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## I TRAVELLED IN A FLYING SAUCER,

by Orfeo Angelucci,  
*as told to*  
*paul m. Vest.*>



BEFORE my first encounter with the saucers less than a year ago, I considered all of the newspaper accounts and talk about those mysterious objects as a joke. No one laughed louder than I at the “lunatic fringe” who were deluded into believing we had visitors from another planet. I gave no serious thought to the numerous reports of strange objects in the skies or the popular idea that they might actually be of extraterrestrial origin.

Orfeo Angelucci and wife>

I am a family man with a wife whom I adore,> and two sons, Raymond, 15, and Richard, 12. I was forced to quit school in the 9th grade because of physical ill health, although I had an insatiable hunger for learning — especially in the field of scientific research.



Later, when I was stronger and went to work I took science courses at night school and continued my studies and experiments at home.

My present job is in the Plastics Department of the Lockheed Aircraft Company in Burbank, California. My work involves production of radomes, or plastic glass housings for the radar units of the F-94B and F-94C Starfire Air Force planes. Several of these same planes were recently reported to have established radar contact with “unidentified objects” in the skies over Japan. Unidentified objects to the Air Force, but I know what they are! I HAVE TRAVELED IN ONE!

As I tell you that in all sincerity I wonder if you will accept my story. Can you possibly believe that a humble aircraft worker—a nobody according to all worldly standards — has actually established communication with the saucers? Can I convince you that a human being has traveled in one of those strange objects whose sightings have mystified men all over the world since June 24, 1947, when Ken Arnold sighted nine of the discs near Mt. Rainier?

I stand to lose absolutely everything and gain nothing but ridicule for giving out this account; *but would a man risk everything he holds dear in life to swear to a lie?* Would he endanger his job; lay both his family and himself open to public derision and cause his associates to question his sanity? No! **I tell my story as it happened to me.**

Many scientists and aeronautical authorities will declare that certain of my experiences could not be true from the standpoint of present scientific and aeronautical knowledge. Were one of those same men to travel back in time several thousand years and fly a Constellation equipped with radio, radar, television, etc. over Egypt, the learned men of Alexandria would declare that the huge flying ship, the television, radio and other equipment, as well as the natural laws which governed their operation, were all utterly impossible from the standpoint of their scientific knowledge and hence disbelieve all reports of the ship.

My story begins Friday night May 23, 1952. I was working the swing shift from 4 P.M. to 12:30 AM. at the Lockheed Plant. I was very tired that night and welcomed the shrill of the quitting whistle. I took my car from the Plant parking lot and headed southeast on Victory Boulevard toward home.

As I drove I became increasingly conscious of nervous tension. *I sensed a peculiar force of some kind about me.* It was almost like being in contact with a mild electric current for it gave me an odd prickling sensation in my arms and legs and even up into my scalp.

At Alameda Boulevard I stopped for the traffic signal. It was then I noticed that my eyes felt strange and the sounds of the traffic were oddly muffled and faraway as though my hearing was affected. I wondered if I was going to be sick.



The intersection of San Fernando Road and Alameda Ave., 1950's. No mistaking when you've arrived in Burbank! Check out the great old sports car on the right. And it's easy to be gay when sipping cocktails in the Gay 90's lounge!

As I passed the intersection something drew my eyes slightly upward and I saw a faintly glowing reddish object directly ahead. It was so dim that I had to look twice to be certain it was really there. First I thought it must be some type of low-flying aircraft, but I soon realized that was impossible as the object just hung silently suspended in the air. I rubbed my eyes half fearing something was wrong with my vision, but the thing was still there —not sharp and clearly defined, but fuzzily luminous, oval shaped and reddish.

I continued on out Riverside Drive, but I never seemed to get any nearer to the thing. I decided it must be moving at about the same rate of speed I was. I judged it to be about 100 yards ahead of me and about 25 feet in diameter, but it **could** have been closer and smaller, or farther away and much larger.

As it was almost 1 AM. there was little traffic on the road. Apparently no one else had noticed the thing as I saw no cars stopped to investigate. I wondered if I would have noticed it above the glare of the headlights if my eyes had not been drawn to it.

