of Vienna a man gave a lecture about space people and UFOs, and in the audience he saw Orthon whom he knew. After the lecture Orthon came to the man and told him not to return to his hotel as his life was in danger.

A man who knows Orthon well once had Him as a guest. After dinner he asked Orthon if he could arrange for him to have a visit to Venus. Orthon replied to the man that he could be wherever he wanted to be. He told the man to pick up the chair he was sitting on. They both took a chair to a corner of the family room they were in, when suddenly in front of them appeared scenes from the planet Venus, such as a street with people walking on it. The astounded man is sure to remember that incident for as long as he lives.

Orthon left after three years, and when He did He allowed the people from the house in Vista to make a film of His spacecraft as it left the Earth. I saw this movie. The spacecraft rose in front of the camera to only a few feet above the ground, then it flew in a circle returning again to the camera before it finally departed. In the beginning of that same movie was a short segment where a spacecraft the size of a fly kept jumping up

and down in front of the windshield of the car in which Adamski was riding. The car was moving and Adamski asked the driver to stop the car. Adamski filmed the small saucer; then as it slowly began to leave, Adamski followed it with the film camera; and then as you look into the sky, in the background of the tiny saucer was another one, an exact replica of the first one but many miles in size. The message they wanted to give us is that these saucers can be built in all sizes. All this I have just described is on film and I have seen it.

## NOTES

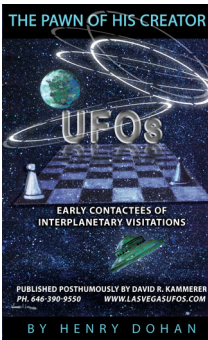
<sup>1</sup> Professor Shapley at Harvard announced the presence of lunar atmosphere in March, 1953.

<sup>2</sup> As Venusian gravity is less than ours, a Venusian would 'weigh' more when on our planet.

<sup>3</sup> The first recorded instance of one of the big mother ships being seen to discharge a formation of 'Scout Ships' was just over two centuries ago at Augermannland, when glowing disks, or balls, or saucers were seen to emerge from a bright tube, or cigar-shaped object high in the sky.

## Chapter 16

D. N.A.



"The sins of your fathers will be with you for seven generations."

It was in the year 1934 that [George Adamski](#) first publicized data that was given to him by his space brother friends about D.N.A. and some of the mechanics pertaining to its function in our bodies. Since then a variety of books were written by several authors, each of which varies a little from the original data that he gave.

Basically, it seems that every form of life in the universe, regardless of size, has some capacity for thought and the storage of memory. Some forms of life are naturally better equipped than others.

The cells within our bodies are a life entity, capable of thought and the storage of memory. They are also capable of transmitting data from one cell to another, as well as data to our own consciousness and that of other people. Basically a cell is a microscopic form of life with all the attributes of a computer embodied within it. A memory bank, address system, stack pointer, etc., etc., and yet, in spite of its microscopic size, it has not only all the capabilities of a computer, but much more. Our computers need a complete wiring network to receive or transmit their data, and our cells do it across the air or other matter, like our radios or TVs. It is yet one more evidence of the Incredible Intellect of Creation that is responsible for the universe in which we live.

It seems, according to [Adamski](#), that within our bodies is a master cell that receives the data first. This master cell then passes the information on, through the ribonucleic acid to all the other cells and the D.N.A. that is within it. Thus, everything that happens during our lifetime is recorded within our cells. During copulation the data from the cells of one partner are passed on to the cells of the other, thus a complete exchange of genetic data takes place between sex partners. We on Earth are oblivious to it, or we would be more selective with whom we go to bed.

This exchange of data takes place through the sophisticated electric mechanics by which cells or people communicate telepathically. Since the static electricity responsible for this is airborne, contraceptives, prophylactics, or condoms will not alter or stop the genetic data exchange from taking place between the parties.

People on Earth are oblivious to this, and the damage to us is dramatic. Imagine a hooker, or prostitute, that is intimate with hundreds of men, some of whom may be killers, others, sexual deviates, and the genetic peculiarities inherent to them is recorded upon her own D.N.A.-her soul or spirit as we call it. This will affect her health and personality and it will remain there for seven generations.

A highly evolved person who becomes intimate with a lesser evolved person will help that lesser person to rise to a higher state of consciousness, by transmitting evolved genetic data to a less aware person. I was told that there is nothing more effective in raising the consciousness of a person than an intimate relationship with a more evolved person.

Said a good friend of mine to whom I related this information, "You wouldn't know of a good-looking **extraterrestrial** willing to sacrifice herself for the salvation of my soul."

If a child is conceived, the genetic data of both partners, the mother and father, are passed on to the fetus. When the baby is born it will have the genetic properties of both parents. It is because of this that hereditary diseases are transmitted, such as cancer, heart disease, and many others.

Once insemination has taken place, the cell or seed that was planted must not be disturbed while it grows. The animals on our planet are closer to God and nature than we humans are. They will not disturb their fetus while it grows inside them, whereas we do. This is one reason why we have so much mental retardation here on Earth. Here again the teachings of our Lord apply: "The sins of your fathers will be with you for seven generations." This was what was meant by a virgin birth such as the Virgin Mary had.

Recently, eminent psychologists and hypnotherapists during regressions found that the fetus in the womb became distressed and frightened through the appearance of bright multicolored lights during orgasms. These repeated shocks have a detrimental effect on the later life of the child, even in adulthood.

Believe it or not, our inability to communicate telepathically is a form of mental retardation. Other humans throughout the universe do have this ability.

If we plant a seed in the ground, then rub a rock on top of it and continually distress the plant and disturb its roots, it will die or turn into a sick plant, and the same pattern applies to everything that lives.

The restraint and care that our cosmic brothers and sisters show for their young does not preclude them from caressing each other during

pregnancy.

As with D.N.A., many of the phenomena that are inexplicable to us find a logical scientific explanation because of the personal physical contact that people like **Adamski**, F.S., Dr. Stranges, Narciso Genovese, Howard Menger and, to a very small degree, I myself have had with them. During those personal meetings much valuable data was given to us. I want to briefly add here that our so-called psychics who claim to have spiritual contact with **extraterrestrials** cannot be regarded as reliable sources of information, because there are many sources in the universe emitting data, and some of those sources are out to confuse us. It is therefore a good rule of thumb to stay away from psychics and their information. **As I have already mentioned in previous chapters, there are extraterrestrials who want to confuse us and keep us ignorant because of their own selfish reasons. Technologically those bad neighbours are as advanced as the good guys. Throughout this book I have given only information that was substantiated and corroborated by people with direct physical contact to extraterrestrials.**

Many of us may remember the hippie craze that erupted after the war. Many of us may still remember the characteristic philosophy of those people. They hated work, liked communal life, and disliked convention, and most of all were set on having world peace. I was told that they were mostly souls that had reincarnated from those who were killed during the war. We are not aware of this, but characteristics from past lifetimes remain with us from life to life. What a futile waste that war was. How much needless suffering it caused. There was an inherent drive in those people, inexplicable to them, to strive for world peace, so that never again would they have to go through such an experience. The cause for a war is often material greed, which those people never had. They shared everything they had with each other. How could there ever be a war among people like that? They had an inherent negation to the basic existence of life itself, as if they wanted to change the world around them, and when they could not, many resorted to drugs to shorten their existence for a moment of pleasure. Believe it or not, they are a casualty of the same war, yet in another body.

The following may not go down well with many of our parents: I know of a very prestigious member of our society, the esteemed pillar of his church, who has a daughter that is in and out of jail for a variety of sex offenses, stealing and so on . . . and she is an embarrassment to the good repute of her family. The father disowns her publicly, refuses to pay bail when she is in jail, and in the state of mind in which the daughter is, help is what she really needs.

It was by coincidence that I met a man who knew this family for many years. He said to me, "The father was exactly like that himself when he was young. He just changed over the years."

You may not believe this, but just now as I was writing this section

of the book the telephone rang and I ended up having a one-hour trunk line conversation with an acquaintance here in California, and this woman ran down her own father, saying: "He drinks, they nearly certified him insane. He wouldn't answer his phone while my mother was dying." All this may be true, but little did she realize that all the genetic faults of the father are also in her. I had to cut the conversation "short" as I think she may read this book and what she said about her father may become embarrassing to her.

