The mystery of gravitation since Newton wrote its law over three hundred years ago, is, regardless of all the advances of science, still a mystery. I long ago decided that this phenomenon is an expression of the solar field of force in direct relation to all other fields of force, beginning with that of the single atom and running through the entire range of all matter to the field of force that envelopes the earth from its solid exterior outward. I believe that scientists attacking the problem of so-called gravitation from this angle of approach will in a short time solve this century-old riddle.

I have long toyed with the idea that the planet earth spinning by successive make and brake impulse action, with its own field of force slightly off the 90 degree angle to its polar axis, creates a magnetic vortex, into which the earth encased in its field continuously falls, in its 72,000 mile-an-hour speed around its control center the sun. Its own field is maintained by its spinning motion. Throughout each magnetic day during the phase change period the earth's field must suckle at the breast of its mother. Its milk is cosmic energy and soothes the disturbances that have disturbed the flow of lines of force in the earth's field. It takes about two hours for this phase change to occur at a given section of the earth's field. The action is continuous, and the extent of each phase period is determined by the distance called degrees if you desire, they being widest equatorially, and narrowest at the magnetic poles, so there's bound to be twelve phase periods each full day to encircle the globe.

Since the earth wobbles at its poles, due to a lack of multiple moons to smooth out its circular spinning movement it has been proven that the slight veering from the 90 degree angle of the lines of force in the earth over all field causes a break or crossing of lines and the effect thereof in the polar areas we note as aurora displays. Such action creates a polar vortex. The sun and her children, planets and satellites, some of which may still exist in darkness even to our most powerful astronomical eyes, move in orderly precision through time and space. Each planet and each satellite keeps its place in what

we call our solar field or system.

The solar field must contract and expand at some measurable ratio, else the orbits of the planets and their satellites about the sun itself would not vary in distance from each other or from the sun.

Mars, for example, each two years approaches to within 36 million miles of this earth and then will start moving away until at its greatest distance it will be 160 million miles from our closest telescope. The planet Venus nearest to earth size than any other has its orbit and its conjunctivities range from 100 to 160 million miles. The orbit of planets is an ellipse. Why?

When will man find the answer to whither our solar system is headed in space and why it's travelling a zig zag course at the rate of some seven and a half miles a second? What force is it somewhere in space that's taking us on this endless journey. We calculate and the answer comes up that in a full life time of you or me, we travel some fifty billion miles from here to there. Since the day they laid the cornerstone in the Great Pyramid we've gone on our way into the blue yonder over a hundred times fifty billion miles. Only a New Dealer can figure that one.

I hold here in my hand from my desk a Dinosaur egg, a smooth rock that one of them carried in its stomach to help others grind up the daily storage it consumed. I picked it up in the Yellow Cat Uranium Mining District on the flanks of the La Sal mountains over in eastern Utah. That hundred ton monster sank down in the Morrison sand there some fifty million years ago and

when his flesh turned to dust the rock in his belly lay there until I picked it up while searching for Uranium to sell to Uncle Sam to help blow the hell out of civilization or let his soldier boys play with their atomic firecrackers to shock the very gizzard out of the earth's field of force. Since old Dino's day along the western shore lines of the Ancestral Rockies we really have come or gone a long ways through space. And that brings up another question. Are we going somewhere or are we coming back? But having made our zigging and zagging journey fifty million years times seven and a half miles a second, you take over and let some mechanical International Business Machine robot figure the mileage. Some four years ago I dared to stand before an audience in a so-called Hall of Learning and tell a packed body of students a story I had heard about a phenomenon on which our guardians of space, the Air Force together with the Air Force of Canada and Great Britain and other nations have spent millions trying to identify what they term "Unidentified Aerial Objects." They call it "Project Blue Book" to give it a proper cloak of mysteryhere in the U.S.A.

They burned old Bruno at the stake and when Galileo stood in the church at Pisa and watched that swinging pendulum and wrote a law about it and then with his telescope saw what the thought was the shadow of the earth on the moon, and decided the earth was round and announced it, the brothers solemnly reminded him of Bruno's untimely end, and Galileo with his tongue in his cheek recanted.

As to my talk, it wasn't long before the finger of persecution

began pointing my way and they've scorched my hide already. But I haven't recanted.

Not one scientist, if there by any at the University of Denver, has dared come forward and say to me, "Let's hear all you have learned or heard in this strange world encircling mystery." There must be an answer. Not one of them knows as much about magnetics as the average hog does a sidesaddle and they don't dare to think outside of the covers of the text books they teach from. The saviors of man's progress on this earth have always been hung on crosses. We stumble through time, but I thank whatever gods there may be that somehow we seem to fall upwards toward the light. I bow in reverence to those who have dared to think, to create, to build, to promote, even though the mob has burned them. The entrenched stuff shirted enemies of progress have branded them as fakirs, as charlatans, as non-members of a yardstick measuring system as to brains. Christ's only commandment was "Love ye one another." They hung him. Columbus, as Joaquim Miller wrote, when his sailors said, "What shall we do, Brave Admiral, when all hope is gone?" The words leapt from his lips. "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!" They threw him in a prison cell and bound him in chains. Pasteur stood before his learned colleagues and they scoffed and spat on the method that bears his name today in honor the world over.

