

The Reinhold O. Schmidt Story. Cosmic Secrets Exposed. Edge of Tomorrow. The True Account of Experiences With Visitors From Another Planet.

Introduction

"My life was a normal one, by average world standards, until November 5, 1957. At that time an experience took place which I never dreamed would happen to me. I was born on February 16, 1897, in Kenesaw, Nebraska, of German-American parents. However, my home and business are now in Bakersfield, California. My daughter and her family live in Livermore, California, and my two sons who are also married, live in Woreland, Wyoming. As a salesman and a grain-buyer, I have spent much time traveling for a Brawley, California firm whose operations also extend to corn-picking and shelling in Wilcox, Arizona. However, my travels have taken me mainly to the middle west, in negotiations with grain-growing farmers. Perhaps all my excursions had something to do with my being contacted by beings from another planet, for certainly there would not have been a similar opportunity if I had worked at a regular office job.

Many of you will believe, and others will laugh at, my claims of these contacts. Especially fantastic to some people is the fact that I was subsequently taken for rides in their space craft. Not only are these things true, but also, these wonderful people from another world have taught me more about our own planet Earth than I could possibly have learned through the usual channels of books, newspapers, radio and television.

My experiences since 1957 are recorded in the Congressional records of the United States. It may surprise you to know that the Pentagon in Washington, D. C., there are five offices with a personnel of twenty-five men and women who work exclusively on reports concerning Unidentified Flying Objects and allied subjects.

Since my first contact with a space ship and its six occupants from another planet, I have lectured all over the United States and Canada. Before that unexpected encounter, I had never been a "Flying Saucer" fan. I had, however, heard and read of people who claimed personal contact with space beings. My reaction was: maybe they're true; maybe not. I kept an open mind. But I had always been a man who kept his feet on solid ground, with little time for delving into subjects that were out of the ordinary. Then...it happened to ME!

The Kearney Incident

On a misty November 5, 1957, I finished my work about 2:30 p.m. It had been a busy day of inspecting fields of milo and corn a few miles from Kearney, Nebraska, which is about thirty miles from Kenesaw, my birthplace. (incidentally, Kearney is the exact center of the United States, being just 1,733 miles from both San Francisco and Boston.) I was driving near an old sand bed on the Platte River, and close by was an abandoned farm house. It seemed like a good place to turn my car around but, as I started to do so, there was a brilliant flash of light a short distance ahead. I drove on to investigate what I thought might be someone blasting trees, although I had heard no noise. Within a hundred feet of the river bank my car engine suddenly stopped. I turned the ignition off and on several times, thinking that perhaps the battery had gone dead or that maybe the rough road had jiggled some wiring loose. As I started to get out of the car to check the engine, I noticed something ahead that appeared to be a large, half-inflated balloon. When I walked toward it, skirting a clump of willow trees and tall grass, it was obvious that it was not a balloon, but great, silvery craft which seemed to be made of some kind of metal, such as polished steel or aluminum. It was resting on what I later found out to be four hydraulic rams serving as landing gear, but it looked like some sort of balloon more than anything else.

As I came within about thirty feet of it a thin stream of light, about as big around as a pencil, shot out from it and hit me across the chest. It seemed as if I were suddenly paralyzed; I could not move. Maybe I was only scared stiff but, before I could analyze my feelings, a door in the ship slid open and two men came out of it toward me. They asked if I were armed and, although I said no, they frisked me anyway, but they took nothing from me.

After regaining some of my composure and discovering that I could move again, I asked them what they were doing here, what kind of craft they had there, and where they were from. One of the men did the talking. He was evidently the leader and I shall refer to him hereafter as Mr. X. He spoke English with a German accent and said that they couldn't answer those particular questions at that time. However, when I asked to come closer in order to see the ship, Mr. X invited me aboard since, he said, they couldn't leave for a few minutes anyway. He said that I could look around inside but not to touch anything.

Inside The Ship

Besides the leader, there were three men and two women in the ship. The women were sitting behind a big desk on which there was a large frame which enclosed what looked like a viewing screen. At the same end of the ship were four columns of colored liquid: red, green, blue and orange. These tubes were approximately 4 and one half feet high and 6 inches in diameter. The ladies seemed to be watching the liquid very closely as it moved slowly up and down, like the pistons in an automobile. The three men were working on an instrument panel that filled one side of the room. I saw one of them clipped off some short wires. The panel was filled with clocks, dials, buttons and switches. In the center was a large screen which looked like our television screens, but it was not working while I was there.

The walls of the ship were about a foot thick and looked glassy. Oddly enough, I could see through them ...the sky, the surrounding scenery, even the weeds and brush beneath us were visible! But, I remembered, looking at the ship from the outside it seemed to be made of solid piece of metal. There were no portholes or windows. The only opening was the doorway.

All of these people had dark hair and what looked like sun-tanned skin. The men were about five-feet-eight inches tall and weighed about 170 pounds. I guessed the ladies' weight at about 120 pounds, and they were about the same height as the men. They wore light-colored blouses, dark shirts and shoes with medium heels. Both the men's and women's clothing were similar to what we find here on our streets. Any one of them could have walked unnoticed among our people.

The instrument panel had no name or identification which might have disclosed the place of manufacture, but I did notice some Arabic numerals and some Roman numerals on it. However, there were no other figures or letters on any kind on either the inside or the outside of the ship.

