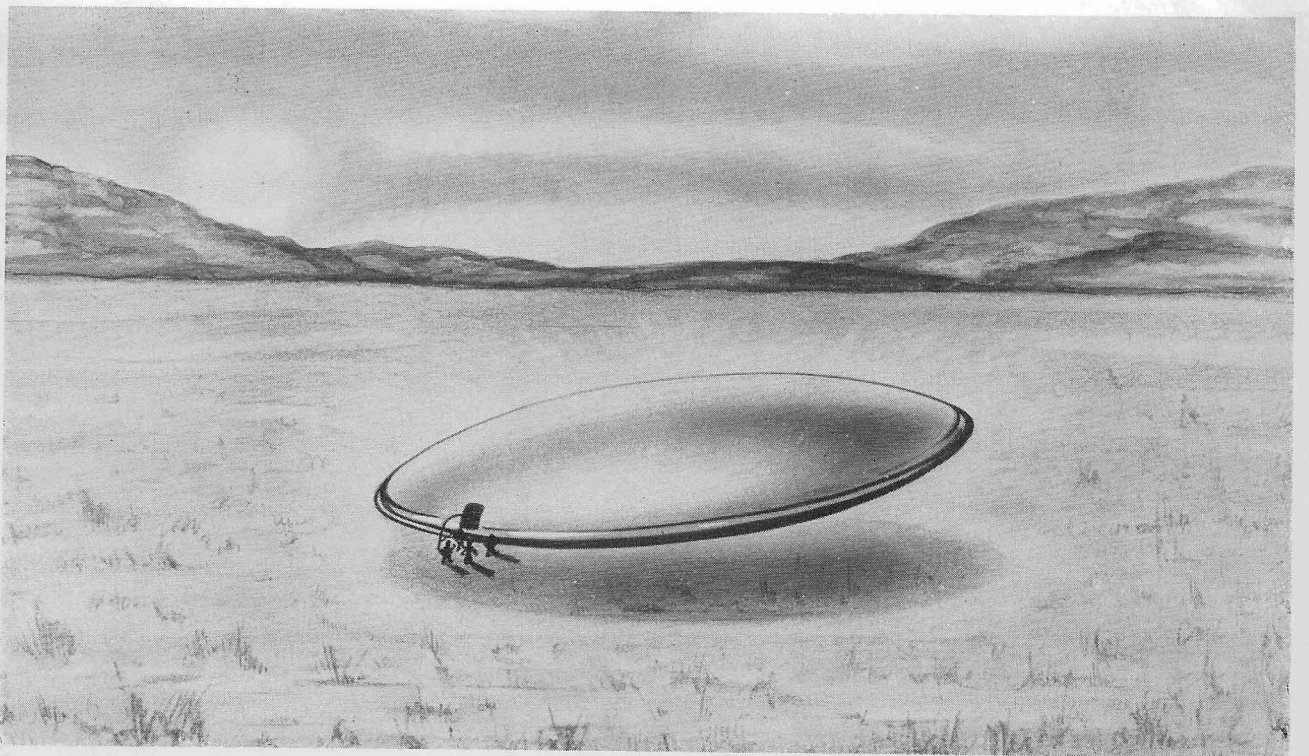


*Aboard  
a  
Flying Saucer*

by **TRUMAN BETHURUM**

**NON FICTION - A TRUE ACCOUNT OF FACTUAL EXPERIENCE**

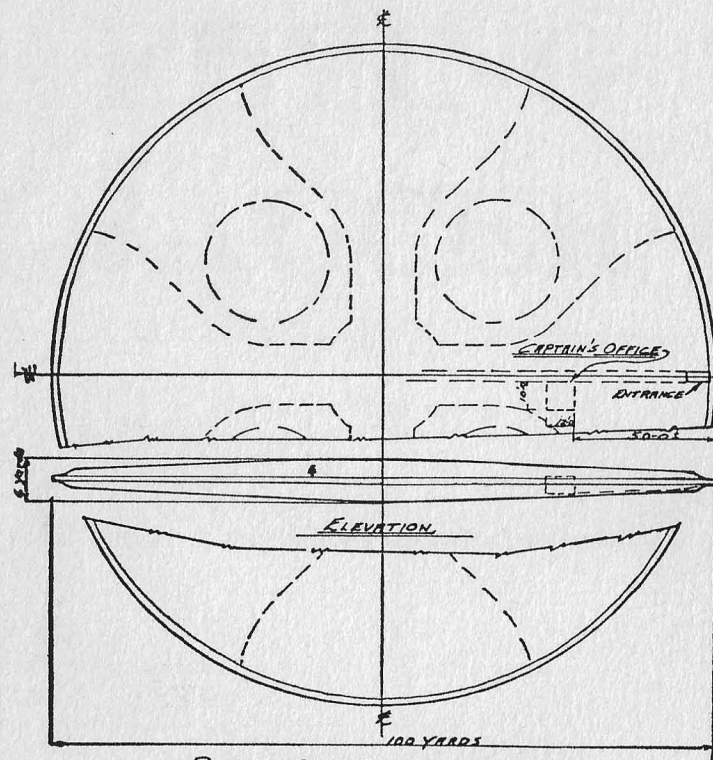




ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF FLYING SAUCER AS DESCRIBED BY TRUMAN BETHURUM

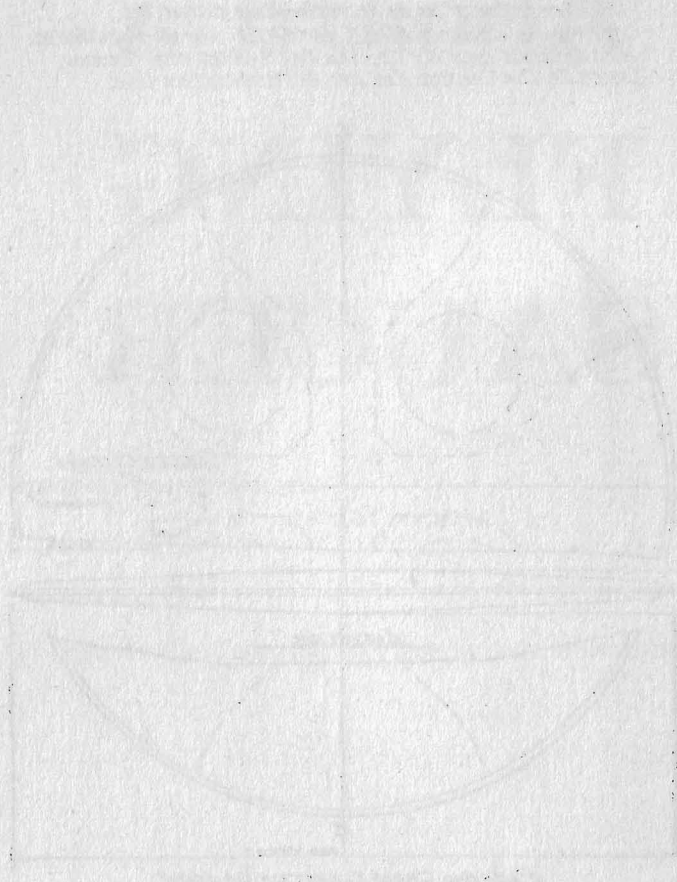


This SPACE CRAFT, or is affectionately called BY  
Her Woman Captain HURA RHINES Our ADMIRAL SCOW.  
Was Entered Into BY TRUMAN BETHURUM, Who therein  
Spoke To The Captain And Her 32 Member Male Crew.



PLAN AND CROSS ELEVATION OF SCOW  
SCALE 1/8" TO YARD Drawn by Q.B. Laylie





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# Aboard a FLYING SAUCER

By  
TRUMAN BETHURUM

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(Non-fiction. A true story of personal experience . . .)

**DEVORSS & Co., Publishers**  
520 WEST NINTH STREET  
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TRUMAN BETHURUM

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DeVORSS & CO.  
516 West Ninth Street, Los Angeles, California

This book is dedicated to my daughters  
Lois Rasmussen, Doris Franklin, to my lov-  
ing wife Mary, and my many friends who  
have stood by me in the most trying period  
of my entire life.

Gratefully, I remain

TRUMAN BETHURUM



## PROLOGUE

A great many people have stated and some under oath, that they have seen flying saucers. Some have added that they saw odd looking little people running to get back into them, or away from them and into the brush. You've read about many of these incidents in your own daily papers, in popular magazines and even in books. Some of you are convinced that flying saucers do exist. Others scoff and deny their existence. Governments insist in their news reports to the people that flying saucers do not exist and that those deluded persons who said they saw such things had only seen some weather bureau contraption for testing the upper air. Yet it has been stated by government personnel that "They sometimes show up on radar screens."

In his newly published book entitled **FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE**, by Major Donald E. Keyhoe (Holt: \$3), as you will see by the following quote from **THE MIRROR**, Los Angeles Daily of Friday, October 2, 1953, we get a closer view of the situation:

**"SAUCERS ARE FROM OTHER WORLD,"  
MARINE MAJOR SAYS...**



## ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

The great flying saucer riddle explodes into fresh prominence with the publication of this book by a retired Marine officer. He has co-operated closely with the Air Force's own investigators (Project Blue-book) for the last two years. Keyhoe says flatly that the saucers are of interplanetary origin. He supplies potent arguments to back his belief.

For the saucer believer his new evidence (official government sightings and findings) will seem well-nigh irrefutable. For the non-believer and scoffer, his book will provide sobering food for thought.

These are facts, not theories, which Keyhoe offers in his new volume: five countries in addition to the United States are now investigating unidentified aerial objects, England, France, Canada, Norway and Sweden. The Air Force now has in its possession genuine motion pictures of flying saucers. For the first time a saucer has been photographed by Air Force F-86 pilots during simultaneous ground radar and visual sightings and the Air Force Intelligence has completed a secret analysis of all evidence to date.

The movies were made on July 2, 1952, near Tremonton, Utah, by a Navy warrant officer and official photographer. They show saucers maneuvering . . . Keyhoe contends that the government has been reluctant to reveal its complete findings to

## ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

date for fear of frightening the public. He says that the rash of sightings over the nation's capitol last summer was genuine and was deliberately fluffed off by an Air Force general in a key press conference to allay press and public suspicions and mounting worries of the populace.

Sightings have not decreased. The government has clamped down on releasing data on most of its own reports.

Many mysteries remain unsolved, such as why the saucers do not land or communicate with us if they are interplanetary. Keyhoe does not pretend to know all the answers, but he makes a strong case for the theory that we are under prolonged and detailed observation by someone from outer space.

This book, I hope, will add much to your knowledge of flying saucers and the space people who bring them here.

Men who have seen the flying saucers with their own eyes again and again cannot agree with any denial that they exist, any more than Pasteur could agree with the French scientists who hounded him because, according to their knowledge, bacteria could not exist, let alone cause disease. It can be possible, however—and I claim it is—that there is a kind of matter which science knows nothing about which, guided by intelligent beings of other worlds,

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is able to overcome the difficulties so insuperable as yet to us, and travel through space as easily and directly as you can travel in your "horseless carriage", that amazing vehicle in its turn considered only the foolish dream of visionaries—and less than a hundred years ago.

Surely, everybody—all these reputable men—who report seeing flying saucers are not "off the beam." The Air Training Command of the Air Force recently stated that more than 1,000 reports of flying saucers were received at Wright-Patterson Field in Ohio, in 1952. Other thousands of reports have accumulated from all parts of the world. The attitude of the public has largely changed from indifference and derision to increasing interest and concern. Therefore, I feel sure that now you will give some credence to my story.

But since I am going to tell you, the general public, a story of adventure so amazing that you can hardly help being incredulous and perhaps doubt my veracity, first I must tell you something about myself, so you will know me and know about me, so that you can judge more easily whether or not you are to believe that I speak the truth . . .

I, Truman Bethurum, was born at Gavalin, California, on August 21, 1898, a few miles out of Peris, California towards Riverside, in what was then

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a gold mining area. Old timers will recognize the names Santa Rosa mine, also the Good Hope. There were many other workings, but these two were the principal ones. I believe a boom in the gold mining business is what led my parents to move to Gavalin. My father's job at the mines was pumpman and hoist man. He also tried his hand at dry farming around his home near the Santa Rosa mines.

We lived in the mining area until I was about two years old, and then moved to Redlands, California, late in 1900 or early 1901, where I became old enough to start to kindergarten in the Old Lugania Avenue School. My first grade was in the "brand new" Lincoln School near Colton Avenue and Texas Street.

About this time dissension stepped in and my parents became estranged and divorced.

My father had a sister and brother-in-law who had answered the call of the desert in 1901 to what is now the Great Imperial Valley. They persuaded him to come to the new town of Holtville and seek his fortune. We arrived in the summer of 1904 and I, as a child of six started in the fall in the second grade. Our school was in a large tent house, all grades in the same room.

In 1910 my father pushed the doors of his blacksmith shop closed and with his brother bought out



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a shop in Elsinore, California, where I attended school a short time in the sixth grade.

Back to Holtville to sell out and move to a new townsite called Seeley and a new blacksmith shop. We lived in Seeley to finish my grammar school and my high school education—attending three different schools in the process, first in Imperial, one-half term in Holtville, back to Imperial, one year at El Centro, then to half a year at Imperial. No sheepskin. All this schooling was broken up by the necessity of helping to earn our living in my father's shop.

Finally I decided to go on my own, working in cotton gins and later on dredges for the various water companies in the valley at that time. Later I left the valley and was again working in Elsinore district at various jobs; meeting there the girl who was later to become my wife and the mother of my two lovely daughters.

After twenty-one years of happy home life, fate kicked me in the face, as it had my father before me, and I found myself again alone and bewildered.

A second world war was on and had to be won. I accepted a job in a plant doing work to help win this war, and stayed from September 9, 1943 until after V. J. Day, always with one thought, to do all I could to help win this war for my country. Bonds

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were my strong point, taking a large percentage of my wages. I was on the selling committee too, and the departments where I sold bonds were the first 100 percent participating.

In July of 1945 I again met a lady whom at first sight I decided should be my wife, and on October 6th Mary and I were married.

The humdrum of factory work was telling on my nerves, and I decided my first choice for a change would be outside construction work, repair and maintenance of equipment. I have been on this type of work, the Bishop tunnels, Friant Kern Canal, Cochuma Dam near Santa Barbara, Goleta Highway tunnel, State Highway construction at Benton near Bishop, California. And later in the Nevada desert near Glendale, Nevada on a realignment job on Highway 91, from July until October 15, 1952. While employed as Batch Plant operator and as night mechanic on the water trucks I had, I suppose, one of the most startling and unbelievable experiences that any human being has ever been confronted with.

My many friends and acquaintances have looked upon my story of the flying saucer and crew from Clarion with various reactions. My close friends, knowing that truths are the only statements that I would make. Others have been concerned whether

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I might not need some form of mental treatment. The first mentioned group are the ones who have made it possible for me to withstand the ridicule and harassment of the second group.

My many good and trusting friends will know from my use here of their names and nicknames of my respect, acknowledgment and appreciation of their friendship and trust in me during a very trying period.

Whitey and Marie Edwards, together with Cathy and Lola; Blackie Gregson of Las Vegas; the Wilson family of Overton; the Marshalls of Logandale; the Perkins boys working on the job with me while on vacation from their pre-medical studies at the University of Utah; their many kind words and deeds are never forgotten. Some of the Leavett boys will probably recall a few talks we had. Timberline Riggs and Son; also the Perkins Restaurant family; the Ivan Jones Service Station, where I spoke of an airplane inspection of the Mormon Mesa area. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell of The Oasis Hotel in Bullhead City, Arizona, where I lived while working on Davis Dam. The hotel owners, Ross and Nancy Finley; the Smiths of the Bullhead City Stationary and Novelty Store; the O. C. Bucks at the station where I purchased many gallons of gasoline for my truck. Also Paul Richardson of the Mid-City Bar

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and Restaurant, where I boarded most of the time while I worked in Arizona. My friendly visits with the Thurstons on the Nevada side of the Colorado River. The friendliness of Chuck and Mary McGinnis of Davis Dam. One could never forget the music and smiles of Millie and her Novachord of Chloride. Both helped me to forget my troubles and my doubters.

Both Woodie and Enos, mechanic and welder on the Mesa job, showed a spirit of cooperation and belief in me that was enlightening and heart warming. Two families of workers at Davis Dam, Dales who was electrician and motor winder, Chuck who was the power house machinist, had a detailed perspective of me and my experiences. One could see and easily detect their mental change, due probably to some disgruntled worker speaking derogatorily of me and my "so-called" experiences, and their final change of attitude, favorable to me in the last weeks of my work in Arizona. I was very happy to see their changed attitude, for I had looked upon them as friends from our first meeting.

Last but not least is my fondest memory among my Arizona friends, the Nick Lause family living about a mile south of Bullhead City, the owners and operators of that wonderful fishing spot called Rainbow Haven. Nick and his lovely wife, two



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daughters and grandson diffused a feeling of friendliness and cooperation that would take more than a lifetime to forget. If Captain Aura Rhanes and her crew from Clarion would only land the scow in their immediate vicinity, so that they might have tangible and irrefutable evidence of the truth of my story, a prayer of mine would be answered.

You, as reader of this book, will not think it strange that a man's friends will be divided—that some will trust him and believe what he may tell them and others, since no proof of strange things can be given them, will doubt and scoff. But so that you may know why some do believe, I add to the above the copy of a letter written by J. R. Groom, Treasurer for I.U.O.E., LOCAL UNION NO. 12, on stationery of the INTERNATIONAL UNION OF OPERATING ENGINEERS, Los Angeles California.

Mr. Groom writes, and I quote:

“TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. Truman Bethurum, Register No. 284207, has been a Journeyman Engineer since July 1942, working under the jurisdiction of Local Union No. 12 of the International Union of Operating Engineers.

## ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

Our records in this office show that he is a reliable and trustworthy man. He is capable of heavy duty repair; very capable as a welder and operating engineer. He has always been agreeable to accept employment in remote areas. He has been sought after by employers for his ability to handle electric arcs and layout work of the highest quality.

I take great pleasure in recommending Truman Bethurum to anyone that needs his services.

Very Truly Yours,

(SIGNED)

J. R. GROOM, TREAS.

I.U.O.E., LOCAL UNION NO. 12”

This letter is dated September 21, 1953, and I do not think that Mr. Groom would have written it if he had any doubts whatsoever of my veracity, integrity and sanity.

From here, I shall go on to tell you some of the conclusions which have been reached, and my interpretation of the viewpoints of the various scientists with whom I have freely discussed the visits

of the space people with me, of the approximate locations of all visits, our conversations and all pertinent facts that I have gathered from those eleven visits.

First of all, these space people had some difficulty in their first attempts at landing on our earth, and due to this difficulty, apparently just summed up the situation and returned to their own planet and made the necessary changes or alterations in their scows which they deemed to be necessary or advisable. Probably a very long period of time as we know it was consumed in this research and work. Perhaps many attempts were made before at last they were able to actually hover and finally land and set foot upon the soil of our earth.

You may wonder at these statements. They are my own conclusions, after thinking back on some of the statements made to me by Captain Aura Rhanes, and also after discussing these conversations with various men of scientific knowledge.

Some statements were made to me by Captain Rhanes which led me to believe that probably the scow is not of solid steel, as it appeared to me, but has within its foot thick walls both refrigeration and insulating installations, as in some of our first conversations she had said, "We are well insulated against all outside influences."

However, in recent weeks, electronic experts interested in the subject of space ships, have informed me that a magnetical field or shield about the saucer, as Captain Aura Rhanes indicated to me they possessed, would insulate and protect the scow from heat, cold and space debris, giving ample insulation from all outside influences. This must be so, for the surface of the saucer from Clarion was always as smooth and gleaming as burnished steel, containing no dents or scars of any kind.

Also at one point Captain Aura Rhanes had mentioned, "Our conditioning works just right."

I have also discussed the weight of the scow, if it were constructed of solid steel walls, and every scientist I have talked with has agreed that with anti-magnetic or anti-gravitational power the weight, as we know it, would be no problem to these space people.

Captain Aura Rhanes also told me at one meeting that the outside of the scow had been altered for stability in flight. And as I know it is not sharp or pointed at the edges, I can only assume that these sharp or pointed edges would not be desirable in a space ship, even for their tremendous high speed in interplanetary travels.



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I believe that I have brought out very vividly in the story which follows, Captain Aura Rhanes' statements that no auxiliary breathing apparatus was used, needed or possessed at any place on any planet where they had landed; also that they were able to freely move about inside the ship while in flight. This latter statement was doubted in my mind, but I have discussed it with magnetic experts, and they agree that their speed in space would be just like sitting at a table at home on our earth. There would be no feeling of motion within the scow.

I have tried to do a little figuring, and assuming their scow is of a material similar to our stainless steel and solid, the weight may run to well over 35,000 tons. On the other hand, if only the thickness is divided into refrigeration and insulation, together with an apparently solid cover of steel, it may run considerably under this figure. My view is that the scow certainly appeared solid at the edges, also at the opening.