I often hear young people say to me, "Things could be so much better if I never had those parents." Little do these people know that they themselves were the ones who chose those parents. They cannot remember it, but this is exactly what happened. When the soul is airborne after the body dies, it seeks out another body and flies around till it finds the place where it wants to be, and it usually happens within seconds, because body, mind, and consciousness are inseparable. Even if reincarnation occurs on another planet, it still happens within seconds.

Believe it or not, we are the masters of our own destinies—we chose where we wanted to be.

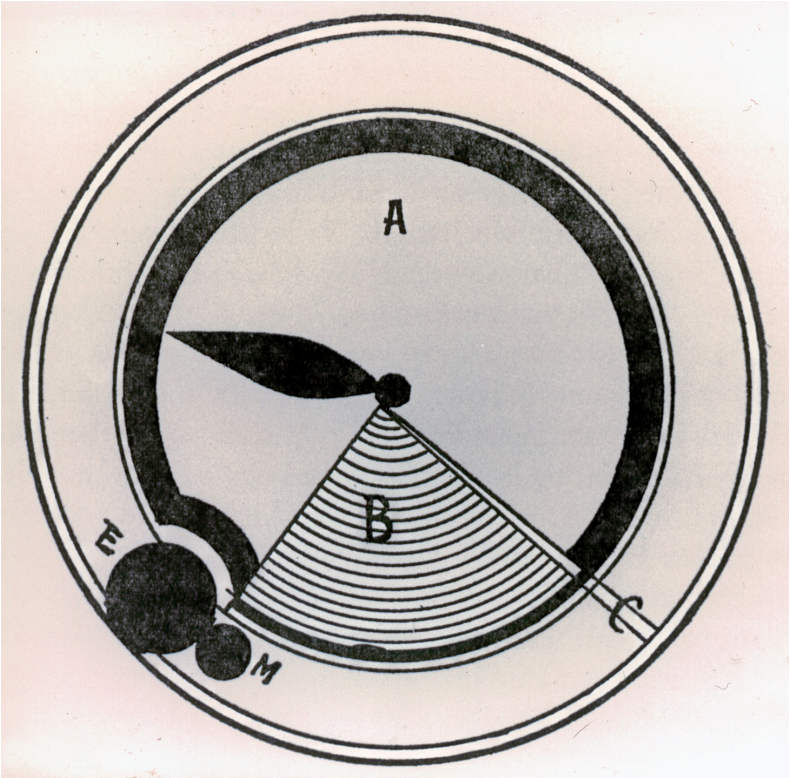
As can be seen from the foregoing, we are given as much power and knowledge as is safe for us to have. Everything in this universe is well worked out as if it were planned. If we the inhabitants of this planet were to be taken away elsewhere to another planet and were to return here after five hundred or a thousand years, we would find that the planet took care of itself very well without us being here. It may surprise you to know that the planet may even be a lot better off without us. There will be no pollution, no destruction of the natural resources of the planet such as we are doing with the oil and nuclear explosions, smog and many other activities by which we destroy this planet.

Said a world-renowned ecologist in a lecture at UCLA, "The ecology of this planet was meant to be in the hands of God, not in the hands of men, and just as well that it is, because if we were solely responsible for it, this planet would no longer be."

As was stated earlier in this book, [Adamski](#) was taken to the planet Saturn. There he attended a meeting of the twelve counselors, the administrative representatives of this solar system. During the meeting information was given to him to the effect that this solar system is on the way out and that evacuation to another solar system had already begun. The counselors told him that there may not be enough spaceships to move everyone from Earth and that we may have to build our own spaceships to move our own people.

Hearsay evidence was given to me to the effect that several millions of people from Earth have already been taken, by spaceships, to another solar system. Sometimes here on Earth the police and relatives of people are puzzled to find complete families vanished from one day to the next. The enigma extends to a great number of prodigious children who

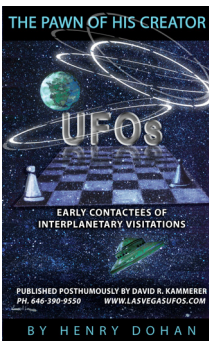
disappear without a trace from one moment to the next, as if they had been swallowed up by the Earth. It was said of those children that they are receiving an intensive training program on cosmic law, the universe, philosophy, telepathy, and related matters from the space brothers in an endeavour to send them across the Earth, later on, so that they could teach others on Earth what they had learned.



Clock-like instrument on Martian spacecraft indicating the position of craft during space flight. Note neutral magnetic zone where forces meet.

## Chapter 17

### UFO CRASHES IN SECRET U.S. FILES



On September 15, 1950, in the Washington offices of



Dr. Robert Sarbacher sat members of the Canadian Embassy staff. They asked Sarbacher whether it was true that the U.S. Government possessed the remains of crashed UFOs and their dead occupants. "Yes," said Sarbacher, "the matter is the most classified subject in the United States Government, rating higher even than the H-Bomb. Flying Saucers exist, their modus operandi is unknown, but concentrated efforts are being made by a group headed by Dr. Vanevar Bush." "Do they come from another planet?" Sarbacher replied, "All we know is, we didn't make them and it is pretty certain they didn't originate on Earth." "Is there any way in which I can get more information?" "I suppose you could be cleared through your own Defense Department," said Sarbacher as he continued, "and I am pretty sure arrangements could be made to exchange information. If you have anything to contribute, we would be glad to talk it over, but I can't give you any more at the present time. The entire matter is considered by the U.S. Government to be of tremendous significance." Dr. Sarbacher was in a position to know since he was a member of the U.S. Defense Department's Research and Development Board.

The Canadians sure enough had a lot to contribute, as an excerpt of an article from a UFO Magazine published by,

B.S.R.F.  
P. O. Box 6250  
Eureka, California, 95502 USA

[www.borderlands.com](http://www.borderlands.com)

The article is written by Mr. Rilye Crabb, a well-known and respected UFO researcher.

### THE DEAD ENGINEERS

Earlier this year Mrs. Crabb and I made a lecture trip up the Pacific Coast. At one place we stayed overnight as guests of a Flying Saucer researcher who has a considerable technical background in the space sciences. While there he showed me a letter, a job-offer, written to him by an engineering firm with headquarters in the Denver area. The date of the letter was August 1961 and it outlined a proposal to set up an anti-gravity research project aimed at building flyable hardware using the radical new source of propulsion. This group of physicists and engineers were confident they had some sound theory, derived in part as I recall, from the researches of W. B. Smith, the late Canadian Flying Saucer expert; and they also had plenty of research money, freed by Congress after President Jack Kennedy's message to that body in May 1961. Our UFO researcher friend declined the job-offer. I don't believe he even

bothered to reply!

He was reminded of it four years later when he attended the Flying Saucer convention in Reno, Nevada. While there he was approached by a distraught woman, well dressed and in her mid-fifties, who insisted on talking to him in private. It turned out that she was the widow of one of the leading engineers in the anti-gravity project. The group had achieved 100% of their objective. Theory was carried through research and development to where a two-placer was designed, built, disassembled, hauled secretly to a deserted spot in the New Orleans area, reassembled and successfully flown to a pre-determined landing site in Florida.

The widow then told our friend that within two days of the successful test flight of the man-carrying Flying Saucer all of the leaders of the group had died violent deaths. Subsequently several of their widows had died under unusual or mysterious circumstances and she was constantly on the move, in fear of her life. In fact, she said, she had been warned by a friendly and inebriated government agent-or at least by one who identified himself as such-to forget her married name and the fact that such a man as her husband had ever existed!

On the next eight pages (256- 263) we reproduce documents as they were in the U.S. classified secret files. Recently, due to the Freedom of Information Act, these files had to be released.

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NATIONAL SECURITY INFORMATION

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COPY ONE OF ONE.

BRIEFING DOCUMENT: OPERATION MAJESTIC 12

PREPARED FOR PRESIDENT-ELECT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER: (EYES ONLY)

18 NOVEMBER, 1952

WARNING: This is a TOP SECRET - EYES ONLY document containing compartmentalized information essential to the national security of the United States. EYES ONLY ACCESS to the material herein is strictly limited to those possessing Majestic-12 clearance level. Reproduction in any form or the taking of written or mechanically transcribed notes is strictly forbidden.

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SUBJECT: OPERATION MAJESTIC-12 PRELIMINARY BRIEFING FOR  
PRESIDENT-ELECT EISENHOWER.

DOCUMENT PREPARED 18 NOVEMBER, 1952.

BRIEFING OFFICER: ADM. ROSCOE H. HILLENKOETTER (MJ-1)

NOTE: This document has been prepared as a preliminary briefing  
only. It should be regarded as introductory to a full operations  
briefing intended to follow.