Another thing that fascinated me was the way the crewmen glided, instead of walking, across the floor when they stepped back from the instrument panels! It seemed as though they were on a moving sidewalk, although I saw no moving parts and when I tried it, it didn't work! I wondered if they had something special on their shoes.

When these people spoke among themselves they used high German, which I happen to understand, as I graduated from a school in which both German and English were taught. I could speak read and write German at

the time, and I still speak and understand it fairly well. But these people all spoke to me in English with a German accent.

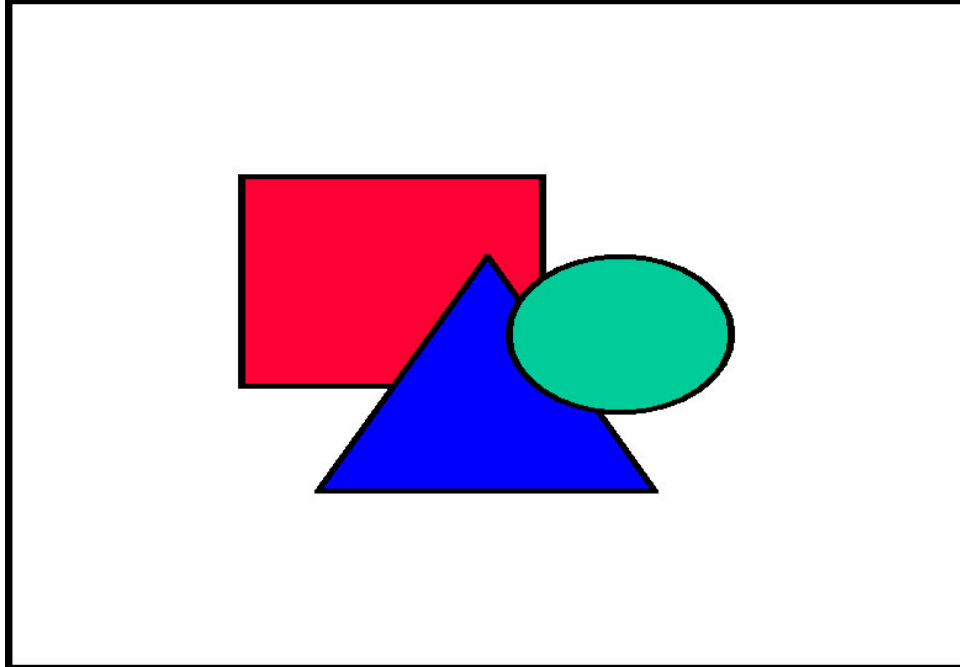
Mr. X asked me if I knew anything about the United States' satellite program. When I replied that I did not, he said, "They're planning to send up some satellites, but the first two will never leave the ground. The third will go up, but it won't send back data."

This prophecy has since proved true. The results of those flight were printed in newspapers all over the country.

After I had been inside the ship for about half an hour, one of the men who had been working on the panel said to another, "Wir sind fertig," which means "We are finished." Mr. X said to me, "You will have to leave now." I was relieved to hear that because, frankly, I had been a little bit concerned about ever getting off that ship again!

As I stepped onto the ground, the motor started. It sounded like a large electrical one, and it became quieter as it worked up momentum. It ran a few seconds and then the ship took off...straight up in the air! About 12 feet off the ground it turned pitch black. Then at about 100 feet it turned a bluish-green and headed southwest. There was a brilliant flash, and then the ship absolutely disappeared before my eyes! I estimated the ceiling of the clouds that day to be only about 800 feet, but the ship had vanished at about 150 feet. A county official told me later that the craft had stalled a tractor, two cars, and a large truck..all of which had been beneath the path of the ship during its takeoff.

During my first visit aboard the strange craft I had been told not to try to start my car until the ship was out of sight, and that an attempt to do so would be unsuccessful. Now I realized why my car had stalled earlier when I first approached the ship.



A Matter of Record

It was about 3:15 p.m. when I returned to my car. I turned around and headed for Kearney. Suddenly, the significance of my experience hit me full force. I shook so violently that I had to stop the car and try to pull myself together. Should I report what had happened or just keep quiet about it? I was afraid that no one would believe me and that I might even lose my job. Then I remembered both a radio and a television announcement that the government wanted volunteer skywatchers to report Unidentified Flying Objects. I decided that it was my duty as a citizen to report the whole thing.

First, I went to my minister's home to tell him about it and to ask his advice. He wasn't in. Then I drove to the Kearney police station and asked to see the Sheriff, but he was on vacation. The desk clerk called the Deputy Sheriff at the courthouse and made an appointment for me to meet him there.

When I finished telling him everything that had happened

that afternoon, he said, "Let's get out there." We went in his car. On the way he remarked, "This is quite a coincidence. Did you hear the siren blow at noon today?"

"Yes," I said, "I was in my hotel room and thought there was a fire."

"No," he replied, "someone called and reported a strange object in the sky, moving toward Kearney."

When we reached the place where I had seen the ship, we saw imprints of the four hydraulic rams on the dry bed of the Platte River. We also noticed some oil was a dark green color, fine textured and sweet smelling. However, I could not be positive that it had come from the ship.

I suggested to the deputy that we rope off the area and post some guards, but he felt that other officials should first have a chance to investigate the matter.