I drove across the bridge over the Los Angeles River > with the object still in view. Just the other side of this bridge is a rather lonely, deserted stretch of road called Forest Lawn Drive.



The object stopped and hovered over the intersection of the High-way and Forest Lawn Drive. As I approached, it suddenly gained in brilliance and its red color grew deeper and more glowing. Also the physical symptoms I had noticed earlier became more acute. I was aware of an almost painful tingling sensation and a numbness in my arms and legs that again reminded me of some sort of an electrical current.

As I came nearer to the disc it veered sharply to the right off the highway and began moving slowly on over Forest Lawn Drive. I turned my car onto Forest Lawn Drive and followed the object. I was thinking that the fantastic thing must be one of the saucers I'd thought were only a joke.

About a mile down Forest Lawn Drive, the disc swerved to the right, away from the road and hung in the sky over an unfenced field about forty feet below the road level. I drove off the road about thirty feet to the edge of the declivity. From there the glowing red disc was directly in front of me and only about thirty feet away. As I stared, it vibrated violently; then shot off into the sky at a 30 or 40 degree angle and at very great speed. High in the sky to the west it decelerated abruptly, hung for a moment; then accelerated and disappeared like a meteor.

But even as the glowing red orb vanished, two smaller discs came from it. These discs were a soft fluorescent green and shot toward me like shooting stars. They streaked down in front of my car and hovered about fifteen feet directly in front of me. I judged them to be about 30 inches each in diameter. Hanging silently in the air like iridescent bubbles, their green light fluctuated in pulsations.

As I gazed at those two eerie balls of green fire I heard a masculine voice—strong, well-modulated and speaking perfect English. The voice apparently came from between the two green discs.

Because of the tremendous nervous tension I was under at that moment, which amounted almost to a state of shock, it is impossible for me to give a verbatim account of the conversation which followed. The invisible speaker obviously was endeavoring to choose words which I could understand but even so there were many words and phrases which were not clear to me.

***I can only make a poor attempt to tell you the gist of what was said as best I can remember.*** Also, there is much that I cannot tell, because I feel it will be helpful to keep secret what I have informed certain officials who deem it “classified” information.

I do, however, remember the exact first words spoken which were, “Don’t be afraid, Orfeo, we are friends!” The the Voice told me to get out of my car.

Mechanically I pushed open the car door and got out. Oddly enough I didn’t feel fear, but I was so weak and shaky that I could scarcely stand. Perhaps I was frightened even beyond fear. I leaned weakly against the front fender of my car and stared fascinated at the twin circular objects hovering about fifteen feet in front of me.

The glowing discs created a soft illumination, but I could see no person anywhere. I remember vaguely that the voice then spoke again calling me by my full name’ in words of greeting. It further stated that the small green discs were instruments of transmission and reception comparable to nothing developed on Earth. Then the

voice added that through the discs, I was in direct communication with friends from another planet.

There was a pause and I dimly remember thinking that I was expected to say something, but I was stunned into silence. I could only stare at those fantastic balls of green fire and wonder if I had lost my mind.

Then another incredible phenomenon began to occur. The twin discs were spaced about twelve feet apart. The area between them began to glow with a soft green light which gradually formed itself into a kind of luminous screen as the discs themselves faded perceptibly.

Within that luminous, three-dimensional screen, there appeared images of the heads and shoulders of two persons, as though in a cinema close-up. One was the image of a man and the other a woman. I say man and woman only because their outlines and features were generally similar to men and women. But those two figures struck me somehow as being the ultimate of human perfection. There was a nobility about them; their eyes were larger and much more expressive and they emanated a kind of radiance that gave me a sense of wonder. Strangely enough the projected images of the two beings appeared to be observing me, for they looked directly at me and smiled; then their eyes looked about as though taking in the entire scene.

I had the feeling as they studied me that they knew every thought that passed in my mind; I seemed to be in telepathic communication with them, for thoughts, understandings, and new comprehensions flashed through my consciousness ***that would have required hours of conversation to transmit.*** These things are difficult to put into words for my understanding of them was gained primarily through intuitive perception.