.....

OPERATION MAJESTIC-12 is a TOP SECRET Research and Development/  
Intelligence operation responsible directly and only to the  
President of the United States. Operations of the project are  
carried out under control of the Majestic-12 (Majic-12) Group  
which was established by special classified executive order of  
President Truman on 24 September, 1947, upon recommendation by  
Dr. Vannevar Bush and Secretary James Forrestal. (See Attachment  
"A".) Members of the Majestic-12 Group were designated as follows:

Adm. Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter  
Dr. Vannevar Bush  
Secy. James V. Forrestal  
Gen. Nathan P. Twining  
Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg  
Dr. Detlev Bronk  
Dr. Jerome Hunsaker  
Mr. Sidney W. Souers  
Mr. Gordon Gray  
Dr. Donald Menzel  
Gen. Robert M. Montague  
Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner

The death of Secretary Forrestal on 22 May, 1949, created  
a vacancy which remained unfilled until 01 August, 1950, upon  
which date Gen. Walter B. Smith was designated as permanent  
replacement.

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On 24 June, 1947, a civilian pilot flying over the Cascade Mountains in the State of Washington observed nine flying disc-shaped aircraft traveling in formation at a high rate of speed. Although this was not the first known sighting of such objects, it was the first to gain widespread attention in the public media. Hundreds of reports of sightings of similar objects followed. Many of these came from highly credible military and civilian sources. These reports resulted in independent efforts by several different elements of the military to ascertain the nature and purpose of these objects in the interests of national defense. A number of witnesses were interviewed and there were several unsuccessful attempts to utilize aircraft in efforts to pursue reported discs in flight. Public reaction bordered on near hysteria at times.

In spite of these efforts, little of substance was learned about the objects until a local rancher reported that one had crashed in a remote region of New Mexico located approximately seventy-five miles northwest of Roswell Army Air Base (now Walker Field).

On 07 July, 1947, a secret operation was begun to assure recovery of the wreckage of this object for scientific study. During the course of this operation, aerial reconnaissance discovered that four small human-like beings had apparently ejected from the craft at some point before it exploded. These had fallen to earth about two miles east of the wreckage site. All four were dead and badly decomposed due to action by predators and exposure to the elements during the approximately one week time period which had elapsed before their discovery. A special scientific team took charge of removing these bodies for study. (See Attachment "C".) The wreckage of the craft was also removed to several different locations. (See Attachment "B".) Civilian and military witnesses in the area were debriefed, and news reporters were given the effective cover story that the object had been a misguided weather research balloon.

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A covert analytical effort organized by Gen. Twining and Dr. Rush acting on the direct orders of the President, resulted in a preliminary concensus (19 September, 1947) that the disc was most likely a short range reconnaissance craft. This conclusion was based for the most part on the craft's size and the apparent lack of any identifiable provisioning. (See Attachment "D".) A similar analysis of the four dead occupants was arranged by Dr. Bronk. It was the tentative conclusion of this group (30 November, 1947) that although these creatures are human-like in appearance, the biological and evolutionary processes responsible for their development has apparently been quite different from those observed or postulated in homo-sapiens. Dr. Bronk's team has suggested the term "Extra-terrestrial Biological Entities", or "ETEs", be adopted as the standard term of reference for these creatures until such time as a more definitive designation can be agreed upon.

Since it is virtually certain that these craft do not originate in any country on earth, considerable speculation has centered around what their point of origin might be and how they got here. Mars was and remains a possibility, although some scientists, most notably Dr. Menzel, consider it more likely that we are dealing with beings from another solar system entirely.

Numerous examples of what appear to be a form of writing were found in the wreckage. Efforts to decipher these have remained largely unsuccessful. (See Attachment "E".) Equally unsuccessful have been efforts to determine the method of propulsion or the nature or method of transmission of the power source involved. Research along these lines has been complicated by the complete absence of identifiable wings, propellers, jets, or other conventional methods of propulsion and guidance, as well as a total lack of metallic wiring, vacuum tubes, or similar recognizable electronic components. (See Attachment "F".) It is assumed that the propulsion unit was completely destroyed by the explosion which caused the crash.

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A need for as much additional information as possible about these craft, their performance characteristics and their purpose led to the undertaking known as U.S. Air Force Project SIGN in December, 1947. In order to preserve security, liason between SIGN and Majestic-12 was limited to two individuals within the Intelligence Division of Air Materiel Command whose role was to pass along certain types of information through channels. SIGN evolved into Project GRUDGE in December, 1948. The operation is currently being conducted under the code name BLUE BOOK, with liason maintained through the Air Force officer who is head of the project.

On 06 December, 1950, a second object, probably of similar origin, impacted the earth at high speed in the El Indio - Guerrero area of the Texas - Mexican border after following a long trajectory through the atmosphere. By the time a search team arrived, what remained of the object had been almost totally incinerated. Such material as could be recovered was transported to the A.E.C. facility at Sandia, New Mexico, for study.

Implications for the National Security are of continuing importance in that the motives and ultimate intentions of these visitors remain completely unknown. In addition, a significant upsurge in the surveillance activity of these craft beginning in May and continuing through the autumn of this year has caused considerable concern that new developments may be imminent. It is for these reasons, as well as the obvious international and technological considerations and the ultimate need to avoid a public panic at all costs, that the Majestic-12 Group remains of the unanimous opinion that imposition of the strictest security precautions should continue without interruption into the new administration. At the same time, contingency plan MJ-1949-04P/78 (Top Secret - Eyes Only) should be held in continued readiness should the need to make a public announcement present itself. (See Attachment "G".)

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ENUMERATION OF ATTACHMENTS:

- \*ATTACHMENT "A".....Special Classified Executive Order #092447. (TS/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "B".....Operation Majestic-12 Status Report #1, Part A. 30 NOV '47. (TS-MAJIC/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "C".....Operation Majestic-12 Status Report #1, Part B. 30 NOV '47. (TS-MAJIC/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "D".....Operation Majestic-12 Preliminary Analytical Report. 19 SEP '47. (TS-MAJIC/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "E".....Operation Majestic-12 Blue Team Report #5. 30 JUN '52. (TS-MAJIC/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "F".....Operation Majestic-12 Status Report #2. 31 JAN '48. (TS-MAJIC/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "G".....Operation Majestic-12 Contingency Plan MJ-1949-04P/78: 31 JAN '49. (TS-MAJIC/EO)
- \*ATTACHMENT "H".....Operation Majestic-12, Maps and Photographs Folio (Extractions). (TS-MAJIC/EO)

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ATTACHMENT "A"

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THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

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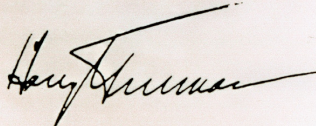
September 24, 1947.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Dear Secretary Forrestal:

As per our recent conversation on this matter, you are hereby authorized to proceed with all due speed and caution upon your undertaking. Hereafter this matter shall be referred to only as Operation Majestic Twelve.

It continues to be my feeling that any future considerations relative to the ultimate disposition of this matter should rest solely with the Office of the President following appropriate discussions with yourself, Dr. Bush and the Director of Central Intelligence.



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My feeling is that the U.S. is fast heading for another tea party. There is widespread public resentment against the undemocratic behaviour of people in power. These documents were issued by the "Insiders Report," and I believe that they had received it from a Captain John Lear, a former State Senate candidate from Las Vegas, Nevada.

A report issued by the "Insiders Report" states that for further information you can contact him or Bill Moore of 4219 West Olive St., Suite 247, Burbank, California. He is the author of yet another book, The Rosewell Incident, which also discloses the U.S. Government cover-up on crashed UFOs.

Those documents are one more irrefutable proof of the cover-up we have.

(NO PICTURE YET) On page xxx is a photograph showing the restricted area, the buildings inside Wright Paterson Air Force Base, where Hangar 18 is. (NO PICTURE YET) On the bottom of the same page is a photo showing the transparent coffin inside with the remains of an **extraterrestrial being** is on display for our political and military bosses to look at whenever they feel like it.

The men who headed the top secret cover-up conspiracy known as Majestic 12, were the only people who had access to those top secret documents now published on pages 256 to 263. Their access to those documents was restricted to eyes only, even to them, which means that not even the bosses of this cover-up were allowed to reproduce those documents either photographically, by xerox, or any other means.