When we returned to Kearney, he reported everything to the Chief of Police. The Chief asked me to accompany him to the site and also requested that the City Attorney and a reporter from the local newspaper go along, too. The next time we went out to the area of the strange ship's landing, the five of us drove in a police car with the siren going full blast all the way!

Everyone saw the imprints of the craft and the oil in the sand, and all agreed that there had been some kind of a large object there which had made the impressions. The deputy and I stepped off the distance between the prints and we estimated that the ship had been about 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. I guessed its height to be about 14 feet.

When I suggested again that we rope off the area and report to someone in higher authority, they said

it would not be necessary since all five of us were convinced that a large ship had landed there.

We gathered some of the greenish oil in a small mustard glass which we found on the river bank. The Chief of Police said he would have it tested. Then we drove back to town and they dropped me off at the Fort Kearney Hotel, where I was staying.

At last, I thought, I've done my duty...told them everything that happened. Now I can relax. (Little did I realize that this was only the beginning of chain of circumstances which made me almost regret that I had reported the occurrence. Yet, it was to lead to some of the most incredible experiences of my life.) I sat down in the lobby to watch television. Shortly, the local program was cut off for a special news flash: "SPACESHIP LANDS AT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA!! I was very much surprised because nothing had been said to me about making an announcement over the air. In fact, I had not even referred the object as spaceship, because I didn't know what it was. I thought that perhaps it might have come from Russia, and that it was manned by a crew of German scientists getting data on the first Russian Sputnik which had been launched about a week before.

Within a half hour or so the Chief of Police called me to ask if I would come over and help answer the deluge of telephone calls. He was swamped! Reporters, photographers, citizens and officials were all asking for information. When I got to the police station, the Chief turned his office over to me. There were two telephones which rang incessantly and I did my best to handle them. The Chief took calls in the outer office.

There was absolute bedlam for about sixteen hours! Photographers and newsmen came in from surrounding cities and even from other states. At 9:00 p.m. the Chief of Police and I were interviewed on a local radio station,

and at 10:00 a.m. we appeared on a local TV station. These programs were also released on national radio and TV networks.

The crowds of curious and interested people who flocked to Kearney caused a traffic jam for blocks around the police station. Inside there was "standing room only."

During the night I made several trips with various officials to the ship's landing area. The last time was at 3:00 a.m. and even at that hour, there were about thirty cars there, and groups of people were milling around. There was much activity there all night long.

The Whole Story Changes

Back at the police station we were answering phone calls and trying to keep a semblance of order. I was pretty tired after the long day of unusual events, but I had become aware of change in the manner of the officials as they discussed my experience. Not only that, but the story they were now telling no longer sounded the same at all!

Suddenly, about 6:00 a.m. they asked me to say that my experience had not happened at all, and that it was a lie! They even asked that I change my story to match theirs! I was dumbfounded at this turn of events. I told them that they could tell whatever story they wanted to, but that I would not change mine unless the truth would jeopardize the security of the United States. They had no answer for that!

Then the Chief of Police asked me if I would submit to a test on the lie-detector.

"Not now," I said. "I'm hoarse from talking for sixteen

hours and I'm very tired. However, I will take a test after I have had a few hours of rest...if the other fellows will take one, too!"

There was no reply! When I indicated that I wanted to go back to my hotel room to get some sleep, the Chief of Police said that I couldn't because they were going to hold me. "For what reason?" I asked. They didn't know, they said, but they were just going to hold me, and they did.

To Jail Without a Warrant

Finally, I was allowed to go to bed...but it was in a cell in jail. In Kearney, the police station, the jail and the firehouse are all combined in one unit. So I had merely walked from the police station over to a cell in the jail, accompanied by an officer. I was not handcuffed, however, and at all times they were courteous in their dealing with me, although I was jailed without a warrant.

When I got up a few hours later, I told them I was ready to take the lie-detector test, but they said then that it wouldn't be necessary. Later, while discussing the situation with Major Wayne Aho, he told me that I had been completely within my right to refuse to take a test while I was in a state of fatigue, stain and hunger. However, I am still willing to take the test if the Kearney officials will do the same. So far, there have been no takers!

About 10 o'clock that same morning, the County Attorney came to see me. He said that they had evidence which proved that my experience was untrue and that I might just as well make up my mind to say so! He had with him two oil cans, one of which was found within a few feet of the spot where the ship "supposedly stood."

The other can, open and half full, was of the

same lot number and, he said, was found in the trunk of my car with the can opener beside it! Now who would leave an uncovered can half full of oil, standing in the trunk of his car?

I told him he would have to think of a better one than that. Either he or I could not see, or else all the officials of Kearney were blind, as well as five or six hundred other people who had walked up and down the river bed all the previous afternoon and night. The first oil can was supposed to have been found just that morning, within a few feet of the place where the ship had been standing." I suggested that the fingerprints be taken off the cans that were found but, as far as I know, nothing was ever done about them.

I seemed to me that the County Attorney looked a bit sheepish. I brought to his attention the fact that the cans which he had showed circular holes, and that the can opener I carried in my car cut a triangular hole. Also, the two cans in question were the Veedol brand. The oil cans I carried then, (which are in my car), are RPM and Skeiiy (JW Sp?). A local radio announcer told me subsequently that the Veedol Company had announced that they sold more than five thousand cans of oil a day, and they wanted the public to know that their oil did not smell! Later, I discovered that some of the oil had been poured out into the trunk of my car and over my laundry.