Every person connected with aviation in any manner with whom I have talked—and these include air line owners, pilots, parts manufacturers, physicists and several electronic experts, and also assemblymen of different factories—have agreed to a man that magnetical or gravitational power is the one

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thing that could make space travel possible. This is what Captain Aura Rhanes and her crew had made known to me over a year before I talked with or met any of these above mentioned men.

The operation of their scow without visible or audible signals brings the question of metaphysics and ontology into the picture, also the magic like appearance and disappearance of these space people in the presence of people here on earth. Also, much could be conjectured regarding levitation, since at times they made their appearance at locations apparently far removed from a location which might be suitable as a parking spot large enough for a scow.

Some of the gentlemen with whom I have discussed my experience have told me that the magnetic field which of necessity would surround this scow in flight would be insulation in itself, and their belief is that the scow is solid. Also, that this magnetic field would protect the space people from harmful rays and space debris, as scientists call star fragments, dust, etc.

One gentleman, Mr. George Adamski, of Palomar Gardens fame, has stated to an assembled group, including myself, that any metallic space ship, rocket or other device hurtling through space at anywhere

near the speed of light without this magnetic power or shield would contact abrasives in space which would act as an emery wheel and grind away at any such device before it could reach the moon or any planet. The noise of any such action alone would make space travel impossible and intolerable to occupants of any space ship.

A Mr. Maury Catch of Magnet Sales Co. of Los Angeles, California, has kindly furnished me some information relative to magnets and electro-magnets and their limitations, etc., as are known and accepted in the United States.

(1) That one or only very few companies own all basic patents.

(2) There are only eight processors licensed in the United States to manufacture or process magnets under these basic patents.

(3) That as far as is known by these processors magnetism cannot be confined or channeled.

Think this over. To me that would be about the same as some automotive manufacturer advertising thus:

We have a superior automobile now on the market, the most powerful, beautiful and most economi-

cal ever devised and very reasonably priced—but *we do not guarantee that it can be steered or controlled or reversed.*

Wouldn't that sound like a little research is in order?

Several articles have been published in the Los Angeles Examiner lately regarding space travel, sky platforms, the planet Mars, etc. One statement alone would prove to any construction man that the writer of these articles has very poor informants and/or scientific knowledge. The statement was that "Many miners would probably soon be in demand to make a granite stockpile on Mars, 500 miles square and one mile deep, to be chemically processed to supply supposedly absent oxygen so that life could be sustained on Mars."

I was born in mining country, and have worked on many tunnel excavation projects, and I don't believe that if all the material excavated, of any nature whatever, including the Suez and Panama canals and any and all other projects on our earth from prehistoric times would closely approximate the magnitude of such a project on Mars. The thing is clearly impossible.

But now that we are back to the seemingly impossible, I shall get on with the story of the amazing thing which happened to me. For I am the ONE



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MAN, to my knowledge who has actually seen the flying saucers, outside and inside, met and conversed with their people—and that, not once but eleven times.

Truman Bethurum

(The location of the scow's visits on Mormon Mesa was at Latitude 37°:0 North, Longitude 115°:12' West.)

## CHAPTER I

About the last week in June, 1952, I was living in Santa Barbara, California, at the Hilltop Trailer Court, which is located at 4175 Hollister Avenue. The owners and operators, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Warren, came to my trailer one afternoon and notified me of a long distance phone call from Las Vegas, Nevada. They gave me an operator's number to call, so that a connection with the caller might be made.

I had been employed on the Gaviota Highway tunnel as Batch Plant Operator, but was temporarily out of work due to a strike order by my local union. This I found out eventually was a general strike or work stoppage over the entire territory of the Operating Engineers Local. I was waiting there in Santa Barbara, instead of going home to Redondo Beach, because I hoped the strike would soon be over and I could get back on the job.

Very reluctantly I went to the phone in the court office, for the only person whom I knew to be in the Las Vegas area was a Mr. E. E. Edwards, whom I had known for a period of approximately three years. I liked Whitey, but I knew he was in the pro-

cess of installing a Hot Plant, which to the average person not acquainted with construction terms will better be known as an Asphalt Mixing Plant. And since I had worked in the Las Vegas area during the two summers of 1942 and 1943, I was not in the least interested in again working in the broiling desert heat which I knew must prevail there at the time. But I guess, because of being out of work and also because it was a good friend calling such a long distance, I figured the least I could do was to call the operator in Las Vegas and find out what the situation was. Just guessing was out of the question.

I called the given operator, and after about a five minute wait, which seemed like an hour to me, we were connected; he on Mormon Mesa, about seventy miles out of Las Vegas, and I at a spot next to heaven in the beautiful, cool, Pacific washed Santa Barbara.

The conversation was entirely one sided. Whitey, as Edwards is known by his legion of friends, gave out without a stop for breath or a chance for me to interrupt.

"I know you're on strike," he said, "and have been out of work for some time. And I need someone—you—up here. I had an operator for the plant, but he can't make it up here without losing time

due to an old injury, and I just can't make it go up here without you. I can leave here early in the morning and pick you up in Santa Barbara and get back here tomorrow night. And you can be at work with me Monday morning. No strike here. And also an over scale rate for you. I'll pick you up tomorrow before noon at your trailer. See you then. Goodbye."

Whitey hung up without giving me a chance to say aye or nay.

Our connection was broken. What was there left for me to do. I just stood there with my mouth open, until I realized it was no use. He had talked me into a job. His fast patter had been better than my resistance.

I went back to my trailer and packed.

Next morning, just before eleven, his brand new car rolled to a stop at my trailer. This, I had been honestly hoping would not happen. But it did, and in less than five minutes we were on our way, I with a suitcase full of work clothes, my trusty old lunch box, and my body full of resentment and disappointment. I do not believe anyone ever wants to leave a place as lovely as Santa Barbara.

We stopped in Santa Barbara for lunch and to bid a friend goodbye, and then we were rolling along the highway en route to Mormon Mesa, Nevada.



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I was back to work again, in the middle of the summer, in one of the hottest places on God's green earth.

Well, in less time than you could guess, we the batch plant crew, had caught up with the grade. That is, the crew preparing the roadway, Highway 91, had run into some tough going and could not prepare the roadway as fast as we could prepare the paving for it. That meant a shut down of the batch plant.

I was to be kept at work, since the management, for the first time in my memory, considered my work and efforts par excellence, or so I was told. The only job available for me was as Maintenance Mechanic on swing shift, 4:00 P.M. until everything was shipshape for the day shift to start in the morning; sometimes eight hours and more often ten and twelve or more. Often I was instructed to stay on the job until the truck drivers hauling water from the Muddy River, which is just below Glendale, Nevada, had all the reservoirs full. Water was a most important item for the roadway preparation. Very often this point was reached only as the day shift drivers came to work at 7:00 A.M.

It was during one of these extra hour shifts that I first became initiated into what might be called "The Saucer Seers." I remember the night very

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well. It was Sunday, July 27th or 28th, 1952.

After routine preparation of the trucks, a little fueling, checking and minor repairs, checking the water pumps at the Muddy River and also the trucks at both reservoirs, eating my lunch and again making the routine check, I found my boss and asked him and obtained permission to visit a hillside location about, I would say, a mile and a half from our shop location.

My wife was a collector of seashells, and I had heard through some stranger that the entire area had been ocean covered at some prehistoric date. This was the only reason in my mind at the time for visiting this location; to see if I could locate any seashells.

The shop was just a three sided shed with a bench about ten feet long fitted with a small bench vise. Our tools were always in our cars, pickups or, as in my case, a four wheel drive army car known in the service as an officers' carryall.

I drove this out to the hillside and parked, and after an hour or two of walking and hunting around the hillside on apparently virgin soil, sometimes using my flashlight to enhance the desert light, I returned to my truck. I was not exactly disappointed in not finding any shells, as I had not been assured of any results in the first place.

It had been a beastly hot day and my sleep had not been good. After my walk I was a little tired and, as I had watched occasionally and had seen by the moving headlights of the trucks that they were making their trips all right, I felt that a little relaxing rest would not be amiss. So I got in the truck to take a little snooze. The midnight hours held a refreshing touch of coolness and thus lulled me quickly into sleep.

I must have been asleep for an hour when I was startled awake by what I can only describe as mumbling, as if by several people and entirely unintelligible to me. I raised up, startled to find my truck surrounded by about eight or ten small sized men. I would say that they were from four feet eight inches to around five feet tall.

At that point, I did not see or notice anything unusual. My first thought was, What does this mean? Who are these guys and how did they get way out here?

Suddenly I realized that there was something different about these little men; not that they were dwarfs. They were fully developed small men. The real difference which struck me so forcibly was that they all seemed to be wearing some sort of uniform—unfamiliar to me. All but two or three of them wore black billed caps with a black band around

the bottom. Of the bareheaded ones, all whose hair was black and crew cut, one's hair was wavy. And all of them wore jackets like cowboys and trousers of material which reflected a blue-grayish cast under the bright moonlight. Their dark olive hued faces were bland and without lines or blemishes, like the skin was taut and hard over the bone structure.

I breathed a quick sigh of relief when it dawned on me that none of them seemed to be wearing side arms or carrying weapons of any kind.

They stood around, silent now, watching me.

They made no effort to molest me or in any way cause me to feel afraid. They seemed to have an air of friendly curiosity. Yet in my own mind I was bewildered and frightened stiff. My first thought was that they were after my truck or my wallet.

I was more afraid of making an effort to get away than I was of trying to find out what the situation really was. Both my doors were locked from the inside, but since the night was very warm the glass in both doors was partly open. As I raised up to get a better view, one of these little men stepped a few paces forward towards my truck and spoke some words in a foreign language, words which I did not understand.

I shook my head in a quizzical manner, trying to put over the thought that I did not understand.



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He seemed to comprehend, and came back immediately with the words in English, "You name it."

I blurted, "My God! You can speak English too."

He said, "We have no difficulty with any language."

I then felt more assured of my safety, though I don't know why hearing my own language should have given me that feeling. Getting out of the truck I offered my hand in a show of friendliness. But at the instant my feet hit the ground, I saw what bulged my eyes and made my heart skip a few beats and pound with excitement for the next two days. I saw the Flying Saucer!

In size, it was a great circular monster. It looked as if it were made of burnished stainless steel. It measured about 300 feet in diameter and six yards deep in the center. A three foot metal rim with beveled edges a foot thick surrounded the saucer-like ship. This rim was about two feet thick in appearance. I saw nothing else—no wings, nothing else at all. It seemed to be hovering several feet above the burnt out scrubby brush of the desert mesa.

While I gaped, the several small men were crowding around me, seemingly anxious to shake hands. I pulled my staring eyes away from the saucer and gaped around at them, filled with an awe and un-

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known fear. One does not think at a time like this. But popping like firecrackers down inside my consciousness were a dozen questions. So this was a flying saucer. And these men were her crew. From where? With what intent or purpose had they come here—for good or for evil?

While this fleeting interval passed, the men fell right in line for the, should I say, privilege of shaking my hand.

One of the men seemed to me to be the spokesman for the entire group. I finally managed to recover myself enough to ask him if they had a captain and, if so, could I please speak to him.

They all seemed to smile in a way which made me know that I had a surprise in store for me. Little did I suspect that their captain would turn out to be a woman—and what a woman!

His answer to my question was, "Surest thing you know."

The spokesman, who was all of a foot shorter than I and a good sixty pounds lighter, grasped my right arm with his left hand, just above my elbow. Quickly I got the impression that he had me at his mercy. He did not give my arm a hard squeeze, but a firm pressure, and I had the feeling that he did it to impress me with the fact that he was my superior in strength, and to warn me not to try any funny busi-

ness or rough stuff. With me in tow, he headed directly for the saucer.

I looked down sidewise at the little man escorting me toward the saucer, and suddenly I was desperately curious about him. I blurted, "Where do you call home?"

His answer came promptly.

"Our homes are our castles in a far away land." He did not elaborate on the statement.

As we came up to the saucer, he said, "You may speak to our captain in our scow."

My heart leaped at the very idea of going aboard this saucer. I had heard reports of men seeing saucers and fireballs and things in the sky, but nobody to my knowledge had ever been this close to one—surely not aboard one. And this was to be my fate; an intimate view of this much discussed wonder.

As we arrived at the scow, I saw that it really was not resting on the ground, but was floating about three or four feet off the ground. It did a tilt down on the side we were nearest. This was all as if at some signal unseen by me or, as I am fully convinced now, was done through mental telepathy signaling our approach.

I saw what I would call a movable landing step with a single hand rail protruding from the entrance door, which looked to me like a special shaped heavy

bank vault door, which I would estimate to be about four and a half feet wide and about ten to twelve feet long. It was located atop the ship close to the metal rim around the edge. I quickly got the impression that this saucer was no hunk of tin or aluminum—no movie prop indeed, if such an explanation of its presence could have popped into my mind.

After getting on this saucer, or scow as they call it, it seemed to me that it was again brought into a level position, though I felt no noticeable movement.

I was led forward about fifteen paces through a narrow passageway, still with the small man's hand firmly grasping my arm. Then we turned into a beautifully furnished office or captain's cabin.

That is where my eyes bulged again. I stood before their captain, a beautiful woman.



CHAPTER II

My eyes were glued on the woman, and I paid no attention for the moment to the interior of the saucer. She was a trifle shorter than any of the men I had seen. Her smooth skin was a beautiful olive and roses, and her brown-eyed flashing smile seemed to make her complexion appear more glowing. I am sure she wore no makeup, but she certainly needed none.

So this queen of women was the lady captain!

She wore no jewelry, not even a buckle on her belt.

Her black hair was short and brushed into an upward curl at the ends, and she wore jauntily tilted on one side of her proudly held head a black and red beret. She was standing before a great wide flat topped desk, with her graceful hands resting upon it. Her bodice was of some fitted material which looked like black velvet, with short sleeves decorated with a small red ribbon bow. The top of her skirt, which I could see above the edge of the desk, was of the most radiant red material I have ever seen. It looked like wool and was set all round in small flat pleats.

I thought, I must be in some such situation as this when the phrase was hatched—"I stood there smiling foolishly, spellbound, and wondering what would happen next."

She just smiled and nodded to my escort.

He released my arm and disappeared.

"Speak up, my friend," she said to me, "you're not hexed."

I stammered, "Are—are you from some European or Asiatic country?"

"No," she said, and added gently, as if she knew I could not possibly believe her, "We travel interplanetary, and it has been only recently that we have landed on your soil."

Then she nodded toward a maroon colored, leather textured upholstered bench or divan that ran around two sides of the cabin, and bade me be seated.

I dropped down, and for a moment I was frightened silly, for I seemed to be falling straight downward. Then I bounced up again to a normal sitting position and stopped there. I laughed a trifle nervously, embarrassed. What I had sat on was evidently something similar to foam rubber cushioning which gave with weight and then bounced back. I collected my senses as best I could and then blurted, without thought:

"Do you mean the United States or our hemisphere we call Earth?"

She seated herself behind the desk and indicated with a nod and a smile that the latter was what she had meant.

I asked, "How far did you come and how long did it take you to get here?"

She came out with an answer that to me at the time seemed evasive, but it was not long before I knew that she was not evading my questions, but rather felt that I wouldn't comprehend her answers.

She said, "Time and distance are of no concern to us, and what you call time and distance is inconsequential in our lives."

I was to learn that she was not kidding in her answers.

Beginning to feel a little more myself, I noticed that I could not hear any outside noises. But still I have the impression that I could have heard a pin drop if one actually had. I looked around the room, trying to impress it on my mind, and I was startled to see how bright it was. And yet nowhere could I discover any lighting fixtures of any kind whatever. Nevertheless, both the cabin and the passageway from the entrance were as light as day from floor to ceiling. The light could not have entered from outside, for the sun was not yet risen above the

horizon on Mormon Mesa, although it was not really dark outside.

The woman did not seem anxious to terminate my visit, nor did she try to get any vital information out of me. Rather, she seemed more interested in finding out what sort of creature this earth man was. But some of the questions that I asked passed unanswered. I noticed another thing. I had several questions just on the tip of my tongue that I never had a chance to ask, because she seemed to have the power of channeling my questions along a line that she was willing or possibly even anxious to answer. We talked about a lot of things.

I even asked her questions about the solar system and her religion.

And she told me, "We worship a Supreme Deity who sees, knows and controls all."

Immediately I got the idea that these people are very religious, understanding, kind and friendly and also certainly trusting. But the time came when she let me know that they are also cautious and took no chances of being fired upon, captured and detained by our warlike earth peoples.

While we conversed I gradually became more at ease and observed her more closely. Her physical appearance is not greatly unlike that of a woman on earth. Her flesh did seem to my scrutiny to be more



firm and the face taut, as some plastic drawn over a metal frame would appear to us. Her eyes were not of the staring or gimlet type, but seemed as if they saw and understood everything, including the questions I was about to ask even before I was able to get them out.

The woman also asked me questions. What we called the area, which was Mormon Mesa. Where I worked and what were my duties.

I mentioned the name of the company, Wells Cargo, and told her of their road building in that area. I also told her that I was a welder and machine operator, but at the present time was a mechanic on the water trucks and also did a few repair jobs on the other equipment when necessary.

She mentioned the extremely large desert area and added that it was especially adequate for landing their scow without endangering anything or anyone. She also added, with a small one-sided smile on her lips, that in a remote area such as this there would be no molestation efforts from earth men, or attempts at restraint.

I noticed that when she carried on the conversation it was in perfect and high level English, but when just talking back and forth as in answering questions her words would hit the same ordinary

plane as mine, and she seemed aware and pleased with her ability to do this.

I looked around the cabin when I could finally remove my eyes from her, and exclaimed, "My, but this is a huge thing!"

She just smiled without replying.

Then I made a try at finding out about their motive power.

"You must have tremendous power and very large engines or motors or whatever you would call them," I quipped.

She just smiled and said, "We have no reciprocating equipment aboard."

Being a mechanic that just about floored me. I had not, of course, seen all around this saucer, or scow as they seemed to prefer to have it called, and I was dying with curiosity.

I asked, "You have others like this?"

She nodded.

"We call this our 'Admirals' Scow'," she said, and added, "We have others identical."

It began to penetrate to my consciousness that this woman was talking to me in a swinging, rhythmic tone of voice, much like you read Mother Goose verses to your children, and for a moment I wondered about it. But I put it out of my mind for the

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time being; I wanted to know more about the saucers.

"Are all the saucers we hear about yours?" I asked, "or some of your crews?"

"The stories of ones with hooks and grotesque tails are from someone who wants in the news," she said, smiling.

She must have received a signal of some kind then, though I heard and saw nothing, for she arose and nodded for me to do likewise and follow her out the passageway.

As she drew alongside me I noticed that she came just above my shirt breast pocket. She did not seem to be in any rush, and we walked slowly out the passage to the entrance. I was amazed to see that the morning had come and the sun was lifting its golden circle above the eastern horizon. I looked around outside, but I did not see any of the little men.

I turned to the woman and inquired, "Are you coming back sometime?"

She nodded and said, "We'll be back."

"Thanks very much for inviting me aboard," I said, "and I hope you enjoyed your stay."

"We'll have another visit," she promised. "You just think of the place and the day."

I believe they again lowered the edge of the sau-

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cer, though I did not feel it tilt. The ground seemed only a foot below me as I stepped down.

In my mind I thought there should be no rush for them to get away, and that they had picked a good landing spot. It was smooth and apparently level except for the hill on one side. I couldn't see why one day should be any better than another if they really wanted to land in the area.

Once more she said, "We will be back again soon."

Then before I could turn and say goodbye to her the door had closed silently. Without fanfare or sound, the saucer disappeared in the rising sunlight, just like a vaporized pearl.

Contrary to general opinion, I'm sure it never did whirl. In that split second before it disappeared from my view, I could see that there were no propellers, no exhaust vents, wings, rudders or other outside extensions. The outside was smooth and symmetrical, and there was no noise of any kind at the take-off. The saucer left there with no time for me to take a second look or guess about anything, quicker than you could bat an eye it had disappeared and left not even a vapor trail.

As I walked away toward my truck, I began to think of the strange people who rode on this weird craft. The small men, with their masklike faces,



without scar or blemish, without beard or mustache. None of them had worn glasses, or anything metallic that I had noticed. Even the buttons on their jackets had been some kind of rubberized material. Even the lady captain had not worn any metal on her.

Not one of those people carried anything on their belts or anywhere that I could see which could be classed as a weapon, and I do not think they had any or needed any, even aboard their ship.

All of them are a little darker complexioned than an average well tanned American white person, perhaps slightly less dark than the Italian people with whom I am acquainted.

I was still in a daze when I reached my truck. This thing had happened to me—and yet I was pinching myself cruelly to see if I were awake or alive . . .