The documents on pages 256 to 263 were evaluated by a U.S. Military Intelligence Officer after I received them for publication in this book. From code words, etc., contained in the documents, marks that he is not going to disclose to us, the Intelligence Officer evaluates them as genuine documents.

He said, "They got us well under their control-anyone of us who does not go along with this cover-up, they threaten us with the loss of our pension," Mr. X, who is obviously not too happy about this cover-up, said. "On my death bed I'll tell you a lot more about this." While I thank Mr. X for his offer, I don't think I can hold off for all those years; he is too healthy and fit. I'll probably die before he does.

A typical example of how they keep the U.S. Armed Forces going along with this cover-up is illustrated by the following event which happened in White Sands, New Mexico after the war: They have a huge military installation there, and in the rocket section of that base they were letting rockets off, some to gather data about space and the velocity needed to get away from the gravity pull of the Earth. One day, as they watched one of their rockets rising on a bright clear sunny day, they

noticed a U.F.O. near the path of the rocket. Suddenly the rocket was sucked into the U.F.O. and disappeared inside it. Exactly 24 hours later the U.F.O. reappeared and released the rocket in exactly the same flight pattern it was in 24 hours earlier, and the rocket thus flew at the same velocity and direction as 24 hours earlier. The army personnel who saw this spoke to others and the event soon spread around the base. A general called them together and told them that if they would not be quiet about it he would soon have the situation remedied. He asked them whether or not they wanted their pensions.

A hilarious incident happened to a U.S. Air Force lieutenant whom is a doctor graduate from a San Francisco college and was attached to the group dealing with that farsical "Project Blue Book." He said, "I was on my way to San Francisco when I stopped at a diner, and after I had a meal, two uncouth drunk men sitting at the bar spoke to me and said, 'Do not go out there-the space people will get you.'" "Did you know those men?" I asked. "No, I never saw them before, I took no notice. I got into my car and drove off. A few minutes later as I passed an Air Force base my car began to float. I tried to apply the brakes but the car just kept on going-I had lost control over it. My car floated over the fence of the Air Force base. It was about 10 o'clock at night and not many cars were around. Next thing I remember I was inside a space ship lying on a very comfortable type of table and several androids were around me. (Androids are a kind of space robot.) A lovely-looking space girl was also there. I remember them applying a kind of suction device to my arm and sucking blood from me." The man, now in his early fifties, gave me a very vague description of the inside of the space ship. He said that he was only semiconscious and too worried to look much at anything else. He said that he felt as though he had been sedated. Eight hours later when he came to, he found himself in his car on the other side of a high fence, inside the Air Force base.

Air Force officials could not understand how he and the car had ever got there. The Air Force examined the car, and a tool box belonging to the man had disappeared and also a guitar he had. "I feel a lot of resentment over what happened," he told me. "I had to explain how my car got to be over the fence in thick scrub where no car could have driven. I had to tell everyone that I was lifted with my car over the fence by a flying saucer, when it was my job to deny their existence. Everyone in the Air Force laughed about me, and I became the butt of many jokes. I had no choice but to leave the Air Force."

The man is today a well-known lecturer on UFOs and as such is giving a great service to the community.

Russian politicians are a lot shrewder than their American counterparts. The Russians go along with all of this charade. American politicians restrict themselves to short-term achievements; all they are concerned with is their political reelection. The Russians know this, and

my guess is that they are only too happy about all that is taking place, as the U.S. Government becomes obligated to the Russians for assistance and silence. This is one more reason why books like this are so important to circulate among the people, and I encourage everyone who has a copy of it to pass the information and the book around as much as possible. It is a civic duty that we all have under the present day difficult circumstances.

There is quite an avalanche of material available to substantiate all this, and the "coincidences" that bring this material to light are astounding. William S. Steinman went to a second-hand book store to look at metaphysical books. Someone had misplaced a UFO book among the metaphysical books. At the time Steinman was not interested in UFOs; he picked up the book to put it onto the shelf where it belonged, when by a sudden impulse he opened it up to a page and began reading. It was a book by William Moore which dealt with a crashed UFO in Roswell County. The book accused the U.S. Government of complicity in a cover-up to deny the people the right to know the truth. Steinman felt that either the author was lying or the U.S. Government was in breach of the U.S. Constitution; either way he was not going to let it rest till he knew the truth. For the next seven years Steinman relentlessly pursued the story and would not rest till every phase of this conspiracy was exposed. He has now published a 625-page book exposing this cover-up. His book titled UFO Crash at Aztec is one of the most comprehensive books on flying saucers ever published. The following is an excerpt from his book.

Thomas Townsend Brown, one time Director of the RADAR School for the Bureau of Ships under the Office of Naval Research, Inventor, and developer of a new technology that he called Electro-Gravity, had been working in his own secret laboratories on disc-shaped aeroforms propelled through his new technology. Mr. Brown had been working with this concept since he first discovered it in 1928. He found that a capacitor will move towards the positive plate, if charged with enough current. Eventually he found that this could be applied to a disc-shaped aeroform suspended from a pole.

Brown was not very forward, as far as introducing his findings to government circles at first. His suspended disc models were accidentally "discovered" by Major General Victor E. Bertrandias, a former vice president of Douglas Aircraft, commissioned directly into the U.S. Air Force. Bertrandias was highly connected in Air Force circles.

It was under General Boyd that the Air Force Systems Command carried out most of their early super secret research projects mentioned in this report. And so it is no surprise that Bertrandias was the one to "discover" Townsend Brown and his flying disc-aeroforms, and he knew

exactly where to take the knowledge.

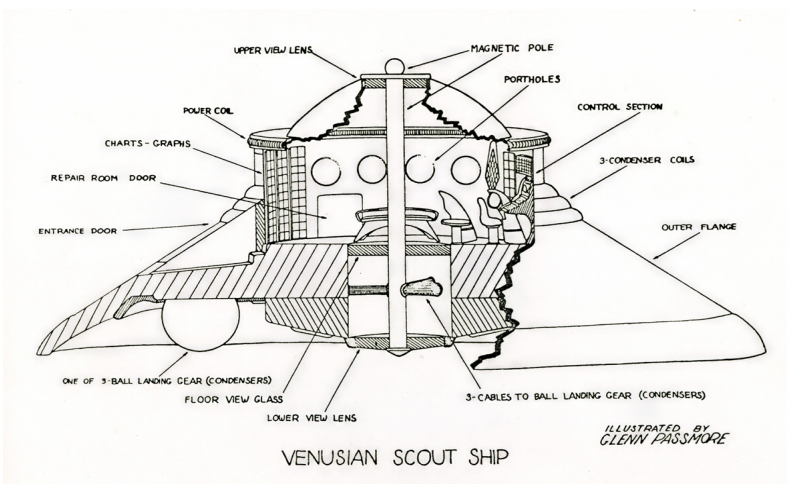
Brown was asked to give a demonstration to representatives from some prime Air Force contractors, along with some Air Force "Brass." In 1953 a demonstration was given at his laboratory with some 24 inch models that obtained the speed of 17 feet per second, and immediately the subject was classified. Brown's concept was confiscated by the National Security Administration, and at the same time he was told that it could not be utilized.

Brown met with Dr. Henri M. Coanda, hearing of him through the "scientific grapevine," through their mutual interests in disc-design aeroforms. Dr. Coanda, who at this time was employed by La Societe National de Construction Aeronautique Sud-Quest in Paris, invited Brown to demonstrate his concept at the SNCASO Laboratory. Brown's concept coupled with Coanda's design was accepted by the company.

Immediately a French project to construct a full-scale working prototype flying saucer, based on Brown's and Coanda's concepts and designs was implemented into action. The May 1956 issue of INTERAVIA, the French internationally distributed Aerospace Magazine, carried an article on the new flying saucer design, based on Brown's concept of Electro-Gravitics.

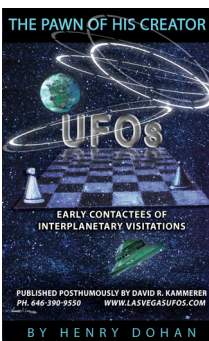
(NO PICTURE YET) On page xxx is a photo of a saucer that was manufactured on Earth. The concept of disc-shaped aircraft was known as far back as 1928. Every time someone made it the military and governments confiscated the craft and stopped the inventor from passing the information on.