Two Air Force officials had arrived in Kearney during the night from Colorado. The next morning about eleven o'clock, November 6th, I was taken over to the police station to talk with them. They recorded my whole experience on a tape as I told it to them. During this session, one of the Kearney officials happened to wonder out loud just how the ship could go straight up when it took off. One of the Air Force men forgot himself for a moment and admitted, "Oh, we know all about that."

Soon after that meeting, some of the local officials

went back on radio and television and announced that my experience was a hoax. I was confined to jail again and was allowed no telephone calls or outside contacts. I was told sometime later that my employer had tried to reach me for three successive days, via person-to-person calls, but to no avail.

On November 7th, two days after my encounter with the ship, it was suggested that I have a mental test. I asked permission to call by brothers so that they could bring me an attorney, but my request was denied.

"We have good attorneys here in Kearney." I was told. Running through a list of attorneys in the phone book, an official pointed to one and said, "Here's a good fellow." They called him in and I found out that he was the Assistant City Attorney. His first words to me were, "We don't believe your story and we want you to change it!" (And this was the person they wanted to "defend" me!)

"Well I have news for you," I said to him. "If that's the way you feel, I don't want you for my lawyer!" The following day it was announced in the paper that I had an attorney of my own choice!

In A Mental Hospital

About eleven o'clock that same night, November 7th, I was called to a meeting of a mental-hearing board, consisting of the Chief of Police, the County Attorney, the District Court Clerk, the Deputy Sheriff, and a doctor. The meeting was held behind locked doors in a room above the fire department. (A local radio announcer heard about the meeting and wanted to attend, but he could get no information from anyone until it was all over. Then he had to glean what he could from a policeman who had not even been there)

The doctor asked me three questions at the hearing:

1. "How do you feel about the people of Kearney, Nebraska?"

I assured him that I had no hard feeling toward anyone.

2. "Do you still maintain that you saw that ship?"
I told him I certainly did.

3. "Are you willing to go to a mental hospital and take some tests?"

I told him no, I didn't not wish to go to the hospital, but if they insisted on my going, they would have to pay the bill!

About fifteen minutes later I was on the way to the hospital in Hastings, Nebraska, accompanied by the Chief of Police, The County Attorney and the Deputy Sheriff. They kidded me about the nice rest I was going to have with lots of pretty nurses around!

"Well fellows," I said, "you can have your fun now I'll have mine later."

I was admitted immediately. The didn't waste any time!

During my stay in jail an item had been printed in the local paper to the effect that my wife and my brother had had me committed to a mental hospital. This was entirely untrue, and my family demanded, and got, an immediate retraction.

One of the officials had called my brothers, one in Hastings, and the other in Grand Island, and had told them that I was a suicidal risk, and that my tie, belt and shoe strings had been removed from my cell. There

was absolutely truth in these statements. As for shoe strings, I had been wearing boots which had no strings at all. Not one thing was removed from my cell, not even my razor.

My brothers were also told that I had been smoking marijuana! The truth of the matter is that I do not smoke at all. I have never been a smoker.

Both of my brothers said they couldn't figure how I could have gotten "mentally ill" so fast, since I was perfectly all right when I had dinner with them and their families the previous Sunday.

The officer then admitted that there were no grounds for holding me, and suggested that they (my brother) bring an attorney and a sheriff, and commit me to the mental hospital themselves!

My brothers refused to do this, on the advice of their attorney. He said that he had been following the case all along and that it had gotten too big for the authorities to handle and now they wanted to wash their hands of me and the whole thing. "Besides," he added, "if you commit Smitty, the responsibility for such an error will be on you heads. And if I know Smitty, he'll get out this all right."

About ten o'clock the first morning of my stay in the hospital, I appeared before a panel of about thirty people, consisting of doctors, nurses and other staff members. After answering questions for twenty minutes, I was invited to ask any questions that I might care to. But I had none to ask. Then I was excused from the session.

I went to the recreation room to watch television. The doctor who was assigned to me came in a little later and asked why I thought I was sent to the hospital. "I don't know," I said. "It wasn't my idea in the first place." He

said they would have to give me some tests, and I said I thought that was the general reason for my being there. Thereafter, for almost two weeks they tested me thoroughly.

During the second week they did an encephalogram, a test made on a machine which records brain waves. Four days later the same test was repeated. Then I learned that the charts had been so regular that they had thought something was wrong with the machine.

About the twelfth or thirteenth day I appeared before the board again. The hospital superintendant asked if they wanted to question me further. Only one person had a question. It was: "What would you say if we kept you here for a year or two and gave you treatments?"

I replied, "I think you doctors are smarter than that. You know very well that I don't need any treatments."

The same day my employer from Brawley, California came to the hospital to see me. Since he had been unable to reach me by phone, after three days of trying, he had finally decided to fly there to find out what was going on. In the hospital, as in jail, I had not been permitted to make any telephone calls, unfortunately for my business activities.

Major Wayne Aho, Ret., director of a civilian UFO research group call Washington Saucer Intelligence, told me later that they had called me at the hospital and had been told that "We have to protect Reinhold Schmidt from the public, and the public from him!"

My boss vouched for my sanity and stability. My Los Angeles employer sent an affidavit to the hospital, vouching for my business judgement and my honesty, and stating that, in all the time I had bought thousands of dollars worth of grain for his company, there had never been any reason to doubt my ability or question my

character.