Driving back to the shop I was realizing that if I told my story to any of the boys I would be ridiculed and hooted at. Who could or would believe such an outlandish story. Not I—if I hadn't been there! So I drove slowly, wondering about the whole thing; the strange monster saucer, the odd little men, the lovely woman . . .

As I pulled in and parked my truck, I had reached the firm decision that I wouldn't mention a word

of this to any of the men. I would keep my own counsel. It would be hard not to tell about this wonderful thing; but wouldn't it be easier than living with men who could think me nothing but a rogue and a liar.

When I got out of the truck and started toward the shop, I was met by Whitey, who seemed rather curiously upset.

"Hey!" he called, "Did Joe's plane land out there where you were?"

I shook my head and blinked at him. Joe Wells was of Wells Cargo of Reno, Nevada, and I still don't know what kind of a plane he had.

"No," I said.

"Did some commercial airliner land out there where you were—out of gas, perhaps?" His expression now was bewildered.

"No," I said.

"Well! Did some private plane out of gas land out there?"

"No, Whitey," I said, "it didn't."

"Now, listen!" he said belligerently, "if Joe's plane didn't land out there, and a commercial airliner didn't land out there, and a private plane didn't land out there—what the hell was it then?"

I glared back at him.

"If you thought something landed out there, why

didn't you come out and investigate?" I demanded.

"I know something big landed out there and I thought it was Joe's plane," Whitey said stupidly.

Then I went against my decision not to tell. If Whitey had seen something big make a landing, surely he would believe my story.

"Whitey, you wouldn't believe me if I told you," I began, still dubious.

"Yes, I would," he assured me.

"It—" I gulped. "It was a flying saucer."

"Now I know you're crazy!" he yelled disgustedly, and turned away.

Inside the shop the day shift began to come in and the night shift to go off duty. Whitey told them all. "Tru, here," he yelled, "says he's seen a flying saucer!"

Did they scoff and jeer? And how! But still they were curious and plied me with questions. I answered them all as best I could, even though they laughed in my face and threw my words back into my teeth.

One guy said, "If you did meet some odd lookin' people out there in some weird airship, it's a lead pipe cinch they were wise guys from Russia."

"No," I said earnestly. "I've worked with Russians. These people don't look, act or speak like Russians. I believe they're what they said they are."

"And a doll for a captain," hooted another. "Leave it to old Tru to find a good lookin' dame in the middle of the desert!"

The laughter ringing out made my ears burn, and with my heart sick with shame at the spot I was in, I hurried off to my hotel room in Overton. It might be nice to have a real old-fashioned nightmare when I was asleep, instead of this waking nightmare I was in now.

Before turning in, however, I sat down at my desk and wrote a letter. The letter I addressed to whom it may concern: "If I am found dead in my bed," it said, "it will be because my heart has stopped from the terrible excitement induced by seeing and going aboard a flying saucer."



### CHAPTER III

On the job for Wells Cargo Company, for the most part I had been on my own, so to speak, though I took orders from the master mechanic, also the superintendent and Whitey Edwards, my immediate superior. But after telling my story about seeing the saucer or scow, the news quickly spreading around, I was watched with suspicion, whispered about, verbally browbeaten, insulted, called "Saucers", and I suppose, many other vituperative epithets, not to my face you may be sure.

And even though Whitey had recovered from his first shocked reaction to my story and was again treating me as if I were a sane human being, even going so far as to invite me home with him and asking me to tell of my strange experience to Mrs. Edwards, I was becoming a lonesome, resentful guy—I, who had always been so friendly with everybody, so well liked, trusted and respected.

At the same time I was suffering these humiliations the newspapers were printing stories about others seeing falling stars, comets, fireballs, burning planes, and so forth, with as many people describing them differently as were reported seeing the

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phenomena. Both Las Vegas papers had news articles reporting incidents about prominent citizens viewing saucers, fireballs and so forth, and all describing the objects in different colors, shapes, directions of movement, speed, and what not. It is understandable, if you'll realize what I was going through after merely telling my story to a few people, why I did not take it to the newspapers or to someone in authority with the government.

In the second place, I was kept so busy nights on the job and was usually so ready for sleep when the day shift checked in in the mornings, it is not surprising that I never really gave a thought to the idea that my experience was important news and might be of vital interest to others, perhaps of prime interest to governments and to scientists. And the kidding I was taking wasn't doing me any good either. More than once the terrible question popped into my head—Was I seeing things that weren't there? Had the desert heat got me? Was I nuts?

So you can well imagine the relief that welled up in me when on the night of August 3rd or 4th, 1952, I saw the saucer for the second time, and knew that it was no vision.

I had been out replacing some headlamp seal beams in one of the trucks and was following it back to the shop from the farthest or largest reservoir,

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when I saw what looked like a meteor falling through the starlit purple night. The light at first appeared bluish-green, then changed to a yellowish orange color. The line of falling or flight, as it turned out to be, was toward a spot about a half mile to the east from where I had seen the saucer the previous week.

I had a thrilling hunch that this was my saucer. I swerved my truck and hit out across the desert, bumping along over the rough terrain, plowing over scrub brush towards the spot where it seemed to land. I did not wait to find a road but came to one and followed it a way, and then again took off, bumping across country to the spot where I could plainly see it had landed. I breathed a sigh of relief. It was, indeed, the monster saucer again.

This landing took place only about a mile from the main highway to Salt Lake City, Highway 91. I believe the time was about 3:30 A.M., another bright desertlight night. I drove fast, because I really wanted to see the little people again.

I had lain awake a couple of sweltering days—my nights—in my room at the Desert Inn at Overton, trying to convince myself of the reality, honesty and peaceful purposes of the little people I had met. I firmly believed they were friendly, or they would have made some attempt to harm me or keep

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me from making known to others the facts of their landing. And I was still alive and healthy. I really felt assured they could be trusted as friends. Hence I was now as unafraid as I had been before the lady captain had said, "We will be back." It did not occur to me that they would come other than on a peaceful mission. I remembered that she had also said, "You just think of the place and the day," and I wondered about that.

I had not thought of this place, just a half mile or so from where I had first viewed them, nor of this day, but they were indeed here. Perhaps they knew that they had never been off my mind from the first moment I had met them.

By the time I got within a quarter mile of their scow I realized it was the same one, or at least identical in appearance. And I felt reassured and cleansed of all my frantic doubts of my own sanity, and knew as well as a man can know anything, that these people were friendly and just as anxious to meet and visit with someone here on earth as I was to visit and talk with them; and perhaps as curious about us as I was about them and their lives. Any apprehension as to their motives or my safety was dispelled.

I drove up to within about fifty yards of the scow and saw that already some of the little men were



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walking around on the ground, apparently with no thought except to stretch their legs and get a little exercise, since they were not doing anything except walking and talking. The first sounds I heard were unintelligible to me, so they must have been speaking in a language of their own.

I sat in my truck for a few seconds watching, with my heart beating like a trip hammer in excitement. And soon this little lady captain I told you about appeared in the entrance of the saucer and held out her right hand, beckoning to me.

I got out of the truck and walked over toward her and some of her little men. I believe some of them were walking around on the other side of the saucer since there were only three or four of them really near as I approached her. They acted as if they did not see me, but when I was only a few steps away a couple of them turned around and waved to me, saying, "Hi." I waved and greeted them back and they went on with their walking.

This time no one took my arm or touched me at all. Nor did any of these little fellows seem to pay any more attention to my presence there. I guess they accepted me as harmless.

The little lady still held out her hand, as if to assist me to get aboard. When I was in the door, she led the way to her cabin and pointed for me

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to sit down on the same divan which had given me such a fright the first time I tried sitting on it. I sat down gingerly this time, and didn't drop as I had before. Then she sat down beside me.

On this second visit to the scow from another planet, I talked to its captain a long time and she also talked to me, just like we had known each other for years.

Her first remark was, "Were you surprised to see us back?"

I answered, "Well, not exactly, as you said you were coming again."

Then she said, "Your endeavor or work must agree with you. You appear somewhat heavier now."

My silent thought was that she sure had a critical eye to notice a few pounds gain.

I noticed again no sound from anything outside the saucer, but I believe I detected a light move somewhere. It seemed to be on the other side of the metal partition, behind the captain's desk, and so far as I could see, there was no closure or door I could detect. This rather intrigued me. But I did not mention it, for the lady was speaking.

We talked of many things on that second visit of August 4th, 1952. She told me that their lives probably closely paralleled those of the earth people. I asked more questions, one of which was pertinent.

"What was your greatest problem in being able to come from your planet down to where we are now?" I wanted to know.

She smiled rather archly, as if to say, "Wouldn't you like to know. But she didn't answer that question."

I guess I chattered then, to cover up my confusion at having asked a question she didn't see fit to answer. I wanted to know about her loved ones too, and of prices and things and qualities and the whole way of life on her planet. I inquired about their work, pleasures and troubles. At the word "troubles" she interrupted me.

"The things that trouble and worry you earth people," she said, in her sing-song high pitched voice, "in our homes you'll never find. We know nothing of illness, doctors or nurses. You have mechanics and laborers too. In our land they only mean trouble, so you see they are all taboo."

I spoke of dams, lakes and rivers. I mentioned our automobiles and airplanes and our cities and farms which she must view, if she hadn't already seen them.

She said, "If I wanted to buy them I could, but I'd give them all back to you."

I said, "Have you ever seen our Navy, Army, Air Force or Marine Corps?"

"Every time they assemble," she said, smiling and bobbing her pretty head.

Then seriously, I mentioned our atomic resources and our measures to use them to aid all mankind.

She answered, "That's a step in the right direction, but a very short one."

I spoke of politics and taxes and asked if they had these too.

"No," she said, and added directly, "That's what's cleft your world through."

I talked of ballots and voting and she shrugged them off with a smile, and said, "With so many politicians, voting seems hardly worth while." But, she added hastily, seeing me frown, "there's always a bright look ahead."

Then she changed the subject and told me of their flowers and animals and that although their colors and textures are much different from ours we would enjoy them all the same.

I mentioned world conditions and delinquency in our youth, and she shook her head and murmured, "These things are sad. I'm glad we're troubled with neither on Clarion."

I gaped at her, amazed. No troubles, she'd said. No troubles at all on Clarion. What a place that must be.

Then we talked a little more and she gave out



in her poetic sounding way a few answers such as, "You've asked of our greatest problem . . . and I've been thinking how best I could explain this to you. It was, of course, learning how to control magnetic force. You know that we have solved it, both pro and anti of course, or we wouldn't be here tonight."

Her voice is pitched just a little higher than that of anyone else to whom I have ever talked, but it is not unpleasantly so. In fact I liked it. And this is not an assumed mannerism in her, for my benefit, I feel sure, for she speaks the same way constantly.

I mentioned the fact of this landing being in a different place from where I had seen them before.

Her answer was, "We land at our own convenience and always where no one can be harmed." She stressed the level, smooth area of Mormon Mesa, and the numerous small hills surrounding it as an ideal place for them to land. I have come to the conclusion that the desirability of the hill on one side is that they can leave straight up or at any angle they wish to, and the hill merely insures a side thrust if they wish to leave on an angle.

I stayed aboard the saucer for about half an hour, and then my hostess signified that my visit was over, and I left. No sooner had I stepped on the ground than the ship was gone.

One thing is sure, this scow plays havoc with a

watch. Until now I hadn't given a thought to the fact that after the first time aboard their ship my pocket watch went completely haywire. It would stop and then I would set it and wind it, and the next time I looked it was in the same useless condition. It even seemed as if the winding gears gave out. I had my boss's wife purchase a second watch for me when she went to town, and I had worn it aboard the scow on this second visit. And when I pulled it out to look at the time after the scow took off I saw that a similar thing had happened to it. It had quit in the same manner.

I was too dumb to think of taking it to a watchmaker to have it demagnetized; for I hadn't heard about watches getting magnetized, and so I didn't know about that. Nor did I suspect that any such thing might be its trouble, even if I might have wondered.

I still do not know the reason for the watches deteriorating as they did, for I gave them away to some kids to play with and it's too late now to have them examined. But I do know their breakdown was caused by something in the scow. So, after that second visit, although I did get another watch, I did not wear it aboard.

I stuck the ruined watch in my pocket, and walked slowly back to my truck and got in it. Slowly, I

drove back to the shop. Now I had a feeling of high exhilaration. I had seen the saucer and the interplanetary people again, and I knew for sure that it was no dream, no delusion, no figment of my imagination. I could hardly wait to get back and spill the news to Whitey.

In the west the night was creeping away over the purple mountains and in the east the marvelous sky began to flame in glory as the sun rose up over the horizon. I could feel its heat already and I knew the day would be a scorcher. All around me as I drove to the shop was the parched desert with its yellow sands and dried out colorless student shrubbery already beginning to quiver with heat waves.

I got to the shop just as the day shift came on duty, and Whitey walked toward me as I got out of the truck.

"You look excited," he said. "Did you see another saucer?"

"I saw the same one again," I said eagerly, "and I went aboard too and talked to the lady captain again."

"What's her name?" Whitey asked, giving me a sidewise, rather quizzical look.

That brought me up a little.

"Gosh!" I stammered, "she didn't say and I forgot

to ask her. And . . . well, I'll be darned . . . I don't remember telling her my name either."

Whitey laughed softly.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Then you haven't been properly introduced yet."

We both laughed a little at that, and turned and walked toward the shop. As we got inside, Whitey turned to me and said rather tentatively, "Say, Tru, have you written and told your wife about all this yet?"

I looked at him and flushed. Shaking my head, I said, "No, I haven't. I'm afraid she'd think I'm having pipe dreams. What I'm going to do is try to get her up here where I can explain the whole thing to her so's she'll believe me. Then I'll try to get her to ride the truck nights with me, so's if the saucer comes back again she can see it for herself. That ought to prove. . . ."

Whitey interrupted me by clapping me on the back.

"Yeah, Tru," he said. "That's the thing to do. Sure, sure, that ought to prove . . . something."

I kept thinking about telling my wife all the way to the restaurant where I ate before I turned in for my day's sleep, and while I undressed and after I got in bed.

I didn't go to sleep for thinking about it. I was



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certain that I could never convince my wife that my story about the saucer and the interplanetary people was true by anything I could write in a letter. The only solution to that problem was the one I had mentioned to Whitey on the spur of the moment. I would have to write a letter and coax my wife to come up to the desert. And then, after she was there, I could break it to her easy, maybe. . . .

Twisting and squirming on the hot bed, I knew that I'd have no rest until I did something about it. So I crawled to my feet and got busy writing a letter to my wife, begging her to come up and spend a few days with me.

That done, and the letter folded into an envelope, sealed, addressed and stamped, I went back and threw myself down on my bed and quickly went to sleep. I'd send the letter in to be mailed before I went to work that afternoon.

I slept fairly peacefully. Not a dream did I have, much less dream of the months that were stretching ahead of me.

## CHAPTER IV

A letter from my wife arrived before the next visit of the saucer from Clarion. She wrote that she was reluctant to come up to the desert where she knew the climate was so hot. She gave as her excuse that she was keeping some little boy for a while, also her granddaughter Gwennie, and that if she came she would have to bring the children with her, and she was afraid that after the cool breezes of the Pacific Coast the sweltering heat of Mormon Mesa would be too enervating for them. She assured me that she missed me and wished she could be with me, but still, as things were, she had better not come.

I was disappointed in this, of course, for besides being lonely for my wife I wanted so much to confide in her and to assure myself of her belief in me and my word. I knew well enough that I couldn't put over such an amazing story with any semblance of reality in a letter. So I came to the decision that I would just keep on writing and urging her to come until she should finally give in. I felt that with Mrs. Bethurum at my side everything would go better.

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My wife is a woman whom everyone likes and admires and whose very personality breathes out to you a feeling that this woman has integrity and can be trusted. I knew that if I could convince her of the authenticity of my experiences, others would fall in line and believe. So, I wrote another letter, urging her more fervently to join me, and got it into the mail.

Then I set out to the job. I had no tiniest premonition that this night of August 18, 1952, was to see the saucer making its third visit to Mormon Mesa.

Their landing this time was approximately four miles away and on the opposite side of the valley from those of the first two visits. This time they came down a little earlier than they had previously; I would say about 1:30 A.M.

I was replacing some grease fittings in a caterpillar D-8 tractor in one of the Borrow pits, on the north side of the valley and a little farther east than where I had been on the night I had first seen the saucer. My first inkling tonight of their intended visit was when I looked skyward and saw a familiar falling star flash from high in the heaven to the northeast. After the first visit of the saucer I had become what you might call "Sky conscious," and I don't think that I need to elaborate on that thought.

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The flashing light followed the same color pattern as on the second visit of the scow; bluish-green, then greenish-yellow, then a yellowish red. Just a wink of time passed before the great scow settled to a landing.

The scow stopped short of hitting the ground, and seemed barely to touch the top of some of the desert brush, which was really sparse on Mormon Mesa.

This landing, so near to where I had my truck parked, I would say about 200 yards away, made me think somewhat more of their plans or intentions than I had before, and anyone could guess that I had lost a lot of sleep concerning the matter.

Vaguely, I wondered how, from miles and miles away, the saucer crew could pick a particular spot and land with such ease and accuracy. Was it radar? Color radar? It might possibly be so. My truck was a deep green color, but would that show up even on a color radar screen at such a distance? The entire mesa was dry and could be called anything but green, mostly brown, but it might be a distinctive enough background to set off the dark green of the truck. I wouldn't really know; so I decided to put the whole thing out of my mind for a while.

Within seconds after the landing the by now famil-



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iar sight of several little men emerging from their scow was a signal for me to come over for my third visit with their captain. My heart did not thump so hard by now as it had on the two previous times, and I walked leisurely toward the scow.

The little lady again appeared at the opening and beckoned to me to come aboard, which I willingly and gladly did. And I might add fearlessly, for I was thoroughly convinced by now that no harm would come to anyone through these people.

I had written down some notes of the things we had talked about previously, and now I pulled a card out of my pocket on which I had jotted a few notes of questions I wanted to ask her. The first was her name. And as soon as we were inside the saucer and seated in her cabin, she at her desk and I on the divan facing her, I introduced myself, laughing a little at the tardiness of my introduction.

She told me her name then. It is Aura Rhanes. I had her write it down for me and spell it out loud. I also asked the names of her crew members.

"Surely, they all have names," her answer was, "but for obvious reasons I cannot give them out."

My reply might have been snobbish, but I blurted it out.

"The reason may be obvious to you, but not to me."

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With a knowing smile she let the matter drop.

Since I felt that we were on fairly familiar terms now that we were better acquainted, I told her how impressed I was that a woman was captain of such a piece of equipment; how the males of our earth would rate her as tops in shapeliness and beauty. And that this experience of meeting and talking to her seemed like a dream, almost too unreal to be factual.

We talked a bit about the desert spaces, the extreme heat, even at midnight, the lack of foliage, the scarcity of water, and she made a remark which startled me.

"I expect to be around for thousands of years, but the water in your deserts will mostly be tears."

That surely was a statement of longevity. Also a statement, I would say, of intention to revisit here on earth and possibly mostly in desert areas many more times in the future.

I said, "It seems hard to believe that I am here out in the middle of a great desert, sitting across from a beautiful woman who should actually be said to be from out of this world, in more ways than are indicated when a fellow usually speaks those words."

I suppose she noticed that I eyed her flesh quite a bit, and she must have noticed my wonder. She seemed anxious that I should convince myself of

her tangible reality and told me to feel of her arm and shoulder and convince myself that she was a real woman. So I walked across the cabin to her and placed my two hands lightly on her shoulders.

At this point, she said, "Please use restraint. Else you might guess something which really isn't so."

I put my hands on Captain Aura Rhanes' shoulders, in order to convince myself that here stood a real woman.

I went back to my seat on the divan, thoroughly convinced and a little thrilled, as what man would not be.

I told her then about my wife, and also about my first wife and my two lovely daughters who were both married and might at any time make me a grandfather.

She laughed and said that she was a grandmother and had two grandchildren at home.

I never did ask her if one of her crew was her husband, as I imagined that this was hardly likely. Anyway, I presumed she would have told me if she had thought it was any of my business.

But it was the saucer or scow in which I was interested primarily, so it wasn't long until I was again asking questions about it. First was the question about fuel.

She shrugged the question away, her large brown

eyes twinkling with amusement at my obvious disappointment in not getting an answer.

Then I asked a rather foolish question about whether they went up or down when they came to our earth.

Her eyebrows raised a little, but she only said, "Up, of course."

Then I wanted to know how fast they could go and how far on any one trip.

"You've seen falling stars?" she asked.

I said that I had, many times.

"Well," she said, "we can pass any of them, or we can stop anywhere or any time at our convenience. As for distance, I hardly know how to explain that in terms which you would comprehend in your time space theory."

I asked if their landings were limited to any one type of location and for any reason or purpose in particular.

Her answer was, "We land on various planets in many locations. Also we have made many landings in different places on your earth. Our only purpose in landing is for our own education, and to relax a bit and replenish our atmosphere tanks, since when we travel our scow is sealed tight against outside influences."