The cover-up must have also cost taxpayers many billions of dollars. Amongst the many government organized conspiracies was the one called "Project Blue Book," to which a reference was made in the secret files we reproduced on pages 256 to 263. Project Blue Book consisted of a group of Air Force officers whose job it was to gather as much information they could from the public about flying saucers and their occupants. They systematically gave everyone who had seen a flying saucer, or had any other kind of experience connected with it, a six-page questionnaire to fill out. After obtaining all the information they could they told those well-meaning gullible informants that they had seen swamp gas or a weather balloon, or that there was something wrong with their eyes, and at times they even had the audacity to tell some that they had a nervous disorder. So next time you wonder what happens to your hard-earned tax dollar, this is one outlet on which it is squandered.



## Chapter 18

### GEOMAGNETISM



When Dr. Werner Von Braun, the space and rocket expert, first came to the U.S. he was asked where he had obtained his information on rocketry, and he replied, "It came from one of your own experts," a Dr. Goddard from the U.S. "I found the information in libraries," said Von Braun.

It turned out that Dr. Goddard had given these ideas to the United States Navy and they had rejected it, claiming that it was of little value.

As today I look at the writings of **George Adamski**, some published as early as 1948 and 1952, I am in a quandary as to why no one had discovered the tremendous value and information that these books contain.

When I first met a man from the planet Venus in a 7-Eleven store near my home in Escondido, he gave me some information and said that

this information was contained in an [Adamski book](#). It was as a result of this interview that I decided to read these [Adamski books](#) more carefully.

The out-of-print book, [Flying Saucers Farewell](#) by [George Adamski](#), printed in 1962, on [page 33](#) gives technical data which now in the year 1988 (26 years later) is still a forefront to our scientific knowledge. How could a man with a 6th-grade education have come up with such knowledge unless his Venusian friends wrote that section of the book for him? With the permission of [The George Adamski Foundation](#), I reproduce the following excerpt from that book.

As the Earthman plans voyages into outer space, he is faced, to a certain degree, with problems comparable to those of the ancient mariner, for throughout space there are definite lanes; just as oceans have currents, so have pilots found rivers in space at certain altitudes. They were found and located by chance, and were since described in a number of aviation magazines. Our scientists and airmen are aware of various types of currents moving through the atmosphere, comparable to those of the oceans and we will find similar conditions right throughout all space, not just inside our solar system, but even beyond.

As they studied such conditions in the atmosphere encompassing their own planet inhabitants of other worlds developed ships with which they ventured into outer space. Since then space has become as safe and simple for them to travel as our atmosphere is to us. They quickly realized that they could not burden their ships with heavy loads of fuel and had to learn to use nature's energy as their propulsion. It was along these lines that their scientists worked and finally succeeded.

To understand more clearly the magnetic propulsion of interplanetary spacecrafts, we must first consider geomagnetism, the magnetic sphere of influence which surrounds every planet and every sun, filling all space.

We can liken Earth's geomagnetic field to the series of circular ripples created by dropping a pebble into a pond. These circular ripples move outward from the centre point where the pebble was dropped expanding in size, but diminishing in force as they move.

Now, if we were to simultaneously drop two pebbles into a pond several feet apart from one another, we would then be creating two sets of circular expanding waves, moving outward from their centre of origin. Where the two waves meet one another, an interference pattern is created which expands between the two centre points, or points of origin.

The interference pattern assumes the shape of an extended ellipse, with its smaller ends at the points where the pebbles were dropped. Although both wave fronts diminish in force as they move outward from their point of origin, the interference pattern has combined a portion of both forces, thus creating a third force which will remain constant between the two central points for so long as they both remain active.



On page ROMAN NUMERAL twelve is a reproduction of a photo, one of the most precious artifacts left behind by Adamski. It shows the magnetic ripples between two celestial bodies and the elliptical interference pattern created by it. The photo (a negative) was found among the personal possessions of Adamski after he had died. There was no way for him to be in possession of such a photo unless he or his space-brother friends had photographed a screen or some video instrument panel inside the spacecraft while the spaceship was in flight, as it shows the location of the craft in relation to the two celestial bodies. The two planets are negative, which is light, and the positive part of the ripple is in dark. There are various dots in the photo. The light ones like the planets are negatively charged, and the dark ones are positive. Some of the light ones could be space debris, others could be spaceships illustrating by their light or darkness whether they are in the process of leaving or approaching a planet. When they are negatively charged they are repelled by the planet, thus leaving it, and approaching it when positively charged. Adamski had up to a 6th-grade education-there was no way he could have figured this out and faked it. It is also noteworthy that he never revealed having this photo. It was found amongst his possessions only after he had died.

The geomagnetic force and interference pattern existing between planets also exists between the Sun and each and every planet in a solar system, and it also exists between a satellite and a planet and a satellite and the Sun in exactly the same manner as was described in the previous paragraphs.

A planet's magnetic field is similar to direct current that becomes weaker as it travels from its source; however, the elliptical magnetic field shared by two celestial bodies may be likened to alternating current that can be transmitted over long distances.

These alternating electric elliptic fields, which extend from the Sun to planets and from planet to planet, are the invisible bonds that balance the solar system. They also extend in a similar manner between solar systems and between galaxies . . . and they also exist in the miniature solar systems, the micro-magnetic fields of atoms.

The end zones of elliptical fields which influence Earth extend from about 58 degrees north latitude to about 58 degrees south latitude. The axis of each elliptical field is at right angles to the magnetic polar axis, and the elliptical field axis corresponds to Earth's magnetic equator.

The magnetic rivers between planets constantly alternate; they change their direction of flow, creating a two-way magnetic pulse. By using one half of each two-way pulse, space liners move in one direction. For example, if the spacecraft uses only an outward pulse, it moves away from a planet. If the ship uses an inward pulse it moves toward a planet. If the spacecraft allows the alternating pulse to flow through it in both directions, it will hover.

To explain how spaceships operate within a planet's gravitational field, we must first recognize the relationship between geomagnetism and the planet's rotation. On Earth many writers mistakenly refer to antigravity devices, believing that gravity should be wrestled to a standstill. This is not an efficient approach.

Spaceships visiting our world from other planets operate on a progravity principle, using natural forces given to us by God, instead of fighting them. Since these ships operate on electrostatic power, it would be useless for them to fight the geomagnetic forces, since Earth's geomagnetic field has an electrical potential of billions of volts.

Planetary gravity is the natural balance between the centrifugal force of a planet's axial velocity and the centripetal attraction of its electrostatic field. Centrifugal force tries to spin an object from the planet's surface, but electrostatic attractions keep the object from flying into space.

If electrostatic attraction did not exist, we would have to hang firmly to a tree or rock to keep us from being hurled into space by the centrifugal force. By the same token, if the centrifugal force did not exist to balance the electrostatic attraction and its inward centripetal force, we would be flattened against the Earth's surface.

I believe the late Dr. Albert Einstein described this balance as an inseparable relationship in his Unified Field Theory; however, my observations are not as profound as those achieved by that great abstract scientist.

We have briefly challenged the gravitational force with our aircraft and rockets. Now it is time to consider the benefits we can derive from putting that force to work for us.

A rocket is pushed forward by a concentrated chemical thrust that is greater than the pull of gravity. The "ionic rockets" we are now planning will expel ions out of their engines and achieve thrust exactly like the chemical rockets. Ionic rockets, however, cannot operate efficiently within the unified field of a planet. They are only efficient in the near vacuum of outer space.

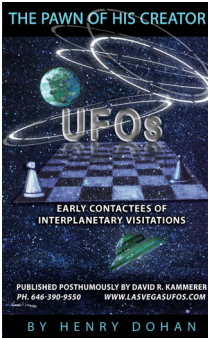
A flying saucer, or "pro-gravity" craft, operates by generating its own gravitational field, which surrounds it in a generally spherical pattern. This field is adjusted to resonate, or blend in harmony with the planet's geomagnetic field. The resonating gravitational field causes the ship to be weightless. In this weightless or balanced condition, the ship, wherever it may be, can be moved by a relatively slight thrust.

It is believed that if our NASA scientists had paid more attention to the **Adamski writings** such as this one, then our space efforts would have gone a long way further. The pulsation forces explained and published by **Adamski** in 1961 I tested in 1986 and found them so successful that liftoff was obtained. What is even more important is that it can be achieved by free energy, as this will give us an unlimited exploration range into space. These **Adamski writings** are priceless, as they contain

information from a civilization many millions of years ahead of us, and I find the narrow-mindedness of our governments pathetic when they try to suppress such vital knowledge to protect their material wealth, their power and their jobs. Little do they know that everything material in this universe belongs to God, and the only thing that can ever be the property of an individual is the soul or spirit which God gave to each and everyone of us. But little do they know that this gift of life is only conditional, and if we do not fulfill the purpose of our creation then one day this gift of life will no longer be with us, and this message is hereby given to all who become blinded by the power of a moment. Because the life we know is nothing but a moment in the void of eternity, and if you thought that the body you lived in was yours I have news for you: not even that is yours. And if those of power among us, be they from churches, industry, or government, feel powerful enough to change God's mind from the miserable little ant heap we live on, let me tell those misguided souls that in the vastness of God's universe is more knowledge than any man will ever know.