So to the degreed savants of a so-called place of learning, to the publisher of a decadent yellow journal, to the thundering charges of a small time political office seeker, to the smirkings of a black robed member of the District Court, to the jury of twelve who knew not what they were called on to judge, I say "Father, forgiv

them, they know not what they do."

When the day comes and one of these silent invaders of our sky sets down and we are greeted by a people of another planet, I'm wondering if they too will be stoned in the market place? Me thinks they already know our ways and ere they do visit us they'll be in a position to protect themselves against our gangster methods and our shoot-first-and-investigate-afterwards system.

Of one thing I'm certain, and that fellow Wilbur B. Smith up in Canada has my unqualified admiration, because he and his group have dared to declare that magnetic propulsion is the only plausible answer to the question, "How do they fly?"

Scully recorded the idea in his book that appeared on the bookstands of the world in September 1950 and to this hour no scientist out of the University of Denver, nor any horsesastrophysicist out of the halls of sacrosanct Harvard has done anything but scoff. The saucers still fly, by day and by night, and the five thousand seekers after knowledge who rode into the desert out in California on April fifth, 1954, and parked the day beside that Giant Rock, some thirty miles north of Twentynine Palms surely were not all fools, surely they were not all suckers, surely they were not all confidence men. They were hopeful people, seeking knowledge, seeking an answer to the age old question "Is there life on other planets, are people there like you and me. Are they about to visit us on this troubled globe and why?" Never in all the history of civilization has mankind been so distraught, so disturbed, so arrayed, man against man, people against people, nation against nation. No wonder another world looking on, is scouting our borders, flitting from horizon to horizon, monitoring

perhaps our voices, as our people exhort one another over the microphones of this earth. They watch the atomic exercises at Frenchmen's Flats. They see the mushroom of a Hydrogen explosion wipe out an island in the so called far off Pacific. They chart the shockwave as it sweeps around the magnetic field of the earth almost eight times in a second, and they measure its shock movement into the outer reaches of space where it touches the shores of their own lands a hundred million miles away in ten minutes. They send back the report of their observations on lines of force that they have learned to use for power and to respect as the guiding reins that controls the universe. They note the climacteric disturbances that swing avalanches down the Alps, dry up great land areas to the end that men go hungry. They calculate as do some of our more daring scientists the day and hour for the visitation of violent earthquakes and volcanic outbursts, and they record the screech of the guzzlers at the governmental troughs who shout "All is quiet on every Atomic front. That shock was nothing more than the sneeze of a gnat. All is well." When will the day arrive on this planet wherein men in science and out will seek the solution of this phenomenon of "visitors from another world" sanely and sensibly and without doubt and without fear?

Somehow I feel that if a whole people would unite and in a voice of trust, in a voice without fear, and in a spirit of brotherhood say "Come among us, you are welcome. We want to know what you are, who you are, and we are one with you for the common good of humanity on this planet and all planets." Such a message would be picked up on their ships out of space and they would land here, today and not tomorrow.

It seems reasonble to me that their flight the past seven years have enabled them to map this world's terrestrial field of force, and that already possessed of superior knowledge as to magnetics, they can calculate now the magnetic time factor at any given point on this globe for months ahead. If they cannot, will put at their disposal all we know of the earth's magnetic field. Carnegie Institute would be honored by these pilots using magnetic fields for power, and many of the scientific problems unsolved today might be resolved with such a meeting.

I want to know many things, and I want an hour with these people. I want to know whether the solar lines of force maintain the integrity of every field that encompasses every atom on this planet and in turn the overall field of this earth. I know this, that somewhere out in space there is an outer boundary to the earth's field. That's the positive side of the earth's over-all field, and I want to know if it contacts the positive side of some other field, or if the solar field controls and fixes its boundary.

All planets, all satellites are bound to be inside fields of force. The sun likewise and the outer boundary of the solar field must be positive, so that its position in relation to other solar fields is regulated. Yet, somewhere, in space is the master sun and its field dominates this universe and has a positive boundary of its own, and there we pause, because by our method of reasoning, there can't be an end to the line. There also can't be a straight line. All movement is circular, no matter if the arc is so great, no robot mathematician can ever calculate it. It's that way. We haven't given enough thought anyway

to the globe idea, and yet our earth, our planets, our satellites, all point to the globular and to my mind we may be given the impress of the round globe of a moon, as we view it, because its magnetic field is round or globe like.

Magnetics, magnetics. The scientist that unlocks the door to magnetics will outrank all the scientists of all time.

We are just beginning to learn that there are seven main magnetic fields in the human body. Disturb one of those fields and trouble comes to the whole mechanism. There's a harmony and a balance when these fields function smoothly that makes for what we call health. We talk about this and that magnetic personality, and never give a thought to its real meaning.

I've been doing some research recently in Uranium. The Geiger Counter, an instrument that measures the magnetic movement of the world sought for substance called Uranium, performs certain limited functions. For example, Uranium in its bed no matter if only inches inside its earthy coating, can not be detected by the most powerful Geiger Counter.