After several moments the two figures faded and the luminous screen vanished. Again the two discs flamed into brilliant green fire.

Bathed in cold perspiration and trembling violently from sheer weakness, I was on the point of blacking out when I heard the voice again. It was deep and more kindly than ever as it said something about my being understandingly confused. But it assured me I would understand everything that had happened later on.

The thought flashed through my mind, “Why have they contacted me — just an aircraft factory worker—a nobody?”

The voice replied, “We see the individual people of Earth as each one really is, Orfeo, and not as perceived by the limited senses of man. The people of your planet have been under observation by us for centuries, but have only recently been resurveyed. ***Every point of progress in your society is registered with us. We know you as you do not know yourselves.*** Every man, woman and child on Earth is recorded in our vital statistics by means of our recording ‘crystal discs’

“From among you we singled out three individuals who, from the standpoint of our higher vibrational perception, are best fitted for establishing contact. All three are simple, humble and unknown persons. Of the other two, one is living in Rome and the other is in India. But for our first contact with the people of Earth, Orfeo, we have chosen you.

“We feel a deep sense of kinship, or brotherhood, toward Earth’s inhabitants because the evolution of our planet has been along somewhat the same lines as that of Earth. In you we can look back and see our own world going through its ‘growing pains’. We ask that you look upon us as older — much older — brothers!”

The voice continued then speaking rather rapidly. It stated that they were well aware that the “flying saucers” had been treated humorously by most people — as it was meant that they should be. In this way they wanted the people of Earth to become only gradually aware of them and accustomed to the idea of space visitors, if only from a humorous standpoint. They wanted us to receive them lightly at first for the sake of our own stability!

The voice stated that the discs were powered and controlled by tapping into universal magnetic forces; thus their activated molecules received and converted energy inherent in all the universe.

It further explained that the complexities of the apparently simple structure of a disc were so great, that to an Earthling, a saucer would be considered as having “synthetic brains,” although each one is to a degree under the remote control of a Mother Ship. Also, most of the saucers are of a circular shape and vary in size from a few inches to hundreds of feet in diameter.

A disc, the voice continued, is able not only to relay whatever is transmitted to it from a Mother Ship, but also it receives all visual, auditory and telepathic impressions precisely as these come with- in the scope of the disc. These impressions are relayed to the Mother Ship where they are permanently recorded upon what Earthlings would term “crystal brains.” Thus for centuries, they had been able to record a detailed account of Earth’s civilization and the evolution of individual persons.

The voice also stated that in addition to the remotely controlled saucers, they also had space ships, some of which had been seen by Earthlings. The space ships were of four basic designs — spherical, hemispherical, oblong and torpedo shape. A few were combinations of these forms.

I distinctly remember the voice making some such statement as this, “Interplanetary ships and saucers can approximate the speed of light.

“Traveling at the speed of light, time, as known on Earth, is nonexistent; hence in this dimension there are rapid means of space travel which are beyond the scope of man’s present understanding, or mathematical computations.”

*Many of the saucers, the voice stated, were invisible to earthly eyes and could only be detected by radar.* Also that any of the saucers could be rendered invisible at any time, or could be disintegrated by either explosion or implosion. Thus Earthlings had seen some apparently burst in a white flash, while others seemed simply to disappear.

I remember wondering about Captain Mantell and several others who believed they had contacted the saucers. In reply to my thought I heard this reply, “Captain Mantell was **not** pursuing the planet Venus. He was endeavoring to overtake and

capture one of our remotely controlled crystal discs. His death is deeply regretted but it was absolutely unavoidable.

“Several other Earthlings have accidentally contacted visitors from planets in your own solar system. We are not the only extra-terrestrials who have visited your planet! In one instance the man died in a mental institution, the true account of his experiences unbelievable. In another case the Earthling was stunned unconscious and slightly burned. We wish to tell Earth’s people that visitors from other planets and of different types of evolution, occasionally explore Earth’s dense, heavy, gaseous atmosphere. All are of kindly intent and none will harm man.\* But these intelligences can read thoughts and see emotions! Man believes himself civilized, but often his thoughts are barbaric and his emotions lethal. Remember this and do not attempt to capture, shoot down or attack any such entity of, as a warning you may be similarly stunned and burned as was Des Verges. Approach all planetary visitors with friendly, welcoming thoughts!