## Chapter 19

### THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE



It was toward the middle of 1987 that my house in Escondido became empty again. I was in Australia at the time. My pastor friend went over to have a look at it. It was the usual shambles. It looked like the tenants had a fist fight before they left. There were holes punched through doors and other extensive damage, but I had become used to that. I asked the pastor if he knew of someone to put into the house, rent free, till I returned, so that the house would not get vandalized any further, by staying empty. He suggested his son. I was in no position to drop everything at the drop of a hat and come running to the U.S. every time there was trouble with that infernal house. So his son lived in it rent free for about six months. His son is a delightful person; he did everything he could to repair things, to lessen my shock for when I returned.

"Coincidences" never stopped happening. Unknown to me I had returned in the very nick of time. Had I returned two days later I would have been exposed to a major catastrophe. It was as if God was watching over me. Also in my mail box was a flyer from a scientific company offering exactly the materials I needed for the construction of the saucer.

I had left my car, a 79 Fiat, parked outside the house. Rust got into it. It had rained and there was water all over the floor. Later that day my wife rang from Sydney. I told her that I did not know what I would do for money. I told her about the car and how it was leaking everywhere. The following day it also rained. I sat in my car ready to use it when all of a sudden I noticed that all the leaks were fixed. I still don't know, to this day, what they did to fix it as there is no visible sealer. It is as if the metal was back in place of the rust.

To a civilization like ours that is only in its infancy, scientific problems that are not understood often become enmeshed in fear, ignorance and superstition, and these problems become a bonanza for our psychics who fascinate confused people with the mysteries they spread. I

have come to the conclusion that every mystery has a scientific answer and the Bermuda Triangle is no exception. Believe it or not, there are psychics who will tell people that the Bermuda Triangle is caused by an Atlantean civilization living beneath the ocean; or another psychic theory purports that the Atlanteans are now extinct but that a laser of theirs is still active; and last but not least, our very revered UFO haters tell us that our Space Brothers are doing it to us and that there is supposed to be such a thing as a time and space warp. While many things are warped on this planet, I assure you that none of these allegations bears even the slightest amount of truth.

Because of many things that *Adamski* said that proved to be true and the fact that he said those things at a time when no one on Earth knew it, I now hold in great esteem the writings of this man and am convinced that his information came from the people of the planet Venus, as he so steadfastly claimed until he died.

The following is the explanation that *Adamski* gave to what is happening at locations like the Bermuda Triangle and the reported disappearance of aircraft, navy, and other ships and boats. Basically these incidents, some of them dating back to over hundreds of years, happen by the natural law of cause and effect, as nothing but magnetic influences are the cause of these events.

There are on Earth a total of twelve locations like the Bermuda Triangle, although the other eleven are not quite as much publicized. These are the locations on Earth where mass has reverted back from the effect to the cause or atomic state:

1. The southern part of Africa
2. Around the Easter Islands in the South Pacific
3. Off the coast of Brazil
4. North of New Zealand
5. West of Australia
6. The South Pole
7. The North Pole
8. Southeast of Japan
9. In the area of the Hawaiian Islands
10. In the Himalayan Mountains of northwest India
11. In the mountains of Morocco, north Africa
12. The Bermuda Triangle

Many articles with psychic overtones were written on the Bermuda Triangle, creating even more misconceptions and mysteries than we originally had. The problem is quite complex because if the cause were natural disaster, such as sea-going tornadoes; eruptions under sea volcanoes, whirlpools, or huge waves, then debris of the stricken vessels or planes would always be found, but, as you already know, debris is just

what is never found.

It has been suggested that these people and craft which disappeared went into another dimension. Well, all life is three-dimensional, the fourth dimension being matter in its free state in the atmosphere. To say that the people and craft which disappeared went into a fourth dimension is similar to saying that the snow man we made in the winter is now still in the fourth dimension in the summer after the snow had melted and the water evaporated. Such preposterous suggestions only tend to confuse people even further. As for people living under the ground, it is impossible. We have dug down to a depth of six miles and found pressures and temperatures 100 times as great as we are accustomed to on Earth's surface. It is believed that at a depth of 50 miles the molten outer core would have a temperature of some 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

There are many places on Earth where there are magnetic disturbances of five degrees or more, and these will happen over continents, islands, lakes, or oceans. Let us understand the principles involved in the generation of magnetic fields before we can understand the reason for the disappearance of matter or mass.

The molten outer core under the Earth's crust is responsible for the generation of our magnetic field. It functions like a gigantic dynamo rotating beneath the crust of our planet, and it turns in the same direction as the Earth does, but only half as fast. The friction that is generated produces our magnetism. The Earth's rotational speed around its own axis over a 24-hour period and measured around the Equator was 1,200 mph or almost twice the speed of sound.

Just as the surface of the Earth is uneven in height by mountains and valleys, so also is the crust deep down, and as it rotates whirlpools of molten lava are formed due to these uneven places, which in turn produce magnetic vortexes or whirlpools in certain parts of the Earth. These magnetic vortexes are easily located since our magnetic compass needles will rotate erratically on top of such a vortex.

An immense magnetic vortex exists in the Bermuda Triangle area, and we have another eleven smaller vortexes in the locations earlier enumerated. Around each of these twelve locations we find usually smaller less powerful vortexes. The phenomenon could be compared to a tornado with smaller and less powerful tornadoes around it.

The magnetic vortexes coming from beneath our Earth are not on their own responsible for the disappearance of our people, ships, and planes; rather, they need to be accompanied by another force acting simultaneously with them. This will explain why so many times nothing happens in those danger zones, even if the danger zones are there all the time.

The second force are magnetic vortexes in and above the atmosphere of the Earth. We have around the Earth more than 1000 lines of force in every square inch of surface surrounding our planet. Whether in the sea

or on land, these lines of force are always there. Vortexes also exist amongst these lines of force, but these are not triggered off by the Earth but by the Sun. Extreme solar flares produce solar winds which, when reaching Earth, cause communication problems, weather changes and solar wind vortexes.

Each of these forces alone cannot destroy matter. However, when the two vortexes come together, the one from the Sun and the other one from beneath the Earth, a neutral zone is created and it is in the eye of this neutral zone where the molecules of mass are demagnetized and thus separated. All forms are made of molecules, and it is by the magnetic charges of these molecules that they hang together, positive with negative. It is like a zipper that can be opened or closed. When the charge is neutralized the form falls apart; it thus returns back to the atomic or cause state.

The problem now lies in how to avoid which areas and predict these vortexes in advance. The force from beneath the Earth can be pinpointed quite accurately, as they are fixed; the vortexes from above, however, are very unpredictable. The Earth on its path around the Sun oscillates, which moves the outer layers of the magnetic field back and forth like jello. The poles too are never quite stationary. Even though the liquid beneath comes to a centralized whirling focal point, the oscillations of the Earth cause the magnetic fields to move back and forth in the polar regions as much as 70 miles in a circle.

Solar activity produces the force responsible for the disturbance of our magnetic fields surrounding the Earth as well as these whirling magnetic vortexes. To exactly pinpoint when they will happen and if they will join in conjunction with the magnetic vortexes generated from below seems to be beyond our present knowledge. But this at least explains why these areas are safe many times and on rare occasions have been destructive to our ships and planes.

Perhaps when we learn more about magnetism and its effects we will be able to cope with these conditions. On the other hand, if we would build and operate aerial vehicles like those of our visiting planets, these natural forces would not present a problem.

The UFOs or space ships are propelled by electromagnetic forces and are protected from outside interference and friction by a force field. They are not harmed by natural conditions, as their ships work with the forces of nature rather than try to go against them.

The information contained in these two last chapters is of vital importance as it constitutes a stepping stone to what our next chapter entails. **Our next chapter is on free energy.**

The information in this chapter on the Bermuda Triangle came to me via F.S. for publication in this book.