I was released for the hospital that day. In all fairness, I must say that on the whole, my stay there was not too unpleasant. They gave me a private room, and I got along well with the nurses and doctors...except for one psychiatrist.

One morning he had come to talk with me. "I'm going to ask you some questions," he said, "and I want you to answer with the first thing that comes into your mind, whether it answers the question or not."

"Who was smarter," he asked, "George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "I wasn't even born then!"

The next question was: "If you weren't a human being, what would you rather be?"

"I'd rather be a psychiatrist!" I said.

With that he slammed his notebook shut. I asked if there were any more questions.

"No," he said, "Our records don't stand up in court anyway."

I Ride In A Spaceship!

Since my first encounter with the people in the strange metal ship, I have learned that they always keep their word. During my first visit aboard their ship, they had said that they would see me again. But I had not the slightest thought of another contact with them as I drove along a country road outside of Kearney, just three months to the day after my first experience.

It was February 5, 1958. I had finished looking over a field of grain near Elm Creek, and twenty miles west of Kearney, and was on my way home. I was driving about fifty miles per hour when suddenly my car stopped as abruptly as if I had jammed on the brakes. It was the same car I had been driving at the time of my first experience, a 1955 Buick Super. Instantly my attention was drawn to a large silvery object hovering just inside the fence that edged the meadow at the side of the highway. It looked just like the first ship that I had seen and I thought, well here we go again! They've come back!

I parked my car and, as I walked towards the fence, another car approached. There was a man, woman and small child in it. They looked at me and I waved at them to stop, hoping to have some witnesses, but they hurried by. I don't know whether they saw the ship or not.

As I climbed over the fence, the door of the ship slid open and there was Mr. X!

"Greetings, Reinhold," he said in his pleasant voice. "It is nice to see you again. We would like to talk with you." Then he invited me aboard and offered to give me a short ride since, he said, it would cause too much commotion if they remained by the roadside to converse with me.

You can imagine how intrigued I was with the prospect of a ride in their craft! My mind was whirling with a dozen thoughts...They even knew my name! But how...?

Immediately after that the ship rose straight up in the air. When we were about 150 to 200 feet in the air. Mr. X said, "If any of your friends are watching now, they will not be able to see the ship." Yet, again, I could see the entire countryside through the walls.

I asked what power they used to propel their ship and he said, "We get our power from the Sun and from the Earth."

Sitting in the ship was as comfortable as being in my own living room. There was no sensation of movement at all during the flight, nor was there any during the ascent, or, later, in the descent.

Presently we landed on the dry sand bed of the Platte River, about twelve miles west of the place where I had first seen them.

Incidentally, both times the ship had landed on what is called accretion land. It is ground that cannot be privately owned or sold. It can only be leased by the owner of the adjoining land. At one time, this particular area was part of the river bottom and was filled with water. Later the river channel was deepened and narrowed by man, the water was drained off, and the grass, shrubs, and trees began to grow on this part of the river bed. I have wondered since if, perhaps, these people purposely chose this land so that they would not be trespassing on private property.

Three Important Questions

I was puzzled as to what these people could possibly want with me, Now that we had reached the relative seclusion of this quiet spot, Mr. X turned to me.

"Now, Reinhold, we want to ask of people in the course of my work, and was able to get opinions from people in many works of life. I hoped that, when Mr. X and I met again, the answers I had would be acceptable to him.

Mr. X Calls On Me!

In the latter part of April, 1958, Major Aho, John Otto and I gave a lecture in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Afterwards, several of us went to the hotel coffee shop to continue

our discussion while we had a bite to eat.

Suddenly I felt extremely hot, as if i were almost suffocating. I excused myself and went outside for some air. My attention was immediately drawn to a black MG which was parked at the curb, and who should be sitting in it but Mr. X and one of the ladies from the Spaceship! After we greeted each other, Mr. X asked if I would like to take a little ride with them. I told him I would be delighted to and I got into the car.

We drove about six miles down the main highway, then turned off the pavement onto a dirt road. There ahead stood a big silver Spaceship! As we approached it, a beam of light shot out form it. Mr. X dropped his hands from the steering wheel, and the car was pulled up the ramp, via the beam, into the ship.

We didn't have a flight this time but, instead, remained aboard right there where the ship had landed.

For about two hours we talked. Mr. X very graciously accepted the answers I gave him to the questions he had asked. We discussed many things, including some information which I do not yet have permission to reveal publicly. However, I want to mention this contact as a matter of record, and I look forward to the time when I will be allowed to explain the reason for their visit at that particular time.

..To The Arctic Circle

Part of June, 1958 I spent buying grain in Nebraska and Colorado. While I was in Denver, Mr. X contacted me again. He asked me if I would like to join him and the rest of the crew in a flight to the Arctic Circle, sometime in August. Would I IIKE to go! I would even skip my work for awhile in order to go! When I asked why they had chosen the arctic Circle, he said,

"Let's just say it's for an educational purpose."

The thought was fascinating and I looked forward to the time with excited interest!

By the time August came along, my work had taken me to the West Coast. It would be no problem for my space friends to find me, since they could perceive my whereabouts at any time, merely by tuning in to my brain impulses.

I was living, for awhile, in a apartment in Hollywood, California. On August 14th, there was a knock at my door. I opened it to find Mr. X, good as his word. I invited him in and we chatted for a few minutes.