I asked about heat and cold.



She answered, "We are well insulated against either."

Then I mentioned the fiery colors I had noticed about their ship as it plunged through the sky toward earth.

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "We are not on fire when we travel. The firelike trail you see is oxygen and other gases, dust and moisture, and the difference in the colors seems to vary with our speed. The fluorescent effect is always at the trailing edge of the scow and in no way affects the temperature inside. We have that under perfect control."

Our talk again centered about the earth and she mentioned our continual strife, to which she added the amazing statement which follows:

"Other planets are much too busy improving the welfare of their inhabitants to have time for even minor controversies."

I questioned what she meant by "other planets."

She said, "Many planets are inhabited, and their atmosphere is similar to what we encounter here."

I asked how it was then that our scientists tell us there is probably no life except on earth.

"Each planet in its turn would probably say the same thing regarding their own. Until we are relatively close to the earth, nothing hinting of life

can be discerned here. Nothing which would indicate habitation. I have witnessed, through progressive magnification, other planets and also the earth, and the net result to be seen by that method was highlights and shadows in each instance."

I noticed that she seemed anxious at so many questions, and I wondered if I were boring her. So I switched the conversation back to her crew, and how capable they must be.

"They are," she said. "And they're loyal too, each and every one. Their duties are few, positive and light. There's never an if, when, or I might. The question of remuneration for work never comes up. All my men are tops in their fields."

I told her that our workers at the Wells Cargo plant were all these things too, and that I wished some of my friends could see the scow and her and her men for themselves.

She shook her head and said softly, "Some of them might get burned, if a number came."

I looked at her quizzically and speculatively. Did she by any chance mean that there was radioactivity about the saucer? And that somehow either they had made a protective shield about me, or that in some peculiar way I was magically immune to radioactivity? These were questions I didn't feel I ought to ask her, since she was so reticent about

the actual workings of her scow. Perhaps she felt that any information she gave me would be passed along, and that our inventors and scientists would use it in building saucers which, as warlike peoples, we would no doubt use in attacking other planets. Naturally, she would want to protect her own.

Another thing I was curious about was their food and drink while on these trips to far-away worlds. I had seen nothing of either in any of my visits aboard. So I inquired.

She laughed and told me, "Of course we eat and drink," and let it go at that. She knew, I suppose, that I was trying to get some idea of the capacity of her big scow, such as storage rooms and where the men lived, and a thousand other pieces of information.

Then she gave me a bit of a lecture.

"We figure our lives and plan our actions far in advance, and every one of us knows how to do this. We have not the problems you have, because we know what is right and want to do it. The same could be true upon your earth. God has been liberal in His blessings, and there is no dearth. Your peoples could amalgamate and act in unison instead of constantly warring upon each other, and then you'd find your earth worth living upon. Your deserts and plains could be transformed into gardens that

would be like heaven. The substance and effort and life spent each year on your wars would bring an abundance of water into your deserts, if not from your polluted rivers from the atmosphere itself, or from your distant oceans. These things can be done. And you'd have a very paradise in which to build your homes and rear your children and see your sons bloom into manhood in peace, without the nagging horror and fear of bloody death and maimed and crazed young bodies. But so far as I can see into the future of this planet, the water in your deserts will mostly be tears."

Then she arose, as if to dismiss me, saying, "When you wish to see us again, send your thoughts out, and we'll come around real soon. My crew is ready now to leave, so farewell and . . . remember us."

I thanked her for a very pleasant and informative visit, and arose to follow her out the passage way.

As my feet touched the ground the door closed silently behind me. When I turned to watch the scow take off, I was again amazed at its speed and silence. Nothing more than the smallest swish of displaced air could I hear.

Dawn was breaking wanly in the east when I got in my truck and drove back to the shop to check off duty.



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Once again I told Whitey of seeing the saucer again. He seemed interested, and I told him a little of what we had talked about, before I took off to eat and get my sleep. I thought I had convinced Whitey, but I wondered. I wished I could get him out there in the night with me, actually to see the ship and its people. Then he would know. Perhaps. . . .

Before I saw the saucer people again, I thought, if I ever should see them again, I had it in mind to see if there wasn't some way I could get proof from them of their presence here, proof of some sort which would convince my friends—and detractors—that an interplanetary ship with a crew of people from another planet actually did make occasional nocturnal visits to Mormon Mesa. I talked to a number of my friends about this idea. Oddly, that is, I thought it was peculiar, not many of them wanted to spend any time at night out on the desert with me in hopes of actually seeing for themselves.

I even offered to pay two of the equipment oilers, Dee Shaw and Richard W. Hutchins, for their time if they would come out on the mesa with me after their shift was over, to see and verify about the saucer if it came down again. But they refused, eyeing each other and shrugging their shoulders.

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So I thought up another idea. I told some of my friends to write down and sign some questions, and if and when I saw the saucer people again I would present the slips to Captain Aura Rhanes and see if she would send them written answers, from which they might derive some proof of my story.

A few of my friends were interested in doing this. Most of them wanted some answer about the planet Mars, but two young people in high school in Overton, Nevada, gave me a list of questions about her planet, herself, family, education, and of course the motive power of the saucer. One girl even gave me a note written in French, asking if I could read French. I said "no," and she replied laughingly, "Well, then, if I get an answer in French, at least I'll know that you didn't write it!"

CHAPTER V

On the night of August 25, 1952, I was out on the mesa and far to the north, several miles from the railroad siding or section headquarters of Carp, which is on the Union Pacific rail line beyond Moapa towards Salt Lake City. I had been told that if I had the time after I saw that all the water trucks were operating satisfactorily, I was to locate a cat tractor in one of the Borrow pits near the Elgin Carp cutoff road and install a set of thermoids. I'd have to locate the cat before 11:00 P.M., as the oilers would then leave, and I must get them to give me the exact location and cat number.

I managed to locate the oilers easily enough. The oil and grease truck had a light plant mounted and it was easy to see them anywhere on the project, since they never shut off the lights even when traveling between equipment spreads, and they told me where I could find the cat, and its number.

After locating the cat, I went about servicing the pumps at Glendale (Muddy River), took a coffee break, and then went to both reservoirs to check on the water trucks' headlights, brakes, clearance lights, exhaust stacks and what not. Then I went

back to the shop. I had a proposition I wanted to make to Whitey.

I found him there and told him that I had a feeling my saucer crew were not fooling when they told me they were coming back, and that I wished he would stick with me all night every night for a week or so, and that if he would he would surely get to see this mighty monster saucer and some of the crew for himself.

This arrangement was agreed upon. But it didn't work out, at least not that night. The weather was still extremely warm; the beer was cold. Before midnight, Whitey said he had just a few minutes important business at Glendale and would be back within half an hour.

I told him I felt assured that if they did come, and he was back even within an hour he would get to see them. For usually it was quite late at night when the saucer landed. So off he went, promising on his way out not to be gone for long.

I worked around the shop for about an hour and then decided that perhaps Whitey had gone directly to the cat instead of coming back to the shop. So I set out to put the thermoids in the cat, so it would be ready to go in the morning.

On arriving there I found everything quiet and serene, no Whitey, no nothing; just me and my



truck, the cat and the desert. I lost no time in replacing the thermoids and was just thinking, as I mopped the perspiration from my face and neck, how nice it would be to be home in cool Redondo Beach, California.

I got into my truck, ready to drive away. It was headed into the northeast, and as I sat there behind the wheel a moment wondering what had happened to delay Whitey, I thought, "Oh, well. He didn't miss anything tonight anyway."

At exactly that instant I heard a little rap on the side of my truck, and I thought, "Well, he sure did a neat slip-up on me."

But it wasn't Whitey. A now familiar high pitched voice said, "Hello. You know we are here." I recognized the voice of Captain Aura Rhanes, my friend from another planet, and after a surge of disappointment that Whitey wasn't there when he could just as easily have been, I jumped out of the truck to greet her.

Tonight, looking up at me with the moon and starlight creating a sort of silvery glow upon her face, I was again struck by her clear and rather opaque looking complexion. Really, it looked more like carved marble than a covering for soft human flesh.

And while we greeted each other I came to the

conclusion that, since my truck was headed toward the northeast and nothing was in view in that direction the saucer must have landed behind me, having come in from the southwest, or towards Los Angeles from where we were. Of course, I couldn't know, for they never made a sound. There was no screaming of brakes, no throb of motors or anything like that. The saucer can be anywhere before one is aware of the fact. And I was certainly surprised to hear Captain Aura Rhanes' voice after the rap on the side of my truck.

And since I had long lost any fear and awe I might at first have felt regarding the saucer people, I was calm enough the night of this fourth visitation. My heart did not thump as it had the other times when I had seen them, and I was not excited, only glad that they had come again.

When I had started to climb out of the truck, I had seen that a few of the little men, dressed as usual in those uniforms so similar to those worn by Greyhound Bus drivers, had accompanied their captain to where I sat in my truck. As soon as I was on the ground I said "Howdy" to the fellows and a couple of them answered "Hi."

I turned then to Captain Aura Rhanes and smiled to show my pleasure in seeing her again.

"You seem like an old friend," I said, "and I'm

not accustomed to much formality in addressing old friends. May I call you by your given name, Aura?"

She smiled and nodded, giving me her permission.

The little men were walking all around my cat and my truck, observing them curiously. They seemed to ignore me, and I tried to do likewise with them. But I did glance in their direction a couple of times to be sure they were not up to some trick. Although I felt that I knew by this time that even if they were bent on tampering with anything there was nothing I could do to deter them.

I might have been capable of fighting off several men of my own caliber, but there was something about these little people which radiated a mysterious sense of power . . . a power which I had no intention of turning against myself if it could be avoided.

However, their actions soon convinced me that my fears were foolish, that any thought of wrongdoing would find no harbor in their minds. So I turned my attention back to their captain Aura.

"May I visit your scow again?" I asked. "I've got some questions written down by some of my friends that I'd like to ask you."

I had more than that. By this time I had a notebook, a ball-point pen, a camera, a pencil, and some sheets of yellow scratch paper which had been fur-

nished me by the company timekeeper. I was all ready to write down any answers she might give me, and to snap a picture too if the opportunity could be managed.

Aura smiled and nodded, turned and started walking swiftly back toward the saucer, with me loping along at her side. She didn't run or trot along as one of our smaller women would when they wanted to get some place in a hurry. She seemed to be walking naturally enough, judging by the motion of her body. But somehow she was making speed enough to cause me to hasten a bit to keep up with her.

When we were aboard and seated comfortably in the light cabin once more, I began my interrogation. I told her that if I remembered correctly the first time I had met her she had told me that the name of her planet was Clarion. I asked her if she thought that we on earth might know it by some other name, such as Mars or Jupiter, since I had never heard of a planet named Clarion. Of course, that wasn't strange either, for I hadn't heard the names of too many planets, come to think of it.

She smiled and assured me that such was not the case, couldn't be, in fact, since her planet would be entirely invisible from earth, since it was on the other side of the moon.



She added that in her interplanetary travel she had noticed that the earth resembles a moon. The sunshine lights on it from different angles or positions at different times and even with magnification such as she had told me about before, and which I had assumed was by telescope, it does not show what one sees when actually here.

I mentioned that some of our scientists in some of our new observatories had made some new and startling discoveries lately, according to the papers.

She nodded and said, "Perhaps they might be even more startled if they knew how wrong they are in many cases."

I pressed for details about that, but got nowhere excepting perhaps on one point. She told me that the atmosphere on all the planets was not dissimilar to what they encounter on earth, and nowhere did they have to use auxiliary breathing apparatus after landing. She made a statement then which I still wonder how it could possibly be true:

That, due to moisture, clouds, dust and light reflectors making an impenetrable screen in front of some of the planets which were viewed from different angles it seemed that the planet itself was there; but that it was not really; this reflected screen was there like the thing we call a mirage on earth, and a long way from the planet itself. They had en-

countered this phenomenon many times. Sometimes it was only a relatively short distance away, and sometimes a very great distance from the planet.

I told her that I had been planning for my boss, Whitey, to be with me when she came this time, and explained why he was not.

She nodded seriously and said, "Maybe he'll come yet."

So I took it to mean that she would delay her departure a little while, just to give him that opportunity. I was glad, and I certainly wished heartily that Whitey would make it in time.

Now I took the opportunity to ask her the questions about Mars.

"Mars is a beautiful place to see," she said. "Yes, there are people there, just like you and me. The halo you see about the planet is made of air and dust. Mars is a great manufacturing planet. Every home has a beautiful lawn where flowers and shrubs abound; each is a country estate and has five acres of ground. But, as to where we live, Clarion, I think man may visit there soon and see our beautiful planet on the other side of the moon, and learn how our government is directed by others and me."

I asked her the other questions the kids had written down, and she continued answering them all cheerfully.

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"Now," she said, "as to gravitational force, as you earth men call it, we overcame that with exceptional ease. And as to the friction of air you mention, that problem disappeared when we solved the problem of gravitational force."

I had become so interested in her conversation that I had stuck my notes back into my pocket, forgetting completely to ask her about the letter written in French. As it happened, I failed to attend to this matter until the sixth visit of the space ship.

I had my camera hanging by a strap over my shoulder, however, and I asked if I might take a picture of her there in the interior of the brightly lighted cabin of the saucer.

She gave me a rather speculative glance before she answered.

"I think not," she said, after a long suspenseful moment. "A picture wouldn't do you any good anyway. I know you want one to show to your friends. But what would it show, after all? Merely a woman in a room. A picture which would not prove anything."

"But I'd like to have one," I said, "even if I can't get a picture of the saucer itself. That, of course, is what I'd want more than anything."

She shook her head and answered hesitantly.

"Well, perhaps sometime. Not tonight."

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It was difficult indeed for me to conceal my utter disappointment.

She finally dismissed me by rising and saying, "I guess your friend isn't coming. We'll see you again real soon. Have some more questions for me, if you like. We're leaving now to visit the moon."

When I take this remark into consideration, I have no doubt in my mind that there is atmosphere on the moon similar to ours here on earth. Didn't she say there was a similar atmosphere every place they landed?

When I got off the scow three or four of the little men were still standing on the ground near the opening. One of the men said to me, "How are you making with your job?" I think he was the same man who had first escorted me aboard the saucer.

I was glad for a little conversation with the men. I hoped they might answer some of the technical questions on which Aura had either evaded me or given a direct refusal to answer. I looked back and saw that Aura had gone back into her cabin, and so I leaned back against the thick rim of the saucer and proceeded to answer his question before I began to ask any of my own.

I said, "Fine, I guess. It is heck working nights. But the days are unbearably hot, so that would be



worse. Guess I ought to be glad I'm on the night shift."

I heard a light laugh behind me, and I turned and saw that Aura was again standing in the doorway. I said, "I guess you think I'm kind of inquisitive, but I can't get this miracle of a saucer—pardon me—scow—off my mind. It looks like it weighs—"

"Not so much," she interrupted, laughing lightly. "It's not too heavy for you to lift."

Gaping at her stupidly, I said, "It must be."

She said, "No it isn't. Try it."

I did just that, feeling foolish as I bent forward, leaning my left side heavily against the rim as I took hold and tugged a little, thinking she was teasing me. The scow seemed to raise up, as if by itself, about a foot or so, and I let go.

I turned to one of the men and said, "I think it came up that far by itself, but now a hydraulic jack would not move it."

They all laughed delightedly, and Aura waved goodbye and went back inside the scow. I could see that the Clarionites also liked their little joke.

I then said to one of the men, "Your landings around here are causing a lot of comment, when I tell my friends. And several of them would like to know more about you people, your homes and your planetary travels."

He merely smiled and said, "We may see you again." And then he ducked past me and into the saucer, with the others following quickly behind him. I moved away from the rim of the scow, and within seconds the door was closed and the ship had vanished.

As I walked back to my truck I had a fleeting thought about my just having leaned against the rim of the saucer. I had touched it with my hands, with my bare skin, but I hadn't been burned. I had leaned against it with the left lower side of my shirt, and perhaps the top of the back of my trousers had come in contact with the metal. But I recalled what Aura had said about people getting burned, and my subsequent thoughts about radioactivity, and wondered a little if I had placed myself in danger which might show up later.

I got in the truck and drove back to the shop to check off shift, with no further thought on the matter.

The saucer people had stayed quite a long while this time, and my mind was seething with questions about them. I guess a fellow would need a lifetime in which to get all those answers.

Back in my room just after the fiery sun rose, I disrobed and tossed my soiled and sweat-soaked work clothes into the laundry bag to be sent that day to

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the laundry. I might have refrained from doing this, if I'd had any idea of what would happen to those comparatively new garments before I saw them again.

In the afternoon, on awakening, I went to the shop and did my regular servicing job during the shift. Whitey and I went in his pick-up over to the restaurant in Glendale, Nevada for a bite to eat before we checked off the job.

About 3:30 A.M. I was having pie and coffee with Whitey. Suddenly, elbowing me in my side, he attracted my attention.

I looked at him inquiringly to see what had gone wrong.

He motioned over to the long front counter, and I glanced that way. I bugged my eyes out. There, sure enough, with an escort, sat a woman whom I believe to this day was Captain Aura Rhanes. The escort was the same little man who had taken my arm and escorted me aboard the saucer that first night. Whitey had noticed them through the many descriptions I had given him, and now he whispered that he wondered if these could be the same people. I couldn't see how the woman could be anyone else, for she was wearing the same sort of clothes I had always seen her wear, little black and red beret on

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her head, the black velvety looking blouse and brilliant glaring red of the flat pleated skirt.

I said huskily to Whitey, "Yes, that is them."

I was so excited I don't know if they were eating or just drinking orange juice, but I do know there was no liquor in front of them.

Whitey whispered, "What are you going to do?"

I answered, "Talk to them, of course. Come on over, and I will introduce you to them."

"Not on your life," he answered emphatically, in his normal tone. Then he lowered his voice to a whisper and said, "If you're going to talk to them I'm getting out of here."

I said, "Listen, if you don't want to be introduced, that's your business."

He pushed back his plate and said, "I'm going outside."

I said, "If you do, stand near the door so you can see what they get into and which way they go when they come out."

He said, "Okay, I will."

He got up and left and I went over to this lady's left side. Her escort was sitting at her right. My conversation was thus:

"I beg your pardon, lady, but haven't we met before?"



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Stiffly and in an almost whispering tone she said no.

"You very closely resemble a lady I met some time ago out on Mormon Mesa."

Another low no.

"Could you say for sure that you and I haven't met before?" I persisted.

Another low withdrawing-like no. Then I came out with a statement, trying for a different type of answer.

"Your size, appearance, manner and clothing—all remind me so very much of some people I met some time ago out on the mesa."

I was careful not to mention the words saucer or scow, because I felt that might cause them to resent being recognized in a public place lest someone might try to molest them. I could see clearly enough by now that she didn't want to be recognized.

I still got only a murmured no from the lady. The man did not give a hint that he either heard me or was even aware of my presence. He could have passed as a blind deaf mute.

I apologized, saying I was sorry to have disturbed them, and got another no from that too.

I went back to my seat and began sipping my coffee, still staring in their direction. I was just

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about to get up and and go when the waitress came over and whispered to me.

"They are surely the saucer people you told us about."

"I thought so too," I told her. "But it may not be. The lady has on dark glasses and the man had a scar on his face."

The waitress whispered, "I noticed that too, but it is not a scar. It is only penciled on."

I looked back at them, and saw the lady nudge her companion and he motioned for the waitress to bring the check. Pretty soon the waitress hurried back to me, while the couple I was observing walked toward the door. The waitress said, "The lady told me to tell you that she knows you, and that she was sorry and yes is the answer to some of your questions."

I wasn't surprised. I watched them moving toward the front door. I felt a little gleeful, knowing that Whitey was outside there and would see where they went. Not only would I know where they parked their saucer on a trip to town, I thought, but if Whitey saw he would be convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that I had been telling him the truth.

I saw them only a step from the door, before I turned to pay my check. When I turned back they

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were gone. I rushed outside, and there stood Whitey puffing nonchalantly on his cigarette.

I yelled, "They're not in sight. Where did they go?"

He shrugged and looked at me helplessly.

"They never came out," he said. "Honest, Tru, not a blessed soul passed through that door until you came out."

## CHAPTER VI

I was in a discouraged mood because my wife had kept on refusing to come up to Nevada and join me, and I felt that I simply had to let her know about the wonderful things I was seeing and experiencing. So at last I decided to quit vacillating and write her the facts.

I began my long letter by assuring her that I was in my right mind, though at first I had harbored some doubt about that myself. Then I began to tell her about the saucer and the people from Clarion. I told her about my first sight of them in all its detail, and then about the next three visits; what I had seen and what had been said. I even told her about telling my friends and others about what I had seen, and about their various reactions.

It was a long letter, and I tried to make it convincing. It was only later when I learned how terribly shocked and worried she had become after reading it.

Naturally, I was in a nervous turmoil while I waited for Mary's answer to this letter, which must have been the most amazing document she had ever been destined to read.