\*was probably the case in the 50s, but since then many different races have started operating here - including the zeta race, as the result of their [\(secret\) agreement](#) with the US authorities in the 50s. Rø-rem.

As I listened I wondered why these incredible beings hadn’t landed several space ships at one of our large airports and thus convinced the world simply and quickly of their reality?

In answer I heard these words; “Cosmic Law actively prevents one planet from interfering with the evolution of any other planet. In other words, Orfeo, Earth must work out its own destiny! We will do everything in our power to aid the people of Earth, but we are definitely and greatly limited by Cosmic Law. It is because the life evolution of Earth is endangered now, that we have made our re-appearance here in your solar system —the danger is far greater than Earth’s people realize. (What is being considered here is probably the increasing nuclear war- threat that began at about this time. Rø-rem)

The ‘enemy’ prepares in vast numbers and in secret. Once the rain of fire is unleashed upon Earth, we will be powerless, and civilization as you know it may perish, as it did once in the remote past.”

For a moment the voice was still and then it said gently, “Among the countless other worlds in the Cosmos, Orfeo, the children of Earth are as babes, although many of them believe they are close to the ultimates of knowledge. Among the worlds, solar systems, and galaxies of the heavens are endless types of evolutions, each one utilizing and employing the predominant elements of its parent planet. Many of these evolutions would be utterly incomprehensible and unbelievable to Earth’s people. But I reiterate we who are here now, are from a similar type planet and of an evolution similar to mankind.

As older brothers, we will aid Earth’s people insofar as they, through free-will, will permit us to do so. We are definitely not cosmic ‘hot-rod’ curiosities burdened with ‘space suits’ and equipped with deadly ‘ray’ pistols, as many people conceive of possible space visitors. We are just friends from a neighboring world.

“We’ll contact you again, Orfeo,” the voice said, “But for now, friend, it is goodnight.”

With those words the two shimmering green discs faded almost out; then I heard a soft, low hum as they flamed brilliantly into glowing green fire again and shot up into the sky in the direction the larger red disc had taken earlier. In an incredibly short time they too had vanished, leaving me standing there alone by my car.

Bewilderment, incredulity, shock and downright fear flooded over me—sudden panic that I had lost my mind and gone stark, raving mad. What I had witnessed, I felt, couldn't have been! It just didn't make sense in the rational every-day world.

I raised my numbed hand and it was trembling violently. I saw by my watch that it was almost two o'clock in the morning, I climbed shakily into my car and kicked the starter. Panic was mounting in me. I twisted the steering wheel, gunned the engine and made a sharp, fast U turn to get back onto the road. The tires screamed and the car lurched.

I wanted to get home quick —I wanted to get back to the sane, rational world. I wanted someone to assure me that I wasn't going mad.

I drove with only a single thought in my mind—to get home!  
When finally I made the turn onto Glendale Boulevard and saw the lights of my apartment I breathed a heavy sigh of relief —no place had ever looked so good to me before!

I left the car in the driveway and ran into the house. My wife was waiting up, worried and anxious because I was so late.

She took one look at me. “Orfeo — what's the matter? What's wrong? You're white as a sheet!”

I just stood there staring at her unable to speak.

She ran over and grasped my hand crying, “Orfeo—you're sick  
...I'm going to call a doctor.”

I put my arms around her and drew her to me. I just wanted to feel her close and for the moment to try and not think of what I had been through. The mind and nervous system can stand only so much.

She looked up and pleaded with me to tell her what had happened.

But I could only whisper, “To-morrow — maybe tomorrow, Mae, I can tell you...”

Finally we got to bed, but it was almost dawn before I finally drifted into a kind of half sleep.

Nearly all day Saturday I spent in bed. The shock of that fantastic experience was so great that I found it difficult to get back to actualities. I kept having the strange feeling that the everyday world I knew, was a phantom world inhabited only by shadows.