I took a brass tube, filled it with about 32% Uranium impregnated sandstone and sealed it. The powerful counter testing this brass covering could not pick up a single tell tale count. I then began by the utilization of a direct magnetic field, to apply the law of mass attraction within certain limits, the idea being to detect Uranium deposits in volume. After several days I then applied the Geiger counter to the outer side of the brass container. Lo, the magnetic field of the sealed Uranium had permeated the shell of the brass container, and its count was the same on the outside of the shell, as the Uranium itself had carried when exposed directly to it. What

does this prove? I do not know, except to say that the measurable movement of the Uranium itself, when enclosed, at once sought to break down the resistance of the brass shell and did so. I regret I did not try to test the time it took for this result to occur.

What does this prove? Only this, Matter in any form continuously maintains its maximum sized field, and even though foreign forms of matter are used to shut out its measurable presence, it cannot be done. In other words, lines of magnetic force know no barrier.

We have long known that Petroleum - Hydrogen and Carbon, the basic elements thereof, are poor conductors of electricity. Electricity is one type of expression of Magnetism or magnetics, but to say that the presence of petroleum in place, beneath the skin of the earth cannot be detected magnetically is pure nonsense. Of course it can be detected and measured. That we may not have man made instruments to perform this feat is one thing, but to say it can't be done is foolish beyond words. I say it can and I've been doing it for years. Do I make errors? Certainly, as does every scientist who ever undertook a new method of research along any line, but an error doesn't close the door. It doesn't dam the idea and it doesn't stop the research.

In the recent trial, to which I was a party, the State introduced experts from the scientific division of two schools of learning. I could not help but be alarmed at the narrowness of their minds, and to know that they occupy positions wherein they are to train young men as scientists. One of them said, "If I haven't seen it in a text book, I don't believe it can be done.

I only believe what I teach and I only teach what I find in the texts that are given me to use. The increase in knowledge about any subject since the date of the publication of my textbook on this subject doesn't exist for me. I just don't believe, period." If this professor should go away for a year and then return and find the text books he had used had been discarded and new ones of a later date substituted he would be in an awful fix. No, he wouldn't, he would believe the next text, but he would swear if called that any claim of anything outside the then used volume, would be out in his thinking. Forgive them, they know not what they say.

Flying Saucers. U. F. O.

Prior to July 1949, almost five years ago as this is written, I cannot recall at this time any definite story I had heard of flying saucers. Alex Dryer, an early morning broadcaster for an oil company out of Chicago reported them from time to time. Any newsaccounts have long since been forgotten. As of about August first that year all that was changed, and since that time my name has gone about the world in connection with this mystery. Radio broadcasts, newspapers, magazines, books, one in particular, with two million circulation in this country and perhaps ten million readers, and printings in twelve foreign countries. I have been a mystery man, a humbugger, a scientist, a perpetrator of a hoax comparable to any in the history of mankind. I have been eulogized, praised, censored, vilified, damned, libeled and at last prosecuted in order to protect my libelers in any trial of a libel action on the theory that a person convicted of a felony is outside the pale and like a person in public office can be damned at will.

It would seem to the reader who reading this for the first time that I have little to do in the face of all that's happened to me these five years to at this late hour come forward and hope to merit an audience of my fellow men who would like to know the real facts behind my flying saucer tragedy.

I noted only recently that Harvard University elevated to the post of Director of Harvard Observatory a DonaldH. Menzel,

replacing Dr. Harlow Shapley. How low can one university stoop to fill a vacancy in one of its main branches. I read a letter written by this inversion theorist and I read the book he put his name to as author of "Flying Saucers" wherein he devoted sixteen pages to me and my talk at the University of Denver. If I ever encountered a stuffed shirt writing Donald H is that boy. First he lied, and he did this second, third and continuously from cover to cover of his worthless work. He could not have done worse had he used the chaffers as science fiction articles to his wife's science fiction magazine.

It has been gratifying to read and hear U.S. Project Blue Book men give the low down on Menzel. He didn't dare look at the records he could have had placed at his disposal by the Air Force project investigating U.F.O's. He was a one sided charlatan, and calling him a scientist is an insult to the men who have made this world a better place because of their work. He was dishonest as a reporter, he proved his ignorance on many matters he pretended to know about. He knew nothing whatever about magnetics as disclosed in the text of his work. He didn't have the courage to seek me out, to hear my side. He didn't have the nerve or the honesty to get hold of Scully and find out if Scully knew my side. He, to make up his fraudulent yarn actually brought into existence written transcripts of things that never existed, and he claimed, and I do not have a denial although I've asked it, that the professor at University of Denver, who introduced me to his class and their guests unauthorized to be there by me, but accepted when I saw them, had written these conditions, submitted them to me before I could

speak, and got my acceptance of them. What Menzel didn't know and didn't give a dam about was that a complete tape recording of the incident is in my possession and Professor Broman's voice is duly recorded there. Menzel wanted to get down to the level of that libeler J.P.Cahn and Ken Purdy's pulp rag True on the theory he would have sales.

What I told the University of Denver class March 8, 1950 and what I told Frank Scully that went into his book "Behind The Flying Saucers " I had heard over a period of months after July 1949. I, for hundreds of reasons I could write here, had no cause to doubt the stories I had heard.