Her answer came as fast as she could write and send it by airmail. Her letter did not surprise me too much, for what else could I have expected.

She stated that she was dismayed and shocked to her foundations when she had read my letter. Not only was the story and all its incidents, to her mind and knowledge, a total impossibility, but from what she had read in the papers, even the government had hooted at everybody who had tried to impress the public with these tales of seeing flying saucers and other weird things, and give out that either those persons were mistaken in what they thought they saw, or that they were crass liars looking for cheap publicity. She knew, of course, that I was not one of the latter, and that I was a man of integrity and truthfulness. So she could only conclude that I was either joking with her—and certainly my letter scarcely read like a joke—or that the Nevada sun had got me.

She went on to say that since we had only been married a few years, and she really knew very little of my past where my health and sanity was concerned, she had taken the trouble to telephone my daughters long distance and ask them if I had ever been the victim of visual delusion, or had ever been in any mental institution. She hoped sincerely that I would not hold this against her, for what woman

would not have been shocked to her depths and made suspicious of her man's sanity at receiving such a letter as she had received from me.

However, since she had talked with my daughters, who had both laughed merrily at any suspicion of my not being perfectly sane and truthful, she was now in a more puzzled state of mind than before.

The girls, it seemed, were more delighted than dismayed by the things she had told them I had written to her, and were filled with curiosity and wanted to know every single detail of my fantastic experiences. This had surprised her, for she had more or less taken it for granted that they would be as stunned and worried as she was.

However, to get back to my suggestion that she come up to Nevada and ride the truck with me at night, so that when the saucer came again she could see for herself—this was utterly out of the question. She still had the children staying with her and she could not and would not take the chance of subjecting them to the hot weather and possibly injuring them by bringing them up with her. So she would remain where she was in Redondo Beach.

She hoped I would write her more letters and continue to miss her, but she did not want to hear

another word about the saucer or the interplanetary people. She wanted me to quit telling people about it, and give everybody a chance to forget it. What would her friends think if they ever heard about this outrageous thing? I should show some consideration for her and her peace of mind and drop the whole subject, not only from my letters to her and my talks with other people—but I should dismiss it all from my own mind and get back to being my usual self, my normal self again.

This letter from my wife started a number of emotional reactions to roiling up inside me. First, I was a little angry that she had suspected me of being out of my mind, and perhaps still did. Next I was delighted at the reactions of my daughters when they heard the story.

Well, I thought, after I had cooled down a bit, Mary's answer wasn't any more or less than I had expected. What would I have thought if I had received such a letter from her? I had to put myself in her place and try to realize that she hadn't known me more than eight years. My girls, on the other hand, believing at once, had known me all their lives and they knew they could trust me and my word. But Mary—how could she know?

And of course, if her friends in Redondo Beach heard the story they would be sure to tell her that

I was either a liar or out of my mind. Hadn't I got that same reaction from a number of people I'd told the story to personally. Furthermore, I'd been getting a different, more sinister reaction lately. Two or three fellows who had sons in Korea and who read a lot in the newspapers about the Communist underground in this country, were convinced in their own minds that I was, if making contact with anyone at all, making it with enemy agents. They even went so far as to tell me belligerently that they intended to get guns and follow me nights, and if they caught me having intercourse with any people from planes, airships of any kind, they'd blast me and those people too.

So, it looked at last as if I were going to find myself an outcast and in personal danger as well. Danger not from the interplanetary people, but from my own people.

It is a well known fact that people in ignorance of strange things are always filled with fear and suspicion. And in my innocence, in my feeling that everybody would be delighted to know of my experiences, I had placed myself in a very precarious position, in more ways than one. I might get shot and killed by the very men I worked with and had always trusted. Worse yet, I might be placed in some mental institution by those I loved. These



thoughts were pretty sickening, I can tell you. I wondered if Mary were right. If I ought to put the whole thing out of my mind and keep away from any saucer landings which might occur in the future.

And the final thought which almost clinched that last thought into a decision, was that if I persisted in meeting the saucer people I might be bringing them also into extreme danger. Frightened men might try to kill them and wreck their scow; or what would be even worse for them, those free souls who could roam the universe, capture and imprison them.

A man couldn't decide these things for himself. I couldn't. It was too important. Too much was at stake. I should have to go about my business and leave it all in the hands of God, that Deity whom even the saucer people told me they worshipped—He who knows all, sees all, and loves all.

Knowing all this, you can be sure that I was not looking very eagerly forward to the next visit of the scow. However, the moment I saw it, all doubts and fears vanished as if they had been wiped from my mind by the invisible hand of God.

The fifth visit of the scow from Clarion occurred on the night of September 5, 1952, much

earlier in the evening than they had come on other visits. This visit happened at 10:30 P.M., or thereabouts.

The location of their landing was just west of our shop on Mormon Mesa and actually not over 250 yards away.

I had been alone in the shop for a few minutes, and after getting all trucks in operation for water hauling and servicing, gassing and oiling the six or seven Ford dump trucks that were used day times for hauling fill material for the road building, I had stepped outside and looked up toward the sky.

All of a sudden I noticed a streak shoot downward through the night. A bright flare was dropped from only about fifty feet above the ground. It burned for just a couple of seconds and then went out.

I thought, was that a plane or what?

Impulsively, I ran to my truck and got my flashlight and started down the road toward the location where the flare had landed. Before I got there I saw that the saucer had landed.

I thought that, with their great speed, they had probably circled as far as Las Vegas and back before they so accurately landed within a few feet of where the flare had come down. I wondered

about the accuracy of their direction finder or whatever gadget it was that directs them to their predesignated landing spot. Whatever it was, it certainly was keenly accurate.

I noticed that the saucer had raised a little dust this time, and supposed it was because they had landed right over the middle of a haul road which was used only in the daytime.

As usual, I was taken aboard and had a long conversation with Captain Aura Rhanes. She and her men must have been discussing our last visit, for she knew everything the men had said to me and what I had said to them. In her sweet, high pitched voice she hinted that earth people might soon visit her planet and view the glories of the universe. She had hinted at something like this before, and I wondered what she knew that I didn't. Did she mean that we already had space ships capable of making these journeys or that the Clarion people would take some of us for a trip on the scow. I asked her.

She smiled and nodded and said, "The latter."

Then I said, "Some people wonder why a common mechanic or workman like me should be chosen by you to be the recipient of your nocturnal visits instead of some scientist or public official who is well known."

She nodded as if she could understand why some people would wonder about that. Then she said:

"Well, it's this way. We looked around this planet earth for a place to safely land. You happened to be close when we came down, thanks to the Wells Cargo clan."

I did not inquire whether she meant I should be thankful, or that they were.

I do know that these space people were not after any secrets or information from me, for I never knew any in the first place. And in the second place there was never any questioning by them along lines of any of our government business or policy, atomic projects or anything of a classified nature. I have never worked on a secret Government project.

I told her that a lot of people had expressed a doubt about the name Clarion of their planet.

She said, "We have our name for things the same as the earth people have their names, and there is a possibility of having different names for the same planets or other things common to them and us," but that her planet Clarion, being on the other side of the moon, was hardly likely to be visible to us from any point on earth.

I then told her where I lived in Overton, and



that I was going to Las Vegas and spend the next night with my boss's family in town, and that I hoped sometime that they and many other people would have the same opportunity as I to meet them and see the saucer.

"Perhaps so," she said. "Perhaps very soon."

She got up from her seat behind her desk then, to indicate to me that my visit was over. I rose too, ready to walk beside her toward the door. We had taken only a few steps when she stopped and turned to look up at me with a speculative expression in her big brown eyes.

"Truman," she said, using my first name for the first time, "you seem distraught and worried tonight. Is anything wrong with you or your world that you think I might be able to help you with?"

I looked at her and she seemed so anxious and kindly that immediately I was moved to confide in her.

"Yes," I said. "A lot of things in my world are wrong. I wrote my wife about you, and she thinks I've gone off my rocker."

She smiled sympathetically and said, "Yes, I can see how she might feel that way. But there is more than that, you say. What else?"

"Well—" I hesitated, for I hated to tell her

this. Somehow I was ashamed of my fellowman. "My wife isn't the only one who has doubts about me. Some of the fellows don't believe you're from another planet. They've told me they think I'm meeting and conniving with enemies of my country and that they're going to get guns and follow me nights, and if they catch me talking to anyone off any kind of airship they're going to blast hell out of me and them. I'm afraid I'm putting you all in danger. I'm not worried about what happens to me. A man can only die once. But I wouldn't like to bring trouble, death or captivity to any of you—my friends."

At those words she laughed, lightly and deliciously.

"Why, Truman," she said, "do you imagine anyone on earth could harm us? They might annoy us, yes, but never harm us. None of your earth people have anywhere near the powers which we control."

I scowled.

"Do you mean you'd kill them? I wouldn't want—"

"No, no," she said, and laughed again. "We wouldn't kill them. People from Clarion never kill—anything."

"What then?" I asked. "What would you do, then, if my people attacked you and your ship?"

She spoke seriously enough now.

"If your people should be so foolish as to attack us or our ship, we would simply stop them, that's all."

"But how?"

She looked at me a moment before she answered.

"They would simply disappear."

"How do you mean, they would disappear?" I asked, frowning in my perplexity.

My face must have brightened considerably, for she said. "But I can give you a minute demonstration."

"This is too difficult a thing to explain to you," she gave her little laugh and started walking toward the door again, with me pressing along at her side.

At the doorway she halted and said, "Have you got some small thing with you which you do not value much?"

I pulled my plastic covered flashlight out of my hip pocket and said, "How about this?"

She looked at it and said, "That will do nicely, for I see that it hasn't much metal on it. Hold it lightly in your hand . . . no, no, don't clutch it. Just let it lay on the palm of your hand. There. . ."

Standing in the doorway of the Clarion Admiral's Scow, facing out into the desert night, we stood, she beside me, looking at the flashlight lying on my palm, and I staring down at her, and then at the flashlight. Not a word was said, but suddenly my hand was empty.

I stared at my empty palm. I stared at Captain Aura Rhanes. Then I stammered, "It's . . . gone. Without a sound or a movement . . . it's gone."

Aura nodded solemnly.

"Yes," she murmured, and her high pitched voice was a degree lower than usual. "Yes, it's gone forever."

"F—forever. . . ."

My lips were too dry to say the word aloud. And I was too stunned even to know that I had stepped down from the saucer, forgetting to say goodbye, forgetting to look back and wave farewell to her. I don't even remember walking away from the saucer, until I turned back to wave belatedly and saw that the scow was gone.



## CHAPTER VII

Back in my room, getting ready for bed, I still couldn't get out of my mind what I had seen in the disappearance of my flashlight. And Captain Aura had said it was gone "Forever." This, she had intimated, was the way in which they disposed of their enemies. But she had also said that they did not kill them. What, then, became of them when they disappeared into thin air? This, I knew, I would have to find out more about. I could hardly contain myself in my desire to make another contact with the scow from Clarion and get the answer—if she would give it to me.

I snatched only a few hours sleep, and then I got up and got ready to go in to Las Vegas for my visit with Whitey and his family. My laundry had been returned, and I ripped open the package, intending to put the clean clothes away where they belonged. Imagine my surprise and banked up anger when I saw that my almost new work suit had been ruined. The whole lower left side of the shirt and the rear top of the trousers was gone completely, as if they had been eaten out by acid. Believe me, I was so mad I planned to tell off that laundry at the first opportunity. But suddenly, while holding

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the ruined garments in my hands, a thought struck me which cooled my temper and made me think again.

This, surely, was the suit I had worn on the night when I had leaned against the rim of the saucer and talked with Clarion's little men, when I had "lifted" the saucer. I wondered—would that have had anything to do with the deterioration of the material. Well, there was no way I could tell, so I might as well give up thinking about it for the present. But I resolved to remember to ask Captain Aura Rhanes about it if and when I got another opportunity to talk to her.

I tossed the ruined garments aside, figuring I could still get a little use out of them by taking them to the shop to use for rags.

The company had cut the water trucks off on Saturday and had them haul on Sunday instead. So it was Saturday, September 6, 1952, when I drove into Las Vegas.

I spent the biggest part of the afternoon doing some shopping and getting a haircut. While I was getting the haircut, a strange thing happened.

The barber was just finishing shaving my neck and doing the old noggin polish job to make it look like he had earned his money, even though I am almost as bald as a cue ball. I was facing the

street, and I noticed a familiar appearing very small lady walk by—dressed in a tiny pert beret, a black velvety looking blouse and a red skirt with small flat pleats. I almost jumped out of the barber's chair in my excitement. This woman certainly looked like Captain Aura Rhanes of the scow from Clarion. I spoke to the barber rather bruskiy.

"Could you please hurry? I think I just saw someone walk past that I know."

He said, "Okay, I'm through here. Pay the front barber."

I got out of the chair and rushed toward the front of the shop, hauling out a dollar and a half to toss at the front barber as I sailed past him and ran out to the street. By that time the lady was nearly to the corner.

I called, "Lady, lady!"

She turned around but did not seem to want to be recognized, for she shook her head and just walked across the street and joined a crowd waiting for a bus.

I stopped. I watched, though, and when the bus pulled out she was still there, alone. I thought, What now? If it is Aura she apparently doesn't want to be recognized, and if it isn't how could I explain if she should call a cop.

I gave it up and retraced my steps up the street.

I turned around a couple of times to see what happened to her. She finally came back across the street and went into a drug store. I didn't see her again.

I decided not to mention either of my encounters with these people, who I was certain were the saucer people, if I ever got another chance to talk to Aura, unless she herself should bring up the subject. Even if I did, I was sure that I'd get only a knowing smile for an answer. It might be, I thought, that she couldn't feel free to trust even me with the knowledge that she left her ship and went among the inhabitants of our earth.

Then I went out to Whitey's to spend the evening.

I related to Whitey and his wife all my experiences with the saucer people and their captain, even telling them about the weird disappearance of the flashlight. They seemed to get a big kick out of the whole story, but I could see by the glints in their eyes and the half smiles around their lips that they thought I had a vivid imagination. A trifle miffed, I said to Whitey:

"You still don't believe I'm telling you the truth, do you?"

Whitey shrugged and said placatingly, "Why



shouldn't we believe you? There's plenty of proof in different ways to substantiate your stories, the newspapers being full of items regarding flares, fireballs and saucers."

Then I had an idea which I hoped might help to convince them once and for all.

I looked at them challengingly and said:

"You and Mrs. Edwards have said several times that you'd sure like to see my saucer and the lady captain. So why don't you both go with me? Or even follow my truck in your car, to some open desert spot nearby? There, I'll do like Aura told me the first time we met. I'll concentrate mentally on their coming and landing near. I've a hunch she will get such a summons by mental telepathy. At least, that's the impression she gave me. So why not try it? Now? Tonight?"

I got to my feet as if ready to go right then.

They both looked at me, not smiling now, with eyes which clearly told me they wanted nothing to do with such a trip at night. Whitey tried to soften his refusal, but there was no getting around the fact that my suggestion was given a cold shoulder.

I got stubborn, and decided to go alone.

But before I could act on the idea, Mrs. Edwards said, "Tru, did you read about the flying saucer,

or part of one, that was found somewhere in the southern part of the United States. They said it was very untidy and had a bad odor."

That burned me, for the saucer from Clarion had always been immaculate, and its people too. And I had the understanding that the saucers landing on our world were all from Clarion.

"No," I said, rather tartly. "It couldn't have been a scow from Clarion. It, the one I saw, was as neat as a pin."

Of course, the thought would come to you, if you were thinking of our earth people, that it was clearly possible for one ship to be neat and another to be dirty. But from what Aura had told me about Clarion's inhabitants, I couldn't conceive of a slovenly person or ship among them. However, we didn't argue the matter. I said goodnight and started for the door, on my way to go see if I really could contact the saucer by mental telepathy.

I got in my truck and drove out of Las Vegas to a desert spot near Henderson. I found a location clear of trees, boulders and so forth, and with just a small hill or knoll on one side. It seemed like several hundred acres of practically level desert with just dry and dusty brush covering the baked land. I drove out to the middle of my selected location and parked my truck. I sat be-

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hind the wheel gazing up out of the side window toward the sky, and set about thinking that I would sure like to see them, especially if my boss or others could have folowed me to see what was going on.

This spot was about six miles out of Las Vegas, and I had looked back several times as I drove out, to see if I were being followed, but I had seen nothing, no headlights behind me. So I settled down to concentrating on the thought of the saucer.

Occasionally I wondered if I were just a fool to be sitting out there alone. I had put my truck in front wheel drive to get to this side-hill location, for Aura had said that a hillside location was desirable, though not really essential.

I sat there probably an hour, although it seemed longer to me in my suspense of waiting. I noticed several lights shining and blinking in all directions, but none of them seemed to be the sort of light which previously had signalized the landing of the saucer.

I was about to give it up as a bad job, when I saw a vivid bluish flash from out towards Nellis Air Force Base. It made a couple of complete circles, probably twenty or twenty-five miles in diameter, in just a couple of seconds. And I knew it

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could not be a jet plane, for there was no sound whatever. On the third pass it came directly over Las Vegas and almost seemed like it was going to stay there.

The color dissipated as they slowed down, and its location could only be guessed as to where the color had ended. But within seconds the saucer was hovering almost directly over my truck. And as they finally settled down, my truck was not over fifty feet away. Talk about precision motion. This time they seemed to be having fun showing me how slowly this monster could be brought down. The last fifty feet seemed to take several minutes, but I guess ten seconds would be closer.

It seemed to me that for the first time they actually set it right on the ground, for I did not see that familiar tilt but only a very small one. Immediately the door opened and that was followed by the tumbling exit of several of the little men to start their exercise. If they do more than walk around and stretch their legs, I haven't seen any other action.

By the time they were disembarked I was out of my truck and standing by, waiting to be asked aboard.

One of the little men said to me, "Did you expect us to come down here?"



I answered that I had wondered somewhat if they would, and that I had been sitting there hopping so for about an hour."

He said, "Our captain wishes to see you."

This time she did not make her appearance at the opening, nor did any crew man take my arm, although one did precede me.

On the walk over to the scow I felt light and elated. It was a great wonder to me, really amazing, that by sitting in my truck and concentrating on the saucer, I could bring to me this great ship out of space. Wonders will never cease in this world. . . .

We went aboard and the crew member escorted me to Aura's cabin and then himself disappeared. This brought to mind the questions I wanted to ask Aura about that disappearance act she had previously performed for my amazement and enlightenment. But first, I had to extend my welcome.

Captain Aura spoke first, smilingly, in her high pitched sweet voice.

Her greeting was, "Surprised to see us here?"

"Well," I said, grinning back at her, "I guess I ought to be. But somehow I am not much more than agreeably surprised. I had just about given

up your coming, but then I remembered that your distances are something to consider."

She told me to sit down, and she did the same.

Then I said, "I want to ask you something about that disappearing flashlight. I hope you'll see fit to answer. . . ."

She nodded her permission to question away.

And so I said, "You told me you never kill anybody, but if you made an attacker disappear . . . forever, you said about the flashlight . . . would he disappear forever? And to where? And doesn't that mean he would die?"

She tossed back her pretty head and laughed engagingly. I stared at her face, trying to imprint it on my mind. I liked what I saw, the large lucid brown eyes, the straight nose, the high intelligent forehead, the firm sweet lips. I had come to feel very close to this girl from another planet, much like an older brother might feel toward his kid sister, full of affection, a sort of responsibility of offering protection, and wonder. . . . Certainly there was nothing I could do to protect a woman like this, but nevertheless I felt that protective emotion. When she was through laughing, she became quite serious. And then she answered my puzzled inquiry.

"It is true. We never kill anybody. Our enemies

fall and disappear before us. Then we go away. They may then rise and go about their business—if they have done no real damage. There is such a thing as teleportation—”

She stopped talking, looked at me more closely, and seeing that I had no idea of what she was talking about, she sighed, shrugged her shoulders and made a motion with her two hands suggesting uselessness of further explanation. Then she added, “There is more to this than meets the eye. It is impossible for me to explain to you so that you can understand. And I’m not certain I ought, even were it possible. Remember, I am speaking to you in a tongue quite foreign to me about matters entirely foreign to your comprehension.”

I was somewhat satisfied, as I could see she meant me to be. So now, I reached into my pocket and drew out a letter and handed it to her.

I said, “A young lady from the Glendale restaurant, who was amazed at my telling her about you and your powers, sent this letter to you, which she hopes you’ll answer. It is, she told me, written in French. But I don’t suppose that will bother you. You told me you speak all languages. She wrote it in French, so I couldn’t understand it, in case I was just kidding her along with some kind of joke, intending to answer it myself.”

Aura opened the letter and read it. She nodded.

“It is only a family question and will be easy to answer,” she said.

“I wish you would answer it in the same language,” I said, adding with a grin, “It would be a good joke on her if you would give me a comparable answer in Chinese or Yiddish.”

She smiled and said that Chinese would be easy.