Then he asked me if I could be ready by that evening to leave for the Arctic Circle. I told him that I would have to make a few phone calls and then I could meet him. He suggested that I drive to my rock quarry off Highway 6, about forty miles north of Mojave. (Incidentally, my Saturian friends were instrumental in my getting into the quarry business. I have four quarries now, which they pointed out to me and helped me to acquire. They showed me how a valuable metal could be extracted from the rocks of one of the quarries. This metal is similar to that which the Saturians use in the construction of their Spaceships. When certain improvements in our social and economic systems have been made which will qualify us to associate with those people who have already learned how to work and live together in peace and friendship, then we of Earth will be able to use this metal in the construction of Spaceships in which we also can visit other planets.

The quarry is in a desolate area and rather than leave my new 1958 Buick car there, I asked Mr. X if I should put it in a garage. But he said, "No, drive your car out there and we will take it aboard the ship."

I wondered if the weight of the car, about two tons, would be a problem, but he said that weight was not a problem for them.

After finishing my telephone business, I drove out to the quarry. The Spaceship was already there, and it was larger than any I had seen before. It appeared to be about 200 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 14 feet high. Except for its larger size, it looked just like the ship I had been aboard near Kearney.

There is a large galvanized steel tank, about 20 feet in diameter, at the edge of the quarry. It was put there by the government to supply water for deer and cattle, and is fed by a nearby spring. The Saturnians had drawn off half the water in the tank, about fourteen or fifteen barrels. They needed it for use in their ship.

The moment I arrived, the ramp at the fore end of the ship was lowered and I drove right up onto it. Then it was raised up and into the ship, and off we went! We left the quarry at 4:15 p.m....destination, North Pole!

We stopped in Greenland for about thirty minutes, and twice...briefly...in Alaska, to check on some mineral deposits. At one time during the flight, I asked how fast the ship could go, and they said they could give me a "fast ride." For a few minutes, according to an instrument that looked like a speedometer, we went 40,000 miles per hour! Mr. X told me that the craft could go much faster, but that we would overshoot our destination if we went full speed at that time. There was no vibration at all, and I could tell by the changing appearance of the Earth below that we were really "up in the blue wonder!" The Earth looked a fuzzy blue-green, and was surrounded and almost obscured by rings of silvery haze, similar to those we see around the planet Saturn.

The Saturnian space craft was a versatile machine, as I was soon to discover. It could be used not only for space and atmospheric flight, but as a boat or a submarine, on or under the water.

In just one hour and twenty minutes we were over the Arctic Circle! Mr. X pointed out many things of interest. I saw a place where there had once been ice-caps over a thousand feet high. Today that area is water. This reversal was caused by the blast of atomic bombs, which so changed the atmosphere that the great ice-caps began to melt. There have been many atmospheric changes in a relatively short time. Because of these changes some of our former vast frozen areas have now become warm and tropical. The Arctic has been extremely cold for thousands of years, but now it is beginning to thaw. Continued testing of the A-bombs could further upset our weather and even our planet's stability on its axis, which unless prevented, could lead to unimaginable destruction. When you have actually seen some of these changes yourself, you realize what is happening to the surface of the Earth, and what more could happen very soon, unless something is done to change the trend of man's folly. Looking down on that boundless and changing Arctic region was an awe-inspiring, thought-provoking experience.

Presently we decelerated and came down lightly on the open water. Then we plunged straight down beneath the surface and descended to a depth of 350 feet, where we remained for about three hours. (I found out later that the reversible fans, one at each end of the ship, made the straight-angle plunge possible. The fans were about twelve feet in diameter.)

We saw two Russian submarines in the distance. They were mapping the ocean floor in order to build bases from which missiles could be fired to any part of the world, without sound or warning. Mr. X told me that our government knew all about it and had stationed

three of our submarines in the area.

From the Bulletin Board of the Navy Department
at Long Beach, California.

ROBERT S. ALLEN REPORTS....Jan. 14, 1959

WASHINGTON -- The U. S. and Canadian navies
have made a sensational sinister discovery.

Off both their Atlantic and Pacific coasts they have
found imbedded on the ocean floor, up to depths of
1,000 feet, more than a score of large steel radioactive
devices of unmistakable Russian make.

In some instances these extraordinary mechanisms
were well within both the U. S. and Canadian three-mile
limit.

Navy authorities are certain these devices are "Position
Marker", to be used by Soviet submarines for
launching nuclear-armed missile attacks against U. S.
and Canadian coastal cities and other targets.

While only a relatively small number of these Russian
mechanisms have so far been uncovered, both U. S. and
Canadian officials are convinced "hundreds" more have
been planted off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

It is estimated this has been done by the Soviet
"fishing" and "research" vessels, freighters and submarines
which have been repeatedly observed off these
coasts in the past several years.

The grim menace presented by these Red undersea
"Position Markers: is now under urgent consideration at
the highest levels.

In view of the known large number of Russian missile
submarines, at least 100, it is being pointed out in
these strategy discussions that the submarine "Position

Markers" constitute a greater immediate danger to the U. S. and Canada than the International Ballistic Missiles being developed by the Soviets.

For this reason it is very possible that finding and neutralizing these sinister Soviet submarine devices may become a top-priority naval task.