From that fated day in March 1950 when the words I spoke started circling this globe down to this very hour I submit the following, no one has disproved one basic claim I made, to wit:

Three ships had been reported to me as having landed in two southwestern states, and they had been taken over by the Air Force and that scientists had been called in to examine and report on these alien objects from space. People were on those ships, and they were dead. Complete details about them were related.

The ships were propelled by a method unknown on this earth, and assumed to be by a form of magnetic propulsion, whereby the solar field of force ~~and~~ as well as the earth's field provided the source of energy used to make them fly.

These unknown ships were undoubtedly from another planet and it was the best opinion of the scientists that Venus could be their homeland but that was pure conjecture.

Five years have passed.

The Project Magnet, under scientist Wilbur B. Smith, sponsored by the Canadian Government, now and for nearly three years has claimed and contended that magnetic propulsion is the method used to get these U.F.O's in to our atmosphere whereby the thousands they have wheeled in silence our skyways from pole to pole across and up and down every country on this planet. No accepted authority or government agency has challenged or disputed the position of Canada's Project Magnet.

Spokesmen of the Air Force, representatives of Project Blue Book in and out of office have played constant tag with the public mind about there being any of these objects in any branch of this country's armed forces.

A public relations man named Chop sat in the front office of Project Blue Book for three years. He's recuperating in smoggy Los Angeles. He's still in a fog about the whole matter. He is a master double talker and he had to be. He's a fine person, sincere, and in my book happy to be free of trying to answer the untold thousands of letters his office received about Scully's book.

The latest to retire, or walk away from the Pentagon rat race on this subject is Capt. Edward J. Ruppelt. He learned double talk almost as well as Chop, but he in a longwinded yarn printed over his signature, grits his teeth, clenches his fists and lets fly with these historic words, "My own opinion is that either the saucers are interplanetary or they do not exist." Further deponent sayeth not. He used up ten thousand words to get that pearl of wisdom out of his teeth. So via Ruppelt we get a little closer to Venus or some other planet. He's a two way

believer.

As to the existence of the little men, we have to date lots of people who claim they have seen them at and on their ships, alive. No man, no government has come forward with any proof they did not exist as I was told. On the contrary, one Jack Clerk, an electronic scientist with the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army stood before an audience in 1953 in Glendale, California, presented his security clearance and stated he had delped dismantle three flying saucers in the possession of Uncle Sam's armed forces. He examined the dead little men thereon. He verified they were similar as were the saucers to those described by Scully, but stated they were not the same ships.

A radar operator in the Navy, stationed in San Diego, on leave to see his mother, sat with her at dinner together with a friend of mine, and stated that he and his associate radar workers were then being briefed by an expert from Dayton as to how to identify flying saucers on the radar scope, and that this expert had described three ships and their dead occupants brought out of the arctic where they had been found frozen. This happened several weeks before Mr. Chop before the 171st Pursuit Group of reserve flyers, whereat author Frank Scully, investigator Gene Dorsey, author Harold Sherman and I were guests, and later invited speakers, stated that experts were visiting every radar installation in the country to train the operators how to identify U.F.O's on their screens.

Two business men in Phoenix made affidavits supporting their stories that between Florence and Tucson a ship had landed on the road, little men lifted a box out and brought it to their car, as they stood frozen in their tracks preparing to change a

flat, placed the box in the back seat, returned to their ship and it flew away. Frightened and scared they finally drove to Phoenix and delivered the box unopened to the F.B.I. Yes there are many more who have furnished to Scully and your narrator here report after report that somehow makes me believe that all men are not liars about this subject. There may not be little men or big men on these ships. I do not know. I never saw one, but I prefer to accept as true the reports of most of the people I've heard from, talked to, and examined these five years. Virtually all of them have shunned publicity. They have seen what happened to me. I believe every one of them in a public trial on this subject would back their stories with their oaths. Scully and I know them. Dorsey knows them. His tape recordings on his investigation of this phenomena since Cahn sold his libeling yarn for thirty pieces of silver to crucify a man he fawned upon, pestered and bothered for months with what he later said were lies, and on top of it all said he was a petty thief, would make a volume. Dorsey wants a record so there can be no changing of a story after its author tells it. Somewhere, some day, somehow, the accepted unquestioned proof anent this mystery will be given the world. Somehow, I think another world is watching and that the story in Behind the Flying Saucers will be nearer the truth than anyone believed possible.

As I write these lines my friend Dorsey with the assistance of two ranking scientists has just been breaking down and tape recording the story of an Aerojet scientist and a former A.E.C. scientist stationed at Los Alamos. This man had a direct

experience not only with, but inside, a flying saucer in 1950 and so far his scientific discussion and analysis of his experience and findings has been flawless. This man and his wife have followed a policy of silence for four years, and only recently decided to break the story.

Magnetic Fields

The delusion of grandeur has been the undoing of more people who have gained the heights than any other one thing.

No matter how hard the climb, how seemingly great the victory won, there's something about the high places that turns good old horse sense to horse manure.

Very few mortals remain humble and thankful once the peak is gained. Since they seem to think the whole world is watching them and waiting with bated breath their judgment on things they know not of, they change their whole outlook on people as a whole and everything under the sun.