It was not until Sunday that I could bring myself to tell my wife what had happened to me. Frankly, I wondered if she would think I had lost my mind. Thus it was with a sense of relief I heard her say, “If you say it happened like that, Orfeo, I believe you. You've always told me the truth. But this thing frightens me — and you looked so deathly white when you came in.”

I could only put my arms around her as I replied, "I guess it scares me too, Mae."

Sunday afternoon I took my twelve year old son Richard and drove back to the spot on Forest Lawn Drive where I had seen the discs. There in the loose dirt I found the deep skid marks the tires of my car had made Friday night.

Seeing those skid marks where I had gunned my car in panic to get away from the eerie spot reassured me of the reality of my experience. I was more convinced than ever that I had been in contact with beings from another world.

Monday night I went back to my swing-shift job at Lockheed. It felt good to be back at work again!  
The friendly banter, laughter and jokes of my co-workers were just what I needed.

Outside of my family I told no one of that first experience as I knew I would be ridiculed. In fact even at home very little was said about the saucers or my experience for the subject upset my wife and filled her with apprehension so even the boys refrained from talking much about the saucers.

But when I was alone I thought long and often about those incredible beings from that other world.

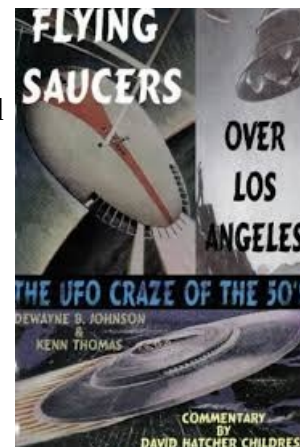
The voice had promised, "We'll contact you again, Orfeo." Thus I wondered when they would get in touch with me again and how? Had they meant soon—or would it be months or even years? These and hundreds of similar questions clamored in my mind.

I wondered if I was under constant observation by them. If so, then I at first thought that through telepathy I could signal them to return. One night I went back to that lonely spot on Forest Lawn Drive and tried to establish telepathic communication. But it was useless! No glowing red disc appeared—only the night and the empty skies that gave back no answer.

Weeks passed and still no further sign from them. Doubts began to trouble me. Time dulled the memory of that night and I began to wonder if my experience had actually been real after all.

Then early in July there was a fresh flood of well-authenticated reports of sightings of saucers in the skies over Southern California. Local newspapers carried banner headlines announcing FLYING SAUCERS OVER LOS ANGELES!> Some people were convinced we had interplanetary visitors and looked for mass landings at any moment.

July 23, 1952 I didn't go to work, I wasn't feeling well and believed I was coming down with the flu. I was in bed all day, but in the evening I felt a little better and thought a walk in the fresh air would be good for me.



It was a little after ten o'clock. Beyond the Los Feliz theatre is a lonely stretch of vacant lots. The place is eerie and forbidding at night, for huge concrete buttresses rise from it supporting the Hyperion Avenue Freeway bridge several



hundred feet overhead. The bridge casts dense, oblique shadows down below making it a shadowed no-man's stand.

As I crossed the vacant lots in the deep shadows of the bridge, a peculiar feeling came over me. Instantly I remembered that sensation — the tingling in my arms and legs! I looked nervously overhead but saw nothing. The feeling became more intense and with it came the odd dulling of consciousness I had noted on that other occasion.

Between me and the bridge was a kind of misty obstruction. I couldn't make out what it was.

Illustration here is rune ø.-made, not in original article>

From where I was standing, it looked just like a ghostly Eskimo igloo — or the phantom of an igloo. For it seemed like a luminous shadow

without substance. I stared hard at the object. It was absolutely incredible — like a huge misty soap bubble squatting on the ground - emitting a fuzzy, pale glow.



The object appeared to be about 30 feet high and about equally as wide. As I watched it seemed to gain substance and to darken perceptibly on the outside. Then I noticed it had an aperture or entrance like the door to an igloo, and the inside was brilliantly lighted.

I walked toward the thing. *I had absolutely no sense of fear; rather a pleasant feeling of well-being possessed me.* At the entrance I could see a large circular room inside. Hesitating only an instant I stepped into the object.