## **POSTSCRIPT**

**I took a trip to Australia in 1995 in hopes of locating the last chapters of Henry's manuscript. I was not able to locate Henry's notes or research documents on the last chapters he wrote before his death in 1990. I did continue the efforts to locate Henry's information when I got back from Australia. I finally found someone who knew of their last whereabouts. These chapters were in the hands of the family of the man Henry had helping him edit the book. After the death of the man, his family has denied having the chapters.**

**There is reason to believe that this family does not want this book to be published.**



A Word about the Author:

Henry Dohan, a gifted writer, is a textile and electrical engineer. In 1961 he became internationally famous for his research into mass and macromolecular structures. The following is a speech given about him in the "Australian Senate."

**COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.**

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**SPEECH**

**BY**

**Senator the Hon. G. BROWN**

**ON**

**Appropriation BILL (No. 2) 1962-63.**

**FIRST READING.**

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(From the "Parliamentary Debates," 14th May, 1963.)

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Because of my frequent references in this chamber previously to lovely ladies ladderless nylon stockings honorable senators may think I am developing a phobia. I am not, but I am out to do a job tonight, and I want to do it well, if I can.

First, I will speak of a man named Henry Dohan, an Australian citizen on the right side of 40, who is the inventor of the ladderless nylon stocking. The story I tell tonight is one of eager hopes and bitter frustrations. It is a story of possible fortune and of fears of financial ruin. It is a story of a young man, an inventive genius, with remarkable powers of concentration and unusual tenacity who finally triumphed over colossal difficulties. He is a man who, for many years, worked at nights like Thomas Edison, who on many occasions worked for more than 30 hours at a stretch without sleep or meals.

When I speak of Mr. Dohan's powers of concentration I am reminded of some of our best sportsmen, such as Sir Donald Bradman, the greatest cricketer the world has ever known. I remember reading that Bradman would throw a cricket ball at a corrugated tank and he would try hour after hour to hit the ball as it rebounded. It helped him to become the great cricketer he was. I am reminded of Dally Messenger, the Rugby footballer. People thought that he was mad. He would throw a Rugby football into the air hour after hour and watch it bounce. He could tell where the ball was going to bounce when others could not do so. We think of Lindrum, who was here on several occasions. I remember him playing billiards with Tom Collins, who has passed away. Tom had one stroke and then Lindrum made 200 and Tom said to me, "What have we been playing all these years on the billiard table?" Lindrum practised hour after hour. Ordinary men like you and me would have gone mad, but he made himself a great player.

I think of Stanley Matthews, recognized as the

world's greatest soccer player. He spent days and weeks kicking a rag ball about. When he left Blackpool to go back to his old team of Stoke the attendance at the matches increased by 10,000. The team was at the bottom of the league, but now it is at the top, and will go next year into the first division. It is now able to pay £76,000 for new players.

But one of the greatest men I can speak about for concentration was Cinquevalli. I saw him as a boy. He was a great juggler who spent five years practising a difficult feat. When he first displayed this feat it was a cold audience and he did not raise any enthusiasm. Cinquevalli went into his room and cried like a child. When Henry Dohan invented his process, he thought the world would be at his feet; but somehow or other the world did not rise to his cause. It reminds me of W. C. Fields, who was playing in Berlin once and could not get the phlegmatic Germans to appreciate him. He was juggling with tall hats and throwing them up in the air. The lights on the stage were overhead and dazzled him, and the hats fell on to the stage. He kicked them into the audience and the people clapped and cheered. Every night afterwards he had to kick the hats into the audience. That is something like our labours in this Senate. A man can study for days and make a splendid speech and nobody takes any notice; but if one man calls the President a liar, it is in all the newspapers of Australia.

Henry Dohan had characteristics similar to those of the men I have mentioned who have been able to concentrate in a certain way and achieve success. For fourteen years Mr. Dohan worked night and day to invent and make a success of his ladderless stockings. He made a bet fourteen years or more ago that he would produce a ladderless nylon stocking. The bet was for £5, and only a few weeks ago the man paid him when he recognized that the invention was a

success.

My own wife has had a pair of these ladderless stockings for twelve months. Mr. Dohan does not say that his stockings will last for twelve months, but, treated properly, they may be worn for three or four months. One would have thought that when he produced a stocking of that sort everybody would have rallied to him and that he would have had a huge demand from the women of the civilized world for nylons that did not ladder. I have no financial interest in this business. I am interested because I know this man and believe I should do everything to help him. Honorable senators will remember how I came to take an interest in ladderless stockings. One day the Senate was discussing the Si-ro-set process. I thought that if they could put a crease in men's trousers why not take the ladders out of ladies stockings. My statement was publicized throughout Australia. I got a letter from a firm of stocking manufacturers and, as some honorable senators may remember, the firm sent me two stockings. They were odd ones. I held them up in this Senate and said, "These people do not understand publicity. If they had sent me two pairs of stockings-one for my wife and one for my secretary-they would have been doing well." I suggested that the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization should enter into the business and try to do something about a ladderless stocking. However, nothing was done.

Quite a number of stocking manufacturers saw the published reports and not only did I get two pairs of stockings from one firm, but several days later I got two more pairs. I was also told that if I wanted to buy stockings wholesale I could buy at wholesale prices. The manufacturers wrote me a nice letter and sent their stockings along. They laddered rather readily. One manufacturer wrote and said-

No truly non-laddering stocking has been

manufactured and this is because of the various shapes of women's legs. One foot size in a stocking has to be made in a way that will fit at least 20 different leg shapes. To get it over the instep and fit the ankle and at the same time make it ladderproof, would necessitate some kind of zipper up the back which would make it very unattractive and therefore unsaleable.

The letter went on to say that stockings were like cars or fine china—the length of wear and satisfaction could be improved by care. Women, he said, are vain and insist on wearing 12 or 15 denier. He added—

If they would only buy 60 denier, which is quite attractive on the leg, they would get longer wear out of their stockings.

He went on to say—

Madam prefers the finer type of stocking which thread is not half the thickness of a strand of your hair.

He concluded the letter in this way—

The higher the denier of the stocking Madam chooses, generally speaking, the longer the wear she will obtain. So you will see, Sir, the problem rests entirely in Madam's hands.

It does not, because Henry Dohan has produced a stocking that has stood up to examination and analysis. I will not say by whom it has been examined: it was done for a certain firm. I got hold of a copy of the report, which was quite independent. It stated that the Dohan ladderless stocking was sixteen times stronger than the ordinary nylon stocking and was less likely to ladder. Henry Dohan wrote to me after what appeared in the press. I looked at the letter. There was no heading or business address on it. At first I really thought that, as it came fast behind what had appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald" and other newspapers throughout Australia, someone was playing a joke on me. Naturally, I thought of Eddie Ward and Freddie

Daly, because politicians do play jokes on one another, as I have stated in my latest book.

Later I received another letter which had an address on it, and then I saw Henry Dohan. I was quite struck by his personality. He is a very serious-minded man and an idealist in many ways. After a year or so had passed he was ready to tell the world about his invention. He asked me to open a conference of businessmen, television and radio men, journalists and others. Quite a group came along. The function was photographed and advertised and pictures were published in the world's press. Henry Dohan thought he was sitting on top of the world; he thought his fortune was made. Being an old battler in the Labour movement and knowing what it meant to be up against the vested interest and powerful monopolies, I tried to tell him that the way would be very hard indeed. Let me say just here that we received great help from the Australian trade commissioners throughout the world. I pay them credit for what they have done.

A company, which I think was called the Dohanized International Company, was formed to sell the stockings overseas. Patents were taken out at a cost of thousands of pounds. Honorable senators know the difficulties and the costs that attend the taking out of patents in nearly every part of the world. A number of manufacturers professed to have a deep interest in the venture, but we discovered later that it was only sabotage Dohan's efforts. He was up against it. I believe he and some relatives sold their businesses to get money for the venture but soon he was boycotted completely. He did not make the stockings himself but had to buy them so he could Dohanize them. When he went to certain wholesale houses for stockings they closed down on him, and on his wife too. One particular firm-I shall not mention any names, even though I could do so here-threatened to prosecute him if its stockings

were used. Some retail houses sold the treated stockings for a time, but soon all kinds of false stories started to circulate. We had an idea where those stories emanated. They were told purposely to try to destroy Henry Dohan.