Part of these select few that climb the heights we call scientists. Certainly there are scientists who live out their lives and are never accorded the laurel of those who land on high. A great majority of these take their cues from their socalled betters on whom they think fortune has smiled so fondly.

We shall dip this pen for a while into a subject that has been only recently elevated into the fellowship of the scientific world and the kicking around it has taken has been enough to discourage any person who seeks to defend this stranger within the gates.

Moses in the old Testament was evidently well acquainted with the art of dowsing. Certain it was that ages before Moses even when India was supreme ere the sceptre passed to Egypt, the art of finding water by the use of a forked stick was known to man.

Think of every possible material thing that has been produced by man for his use and there was a time when he was without all these aids to his existence. He literally could live without them, but for sure he could not exist on this earth without water.

So it is and so it has been since the dawn of civilization, since that day when the forerunner of man climbed down out of his tree home and found the use of the club in his efforts to feed his own. One substance he has never been able to do without and that was water.

The search for water, no matter where over the face of this earth man has roamed, has always been first in his scheme of living. Hence water witching certainly was born of this necessity for water.

To this day however scientific publications fill page after page with venom such as all the rattlesnakes in Christendom couldn't spew forth. Let a book about dowsing and dowsers, such as was given to the public by that popular and well known author Kenneth Roberts a short time ago. When I think of that venom spitting professor of Zoology at Yale, and his remarks directed at Roberts and his work, I almost regret having a diploma from that illustrious university

Being a geologist in my own right I somehow glory in having refrained for over thirty years in wearing the title on my sleeve or my letterhead. "The Journal of Geology" headed by an editorial staff that condoned or authorized the deriding of Roberts' work, I doubt very seriously if a single person on that publication ever risked his last dollar on a hole in the ground. Not one of that geological staff had the courage to say that on the evidence in the book the subject deserved scientific study and attention.

Only recently I sat one evening in the home of a farmer with a gathering of his neighbors, met there to discuss with me the proposed leasing of their lands whereby I could undertake the drilling of a test for oil on some slected location on their lands.

The question of water wells came up. I casually asked the host how deep his water was and by what means he had made his drilling location. Without the slightest hesitation he stated that his best well was next to his barn and that he had "witched it." He then said that wanting another he started and drilled a 390 foot hole 20 feet from his good well and didn't get a drop of water. He said that it never occurred to him to witch that location as he didn't think he could miss. A neighbor then said "I need to drill a well and when you have time, I wish you would come over and locate it for me." I sat through the above conversation without a word. These men, hardheaded, practical men of the soil, didn't sneer, didn't question, didn't doubt, their neighbor, yet the socalled smart scientists far and wide haw-hawed at the idea of Henry Gross sitting in his home in Maine and with a map of Bermuda on the floor before him, sent by Kenneth Roberts from his winter place on that island in the Atlantic warmed by the waters of the Gulf stream eight hundred miles from the rocky snow bound coast of Maine, and there to the subsequent amazement of Mr. Roberts dowsed for water with that map

as his sole guide.

He wrote his friend in Bermuda that there was fresh water sufficient for the needs of that drought ridden people on that island, and gave three locations, together with the depths, where it could be found. Roberts believed Gross, but I dare say not another living soul on that island even dared to believe.

The story of how those three wells were drilled brought tears to my eyes. Poor Roberts, his reporting of the trials and heartbreaks, the ignorance and incompetence as to the simple spudding of a hole not one of them a hundred feet deep is an epic in good reporting. I could have driven a portable truck-mounted star dilling machines with all accessory tools, bits, fishing tools, lines etc. to New York, boarded it on a Bermuda steamer, moved in to each location and with a day to each hole drilled, set casing, and had a completed well in my hands, ready for pumping, turned around, returned to New York and driven back home and then have gone fishing for weeks before Roberts and his aides got their work done. The water was there exactly as Gross located it, both as to volume and depth, but it has taken almost four years for the people of Bermuda to realize that they don't need to catch rain water. They have ample supplies beneath their coral strand. At this very hour whole segments of our country, southeastern Colorado and contiguous areas in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas are dustridden because of a climacteric change that has almost stopped rainfall. The question was put to me by the widow of our former governor, the late Ralph Carr, a member of the state legislature, as to the underground water possibilities of that drought stricken area. We were gathered at the home of that photographic artist lawyer Fred Mazzula who

literally wrestled his way to a law degree at Harvard, to witness a private showing of an actual visible flying saucer filmed in color by a nationally known news-reel cameraman.

Mrs. Carr, recalling having sat in on many talks I had had with her husband about water, its underground sources, its origin and its availability questioned me, "Do you think there's water beneath the surface in our dustbowl areas sufficient to stop this drought business?" "Certainly," I replied, "and there are people available completely outside the water geologists, or any department of our state or national geological survey who can locate permanent underground waters more than can be required from year to year for the next century!