I found myself in a large, circular, domed room about twenty-five feet in diameter. The interior was made of a sort of ethereal mother-of-pearl stuff, iridescent with soft, exquisite colors that gave off a soft light. There was no sign of life — no sound. And the room was entirely empty except for a huge reclining chair directly across from the entrance. It too was made of that same translucent, shimmering substance — a stuff so fine that it didn't even appear to be material reality as we know it.

No voice spoke, but I received the strong telepathic impression that I was to sit in the chair. In fact a kind of force seemed to be impelling me directly toward it. As I sat down I marveled at the texture of the material. Seated therein I felt suspended in air, for the substance of the chair molded it-self to fit every slight curve or movement of my body.

As I leaned back and relaxed, that feeling of peace and well-being intensified. Then a movement drew my attention toward the entrance. I saw that the walls appeared to be noiselessly moving to close the aperture. In a few seconds the door had vanished and the room was apparently sealed with no indication that there had ever been an entrance.

The closing of that door cut me off entirely from the outside world. For an uncomfortable moment I felt lost to my family and friends. But almost immediately a warm, pleasant glow passed over me giving me once more that feeling of peace and security. I breathed deeply and found the air cool and fresh. Vaguely I wondered what was going to happen next.

Then I thought I heard a far-away, soft, vibrant humming sound. At first it was almost inaudible, but it grew to a steady, low pitched hum that was more like a vibration than a sound,

Next I was aware that my body seemed to be sinking more deeply into the soft substance of the chair. I felt as though a gentle force was pushing against the entire surface of my body. It was a peculiarly pleasant sensation that put me into a kind of semi-dream state.

As the humming sound increased, slightly I noticed that the interior of the room was darkening as though a heavy shadow had passed from the dome engulfing the room in a twilight. As the light diminished I began to grow apprehensive. Suddenly I had the realization of how alone and helpless I actually was. For a bad moment I was on the edge of panic in the tightly sealed, darkening room.

Then ...I heard music. It seemed to be coming from the walls. I just couldn't believe my ears when I recognized the melody as my favorite song. I wondered, how did they know my favorite piece? The song was "[Fools Rush In](#)," and it brought back tender memories. As I listened the panic faded for I realized how safe I was with them, who knew my every thought, dream and cherished hope.

Reassured, I settled back to enjoy the music. In a few seconds the interior of the room began to grow lighter again. Soon it was more brilliantly lighted than ever and the humming sound was almost inaudible.

"Where are they taking me?" I wondered, as I half listened to the music. For I was certain that the craft I was in must be moving although I never once felt any change in air pressure and the air itself remained as fresh and cool as though it came from a mountain top. Once I wondered if they were taking me to their world — or, if I was going to spend eternity in space in that pearly igloo.

While I was still wondering I felt the push against the surface of my body lessen — then cease altogether. The music stopped playing and the humming vibration in the floor died away too. I was certain that whatever type of motive power was used was housed somewhere below the floor as the faint vibratory hum definitely came from there.

Then smoothly and noiselessly the chair made a quarter turn toward the wall. Even as much as I trusted my unseen friends I was a little frightened at this. Tensely I waited, gripping the arms of the chair. Directly in front of me a circular opening appeared in the wall about six feet in diameter but everything appeared hazy through it.

As I stared, the lights inside darkened. Then either the entire craft or the seat turned slightly more to the left and the aperture widened about three more feet. I saw a huge globe surrounded with a shimmering rainbow. I trembled as I realized I was actually looking upon a planet from somewhere out in space. The planet itself was of a deep, twilight-blue intensity and the iridescent rainbow surrounding it made it appear like a dream vision. I couldn't see it all, for a portion at the bottom of the sphere was cut off by the floor line.

Now I heard that voice I remembered so well. "Orfeo, you are looking upon Earth — your home! From here over a thousand miles in space

it appears as the most beautiful planet in the heavens and a haven of peace and tranquility. But you and your Earthly brothers know the true conditions there.”

There was silence for a moment. Then I noticed that the room was apparently revolving away from Earth. Gradually the heavens came into view—an awesome, breath-taking sight from that tiny craft. All space appeared intensely black and the stars incredibly brilliant, set like jewels against black velvet — large, small, single and clustered. I felt lost in a strange, ethereal world of celestial wonder.

