This is the first page only, of first letter from our original informant. Data so far are confidential to us, and cannot be printed.

I have had corroborative evidence on this story, but no complete and definite proof. 9-25-54 Meade Layne.

LETTER RECEIVED
4-16-54

Mr. Meade Layne
San Diego 16, California

My dear Friend:

I have just returned from Muroc. The report is true -- devastatingly true!

I made the journey in company with .... of the Hearst papers and .... of Brookings Institute (Truman's erstwhile financial adviser) and Bishop ..... of L.A. (confidential names for the present, please.)

When we were allowed to enter the restricted section, (after about six hours in which we were checked on every possible item, event, incident and aspect of our personal and public lives) I had the distinct feeling that the world had come to an end with fantastic realism. For I have never seen so many human beings in a state of complete collapse and confusion as they realized that their own world had indeed ended with such finality as to beggar description. The reality of "other-plane" aeroforms is now and forever removed from the realms of speculation and made a rather painful part of the consciousness of every responsible scientific and political group.

During my two days visit I saw five separate and distinct types of aircraft being studied and handled by our airforce officials -- with the assistance and permission of the Etherians! I have no words to express my reactions.

It has finally happened. It is now a matter of history.

President Eisenhower, as you may already know, was spirited over to Muroc one night during his visit to Palm Springs recently. And it is my conviction that he will ignore the terrific conflict between the various "authorities" and go directly to the people via radio and television --- if the impasse continues much longer. From what I could gather, an official statement to the country is being prepared for delivery about the middle of May.

I will leave it to your own excellent powers of deduction to construct a fitting picture of the mental and emotional pandemonium that is now shattering the con-sciousness of hundreds of our scientific "authorities" and all the pundits of the various specialized knowledges that make up our current physics. In some instances I could not stifle a wave of pity that arose in my own being as I watched the pathetic bewilderment of rather brilliant brains struggling to make some sort of rational explanation which would enable them to retain their familiar theories and concepts. And I thanked my own destiny for having long ago pushed me into the metaphysical woods and compelled me to find my way out. To watch strong minds cringe before totally irreconcilable aspects of "science" is not a pleasant thing. I had forgotten how commonplace such things as the dematerialization of "solid" objects had become to my own mind. The coming and going of an etheric, or spirit, body has been so familiar to me these many years I had just forgotten that such a manifestation could snap the mental balance of a man not so conditioned. I shall never forget those forty-eight hours at Muroc!