A few days later, Governor Thornton in a news release said he felt there was ample underground water in eastern Colorado. The Governor and Mrs. Carr are close friends. He had expected to be at the "saucer party" but as the legislature was in session, he was detained at another party session. I do not know if I was quoted literally by Mrs. Carr. Now, why did I stick my neck out as to there being water, water, almost everywhere along the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains? Why don't I stick to oil? Haven't I had enough grief for one life time for having gotten over into a subject outside my profession? Well, let's look at the record, as the Governor of New York used to say.

The art of dowsing for water is a utilization of the magnetic fields of the human body, two of them in the case of Henry Gross, in the application of Newton's law of mass attraction.

The most sensitive magnetic instrument that has ever been developed on this planet is the human brain. Its direct connection

with the muscular magnetic field, of which the human hand, that servant of the mind, is a part, can be proven in ten thousand undisputed ways. If you care to go further into this subject I commend to you Kenneth Roberts' latest work "The Seventh Sense" and direct that you read chapter two, "Senses Known and Unknown." Read what Roberts has to report on Biology Professor Wald of Harvard has to say about the human eye, and you'll have a slight insight into the magnetic functioning of the human brain and if you care to explore the subject of bodily magnetic fields further I commend to you a classic work by the Professor of Geology of the University of Cairo, Egypt, S. W. Tromp, "Psychical Physics." This great scientist's research at the University of Leiden in Holland on the subject of dowsing is accepted all over the water-seeking world. That is it is accepted outside of the U.S.A. as being a monumental contribution to the ever mounting scientific research on the subject.

Mr. Roberts is a reporter with an unimpeachable reputation in his volume about his friend Henry Gross, and his latest work "The Seventh Sense." I can well understand the trials and heartaches he has endured. I know something of his moments of joy that stopped the flow of tears the beatings brought on, but I'm thankful that Mr. Roberts had the guts to stand by his guns and come back to the book-stands of the land with his volume "The Seventh Sense." Kenneth Roberts and Frank Scully are in my book two men who went out of their field as authors, and wrote down words that you and I can read because that is their profession. They didn't claim to be scientists. They hadn't seen flying saucers and they hadn't "dowsed water." They, as Roberts so perfectly said, were "good reporters and reputable authors just don't misrepresent, in print or in any other way, their dealings with individuals or organizations of distinction and high reputation, or with anyone else."

That you can't say for that libelous perjurer for pitiful pay, J.P.Cahn of the San Francisco Chronicle, or that pompous purveyor of pseudo-scientific explanations of a subject he never at any time had the slightest knowledge of, one Donald Menzel whose book Flying Saucers was a light inversion of his own making. A fake in its own right even in the eyes of "Project Bluebook" that cat on a tin roof outfit in the inner sanctum of the Pentagon that just won't take a firm stand on anything relating to the coming and going, the wherefrom, whereto, and whereof of flying saucers. If they laid it on the line, their job would be over, and you just don't do that willingly at that government feed trough.

Some few paragraphs back I let it out that dowsing is related to magnetics and shutting the door on personalities let us look into that statement.

The great pianist Paderewski for example, could not possibly have ranged the keyboard as he did with finger interpretation of the masterpieces of the world's great composers by the use of muscles, bones and ligaments. The brain's magnetic field had stored up the creations of those masters, that force by reason of its makeup we call music, and the turning of the switch, by the artist, caused the muscular magnetic field to function at the keyboard as occasion arose. I shall leave it to the brain specialist to sort out this sense and that, but do not for a moment forget that that most microscopic cell in that brain is an atom and that atom only functions within its own field of force and it and all the other atoms that added together make up that music filled store room of the brain are part and parcel of a major magnetic field.

The range of the brain's magnetic field is limited as to each individual, but its potential range is unlimited, so Mr. Henry Gross

having perfected his water dowsing magnetic field as did Mr. Paderewski's piano playing magnetic field, becomes a master and he porves his art by his deeds.

There are untold thousands of dowsers over this earth. Millions through the ages have lived and died. I doubt few if any of them ever dared to seek a scientific inquiry into their ability. Hardly a one of them due to a lack of scientific understanding and training but what have made untold errors in their work. Most of them have walked alone down the ages. Their fellow men ascribed to them a witchery, a black magic. The supernatural played its role. Understand what seems supernatural and it becomes natural. The water finder had what most of his fellow men didn't have. There will come a day when the work of a dowser is understood as a scientific application of one of nature's law and men and women will study it as a recognized branch of science, and the underground water measured as the surface waterways of this earth are charted this very day.

It seems incredible to me that men in the socalled world of science, fail to think of the human brain as a magnetic field that develops frequencies from birth of the individual, and stores that frequency and can and does tune it on throughout the life of that person. That force, that function, we call thought, enables the magnetic field to perform, and in degree has that particular magnetic field properly been prepared, whether it required a day, a month, or years, so does it do its work.

When we recognize once for all the unlimited range of this magnetic brain field to function in direct association with the muscular field related to the hands, then science will turn its

attention to applying this method of research to many diversified fields. Let us take one example. Some few years ago I was a guest in a home where the host of the evening was a celebrated brain surgeon. There were a half dozen other brain surgeons there. About the time some of the guests were taking their leave, the subject had veered around to the locating of subterranean caverns by the identification of stalactites. The leavetakers didn't leave as it was apparent that my account of the method used not only had fascinated the group about me, but attracted the rest of the party group.