All was brooding peace, silence, law, order and indescribable beauty. A deep feeling of reverence possessed me. I had never been an actively religious man, but in that moment I knew God as a tangible, immutable Force that reached to the furthest ends of the universe. And I felt assurance that the beings in whose care I was, at that moment were close to that Infinite Power.

Now I saw a fantastic object coming slowly into view through the “window.” It resembled a dirigible, (airship) except that it was definitely flattened at the bottom. It emerged gradually into view from the right.

I studied it closely wondering at its composition. It did not appear to be metallic like an airplane, but was definitely crystalline and gave the illusion of transparency. Its light properties definitely suggested perfect crystal alloyed throughout. I surmised it might be some sort of crystal-metal-plastic combination. When the entire ship was in view it appeared to be at least 1000 feet long and about 90 feet high, but it could have been a great deal larger, for there was no way to judge how close I was to it.

I stared fascinated at the half-ethereal “ship,” scarcely conscious that I was again hearing music. But as my ears caught a startling, unfamiliar strain, I listened intently — music such as I had never heard or could ever imagine. It is beyond description for it was not music as we know it nor was it played to our musical scale. It was strange, haunting drifts of melody that brought visions of star galaxies and planets spinning in perfect unison.

The huge ship began moving up-ward and toward the left. One large “porthole” after another opened in rapid succession as the ship ascended until what appeared to be three decks were visible and I could catch fleeting glimpses of the interior of the gigantic sky ship. The inside appeared to be of the same luminous mother-of-pearl substance which made up the interior of the craft I was in. But I saw nothing more —no sign of life —no furnishings or equipment such as we on Earth know.

As I watched the ship I realized that the voice as well as the ethereal music had actually originated in the great sky ship. It came to me then that this must be a mother ship and that beings in the ship had remote control over the movements of the saucers that skimmed and skipped through our atmosphere. It awed me to realize what a high degree of intelligence and what expert hands were behind the saucer phenomena.

As the craft moved further out into space I noticed what appeared to be a kind of rotor at each end of the craft. I say rotor, but actually the things appeared to be vortexes of flame.

With my limited knowledge I judged these incredible discs of fire to be tremendously powerful power-plants whose terrific energy could be diverted to almost any purpose.

The discs I had first seen were used as radio transmitters and receivers; then as a huge three-dimensional television screen on which, through some sort of telepathic contact, it was possible both to see and hear. And now I saw those same discs apparently used as motive power for the vast sky ship. It was my guess that just such a power-plant had shot the very craft I was in a thousand miles out into space in a mere matter of minutes and without any discomfort to me. It was clearly evident that all of the bewildering and insurmountable problems of space travel that baffled our engineers and scientists had been overcome by these beings to such an extent that the entire trip into outer space was as simple as a ride in an elevator.

I wondered if they had discovered the secret of resisting gravity with its counter force; if not, then by what other means had they conquered or neutralized gravity? I remembered that Earth's scientists believed that a man in a space ship would be absolutely weightless and apt to float about. I lifted my hand, let it drop to the arm of the chair.

I detected no difference in gravitational pull from what I would have felt on Earth. Thus I realized that they must have created an artificial gravity in the floor of the craft.

I wondered too how they had overcome the menace of lethal cosmic rays, meteors, sky debris, etc.

Surely my ship carried no tons of lead shielding scientists declared necessary for adequate protection from cosmic rays. Also, I wondered in what way they had mastered the terrific pressure and temperature changes so that I was never conscious at any time of variations in either? And their motive power — what was the fantastic secret of those green fireballs? Possibly they were vortexes of magnetic power which operated almost silently and with astounding efficiency. What a wonder world their planet must be, I thought as I gazed in awe at the crystalline dream-ship passing from my line of vision.

Slowly then the room turned back toward the left and the Earth appeared once more with its shimmering rainbow halo. Dimly I could make out the faint outlines of the Western Hemisphere in varying shades of deep misty blue.

Also I could see faint puffs of light scattered here and there which I judged to be the larger cities of the North American Continent.