Made of special radioactive steel, the Red "Position Markers" emit high-energy rays which can be detected by instruments in submarines.

With these underwater devices, Soviet subs would be greatly assisted in launching nuclear missiles at particular targets without having to surface for that purpose.

Naval experts point out that a fractional error of the launching point of a missile could mean a wide miss at a target hundreds of miles away. But by using the radioactive markers, Red subs could readily determine their exact positions and be greatly facilitated in executing devastation missile attacks against cities and other targets on U. S. and Canadian coastal areas.

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Since my flight to the Arctic, the Navy Department has informed me that the Russian missile bases have been destroyed, and that Russia no longer wants an atomic war.

Since my flight to the Arctic, the Navy Department has informed me that the Russian missile bases have been destroyed, and that Russia no longer wants an atomic war.

Mr. X said that the Space People would not have allowed the firing of the missiles, nor would they permit an atomic war to take place. He explained that they

have ways of interfering with such plans, and that they do so only when other planets, and indeed, the whole galaxy, would be endangered. Otherwise they do not believe in meddling with the will of the Earth people. They do not wish to see us destroy ourselves, he said, but the will to change from our senseless games of war and destruction must come from our own people. It saddens them, he added, to see some of the things that occur here on our beautiful planet but, because they abide by Universal Laws, they cannot and will not interfere with our free will, unless, in our foolishness we also jeopardize other worlds.

The Saturnians said that they were using a device to decrease the amount of radiation in our atmosphere from atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions. The mechanism is dropped from a high altitude, and it not only works to purify the air but it helps to nullify the action of the bombs themselves. You may have seen one of these objects. They have ofeless, they do not travel along the ground, they hover and fly. I couldn't help wondering if our means of transportation didn't seem as outmoded to the Space People as horse and buggy carriages do to us! At least by driving our cars they manage to get around and not to attract unwanted attention to themselves.

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When we reached the parking area near the Great Pyramid, I noticed a number of small foreign cars. There were, apparently, many tourists visiting that day. I don't know whether or not there is an admission fee. If any of my friends paid, I didn't notice. I was too busy being impressed with this great "Wonder of the World," which covers more than thirteen acres. Each baseline of the Pyramid is 750 feet long, and it is 480 feet high, it is constructed of huge yellow limestone blocks, each weighing 54 tons! (JW The blocks vary quite a bit in size.)

The engineering world has long puzzled over the question of how those huge blocks were cut so precisely and lifted and put into place, and I marvelled at how smoothly they still fitted together, after all these centuries! Our scientists have already begun to suspect that this great edifice was built through the application of higher laws than any we have heretofore known.

Mr. X verified these findings when he told me that the stones were lifted by the use of Universal Laws and by the forces of nature, which can even cause iron to float. Obviously the ancients could make use of these laws to neutralize gravity and thus render the stones weightless. The Great Pyramids, then, were built by levitation of the stones!

We had only just arrived but, already, my mind was buzzing with fascinating new thoughts.

I saw that tours for visitors were being conducted through the Pyramid, but we did not join these groups. Instead we went off in a different direction, and shortly I realized that we were alone. We went down through many subterranean corridors and made several turns as we walked along. In one corridor I notice off-shoot passages leading into it, but we passed them by. I am six feet, two inches tall, and some of the passages were low enough that it was necessary to stoop in order to get through. There were signs about, warning people to watch out for low ceilings.

As we followed Mr. X, he seemed to have a specific destination in mind, rather than taking us merely on a sight-seeing tour. I was absorbed in my thoughts, but no amount of imagination on my part could have prepared me for the startling revelation which was soon to confront us! I don't know whether or not the ladies knew what we were going to see, but I suspect they did.

Presently Mr. X pulled out a small pencil-like light and flashed it against a section of blank wall in the corridor. Imagine my surprise when a heavy stone door, about three feet thick, opened gradually, just enough to let us pass through. Before it opened its outlines had not been perceptible at all.

As we passed through the secret door and it closed slowly behind us, we entered a corridor about seven feet high and five feet wide. It was very dark and I saw no signs at all. As we started to walk two abreast down the corridor (approximately 60 feet long), Mr. X flashed his light into the darkness and a room at the end gradually filled with light. Later I recalled that there had been no odor of mustiness, which one might usually expect in a room which had been closed for a long time.

The Mr. X made a statement which completely dumbfounded me. He said that this was the first time the secret door had been opened for over two-thousand years, and that he, Mr. X, had been the last person to close it! I was faced with the staggering thought that he was over two thousand years old! I must have stared hard at him. It was difficult for me to comprehend. he seemed to be no more that forty or forty-five.

I really don't know how to describe the feelings that overcame me. I was completely awake and more alert and aware than I have ever been in my life, and I knew that this was a true experience! To say that I felt awe in the presence of this simple man, who was so wise, so powerful and yet so unassuming a being is indeed an understatement. I do not yet know why he revealed to an ordinary Earth man a secret that has been hidden from the world since the crucifixion of Je--s.

With an effort I force my mind to dwell on our present surrounding. It was then I realized that we stood

in a triangular room, and before us was the smallest Spaceship I had yet seen. It was circular and about 60 feet in diameter. It could best be described as looking like two saucer-shaped metal plates welded together at the outer rims. It was similar in shape to many which have been reportedly seen by Earth people, although most of the sightings have been of larger craft. There was a door on the curve of the lower plate with two steps leading into the ship. We entered, and again I was stunned at what I saw.