One of the brain surgeons, and I regret to this day my forgetting his name, stated that the greatest problem confronting the brain surgeon was and is diagnosis, and that countless lives could be saved if correct initial diagnosis could be made. I then asked if specimens in natural state of all types of brain tumors were available in the laboratory. On being told that they were I then stated that by the simple process of elimination and the proper application of the basic law of mass attraction, an expert could exactly diagnose the type of tumor, its size and its exact location. Three hours later the party broke up and I was being charged as owing to humanity a duty whereby this type of diagnosis could be made available. Little did this group know the hazard of such an undertaking. Any person no matter how talented in the profession of dowsing turning to diagnosis of this character would bring down on his head the combined efforts of the American Medical Association to destroy him. To predict here the heartbreaks, the barriers, in short the impossibility of such a precedure would be beyond my abilities.

the Secret cooperation of such a group of top ranking specialists as I met that memorable evening would first be necessary. Then the development of the technique by endless diagnostic surveys and the initial recordings by cooperative specialists, and the subsequent findings after surgery as each case was operated on for the findings of the specialists and not the magnetic specialist would be necessary. There could come a time when a sufficient amount of proof had been developed of the magnetic brain field method of diagnosis that an operation could be performed solely by this method. That would be the day. The brain surgeon would have to declare beforehand that an exploratory operation must be undertaken as to a given patient, and further that consultation of even a group of specilists had not been able to diagnose. But even with all this I would hate to be on the receiving end as some enterprising skeptic might prefer murder charges if there was the slightest error. I say however that there are within my ken men that could be trained to identify within the human skull any type of malignancy of a tumorous type and let the scoffers be damned as to their dissenting clamors.

I say here and now that the experience of Bernard Berenson, in his book "Rumor and Reflection" published by Simon and Schuster, the long time publishers for Frank Scully, is a case in point of contention as to exact brain tumor diagnosis and identification. Mr. Berenson related that a Professor Mercati, at tea with Professor Toesca of the University of Rome and himself performed a feat that was astounding. Mercati is a famous water dowser in his community. He had applied the magnetic brain field - muscular hand field dowsing principle to many other mass attraction problems.

Toesca turned face downward on a table a number of photographs of pictures by old masters and then invited Mercati to assemble in different files the pictures that were by the same painter. Using a wand or pendulum he did this feat as perfectly as men who had spent years on the practice of connoisseurship. The painting photographed had transmitted on to the photograph plate a magnetic image and the resultant print had likewise taken on the same field of force, else it would not have been a photographic reproduction of the painting. Even face down, the magnetic frequency of each photograph by the same painter was such that Mercati unerringly sorted them. Fact is indeed stranger than fiction.

Turn back history's pages to the days of the Roman Empire. Today sterile deserts abound where once magnificent cities stood, north, south and west from Carthage were the rich granaries that supplied the peoples of that era in world history. The archeologists find it a paradise.

Once an immense population was there. Water was no problem because even now traces of aquaducts, cisterns and irrigation works still exist. They prove a lack of adequate rainfall even in that remote time. Those water sources of that day and age are still there and if they were surveyed out by competent dowsers Algeria and Tunisia could again become the granary of Europe. Why, because underground moving waters exist throughout the ages. They existed then as did the Tiber and the Nile, the Rhine and the Seine, as did the Mississippi and the Amazon and they exist today, awaiting the hand of the expert dowser to point them out and to trace their channels and the source from which they come.

Fifteen thousand years ago a high order of civilization lived along the now dry lake bed area of eastern California from Death Valley to the lower Gulf of California. These people departed leaving their artifacts along the shore line sands of their now dry lake beds. Whence the waters that fed these lakes? They still flow untroubled and uncharted fresh and sweet just as they were fifteen milleniums ago. This vast area valley after valley, seared by heat, a desert waste awaits the hand of the expert dowser and the faith of a people and a state in such a person or persons whereby once again this arrid land can be a place of milk and honey. I can point out today in that vast expanse of desert and underground lake, fed by underground rivers, that holds more water than man made Lake Meade at Hoover Dam.

It's a pleasure to note in the history of modern Israel the people are searching out the same water sources that the Herods used and fine irrigations systems are making that desert land blossom with crops that support a people again. The same springs that succored Jericho, even now supply thousands of Arab refugees their water and in ample amounts.

I am an oil man and oil is a liquid and liquids move beneath the surface of this earth. They are eternally in movement in some form and fashion. The spinning of the globe on its axis is directly related to all subsurface movement and that movement is basically outward and also directionally equatorial. Oil primarily exists in brine waters. Its specific gravity forces it to separate and migrate to where it finds a home in what we call the top of

an anticlinal fold or along a monocline or in various types of stratigraphic traps.