Two flying saucers darted into my line of vision and sped downward toward Earth. Just as abruptly they decelerated and hung suspended in space as pinpoints of light. As I was wondering about them I heard the voice say that one was over Washington, D. C. and the other over Los Angeles. Los Angeles — the word echoed strangely in my consciousness as I gazed at the faint brush of light that was a great sprawling city. *I tried to remember that Los Angeles was my home, but it seemed only vaguely familiar—a place remembered somewhere in time.*

“Tonight, Orfeo, you have explored a tiny way into the limitless highways of the cosmos. Through your own efforts the road may later be widened for you. Tonight, you an entity of Earth, have come close to the Infinite Entities. For the Present you

are our emissary. Orfeo, but you must act! Even though the people of Earth laugh derisively and mock you as a lunatic, tell them about us!”

“I will . . . I will,” I whispered haltingly knowing that everything I said was heard by them even as all my thoughts were known to them.

The voice continued “Tonight a privilege has been yours, Orfeo. We love the children of Earth and it is our desire to help them **as the hour of crisis approaches**. But only through such harmless ones as you, can we work.

“The aggressive men of Earth want our scientific advancements. For these they would shoot our crafts from the skies—if they could. But additional scientific knowledge we cannot give to Earth, as much as we might like to — ***not even the simple key to the secret of magnetic power.*** For man’s material knowledge has far outstripped the growth of brotherly love and spiritual understanding in his heart. Therein lies the danger. To add to man’s scientific knowledge now would be as foolhardy as giving matches to a thoughtless child in a room filled with gun powder.

All that we can hope to give mankind is a deeper knowledge and understanding of their own true natures and a greater awareness of the life-and-death problem facing them. Whether they shall survive upon Earth —or perish to begin again anew! *This has happened in the past and it is possible for it to happen again!*

“But now it is time to go home again, Orfeo.”

I was aware again of the gentle push of my body against the cushioned chair. Far away I could feel more than hear the pulsing vibration beneath the floor. I realized I was being taken back down to Earth.

In an incredibly short time the wall opened and I saw the familiar surroundings outside. Reluctantly I got up from the comfortable chair and left the strange craft. In a daze I walked away from it; then curiously turned to look at it from the outside once more. But it was gone.

I looked up and there it was high in the sky faintly visible as a kind of fuzzy luminous bubble. Then suddenly it was not there at all, but high in the northeastern sky I saw a red, glowing disc which changed to green and then vanished.

For days afterward I was bewildered, confused and found it difficult to become interested again in my work and daily life. I began telling people about my experiences as they had requested me to do. But everyone laughed at me. Several newspapers printed derisive accounts of “The Saucer Man.” I did not mind for myself, but it cut deeply to see the embarrassment and humiliation it caused my two sons. They knew people were saying their father was a “screwball.” They didn’t want to go to school because their companions laughed at them. I knew it all hurt Mae, my wife, too. But both she and the boys understood and believed what I told them. Never once did they criticize me or ask me to retract my accounts. For this I was deeply grateful.

I wanted so much to do something constructive but I didn't know how to go about it. I began calling various military and defense offices. The personnel of several of the smaller ones laughed openly and passed me off, I know, as a crackpot. But it was

with tremendous relief I found the really important offices referred me to men who were genuinely interested They questioned and cross-questioned me concerning "classified" information I gave them. As this information concerns the "enemy" it cannot, of course be divulged here.

An a few people began to listen to me I started writing down my experiences as best I could recall them and finally at my own ex-pence published the account in a small paper I called "The Twentieth Century Times."

Since the publication of the single issue of this little paper a number of persons have become interested. Many of these are now convinced that I am telling the truth and also that I am not a "psycho."

I am deeply grateful. .

Max Miller, president of Flying Saucers International has not doubted my story and has been most cooperative and helpful. He has permitted me to speak each week at the open meeting of the Association held every Sunday afternoon at the Hollywood Hotel.

I have appeared on several radio and television shows and I am so thankful that I am finding more and more persons who do not laugh at me in open derision, but at least listen with open minds.

I'm still working at my regular job at Lockheed, but in my spare time I am doing what I can to tell all who will listen what those beings from that other world are really like and report as best I can their message to us.

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