There stood a huge wooden cross of what looked like dark red wood. The heavy pieces dovetailed into each other and were held together with wooden spikes. In the end of each crosspiece was a spike hole, and down low on the main beam was a footrest, in which there were also spike holes. I was overwhelmed with the significance of what had happened on that cross, such a long time ago. I was thoroughly shaken... and feelings of horror and pity swept over me.

On a table nearby I saw a pair of sandals and a robe, which was an eggshell white, linen-like material. I winced as I saw a crown of thorns beside it. My friends did not need to explain to me Who had worn those garments. I felt heavy with sadness at the thought of man's savagery which had taken so many forms through the ages, and which, unfortunately, is still rampant.

The circular room of the ship had a desk in the center, with what looked like control panels on one side. There were also several chairs and a small davenport, all of an antique style. One large chair, plain wood without upholstering, had arms and a high back. Mr. X told me that --sus sat in that chair when He was taken to His home planet in that very Spaceship!

Resting on dark wood tables were several circular stone bowls which were filled with precious stones of different sizes and shapes. There were diamonds as big

around as quarters! For a moment I thought how I'd like to have a handful. Mr. X immediately read my thought and remarked, "They would only bring you trouble." Then he told me that the jewels had been the gifts of the Wise Men.

There were bolts of beautiful silks and linens, along with objects made of gold, silver, copper and onyx. I noticed some long staffs, also, like the ones which are used by shepherds as they tend sheep. Mr. X said that all of these things will someday be on display for all the people of Earth to see.

He went on to explain that "Jesus left the Earth in a Spaceship, the very one in which you now stand. He did ascend into the clouds, as people claimed He did, and as has been done by many others who understood the Laws of Levitation and Anti-gravity. The Spaceships of old were able, as are those today, to condense the moisture in the atmosphere so as to form clouds around them which would obscure them from view. This was the case with the ship which Jesus entered and which then transported Him to the planet Venus."

Then, as he continued, I was again startled at the disclosure that Mr. X was the man who had accompanied Jesus in his ship on His home flight! Then Mr. X had returned the ship to Earth, to be placed in that tomb until the time when people would be ready to accept its astounding significance. That will be when more minds are attuned to Universal Laws and Truths, which will automatically relegate many false legends and ideas to the dark ages.

In the northeast corner of the little ship stood a desk on which there were thirty-two tablets of a heavy-quality paper, rather dark in color. It looked like papyrus, the parchment paper used by the people of olden times to record important data. They were about eighteen inches across, when open. I had expected to see

some ancient language or symbols recorded on these parchments, but imagine my surprise when I found the events of the past, present, and future there described in modern day English, in black ink and written in a beautiful longhand. As I leafed through them, I notice that the pages seemed to be sewn together. Strangely enough, the records were not musty or even dusty, yet the room was not a vacuum. We could breathe easily, although there was no indication of a source of air.

The tablets told of events of the past, from the beginning of the world to 1958. From 1958, they stated, there would be development of an unusual nature in many ways, until 1998. That period would be a "preparation for the coming of the Master." The end of this present Earth cycle, it was indicated, will be 1998.

Mr. X went on to tell us that there were other records buried in different underground areas that have never yet been revealed, and which pertain to the time beyond 1998. I learned, also, that there was another door leading from the room in which the Spaceship stood, but Mr. X didn't say when it would be opened ...or by whom.

We had been inside the Spaceship for about two hours when my friends asked me if I wanted to make any more notes. (Fortunately, Mr. X had suggested that I might want to bring along some note paper, and how right he was) I had made numerous notes and I replied that I thought I had taken down everything I needed to, and Mr. X said, "Alright, we'll leave then."

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We had been inside the small ship, we stood again on the crackless stone floor, surrounded by the white limestone wall. I took a last look about me and, in doing so, I noticed that the ceiling was curved, rather than flat. Coming again to the end of the corridor, Mr.

X flashed his little "pencil-light" toward the wall and the huge door opened again for us. As we went through into the corridor beyond, I looked back just in time to see the light within the Spaceship go softly out. The whole room was again in darkness as the great secret door closed behind us.

When we reached the surface again, we blinked for a few moments in the bright desert sun. The shadows were deepening, and my mind and heart were full. I didn't feel like talking and, fortunately, my companions understood. We got into the MG and, with a lingering look at the imposing structure arising from the sand, we drove back to the waiting Spaceship among the dunes.

Home, By Way of Russia

Our homeward route took us over the Soviet Union, where I found out what the Saturians had meant when they had said earlier that that they would interfere, if necessary, with our continued use of atomic bombs. At the time I had remarked that the Earth people are quite stubborn, and asked how they would be able to stop them? They replied that they might have to do the same thing that was necessary with Russia: "just slap one back in your face!"

Now I could see most graphically what they meant. I saw a bomb-devastated area in Siberia. It was a hideous black scar several hundred miles long. There was absolutely nothing left in that desolate waste to indicate that here had recently been human and animal life there...Not a trace remained of former homes and the buildings, nor of trees, birds and flowers. This, then, was what had happened when one of Russia's bombs fell back on her own territory. Heaven forbid that we should bring such disaster upon ourselves!

There was nothing in the papers about that colossal catastrophe, but it was shortly after it happened that we quit testing A-Bombs. According to the Space People,