Then, to my surprise, she held the face of the letter up in her right hand, with the writing toward the wall behind her. I could see that faint flicker of light on the other side of that wall, and to my amazement, for the first time I heard a sound on that saucer. The sound, faint but unmistakable, of a typewriter clicking away. I opened my mouth, but shut it again quickly, and waited to see what I should see.

Aura said, “It will be easy to write an answer in Chinese, but who will read it for you?”

I said, “I expect the Chinese cook at the restaurant may be able to. I’ve heard that most of the old Chinese working in this country are of the better, more educated class.”

So, out of somewhere in the desk, Aura extracted a piece of paper and a pen and started to write. Her pen went dry, to my amazement. I had come to think that nothing could go wrong with



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 情  
 Aura.  
 你的  
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Chinese women hold their husbands with love, if not they put them in chains.

Your friend Aura

the things possessed by the Clarion people. I said as much to Aura, making her laugh again.

Immediately she gave me a logical explanation.

"On your earth, I am using your earth implements. Our methods of communication are vastly different, and we have no need for pens and paper. But now, my pen is empty."

I proffered her my fine line ball point pen so she could continue the job.

After finishing the Chinese part, she started to hand me back the ball point and I said, "You may keep it, if you like."

She said, "Indeed, thanks very much."

I smiled and said, "That is one pen that can really be said is out of this world."

She smiled back and said, "You are not kidding now."

All the while we had been talking I could hear that faint sound of typing. Now, suddenly one of the crewmen was in the room, handing Aura a typed letter.

It was the letter in French, which had been typed off. My mind was whirling. Had the man been able to read that letter through the wall? And then sit down and type an answer in French? I can think of no other explanation—unless Aura

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Chère Maria;

Sur cette planète tout comme sur la terre ,les etres humains sont de meme nature et ont a affronter les memes problemes que vous et moi. Il semble cependant, que la civilisation, telle qu'on la trouve sur la Terre, a apporté beaucoup de malheurs aux hommes. Nous sommes Chrétiens ici et sur ce point nous n'avons pas rétrogradé comme je vois d'ici l'affreux paganisme qui ronge les pays modernes. Tu viens d'un pays ou les coutumes et les moeurs sont plus sévères, et par contre en Amérique, il y a plus de license et de libertés auxquelles il faut s'adapter. Si, au contraire, soit votre mari ou vous-même ne vous mettez en garde contre les attraites et les mirages des mentalités a base de négligence et d'égoïsme dans vos relations maritales. Il est souvent difficile de conserver l'amour d'un mari qui s'est éloigné de la droite route sans cause apparente de votre part. Efforcez-vous alors de le convaincre par votre fidélité sans borne et votre dévouement entier, refusant a votre coeur de se révolter ou de reprocher les faiblesses passées. Mais, par-dessus tout apprenez de nous a vous confier en Dieu, et par l'effort chrétien que vos gestes lui rappelleront, tachez de le ramener a une foi sincère ou d'augmenter chez lui la pratique de la religion. Ici, Dieu nous a sauvés des intempéries et nous a épargnés bien des malheurs sociaux. Nous ne connaissons pas le divorce, l'adultère et l'infidélité au degré dangereux qu'il existe chez la Planète la Terre. Apprenez de nous la puissance telle que nous vous l'avons déjà manifestée; un jour la Terre ne sera plus ce qu'elle est si les hommes ne changent pas: ils se détruisent a petit feu.

De votre Ami sans pareille a ceux de la Terre.

Madame Aura

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### TRANSLATION OF FRENCH LETTER

Dear Maria:

On this Planet, exactly as on the earth, human beings are of the same nature and have to confront the same problems as you and I. It seems however, that civilization, such as we find it on Earth, has brought many misfortunes to men. We are Christians here and on this point we have not retrogressed as I see from here the dreadful paganism which is gnawing at modern countries. You come from a country where customs and manners are stricter and, on the other hand, there are, in America more liberties and greater licentiousness to which one must adapt oneself. If, on the contrary, either your husband or you do not place yourself on guard against the lures and mirages of attitudes based on negligence and selfishness in your marital relations, it is often difficult to keep the love of a husband who has strayed from the straight path without any apparent cause



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on your part. Try then to convince him by your unlimited fidelity and your complete devotion, refusing to permit your heart to revolt or to reproach past weaknesses, But, above all, learn to place your faith in God, and, by Christian effort which will be an example to him, try to lead him back to a sincere faith or to increase in him the practice of religion. Here, God has saved us from inclemencies and has spared us many social misfortunes. We are not acquainted with divorce, adultery and infidelity to the dangerous degree that it exists on the Planet Earth. Learn from us about the power such as we have already displayed it; some day Earth will no longer be what it is if men do not change; they are destroying themselves by inches.

From your Friend without equal to those on Earth.

Madame Aura

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dictated the letter to him by mental telepathy, which may be the fact.

She smiled her thanks and nodded to the man as she took the letter and handed it across the desk to me. He left so suddenly I did not see his exit.

She said, "I fancy that this letter will be the talk of the town, when it gets around."

I put the two letters in my pocket, and we sat and chatted a while.

We talked of many things, of the earth, stars, planets and moon, and of the time I will go along on the scow for a visit to Clarion. I was thrilled to my vitals at the very suggestion, and she noticed that and said:

"I can see you're very happy. Your voice is almost a song."

I'd had a hard week and I was tired. All this excitement wasn't helping me any. My weariness was almost blinding and my eyes were half closed. Aura noticed it and rose to indicate that the visit was over. Reluctantly, I got to my feet and left the scow.

Before I was back in my truck the saucer was gone.

This time I came to the conclusion that the scow is operated from four different locations and

can be flown in any direction previously decided upon, and that some very sensitive robot pilots, or automatic device helps to control it. I also felt sure that this power and control business is something no earth man is going to find out about from them; since they have no traitors who will give away or sell their secrets to possible enemies. I don't know where all these ideas come from—maybe again from mental telepathy. I must have been in tune with Aura's mind, and got some of these ideas direct from that source. There is no other way I can account for it.

Next day I took my ragged work suit over to the lady who did the laundry, and asked her whether she used acid or a strong bleach on my clothes. She assured me that she had not. I had not been near any batteries or acid of any kind, so it wasn't that which wrecked them.

I then took the shirt and pants out to the shop and showed them to the fellows. They took them in their hands and looked them over. All hands agreed that they had never seen anything similar before. The material was not bleached out, frayed or jagged or cut with scissors.

As soon as I told them my theory as to what had happened to the clothes, they dropped them like they would hot coals. They wanted no part

of these "hoodoo" garments, even for use as wiping rags. They even went so far as to wash their hands in gasoline, in an effort to do away with any possible contamination.

I always bathe after every shift, and after that experience with my clothes, after my bath I would carefully examine my hands, back and sides to see if any burn, redness or sore had developed, but none had or ever did.

Well, I'd just have to remember to ask Aura next time, if there was a next time.

I began to think, as the days passed, and the nights flew by that I was never again going to see the saucer. But I did. After ten days elapsed, I saw the scow from Clarion for the seventh time.



## CHAPTER VIII

I had written to my wife again, telling her more about the saucers from Clarion and their woman captain, even though she had practically forbidden me to ever mention them again. It is easy to see that I was obsessed by the visits of these people, and that I wanted my wife to know all about them and if possible to meet them too. I thought, and I still believe, that somehow the visits of people from other planets to this earth are important. And that all our people should not only be made aware of the fact, but impressed with the knowledge that we can, if we will, be able to make friends with them, and add to our own space knowledge through such a friendship—for the good of all humanity in the universe.

More important to me personally, was that my wife should know and understand. So I had made that letter very emphatic, in that I had insisted she come up and learn first hand about the marvels I had told her.

Instead of answering this letter, Mary telephoned, and finally got me on the line at the Desert Inn at Overton, Nevada. Her first words to me,

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after greeting me, were as emphatic as my letter had been.

"Truman," she said, "I don't like those letters you've been writing me. Of course, I want to get letters from you, but I told you several times that I don't want to hear any more about those weird things you've been writing to me. I've come to the conclusion that you're just trying to make me jealous, through all this mention of hours talking with some beautiful space woman, so you can get me up there. Well, it won't work. I'm not jealous. And I'm not coming up there in all that heat."

I denied her charge of trying to make her jealous, and told her that the girl who had got the letter in French from Aura was right there beside me, and if she would let the girl tell her about it, I'd put her on the phone.

That only made Mary angrier.

She said, "No, you don't! I don't want to talk to some strange woman. If I can't believe you, I most certainly wouldn't believe her. Now, you behave yourself, and put all those silly ideas out of your mind. At least, leave them out of any letters you write to me."

With that, she slammed up the receiver before I could say a word.

I really felt stymied now. I hung up the receiver

and turned and stared unhappily at the waitress who was standing by smiling inquiringly.

"She got sore, didn't she?" she said, giggling.

"Yes," I said. "I wish she would have listened to you read the letter. That might have made some impression on her."

"I doubt it," said the girl, and went back to her work.

I moved over to the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. I still had the other letter, the one written in Chinese, in my pocket. And mentioning the letter in French to Mary now reminded me that I wanted to get the Chinese cook to read it.

"Where's the Chinese cook?" I asked, and the girl nodded her head toward the kitchen.

"Call him out, will you?" I asked, pulling the letter from my pocket. "I want to talk to him."

So she went back to the kitchen and asked the cook to come out. In a minute he shuffled out, wiping his hands on his apron.

I asked him, "Can you read Chinese?"

"Depends," he said. "Lots of different Chinese writing . . . same like American . . . some can read, some no."

I handed him Aura's letter and asked him to read it to me.

He took it and scanned it a moment, and I

thought his yellow skin got a shade paler. He handed the letter back to me and said excitedly, "Letter no can read. No come from here, come from up there!" And he waved one hand dramatically toward the ceiling and scuttled back to his kitchen.

I wondered what Aura had said to startle and excite him so. But I never found out.

During the ten days that passed before I saw the saucer again, I was working out on the mesa in the general area of all but the sixth visit every night, and sometimes I even drove out on my night off work, just to see if the Clarionites were around.

A couple of times I went to the shop and visited with the watchman, and he told me he had located the remains of the flare which I told him had been dropped from the scow on the Friday night of September 5th. The remains of the flare were just black lumps smelling like burned sulphur. They could have been just the remains of the covering, as the flare had burned very quickly. We sat out under the sky and just watched to see if we could locate any falling starlike object or meteors, fireballs or flying saucers.

Once, in mid-afternoon, I actually saw two of the saucers flying very high up and for them very



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slowly, but still about one hundred times faster than a jet plane, over Las Vegas. They seemed to be just playing around, but they were to be plainly seen. Usually you can not see them in the air, as you do a jet or other plane, and this sight amazed me. It lasted for a very short time, perhaps just a few seconds. I never heard whether or not anyone else got a glimpse of them. Most people aren't staring up into the sky in the bright afternoon, and so possibly they were not seen, unless some sky watcher saw them and failed to report it. I can understand well how some people might see this phenomenon and fail to report it. They've seen too many others scoffed and looked askance at. Anyhow, I heard no reports of it.

One night, probably about the 12th of September, the watchman and I were sitting outside the shop, and we both saw what appeared to be a streak of light high in the heavens. But instead of falling downward, it appeared to be circling, flying flat, and perhaps hundreds of miles away in the general direction of Utah and possibly Idaho or Montana. We both decided that it was probably a flying saucer, but it seemed to have no intention of landing on the mesa.

Finally, on September 16th, when I was again alone in the shop, or rather standing outside it, I

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was once more honored with a visit from the Clarionites.

The scow came down and landed about twenty-five yards farther away from the shop, but astraddle of the same haul road they had landed above on an earlier visit.

This precision landing at such speeds of approach is something to behold. But they have that something which gives them the control and precision which I know our scientists are hoping for, if not now trying to attain in our own jet or conventional aircraft.

I wondered if it could be a very sensitive pressure control arrangement that could reverse their power automatically, momentarily, like a boat stopping in a hurry and then easing off when it is near land. Whatever it is, the scow's control is perfect, accurate and instantaneous. And if they are steered by a radar arrangement it could be considered probably the most accurate of all electronic type equipment.

When the scow landed, I lost no time in getting to it. As I told you before, all fear had long vanished. I had only two things on my mind this night. The first was, why, oh why couldn't someone, anyone, be there to see and substantiate that the scow and these people were real and not just

figments of my imagination. Was it a case where absence of others was intended or induced by an unseen power?

At any rate, the trucks were all out operating perfectly, and the drivers were doing their level best to fill the reservoirs by morning. Only occasionally did they toot their horns at jackrabbits near the highway or to me in a friendly greeting. The shop was a quarter mile from the highway, and the shop road came off at a slight angle from it.

After the scow landed with the same familiar tilt, the crewmen poured out and began their walking and talking, always in that tongue unintelligible to me. I was again motioned to by Aura, and invited to come aboard. As usual we had a nice long talk.

Inside Aura's cabin or office, whatever it might be called, was always the same in appearance when I visited aboard the scow. I never got to see any other part of the space ship, though of course I knew it had other compartments.

Captain Aura told me that she had brought an entirely new crew of thirty-two men to earth with her on this visit. And since it was their first trip to this planet, they had been thrilled to watch the fleet of the combined United States Navy in

the Atlantic Ocean on maneuvers. That's why she hadn't come to my part of the country sooner.

I kept that statement in mind and was pleased to see and verify in the newspaper from Los Angeles a few days later that our various fleet units were indeed maneuvering in the Atlantic.

I told Aura that a lot of people had given me a number of questions to ask her or her crew; but one thing I personally was most interested in knowing was if she had passed in our general direction a few days previously, or if I had just been seeing falling stars or the like.

She answered that a falling star always falls apparently downward in a perfect arc-like pattern and increases in brilliancy and change of color as it slows down near its destination, where it disappears entirely. She finally said, "It probably was us, but far way. We traveled all over and around the earth, hovered over England, Russia, Alaska, Canada and your northern states, in order to let these new men enjoy your varied world's scenery. Next we'll see your southern continents.

Some young ladies in Overton had given me some questions to ask Aura about the Clarionites' leisure time at home, their dancing if any, schooling, gardening, farm animals, children's education



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and many other questions, and I simply handed Aura the list I had written down.

She glanced at the list and then laid it down on the desk before her and said, "I was expecting some of your friends to be with you tonight. Where do they keep themselves?"

"Ah," I sighed, thinking, well, then, there was no power of premeditation about no one being around. Just coincidence.

I told her that I guessed the truck drivers were trying to set a record, as they only came to the shop to refuel or when there was a real emergency.

It was early in the evening also, and my boss was staying close to the pumps, since our whole project at night was based on water for daytime use.

She said, "I am well aware of the need of water in your desert."

If you'll remember, in one of her first visits to the mesa she had made a similar statement, adding that amazing one that she expected to be around for thousands of years, but "the water in your desert will mostly be tears."

I was still amazed at the remark hinting of her longevity, which also signified much wisdom and knowledge of past history and, in thinking it over,

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I detected possibly a hint or wish that we could do something to reclaim more of our desert wastelands with water. There was not even a green twig on the entire Morman Mesa at this time, and I expect that the woman from the wonderful planet of Clarion felt a bit sorry for us.

Then she started in to tell me some of the answers to the questions I had given her on the list.

She said, "I told you before that our lives run quite parallel with your own. We are, I am grateful to be able to say, far in advance of your civilization in a great many ways." She mentioned their churches, "which are always filled"; the first lessons to their children being much the same as ours, honesty and neatness and order. Education was foremost in the minds of the Clarionites.

I also got the impression that cooperation among all of their people is an inherent feature of their lives, and that poverty is unknown. Also, that what we call riches or wealth is certainly more evenly distributed than on our earth. That their people are very busy living and learning, and not worrying what someone else has or does not have.

If you have noticed, right from the start of our acquaintance, she has put great stress on our learning, finding out about, seeing or visiting their planet or their homes. But so far nothing definite

has been said so far as I am personally concerned.

She told me the Clarionites love to dance, and that they have many styles of dancing, polkas, square dances, old time and folk and some ballets which are really new.

"Everyone enjoys themselves at home, and there's always plenty to do. And I will say this to you, we are never alone. The children always have places to play and many toys."

She laughed and added, "And when they're through with them, they put them away in special cupboards on shelves. Our young folks go to co-educational schools. There is much for them to learn. And I will tell you this, though it may be hard to believe, for education they really yearn. We have fine teachers, courageous and brave and with the cooperation they always get, they never need to worry or slave."

She paused and looked at the list again, then went on.

"You ask of trees and flowers and crops and what all we grow. Yes, we have farms and farmers, experts who till the soil with methods which would surprise you, and raise many wonderful vegetables and fruits, some with which you would be familiar and other varieties unknown to you. Our soil is fine and fertile and there are no

weeds. We plant the seeds in lovely straight rows, and when the crops are ripe and ready to be harvested, everyone pitches in. And while they work they sing their songs of joy and peace.

"There are no traffic problems, no traffic jams. Our roads are wide and very smooth and none of them are steep. We can go anywhere as fast as we like in our little nutronic jeeps—the nearest word I can use to describe them. We never have any accidents or crashes. You could not hit head on if you wanted, thanks to our antimagnetic flashes."

Then she came to the question of power, and took a moment to think of how best to word her answer. Then she said there was a third kind of power.

"The first is antimagnetic or gravitational; the second, plutonic and the third nutronic. This nutronic we use at home on Clarion."

After a long visit in the scow, she suggested that we go scan the area outside.

We both walked out, and I got on the ground, but this time I did not lean against the edge of the scow while talking. I didn't get the answer to the question I wanted to ask about that, either, for one of the little men came over and began to say something.

He wanted to know about the number of



workers we used in the making of the road, and of our progress.

I told him we were getting along all right, and used quite a number of workers. Then I asked him how he liked his first visit to our planet.

He said it was most interesting, and he was delighted to be able to talk to an earth man. That for a long time no Clarionite had believed the earth to be inhabited with men like themselves. But now they knew at first hand that many planets have men, not freaks, living upon them. It was a good thing to know, and it made him feel better about space travel; as no doubt it would be also an agreeable surprise to us when we were able to go see the various planets for ourselves.

I grinned and said, "Boy, howdy! I can hardly wait for that day. I hope it comes in my time."

Most of the little men had finished their walk and gone back into the saucer. Now, the two who had remained to talk with me, excused themselves and went aboard, to stand near their captain in the doorway.

She said, "We're leaving now, but we shall all be around again soon. Remember, we're planning to take you on a visit to Clarion, to see our beautiful homes on the other side of the moon."

"I'll be looking forward to it," I said earnestly. "Just let me know when, so I can be ready."

She waved and turned away. The door swung silently shut. One moment I saw the great silvery saucer gleaming in the light of the moon, and then in the blink of an eyelid it was gone.

Now, I really had something to think of—a trip in a flying saucer to another planet. A voyage through the universe, in the Admiral's Scow from Clarion.

## CHAPTER IX

Life moved along for me in its usual work routine for the next week, although you may be sure that I was not the same man as I was when I first came up to work on Mormon Mesa. Now at nights I was often glancing toward the sky, to watch for the saucer. I was under a continual feeling of excitement and apprehension too, wondering what would happen next and, if somehow, by some miracle, I would really get to take a trip on the scow to another planet.

On September 23, 1952, the scow from Clarion again landed on Mormon Mesa, in about the same spot where it had come down on its seventh visit. I was alone as usual when the saucer landed, and I seemed to be getting a real case of frustration because no single person was ever near to see and verify the things I had told around about the flying saucer and its crew.

Aboard the scow once more, talking to Captain Aura in her cabin, I touched on the subject now nearest to my heart. I asked her if I could take a few friends with me on the trip, and how soon we should be ready to go.

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She smiled at me and advised me not to be too impatient, and added, "The time will come and, surely, you may bring half a dozen friends with you."

I said, "I'd like to bring my wife. Mary would be more than charmed to meet you, and nothing would delight her more than to see a world as perfect as you say is Clarion."

She shook her head at that and said, "I'm sorry, Truman, but I don't think that would be advisable. Your first visit must include only guests who are men. There is a reason for this, and I ask you to take my word for it."

I smiled back at her a little skeptically, wondering if, after all, Clarion women weren't human too. I know that our American women dislike seeing their country flooded with women from foreign lands, marrying the men whom they regard as their own property for prospective husbands, and I thought that maybe Captain Aura Rhanes was thinking only of the Clarion women and what their attitude would be at seeing a strange female in their world, figuring that where one could come others, not married, would be sure to follow.

Captain Aura must have seen what I was thinking by the expression on my face, for she chuckled a little, but said nothing.



Again Aura had a new crew on her Admiral's scow. I saw some of them, and no face was familiar to me; but they all appeared much like the crews who had come before, and were just as friendly. She told me that my old friends of previous landings were also forming new crews and flights.

I told her that all the Las Vegas, Nevada and Los Angeles, California papers were again running stories of people seeing lights in the sky, shooting stars, saucers and what not, and I asked if these were her ship or some of her other Clarion crews.