These brine solutions, remnants of ancient unnamed seas, are eternally seeking a surface outlet. In mother nature's laboratory water, nature's milk of all plant and animal life, is eternally forming and man searches out the nipples of her ample breast and suckles there the sweet waters of life. Shame it is on man that possessing the ways and means by the scientific use of dowsing, he ever goes thirsty on any parts of this globe. Henry Gross with a map of the Sahara Desert before him traced out a great underground river of fresh water ample to supply several million people. All water is created within the skin of mother earth. It even forces its way outwards to the surface up through the ocean floor along shorelines of the world and fishermen fill their water tanks from fresh water flows that are surrounded by the saltiest of salt water, and just as salt water, lifted by evaporation from the ocean tops in the form of cloud masses and falls to earth as fresh rain water, so can the same transition take place in the skin of the earth where it is formed by the combining of two gases, one part Hydrogen and two parts Oxygen - a single drop of that "H-Two O" or less in a forked willow stick under the magnetic brain field excitation through the muscular hand field will in the hands of a competent dowser point out all types of waters wherever they are beneath the surface within a prescribed radius. And a drop of oil will do the same thing.

The perfection of techniques for the identification of liquids in mass such as petroleum by the utilization of the dowsing principle will in the hands of competent men reduce the dry hole ratio, that after over eighty years still persists at an 8 to one count. And we talk about scientific progress. The finest geophysical instrument ever built by man is not as efficient as the human brain geophysical machine, even though it hasn't been trained beyond the kindergarden equivalent in education.

In view of the fact that I have been publicized in public print, newsprint, magazine pulp a la True, and otherwise, and in books, from Scully and down thru Menzel, if Frank Scully will pardon me, coupling that rank imposter Menzel with him in a sentence, I feel that I have a right to comment on some of the trivia that has been coupled with my name.

That the comment both good and bad is out of all proportion to my dessert is beside the point. It's in fruit and some portions of it deserve answer, and since other subject matter is also part and parcel of these various writings I shall make a few observations.

The lies and libels of Donald Menzel, out of the University of Denver, via Harvard, Dept. of Astrophysics, through sixteen pages could line by line be hurled back in his teeth, and have already had some attention from me in this work. My good friend Frank Scully, schooled in the rough and tumble of California political campaigns with a background of newspaper training, plus the fact that he's Irish and when the mood is on him can cut and slash any Harvard product to pieces, will doubtless take care of Master Menzel in his next Saucerian contribution.

We ran Menzel down in black and white. He said he wrote his own copy. Now let him squirm.

"You can't break a line of force," said the Bard of the Charles River, Mass.

Let us take for our implement, to beat this guy's brains out, if he has brains inside that hunk of bone atop his professorial shoulders, a bar of iron magnetized. Every science text book on physics on this globe, depicts lines of force extending from pole to pole,

in a continuous stream, so the drawings show.

Break that bar. What happens? Are the magnetic lines lost? They are not. Instantly there is a north and south pole to each bar and so on ad infinitum. Now to have to write this fact is almost childish and unless the reader gets Menzel's book on flying saucers and turns to page . . ., the truth of this statement can hardly be believed. But there it is.

And doesn't it occur to you that lines of force have speed? Pick up that bar again, with its lines of force extending from pole to pole. Break it. The piece where the north pole was a moment ago now has a new south pole, and the other piece has a new north pole and the lines of force are merrily on their way regardless of mentally deficient Menzel. How fast did they move, I don't know, but I've heard it said that the speed is twice that of light, but I won't argue this point beyond telling you that in the year 1953 a Navy physicist issued the statement that light had been measured at ten percent faster than the accepted speed of 186,000 miles per second.

This of course puts the whole universe out of kilter and we need these saucer people down here to straighten us out.

I neglected to say saucer people from Venus. I, nor anyone to whom I ever talked who claimed to have inside data on these U.F.O's ever said they were from the planet Venus. It's not in Scully's book, and not on the tape recording of my lecture to the enlarged Basic Science Class at Denver University. In 1953, however, a top ranking scientist . . . . . put a book on the stands and he makes out a case for the planet Venus, and he points out that if this planet is peopled, they will most likely be hundreds of years

ahead of planet earth people, excepting Menzel of course, in the knowledge and use of magnetics. And hold on to your seats, fasten your seat belts, this gentleman says the case for magnetic propulsion has more merit than this rocket science fiction stuff that's getting a buildup in the top brackets of magazine and book publications. Putting two and two together, all the rocket romance writing and the flying saucer tales, I'll take the latter and so will the top Canadian scientists who went on record in written statements to that Keyhoe boy who came out to Denver early in 1950, and then according to his boss at the time, that ex car salesman Purdy of the True pulp factory magazine, told a lot of lies on his own account. Somehow I never figured Keyhoe authored the lies Purdy printed, but he became accessory, but then Keyhoe had to eat and so it goes.

Why all these mediocre mudslingers wanted to take out their venom on me - Keyhoe, Purdy, Cahn, Menzel, what a quartet of vulture - I'll never know.

It appears that I committed an unpardonable sin, when in 1949 I heard the story of flying saucers, and after months and months of inquiry, couldn't break it down, and then told the story, at all times qualifying myself as to it having been told to me, and I can produce literally dozens of people in Colorado and California who heard the story from the same source I got it. Mr. Scully has not been branded as a hoaxer, nor have any other persons who heard what I heard.

I have, however, not only been libeled and lied about but I have been pictured as the deliberate author of the whole idea - and to follow it up the same people who defamed me in print then framed up a prosecution that even at this hour seems to me like