The way of the inventor is very hard indeed I recall that when I was a young man a certain inventor in Paris produced a real diamond by the use of heat and pressure. Three weeks after the invention was made known to the world his body was taken from the Seine. History is replete with instances of clever men who have devoted a lifetime to inventing only to find a pauper's grave. In some countries, when a young man with inventive genius comes to the top, provision is made for him to use it on behalf of his country. He is fed, clothed and housed, and his talent is used to advance his country's interests. But, unfortunately, under the present economic system of the free world, such a struggle is going on that, when an invention invades the rights or threatens to reduce the profits of certain manufacturers, every effort is made to destroy the work of the inventor, or the patent is purchased and pigeon-holed. I recall seeing an article some years ago in the American "Saturday Evening Post", which gave chapter and verse for many inventions that had been proved but which had vanished from the market. They had been pigeon-holed because it did not pay vested interests or monopolies to allow them to be used.

Henry Dohan has been able not only to produce a ladderless stocking-that has been proved up to the hilt-but also to improve the wearing quality of wool. I took it upon myself to see Sir William Gunn and tell him of the work that Henry Dohan was doing. He seemed to be very interested, but I do not know of anything having been done about it. Henry Dohan was somewhat depressed at that time and he said, "Possibly the wool people are like the nylon manufacturers; they do not

want woollen goods that wear for any length of time." Dohan is capable of producing many forms of improved rubber goods, too. He has ideas about many matters of which I shall not tell the Senate tonight. They include even cancer. He is a man of great ability, and it is a pity that he is having to struggle in the way he is. But now he can see the light in the distance. All kinds of people from every part of the world have been eager to meet him. A little while ago he received a cable inviting him to go to France and offering to pay his expenses. He did not have the time to go. Manufacturers in one country-I shall not mention the name, because negotiations are at a delicate stage-want world rights for the invention with a view to putting everyone else out of business.

Henry Dohan, although born in Vienna, is an Australian citizen today. He is very anxious that his invention be controlled by the Australian people. He says that if we had the sense to take it over we could build up an export trade which would soon rival our trade in wool. I do not say that, but that is what he thinks. In Australia there are between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 people. About 1,000,000 dozen pairs of stockings are sold each year. Some women wear out three or four pairs a week. Other women may make a pair last a month. Sometimes, my wife's nylon stockings ladder the first time they are worn. The production of nylon stockings is colossal. If this invention were owned and controlled by an Australian company, exporting to America, the United Kingdom, Japan and Europe, a tremendous market could be developed, because these stockings would put others out of business. This would be a great power in the hands of exporters to build up our funds overseas. Let me mention what was said to me by one store manager whom I have known for many years. When I was a union organizer, I had to meet him and his staff. He

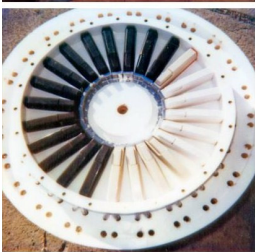
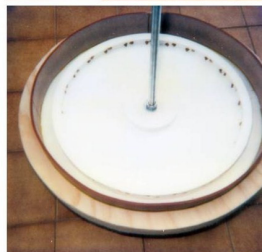
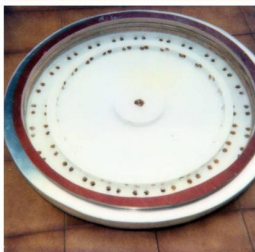
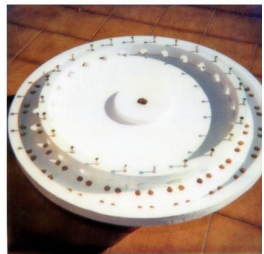
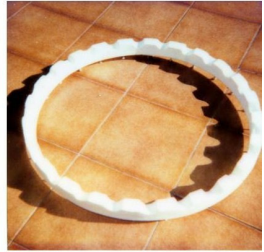
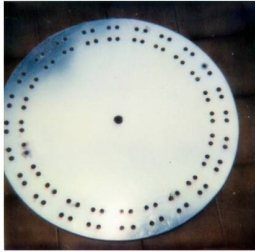


said, "Gordon, I am not interested. We sell thousands of stockings a year. We might be reduced to selling only hundreds of Dohanized stockings." Henry Dohan points out that the reduction in sales would not be so great, because a woman who buys a pair of nylon stockings today is very careful with them; she looks after them. If she had stockings that would not ladder, they would be worn continuously, and the diminution in the number used would not be great.

This man has opened a shop near Wynyard station between George-street and York-street. Unfortunately, he cannot supply all the goods that his customers want. I was informed a few days ago that he had been in negotiation with Canada, from where he hoped to gain regular supplies. When these supplies eventuate, he will be able to satisfy the requirements of those who need his stockings. I mention this because many people have asked me, "Why are not the goods of your friend, Henry Dohan, on the market?" He has been boycotted. One businessman stated that he was prepared to go into the witness box and say that the representatives of certain manufacturers had told all manner of lies about the quality of the Dohanized stocking. One manufacturer was asked five months before Christmas to supply Dohan with stockings, but said that it was too close to Christmas. I have got friends of mine to buy stockings surreptitiously and hand them to Henry Dohan so that he may carry on his business. He hopes soon to have a supply from overseas, as Australian manufacturers will not supply him. He is not in any way bitter against Australian manufacturers, because he still hopes that they will have some common sense and realize that if they use this invention they will be able to win markets overseas and thus do a great work for Australia.

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In later years, Henry Dohan became interested in  
Cosmic Energy and the forces of the Universe.  
His research into this is equally astounding.



# THE PAWN OF HIS CREATOR



In 70's California, Henry Dohan moved to Southern California and became a neighbor of some legendary figures in UFO history. His story brings to life a unique time, and add delightful details never recorded elsewhere. In a time when dis-information forces work hard to confuse and obscure the truth of UFO history and influence the public to be skeptical and rejecting of all UFO reports, you can decide for yourself, whether you believe in UFOs or not. You will love learning about things you never suspected: Did Orthon, George Adamski's Venetian contact, dress in women's clothing and jump out windows to fool FBI pursuers? Did Monique Shahrivar manifest a loaf of bread to feed the ducks, or only a few slices? Did the neighbor of Henry's Tijuana Dentist really go on the Argentinean trip and to Mars in the 1950's financed by the Vatican? Wendelle Stevens, renowned UFO investigator, publisher and lecturer, says, *The Pawn of His Creator* is in the top 10 of early contactee history reports.

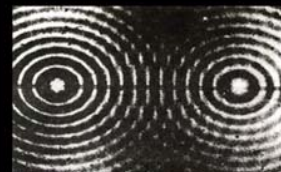
**About the author:**  
Henry Dohan, a gifted writer, is a textile and electrical engineer. In 1961 he became internationally famous for his research into mass and macromolecular structures. The

following is a speech given about him in the "Australian Senate."

**COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA. SPEECH BY SENATOR THE HON. G. BROWN ON APPROPRIATION BILL. (No. 2) 1962-63. FIRST READING. (From the "Parliamentary Debates," 14th May, 1963.)**

Because of my frequent references in this chamber previously to lovely ladies ladderless nylon stockings honorable senators may think I am developing a phobia. I am not, but I am out to do a job tonight, and I want to do it well, if I can. First, I will speak of a man named Henry Dohan, an Australian citizen on the right side of 40, who is the inventor of the ladderless nylon stocking. The story I tell tonight is one of eager hopes and bitter frustrations. It is a story of possible fortune and of fears of financial ruin. It is a story of a young man, an inventive genius, with remarkable powers of concentration and unusual tenacity who finally triumphed over colossal difficulties. He is a man who, for many years, worked at nights like Thomas Edison, who on many occasions worked for more than 30 hours at a stretch without sleep or meals. Henry Dohan has been able

not only to produce a ladderless stocking that has been proved up to the hilt-but also to improve the wearing quality of wool. I took it upon myself to see Sir William Gunn and tell him of the work that Henry Dohan was doing. He seemed to be very interested, but I do not know of anything having been done about it. Henry Dohan was somewhat depressed at that time and he said, "Possibly the wool people are like the nylon manufacturers; they do not want woollen goods that wear for any length of time." Dohan is capable of producing many forms of improved rubber goods, too. He has ideas about many matters of which I shall not tell the Senate tonight. They include even cancer. Henry Dohan, although born in Vienna, is an Australian citizen today. He is very anxious that his invention be controlled by the Australian people. He says that if we had the sense to take it over we could build up an export trade which would soon rival our trade in wool. He is not in any way bitter against Australian manufacturers, because he still hopes that they will have some common sense and realize that if they use this invention they will be able to win markets overseas and thus do a great work for Australia.



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