She said, "Our scows are all of the same shape and size and have the same number of men in their crews. The stories of saucers with hooks and grotesque tails are just from someone who wants in the news."

I suggested that those people might truly have seen such ships; that perhaps they were not from Clarion, but from some other inhabited planet.

"That is possible," she said, nodding thoughtfully. "But I think it not too likely. Your world is not of too much interest to the people of other planets. However, of late years, since you've taken such an interest in atomic power, a few may be taking a fearful look at what you might in your ignorance do to harm others. After all, if you blow up your own

world, it would set loose considerable confusion in the space around you."

I thought this over a bit.

Then I said, "But what about your other scows. You say they are all the same as this?"

"Yes," she said. "They all have equal power as to movement, control, hovering ability and speed. And all their crews are manned by our own people, who would never injure anybody on earth in any way or manner."

"You must have some wonderful people on Clarion," I put in. "Does everybody work, and how about when they are too old to work . . . do you have pension plans and things like that?"

She shook her head, smiling at me with an expression of sympathetic tolerance on her face.

"It's all too difficult for you to take in, isn't it, Truman?" she said. "But let me repeat—all our people are happy in their work. Retirement or a life of ease may come to all after they gain a full education. Gaining this is our only reason for landing on your earth. If you will notice, even your newspapers have never mentioned any of us trying to shoot down any of your airplanes or flyers, or molest them in any way. Also, remember, those reports from pilots of jet planes, who said they saw "flying saucers" and took off after them at

full speed but could not gain on them. None of these were bothered. We just ran away from them. Perhaps we had a bit of fun occasionally, just keeping a certain distance ahead of them, to see just how fast they could pursue us. No, our people and their lives are peaceful, and of good intention. Ours is a full time job, improving our own lives. We have no national or interplanetary commitments or war pacts with anyone, as you have on earth. And no group attacking Clarion, no matter how large, would have any luck or chance of either conquering or destroying us. We are well protected, in ways which I cannot discuss with you."

I said, "I can't believe any people could be so perfect. Don't you have any criminals or con men?"

She shook her head.

"No. Not even speculators. We have no jails or prisons, and no need for any."

"Boy," I exclaimed, "Clarion sure sounds like heaven."

Then I switched the conversation back to the sight seeing trips her new crew was making. She had mentioned covering Europe and Asia, Alaska and Canada and our northern states, and I won-

dered how long a time such an itinerary would cover.

She said that they could cover the territory in a few seconds if they were in a hurry, but in that case, of course, they wouldn't see much if anything. However, they were never in a hurry and they took their time, so they could see and learn about the ways of earth's different peoples and nations. She seemed to have one pet peeve against our earth. And that was the speculation in real estate; signs out "For Sale." Real estate promoters were repulsive to her. She said, "If we had them on Clarion it would soon be of small worth; we'd have mansions and slums, as you do."

Then Aura changed the subject, which seemed so distasteful to her. She told me about a machine they had, which she called a retroscope. In their homes they could review on this machine any event which had happened in any year and everywhere. She added, "I know you do not have anything like it on earth, but we have had it from time untold."

I thought, well, our television sets come close to it, in that we can review what's going on now, at least. Maybe someday we too will be able to cast back into time and pull out things we really know nothing about now. Wouldn't it be some-



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thing to turn on your set and turn the dial to, for instance, the year when Christ was born, and have the scene of His birth in a stable come vividly and as it actually happened out on that screen before your eyes, over 2000 years after the event itself took place! Sounds foolish. But so have a lot of other things which we take for granted today sounded foolish when they were first conceived in the mind of man. I think some great writer once said that anything a man could think of or dream up he could someday invent or accomplish. And the history of our mechanical age seems to prove the truth of the statement.

I talked to her then a little about my work and the work on the project, and when I was done she said:

“I guess your work might suffer neglect if you went on any trips.”

She seemed regretful about this and I tried to reassure her by telling her that my job wouldn't last forever, and that even if it would I'd give it up gladly for the chance of a trip on the scow to Clarion. I asked when she thought such a trip might be possible, but she channeled the conversation into another vein, as if she weren't yet ready to discuss that date.

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I said, “Well, I'll keep thinking about it and hoping.”

“Do that,” she said. “You can do anything or get anything, even contact other persons, through sheer concentration.”

Then she made a few very interesting statements which I believe some of our scientists might challenge. She said that they could travel safely in their scow to any planet. That it was sealed in flight. That upon their arrival on any planet they can disembark as they do on earth and live exactly as we do here without any auxiliary breathing apparatus. During flight, they have a conditioning apparatus on their scow which takes care of the distances and differences in atmosphere and pressures in between and that the statement “light years” in between planets has a different meaning to them than to the people on earth, just as the sun passes below the horizon each evening and you no longer see it until it evolves again. Also, planets are hidden from eye view when the sun is not reflected on them for an indirect position in relation to the viewer. Most of this is Greek to me. I merely put it down here for what it is worth.

We talked further of the weather on Mormon Mesa; how it had changed somewhat for the better since the terrific heat spell of her earlier visits.

The progress on the highway construction, the desirability of water on the desert was again mentioned. Then, as Aura led me to the exit, she said once more:

"We shall surely take you along on a trip to Clarion, when the time comes, Truman. Be always prepared. You won't need to take anything, but wear good stout shoes."

Before I stepped down from the scow, I turned to Aura and asked her another question.

"Why are you afraid to stay parked here and let people come out and see and meet you?"

I felt a bit abashed and queer at the strange way she looked at me, as if she thought I didn't have good sense. But in a second her face cleared and her voice was calm and melodious as usual when she spoke.

"We are not afraid of your people, Truman, even in crowds. But we want no harm to come to them, and you know what crowds are like when they see and hear things they do not understand. Fear makes them do strange and evil things; and these might get them hurt. As to you coming to Clarion—your people, I mean—we are willing to invite a few and take them there for a visit. But naturally, we do not want people of the calibre of those on earth to reach our planet by themselves,

for they would try to change it, if they could conquer it, and make it a horrible replica of this unhappy planet.

"It is doubtful that attackers from any other planet could actually conquer Clarion, but all is possible under Heaven, so why take chances. Furthermore, an attack, even if it failed, would bring untold disaster and misery. As things stand, it will take your world a million years or more to conquer space as we have done, and in that time, God willing, you will have learned how to live with yourselves and others."

She was very serious and her words put me also into a serious mood. I stepped down from the scow to the desert sand below and looked up at the sky, wondering. It was almost daylight, and I was weary. Even my mind was weary from trying to take in and understand so many strange things. I trudged slowly away from the spot where the saucer had been but a moment before, and got my truck and went to the restaurant to get something to eat.

Some of the folks in the restaurant seemed to want to talk to me, but I shook my head and concentrated on my food. I wanted to think undisturbed.

As soon as I was finished, I paid my check,



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waved a silent goodbye to those present, and went to my room to go to bed.

But sleep evaded me. I still couldn't get it off my mind that my wife wouldn't come up to the desert. It was getting cooler now, and surely the climate wouldn't be too hot for even the children if she had to bring them with her. I determined to try urging her once more. Surely, she loved me, and if I could make her see my need for her, she would come.

With that thought I sighed deeply, rolled over on my bed and drifted off into a restless slumber.

## CHAPTER X

On Thursday, October 2, 1952, the flying saucer or scow from Clarion was again on Mormon Mesa—for the ninth time. By this time, I had almost begun to expect to see and talk quite often to the people of Clarion, and as a matter of course. Their visits were always nocturnal, but not always on the same week-day or hour. I could never guess even a minute before they arrived that they were near and about to land.

Certainly they always seemed to be aware of the fact that they would be met by no crowds, and perhaps I might even go so far as to say they knew that only I would be around to receive them. In other words, from their angle, their timing in this respect was perfect. From my viewpoint, however, the opposite was true. I was always anxious for one or several witnesses to be present at one of our encounters, but always to my chagrin and disappointment, this just didn't happen. Whether it was that the little people planned it that way, or it was mere coincidence, I don't know. I do know they arrived with suddenness, noiselessly and at apparently a predetermined time and location.

They visited and conversed with me leisurely, never showing any signs of excitement or apprehension. They made no effort to molest anything; were able to quickly allay all fear on my part and generally seemed to be friendly and eager to make friends.

As I was regarding them curiously, their transportation and their planet and homes, I always asked many questions about these things, and you have seen some of the answers I received.

Each time when they left earth it was an orderly departure with no shouting, bell clanging or the like. It was a precision and silent leave taking, just as if each member of the crew had a key to place in a receptacle before the scow could go, and each man knew where and when to place it and did so exactly.

Both the eighth and this ninth visit were within yards of the location of the seventh visit, not far from our shop. Not a sound telegraphed the fact when they came down. No fireball or falling star effect ever appeared to me unless I happened to see the ship a considerable distance away, high up in the stratosphere.

On this ninth visit, when I went aboard the scow, I wasn't sure at first glance that I was seeing the same captain. For Captain Aura Rhanes was

dressed differently than I had ever seen her garbed almost a uniform, when previously she had always before. She was wearing a light gray slack outfit, been attired in those flaming red skirts and black blouses. She looked very chic indeed tonight, with her fully developed small figure set off by the slacks, which appeared almost as if painted on her, so snugly did they fit.

I told her I was getting to anticipate their visits, and had written down almost verbatim all the things she had told me each time, as well as I could remember it from the brief notes I had made. Also, I told her a joke or two that I had heard in the Desert Inn at Overton. Nothing risqué, but just something to get a smile.

She said, "We are visiting regularly on your earth, and enjoy it very much." She added, "We enjoy your laughing mirth," which she said was new to them; that they had expected that people with all our problems and troubles wouldn't be able to joke and laugh. That on Clarion they liked a good joke and loved to laugh.

She also made the statement that they were never in a rush up there on Clarion, and they always wondered why everything on earth appeared to be rushing or in a hurry to be finished. She said



it was a similar sight all over the earth, people rushing madly in all directions.

One would wonder how by her night visits she could ascertain such facts. It would indicate that they actually park their scow in some safe place and go to mingle unknown and unnoticed here on earth, probably in the towns and cities of all countries, so as to get wise to the ways of earth's various peoples. It seemed natural enough to me that they should do this, since I believed that I had seen the captain of the scow twice away from her ship.

After several minutes of this conversation, she said, "Since seeing you last, I attended a wedding. Hundreds of guests were there, some from other planets. It was definitely a more lavish affair than anything you have seen on earth."

Well, she was right about that, for I have been present at only a few marriages or weddings, and they were surely not of the elaborate type.

She said I might even compare that wedding to one of our big Fourth of July celebrations, for after the wedding they had dancing, presentation of gifts, and visiting along with well wishing. Even a beauty parade and a fashion show was put on during this celebration. She had already told me that their lives closely paralleled ours, and this wedding business would seem to bear that out. Also she indi-

cated a closely woven family pattern by saying that the wedding was attended by all, both old and young.

I thought that this wedding might be compared to that of some big movie star and foreign prince, but then I decided not, for according to Aura the wedding on Clarion was more of a general public celebration.

I mentioned that our people would be interested in learning the details about that sort of wedding.

Her reply to this was, "If you present this as I tell it to you, it should really convince any skeptic that we really enjoy our lives, as every event that is held on Clarion is attended by husbands, children and wives."

I asked her to describe the wedding in more detail, so I could tell my wife about it. Mary, like most women, is always interested in what the women wear and in all the details of any big wedding.

Here is Aura's description:

"The reception was held in the gardens of an ancestral castle, with our ocean for a backdrop. The castle is built of the rarest marbles and really exotic woods. The wedding united a lovely maiden and the handsome son of our master plumber. The families and many friends of the bride and groom

from the many planets assembled. All of their friends of long standing were there to wish happiness to this lovely pair, and everyone mingled around.

"Many gifts to the bride were presented with pride. They were really the pick of the universe. Some of the gifts, I will admit, you would value at many a crown.

"The bride, as virgin brides do on many planets, wore a beautiful gown of white satin and lace, and a long trailing veil crowned by a coronet of fragrant blossoms.

"I stood beside her with happy pride as her troth was tied. She was so proudly accepted.

the groom's attendants. Many people just came to

"All of my crew were invited too, and some were see and cheer, like celebrating your Independence. The bride and her friends set some fashion trends. Her ensemble was really resplendent. The weather was fine, I want you to know. And everyone danced until dawn. Before we were aware of it our sun had come up, and now the bride and groom were gone.

"They will settle down in a lovely town and enter a business together. The husband will attend to all the outside chores around their home and his wife will manage the home."

I asked her to tell me about the outfit she wore at the wedding, for Mary would be sure to want to know.

"My outfit was of modest style; shoes, hat, bag and accessories, like my gown, were a gorgeous cinnamon brown.

"As all the ladies lined up to bid adieu, the gentlemen kissed their hands. Their fingers were fitted with diamond rings. Many had golden bands. Mine was regal, with a silvery hue, and the settings were azure, our royal blue.

"I think this should convince a skeptic that we enjoy our lives."

I nodded and agreed with her.

"Now we will all be around again sometime," she said, "just as we have before. And my promise to you of a visit to Clarion is held like an open door."

On October 12th I went aboard the saucer for the tenth time.

Every time, even from the first visit of the saucer on July 20th or 21st, 1952, before I knew from where these interesting little people came or the captain's name, she had given me a hint or suggestion that I would someday have a chance to visit



and see their planet. I believe that on each succeeding visit the promise took on a more definite form. During their first visit with me, Captain Aura Rhanes had said, "We never have troubles as someday you'll see." I had thought that statement over many many times. I wasn't sure at first whether it was a threat or a promise. But knowing I was still alive and uninjured after their first visit, I soon came to the conclusion that these people were not of the threatening kind. So surely, it was just a plain statement and was probably intended by Captain Aura as an invitation likely to be extended in the near future. But what she would call "near future" and what I would call it, remains to be seen.

She had, on almost every visit, made some statement which to me seemed to have a promise or suggestion of not only my eventually getting a look at their Clarion, but possibly of other planets as well. Naturally, I was very eager to do this. You can imagine.

On this tenth visit, she told me, "We are on a special flight now, but we have definitely decided that in the near future we can arrange for you and about five of your friends to visit Clarion with us. Would you like such a trip?"

My answer was, "I surely would. But would I

suffer harm in any way? And how about breathing? Would we need any special equipment?"

She said, "Absolutely not. And we can arrange everything for you except the clothes you will wear. And if and when we do take you, all you will need to take along is a change of clothing and good boots. You will not need to take any food or drink and, please, no cameras. We will provide all essentials. And on our Clarion, we will provide special transportation, so that you may see all of Clarion."

I wondered why they were so chary of cameras being taken along. But maybe they are just like our own officials on earth, afraid that some pictures might be taken which would give an enemy too many bright ideas.

"Do you have in mind any friends you have who would be especially pleased to take such a trip?" she asked, interrupting my thoughts.

I told her that I had asked only a couple of the fellows whether or not they would be afraid to make a trip like that. They had said they would like to go if given the opportunity.

I mentioned a few names of other friends whom I thought would probably be anxious to go if I invited them, especially as the trip would not cost anything. Whitey was one, and Johnny. I told her of their occupations and a few pertinent things

about them, such as how long I had known them and where each one lived.

She said, "You should contact these friends and give them the news, so that they will be prepared to go when we set a time for the trip. You earth men can stay a week or more if you like, and my home will be your headquarters while you are visiting Clarion. There will be no duties for any of us to perform, and we can show you around and bring you back at any time you decide to come or we decide we must do so. We shall certainly be ready and happy to accomodate you in all possible ways."

Then I mentioned more names of friends to her. Father John, whom everybody in the Nevada desert knows and loves, was one.

She said, "Father John will be a fine leader for your group, for we know there must be reverent service. I am sure he will want to go along. He is well known in your town, and in cape and gown perhaps he will lead us all in a mass or two, and join with orations and songs to enlighten my crew. Then there's your friend Bob, your friend from long past, you say. Will he go on this trip? We want you to ask."

I mentioned Hank.

And she said, "Invite him along. Do you think

he will go? Whitey, too. I believe he's your boss. If he can't come along it will be his great loss. Then there's that smiling Irishman, Johnnie, you've said is your friend. If he will come along, our guest list will end."

I told her that Bob is a mechanic, always with tools at his side.

She said, "He can leave them at home. He's just going for the ride."

"Hank is a builder," I said.

"He can go for a look, but leave all business below."

"Whitey installs plants for rock and for sand."

"If he comes for ideas we may give him a hand."

"Johnnie's a motor man in tunnel construction."

She said, "On this tour of Clarion there will be no obstruction. And now you, Truman. I know from past talks with you, that a square dance in Clarion will be the first thing you'll look for."

She laughed lightly and I nodded.

"Now there's much to be seen and plenty to do," she went on, "so a fast liveried jeep will be assigned to each of your party. My home will be yours as long as you stay, visit around, see the sights and just rest and play, a week or more if you like. We have some fine spots that I will show you.



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Our most beautiful scenery is near very rough ground. My maid and I will keep house for you boys, and all of our children will parade before you with their toys. You'll notice that we don't make the earth man's mistake. No Clarion child plays with imitations of death dealing weapons.

"Eating and sleeping will be pleasant for you too. My favorite menus will be prepared for your delectation. And, as I think I have told you before, our climate is mild enough for you to sleep in the nude if you wish. Every night you'll get a pleasant rest. I am sure you will find our beds are the finest to relax body and mind. When all are ready to come back to earth, we'll have a celebration for your warming of our hearth. Our Admiral Scow will be ready to leave any minute you say.

"It's two days going and two days coming, so you will be home the second day after we leave Clarion. Contact these friends we have mentioned, and give them the invitation, and tell them that all their needs will be cared for the same as the crews'. They can line up their business in readiness. It should be done soon, if they plan to see Clarion, our home near the moon.

"Remember now, there's nothing to take. Please, no concealed cameras. I am leaving with my crew and scow now. I will be around again soon, if all

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conditions are right. So we will close the door of our scow right now, and to you we all bid good-night."

The next night, I think it was, after a rain storm—and I hope the people from Overton who followed me that night read this, for they will surely know who I mean—Aura dropped a small flare near the power line that skirts the hills northeast of Glendale. It was a prearranged location, if all conditions were right, and I was driving up the road as it dropped. But when I arrived the scow was not there.

However, I found a sizeable package, about a foot in diameter and probably two feet long, large enough to attract my attention even in the pale moonlight. It was laying in the center of the Carp Elgin Road, which is narrow and rough and about two hundred yards toward the highway from the power line.

I parked the truck and got out and went over and picked up the package and carried it back in front of my headlights, so I could take a look at it.

On it was the notation TO TRUMAN FROM AURA. I had a slight shock at that. I turned the package over and over in my hands, looking at it,

wondering what could be in it. It was wrapped up in what looked to me like butcher's paper.

I stowed the package in the truck, and then climbed up on top of the truck and looked around, to see if I could sight any trace of the scow. I even flashed my flashlight around and around to attract their attention if they were nearby. But there was no scow anywhere around, neither in the sky nor on the ground.

However, I did see that a car had followed mine up the road, and this fact, because of things I explained before, put the fear of God in me. I leaped down and got back in behind the wheel and drove about eight miles back to the shop. A fellow in the car, as I shot past them, shouted loudly to the driver.

"That's the fellow, all right! Turn round and follow him!"

In some manner of which I am not aware, Aura must have seen my truck, and I think she also saw the trailing car and knew there might be danger to me from these people following me, and that was probably the reason why she had not stopped.

As I speeded up when near the highway I turned my lights off, so I could not be followed any longer. I suspected these men might mean to harm

me, since they could do no damage to the saucer. But they, of course, could not know that.

Later, when I opened the package, I found it to contain two flares with a note of instructions typed in English on how to use them. They were very similar in appearance to ordinary railroad flares, but the outside covering was black and shiny, very similar to paper that we use around film packs or rolls. But the flares were somewhat heavier than our railroad flares. You can imagine that I took good care of these flares until the opportunity should come for me to use them. I was glad Aura had dropped them for me, when I knew I would be changing the location of my job from Nevada to Arizona.



## CHAPTER XI

Before the eleventh time on which I contacted and visited again on the scow from Clarion, I changed jobs from the Mormon Mesa road job to Davis Dam, as a maintenance welder on the construction equipment. I met some people at a dance in Bullhead City, Arizona on the Saturday night of October 18th. They told me about their home town of Kingman, and said that I should visit there some time to see the town and surrounding country. I did not mention to them anything about my experiences with the space ship and its people, as I knew well by now that most people would listen with tongue in cheek anyway. And probably with a lifted eyebrow and an amused wink to some bystander. But I did take their advice and drive over to Kingman later to see them and look the place over. This was on November 2, 1952.

I had spent the day visiting these friends, and in the evening was just driving around and getting a good view of the surrounding country. I drove several miles past the Kingman Airport, and then had a late meal at one of the roadside cafes near the old Bug Station. As I have said before, I was

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certainly sky conscious by now, and at every opportunity I glanced skyward to see if I could detect any moving object, star or otherwise.

Well, on this particular evening as I stood outside the cafe a moment before getting back into my truck, I did see what I believed must be the scow of Aura's crew, or some similar object, as it first appeared from high in the heavens, falling in an arc-like pattern. It then leveled off in the general direction of Boulder City, Nevada, or possibly even the Mormon Mesa area. I was near Kingman, Arizona, then. And I got into my truck and started home to Bullhead City, for I had to work the next day.

After leaving the crossroad that goes to Boulder City from Kingman, I again thought that I saw this object or light streak, as it would be called, retracing its flight eastward. That gave me the idea to try one of the flares which I have already mentioned that Aura dropped for me. I had them neatly hid away in my truck, for use when I thought contact desirable.

I drove off the highway quite some distance, looking for a spot that I figured the saucer crew would consider a good place to land, if they were hovering around.

I used my flashlight to make sure that the area was clear of rocks and stones and level, and upon finding it so, I proceeded to set off one of the flares. I never gave one single thought to the idea that there might be danger involved for me connected with the operation, and I will add that there was not.

Now, in looking back, I can see that I might have been a trifle foolhardy. Anyone, any official anyway, catching sight of that flare out in the desert and coming out to investigate and finding me there, might well come to some erroneous and suspicious conclusion. However, there is no use wondering or talking about what could have happened—since it didn't.

The flare burned with a pinkish white flash for about fifteen seconds, instead of the several minutes of a railroad signal flare. And during these few seconds it made a rapid, popping noise similar to popcorn popping in a skillet over a hot fire. After the flash I looked, and there was nothing left to be seen of the flare except a little white or grayish ash, no metal or other residual material of any kind.

I went back to my truck, parked about seventy-five yards away for safety's sake, and sat on a front fender, staring up, scanning the sky. My neck soon

got stiff and a little sore from turning and twisting while looking to see if anything was going to happen. I was just about to give it up as a bad job when I noticed in the northeast a flash of color that made me think of lightning.

But I soon found that lightning was not the correct diagnosis. The scow passed directly over me at about a thousand feet above the ground level. It would seem just like looking up out of a deep shaft and seeing a bright object thrown across the opening, going too fast to get any idea of its size or shape or description.

After just a few seconds, it again came in from the northeast, this time coming very fast to within a quarter mile and then very very slowly, as if to ascertain if the area were suitable for a landing.

Finally they set right down in almost the exact spot which I had figured on if they actually should come in answer to the burning signal of my flare. The scow seemed to float just off the ground, not actually contacting the earth, but bending over some of the stubby brush that covered the area. By this time I knew exactly the sequence of events connected with their landing formality. The door swinging open, the tilt downward, and always some of the little men emerging, never going very far but apparently just walking around to stretch



their legs. I heard some of the men conversing, but I could not understand anything except when they spoke directly to me in my own language.

Then I saw their Captain Aura Rhanes appear in the entrance opening, which seems to operate as if by electric or hydraulic power.

She faced in my direction and called out.

"Hello, there. Come on aboard."

As I neared the edge of the scow she spoke again.

"Im sure surprised to see you here, as you seemed to like the mesa. You earth men are always changing jobs. What's wrong with you fellows?"

Then we went inside, laughing at the vagaries of earth men, and settled down to talk, she behind her desk and me on the divan. I described for her my work on the new job. I told her of all the things I weld and how some of the work is dangerous. She listened closely, as if for flaws. Then she smiled and spoke up lightly.

"The things you talk about," she said, "are nothing new to us now; we solved those problems years ago, and now we haven't any."

I told her then, rather belatedly, how the girl at Overton had received her letter typewritten in French; that she was pleased to get the answer

and said she would keep the letter as a souvenir.

She asked me then what became of the letter in Chinese, and whether the cook could read it.

I said, "Yes, I guess he could read it all right, but he wouldn't read it to me. He got all flustered and tossed the letter back to me and hustled back to his kitchen, exclaiming that the letter didn't come from here, but up there, and he pointed toward the sky."

Aura laughed.

"Well," she said, "I shall not tell you what was in it. Curiosity is good for the soul, and maybe some day you'll find somebody to read it to you, if you keep it."

"Oh, I'll keep it, all right," I said emphatically. "I've got it among my souvenirs."

Then I asked her again about things on Clarion, and questioned her about her hobbies.

She said, "I love to read and ride and swim and fish in lakes and rivers. I like to dress up nice and dance. But housework gives me shivers."

I laughed at that, saying, "And how familiar that remark sounds." I was a bit thoughtful for a moment, wondering about her liking to fish. As I recalled it, several times in previous conversations she had made the remark that Clarionites never kill anything. Because of that I had supposed she

meant that they couldn't kill or eat meat either, but since she now said "fishing" I concluded that when she made that remark she must have been referring only to people.

I couldn't keep away from the subject of the scow itself for very long, and once more I told her that I wished I had a full description of it.

Captain Aura Rhanes from Clarion only smiled and shook her head. It was the captain of a space ship who answered me then, and not the woman who was dying to tell me everything I wanted to know.

She said, "Well, I can tell you a few things. The scow is a hundred yards across and six yards deep in the center. It closes with a bank type vault door, as you know. You've seen it as you entered. The metal of our Admiral Scows is of the finest Marsian steels, and the folks who make them for us call them 'Clarion's Hollow Wheels.'

"We install our own magnetic power and other secret equipment, in order to make certain that no one can solve or steal it. You most certainly know from what you've seen that our gravitational power is real.

"On leaving Clarion or here on earth, our tanks are sealed off tight. And on our trips to every place our conditioning works just right. The only

sensation in our scow one receives is when we take off. Then you feel real heavy sitting down. But our upholstery, as you know—"

Here she paused and chuckled.

"—is deep and soft. In no time at all, you regain composure and can walk around aloft.

"The speed is equal all along until we stop or start. There is no bouncing or jerking, nothing to shake one apart. In landing all is well taken care of. No jar is ever felt when the pilots shut the power off. One is restrained by a magnetic belt.

"Now the shape of our scow is no secret at all, for mostly in shape it is curved like a ball; for stability in flight the outside is altered a bit, you would say it's like two hub caps placed together with an edge around them.

"Now the thickness and weight should be no secret to you. I think you have guessed it is twelve inches through, and weighs very little. You remember, you once lifted it all by yourself."

We laughed together at this joke, and then she went on to tell me more.

"Our visionary windows are used in flight but are closely covered when we are on the ground. They are something like a ship's portholes, about a foot across, just three feet in circumference.

"Now, people describe us as like falling stars



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or comets, but our flight is a line that is nearly perfection. Do you think that falling stars could ever change their direction? You earthmen can watch in your skies any night, and if some of our scows are near you will see that in flight the speed that we go makes a fluorescent show. Some people may cower in fright. But if they would stop and think a moment it should give them a thrill. We have injured none and never will. A time is coming, but perhaps centuries away, when all planetarians may mingle, visit and stay, as some of them do now. To you and some of your friends that privilege may come real soon."

There was that promise again, but still no mention of when this would come about.

Then she went on to tell me a few things which convinced me that the Clarionites, or at least this one, can partially at least see into the future. She said something like this:

"I know your work entails certain dangers both to yourself and also to others. You should be very, very careful in your daily tasks, as I see at least three persons will either be seriously maimed or fatally injured during the completion of your project."

This conversation was on November 2, 1952, and I believe that it was on the seventh when there

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was a fatal accident. And again some time later, at least two or three workmen were gravely injured. I also had a heavy front idler wheel, from a northwest 80, fall from a jig while I was welding on it and painfully though not seriously injuring my right ankle. These were all unforeseeable accidents, but after each one Aura's words "Be very, very careful" were brought to my mind, just as if she were present and warning me.

Before escorting me out and taking her leave, she told me she would see me again some time when the conditions were right. Naturally, since her other visits to earth had been so frequent and so close together, it never occurred to me that the time might not be at hand.

Now that I was planning and arranging a trip to Clarion for myself and five of my friends, I was more anxious than ever to get Mrs. Bethurum up to where I was, fully expecting to be able to show her aboard the saucer and introduce her to Aura and the crew. I figured that Aura could and would easily dispel any qualms she might have about me taking off on a strange space ship with strange people—especially with a woman captain—to a visit so unconventional in all ways to our earthly thinking. I wanted more than anything else on earth to have Mary's mind set at rest and peace

about this business of the flying saucers and their people. So, once again, I started writing urgent letters pressing her to join me. Now, indeed, she could not use the excuse of hot weather.

The week before Christmas, Mary gave in and came up to see me. She had Gwen with her, and told me she would spend only a little while with me and then drive on up to Lovelock, Nevada to deliver the child to her home.

Once again, only this time in person, I told Mary all the details about the saucers and their people, but of course, she did not believe me. She suggested that I might have copied all this stuff out of a book. That made me a little sore. After all, who's written any books like my story? Nobody, that I knew of.

Seeing that she was still worried and doubtful, I did my best to ignore the remark and convince her that I, personally, Truman Bethurum himself, had experienced these things. I told her as earnestly as I knew how, and begged her to ride with me out on the desert at night until I could again contact the scow from Clarion. Then she could see the great amazing saucer or space ship, and meet its crew and lady captain.

Mary looked horrified at the very thought of going out on the desert at night alone with me. I

could tell by the clouded shadows in her lovely eyes and the newly drawn and worried appearance of her face that she was inwardly frantic with fear for and of me. After all, who can blame her. Men have been known to take all sorts of intricate and evil measures to establish seemingly valid reason for luring some unwanted wife into a lonely spot and there doing away with her. I don't say such thoughts were present in the mind of my wife. She never said they were. But after all, why wouldn't they be? How was she to know that I loved her more than life itself and would sooner have suffered torture than let even a bee sting her. It is impossible to know what goes on in any other person's mind, and the heartsickness that must have been in Mary's was evident for all to see. Definitely she did not, and could not, believe any part of my story.

Sorrowfully, we kissed each other farewell, and I watched her with pain gripping my very soul as she drove away toward her destination.

This mood stayed with me for days. Weeks even. No more did I see the Admiral's Scow in the night skies, and so miserable of mind was I that seldom did I look for it, but went about my work with a stolid dullness which must have been noticeable by all who knew me.



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Furthermore, my adventures had become common talk around Kingman, and people were taking a distant and disapproving attitude in their contacts with me. So I decided finally that no one in the whole wide world believed my story or gave a continental whether it was true or not. They wanted to continue living in the *status quo*, immersed in their dull little lives, not even curious about the greatest adventure ever made known to mankind.

Well, if that was their attitude, it was okay with me. I'd dismiss the miracle from my own mind, if that were possible. I said no more to my friends about taking a trip through space to another planet. I even went so far as to take the one remaining flare which Aura had given me out on the desert. There I buried it in the lonely valley. I never expected to see it again, and truly thought I would never want to. So I didn't even make a mental note of some landmark which might lead me back to it.

However, on the 27th or 28th of February, 1953, when I knew my job at Davis dam was over and that I would soon be going home to Redondo Beach, a great urge once more to see Aura and the scow possessed me. I drove out to the desert to see if I could find the hidden flare. Some sub-

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conscious observer in me must have led me directly to the spot, for I found it without difficulty and dug up the flare.

Once more I drove my truck to what seemed like an excellent landing place for the scow, and there I set off the flare. After it burned out I stood there, craning my neck and straining my eyes as I stared into the night sky, calling with all my mind for the scow from Clarion to appear. But the hours passed and dawn came up over the eastern horizon, with no sign at all to tell me that my signal had been observed.

## CHAPTER XII

Disconsolate and disappointed because the saucer did not arrive in answer to the flare I had lighted to summon them, I went back to my rooms, packed my belongings, and left the area, suspecting that I had seen the saucer and Aura for the last time. Strange unhappy thoughts ran through my mind as I drove toward the coast of California. I wondered if Aura was touring other worlds far away in the universe, and if that was why she hadn't shown up. And if she knew about all the troubles which had come to me because of my stories about the wondrous saucer, and if for this reason she had perhaps decided not to see me again. Ever. That little word made me heartsick. I knew that if this were true I had indeed lost my best friend—forever.

Never would my friends and I get to take the wonderful journey through space to the beautiful and heavenly planet of Clarion. Never in our lives would we get to see what world peace can bring in happiness to the inhabitants of a planet. Bluer and bluer I got, until by the time I arrived at home in Redondo Beach, California, I was hardly fit to look at, much less to speak to.

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But I am essentially a happy man, and I couldn't stay in the doldrums forever. Besides, the subject of the saucers possessed me and obsessed me, and I couldn't resist the ever present urge to make Mary listen to me and be convinced. I opened the subject again one morning at the breakfast table.

Mary, who had been peacefully eating her breakfast, looked up sharply at me and almost snapped out her words.

"That's enough, Truman! I don't want to hear another word! The very idea! You'll have my friends not only laughing at me, but thinking I'm living with a maniac."

I stared at her aghast. Never before in the eight years of our marriage—and like all married people we've had our quarrels—had she ever spoken to me like that, so sharply and bitterly, with her eyes bright with anger and her lips pinched.

I snapped back at her, as I tossed my napkin on the table in an angry gesture and rose to my feet.

"And is that what you think?" I demanded furiously.

"Never mind what I think!" she retorted. "I'm not in a position where I can think. I simply don't wish to be the laughing stock of the entire town. And I warn you, I shall not be. So, not one more



word from you about flying saucers, scows from Clarion, little men and beautiful space captains."

Her last words were almost a sneer, and I glared at her before I whirled on my heels and stalked out of the room, to sulk by myself until the mail man came and brought a letter which changed Mary's attitude a hopeful trifle, and changed my whole world for me.

The letter was from a stranger to us, a Professor George Adamski located at the Palomar Gardens at the foot of Mt. Palomar, down near San Diego. He stated in the letter that he had heard about my experiences on Mormon Mesa with the flying saucer people, and that he was very excited and interested. That he himself had met a space man from off a small saucer, evidently a scout saucer sent down from a mother ship which waited above high in the stratosphere. He would like for me to come down to see him and compare experiences.

I ran into the house, all excited, to show this letter to Mary.

She read the letter and her lips went pinched again. Then she turned her worried eyes upon me.

"Truman," she said softly, "I don't know what to say. Do you want to go to see this man?"

"You bet I do," I exclaimed, almost dancing in my excitement and delight.

She thought a minute and then raised her head and smiled faintly at me, for the first time in months.

"Very well," she agreed. "We'll go down and see him. But first—"

She raised her hand and stopped me as I started to grab her in my arms and hug her.

"But first, Truman, I want you to drive me up to Sacramento to see your girls. Doris is visiting Lois now, and if we go right away we'll find them both there. If they—and I hardly have hopes they can really convince me that they believe your fabulous stories, then and only then, we'll go see this professor. But I suspect he's just another—er—visionary."

My ardor was dampened for the moment, but it soon snapped back. It was something, a great deal indeed, that my wife was even willing to listen. And I felt really exultant now, for I felt sure that if she would just listen to me, with an open mind and a trusting heart, I could soon convince her that I was talking about realities and not make-believe.

So we got ready and left in our car to drive immediately to Sacramento. Mary was in an apprehensive mood, I could see. But I was bubbling over with a new-found happiness. It was great to know

that I wasn't the only man in the world who had seen the space people. And this man, Professor Adamski, since he called himself a professor, was probably a highly educated man and knew what he was talking about. God, after all, was more than good to me.

It was July 2, 1953 when we went to Sacramento to see my daughters. They were delighted to see us both, and eager to hear what I had to tell them about the saucers and the space people. I told them everything, from beginning to end, and then leaned back in my chair and listened for their verdict.

Both girls turned to my wife and assured her that they believed every word of my story; that I was a man of my word and that she should get rid of her doubts.

Mary was a little surprised, I guess, to find that my girls didn't question my story in the least, and she was rather quiet all the way while we drove back to Redondo. I know that they had made her wonder . . . but I don't think they had changed her opinion in the least. She just couldn't believe such a story could be true.

However, she was willing to give me the benefit of the doubt. After a short rest at home, we set out

to see Professor Adamski at Palomar Gardens near San Diego.

Professor Adamski made us more than welcome. And evidently the man, his surroundings, his evident belief in my story and his enthusiasm made an impression on Mary. I watched her face as much as I watched his while he told us what he knew about people from outer space and the sort of ships they came to earth upon.

He said that he had met a man from the planet Venus. The man had long hair, was dressed differently than those I had described. That he was tall; much larger than the people from Clarion. He had met but the one man, and he met this man and saw the saucer he had arrived on up near Desert Center while he was on a scientific trip to photograph bones and so forth. He believed my story and seemed to think others should believe it too.

But of course, as I told him, others had not had the opportunity of meeting space people as he had, and it was almost impossible for them to believe such people actually existed.

Professor Adamski asked me if I would mind telling my story from beginning to end and letting him take it all down on a tape recording, so that



he could play it back for the benefit of others patronizing his place of business.

I was agreeable to this, and told the story over again while he took it all on the tape recorder.

I could tell by the expression on Mary's face that she was beginning to think there might be something in my story after all, and I can't tell you how pleased this knowledge made me. Maybe she would be convinced at last and forget not only her doubts of my story, but her terrible suspicions and doubts of me.

After we returned home to Redondo Beach life changed for us again. That tape recording which Professor Adamski had made and was playing for the general public's benefit, was really starting people to talking. Furthermore, all kinds of people, from little curious people to well known men of science were taking an inordinate interest in the subject. Our doorbell began to ring mornings before we could even have our breakfast, and it hardly stopped for an intermission all day long and far into the night. The telephone bell ran the doorbell a speedy second. Even the mail man was loaded down with letters which deluged us with questions. Our home wasn't private any more; it had become as public as a railroad waiting room. Mobs wanted to hear the story.

Nobody, among all these people and even among the scientists who called upon us tried to contradict my story or tell me that it couldn't be true. Finally, and to my great joy, my wife was convinced of my veracity, after a man whose integrity as a scientist was known even to her told her definitely that my story was true. He added:

"You must believe it, Mrs. Bethurum. Your husband could not possibly know the things he knows unless he had given years of scientific study to the subject."

These assurances to Mary were followed by others, from a scientist from "Spheres, Inc.," composed of men mostly in the aircraft industry, electronics and physics. At last Mary was convinced.

And she told me so, adding laughingly, "And now my friends will be laughing at me."

I was invited to speak a few words at a meeting of Saucers, International, at the Hollywood Hotel. This was the first intimation I had that there were such things as saucer clubs.

I accepted.

This talk started another mob of people on their way to call on us, and the telephone at our house rang continually from early morning until late at night. Items concerning my experiences began to appear in the newspapers. Someone warned me

that I had talked too much and that others would try to cash in on my personal experiences by beating me to the punch and writing books and articles on them; actually stealing my stuff, since no one had as yet made to me any offer of using my material and cutting me in on such profits as might be had. This warning excited me so much that I consulted an attorney about it.

Now, since I saw that writers thought I had something which could be called a literary property if written into a book, I set about getting a book of my own written from it. And since I am no writer and have no ambition to become one, I called on Mr. Charles Carson of Manhattan Beach, a well known author and Literary Counsellor. He told me that I most certainly did have a good literary bet, but that he does not handle ghost writing. He sent me to a ghostwriter in Los Angeles, Mary Kay Tennison, and the writing of this book began.

And now that the book is under way, my wife and I are going back together to the desert, to try again to meet with the scow from Clarion, which I am convinced will come again when conditions are right for it to do so, and if I send out my thoughts of welcome by mental telepathy, as Aura so many times advised me to do.

I have been thinking quite a lot about Aura's saying "When conditions are right," and I have come to the conclusion that she did not necessarily mean when conditions are right on this earth and at that particular place on Mormon Mesa, since conditions there are much the same all the year around. It has occurred to me that she might mean conditions between the planets, which we on earth would not be likely to know about.

Anyway, when Captain Aura Rhanes comes again to Mormon Mesa, I hope it will be to take my friends and me for that long promised visit through space to her planet. I shall try to convince her also that she ought to take my wife. And when she sees her I feel sure that she will give her consent, if the authority lies in her, which I believe it does.

And, once the trip is made and I return, I shall prepare another story to tell the public what I have seen.

Since the details of my experiences have become public, I have been deluged with many questions to which I have no answers. And many strange suggestions have been made to me, including the one that I saw not people and a saucer from another planet, but people from earth—enemy people—who by use of hypnotism and/or deceit



## ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

upon me were able to instill in me a confidence in them which I might pass on to the general public, thereby causing a slackness in our peoples defenses by thus making a warlike attack seem unlikely and the saucers innocuous.

To such a suggestion I can only answer that hypnotism, as such, wears off after a certain passage of time. And my knowledge and belief in the truth of all I have seen and heard and told you is the sincerest my heart can contain. I have told you truly.

Now, it is up to you, the public, to decide for yourselves the meaning of it all. . . .

T H E E N D.