



FIND IT DIFFICULT to get to the point, as countless readers already know, but I always have a compulsion to relate how I get myself things. I suppose Dominick C. Lucchesi wouldn't related the following to me had not my brother, Herman Barker, who lives at Gassaway, W. Va., in selling television sets some years ago. To tell this story as short as possible, my brother put in community TV antennas and sold so many TV sets he is now practically able to retire. Unfortunately I am still poor, since I still prefer to write and publish my own materials. In fact, I am probably poorer than Ray Barker himself, especially after he bought all those printing presses. But before the men come for my payment on Ray's presses, let me get on: My brother Herman, having a lot of time on his hands, has become a "ham" radio operator, and as a consequence, sits up all night contacting other

- J. Nov-64²⁷

tape recording of the session and some detailed notes Herman and I were able to make.

A Strange Radio Call

"Here's something Palmer may be interested in, Gray", Dom's Brooklynesque voice came over the air. "You remember when you ran that story in THE SAUCERIAN about the 'saucer woman' a friend of mine saw? Well here is something that reminds me of it, but is even stranger.

"Some time ago I was contacted by an amateur radio operator who lives around here. The nature of the contact was to the effect that in experimenting with higher frequency receivers he had decided to utilize a new type of reception antenna he had designed. He believed the antenna would amplify incoming signals to tremendous proportions, thereby increasing the otherwise limited range of the receiver. He said he had carried out the experiments in an odd manner. He didn't want to try transmitting on the antenna until he was sure it would comply with regulations, but he did connect the antenna by a switch circuit to the incoming leads, so that he could, by throwing a switch, introduce the new antenna into the circuit, thereby being able to compare the signal values or difference between the two. Having compared his hookup, he switched to the normal antenna and began to tune the higher frequency bands, at the same time watching his signal meter flick slightly as it began to pick up a slight disturbance on a band which was in the ultra-high frequency range. Out of curiosity he switched in the

"hams" throughout the country. On occasional visits to his house in the country I have sat with him many evenings, and been allowed to talk over his "rig". I usually begin talking about Flying Saucers, however, and when I do the other "hams" quickly excuse themselves and sign off.

But I got into a king size Saucer bull session a few weeks ago, after having a telephone call from August C. Roberts, of Jersey City, N. J. (Photo Editor of FLYING SAUCERS). Augie told me that "Dom", as we call his sidekick, Dominick, and Dom's brother, "Om", had themselves become "ham". He said their transmitter wasn't so good, but that they had an excellent receiver. Augie knew I had become interested in "ham" radio through my brother and said I should have Herman give them a call some evening.

As a result, Herman was able to contact Dom and Om, after several nights of searching the bands. Just last Saturday night I went up to the country place where my brother lives, and at a pre-arranged time we gave them a call.

Dominick came through rather well, though often interrupted by "DX", or "QSO", or whatever funny term my brother calls static or other interference.

I'll bet there were a lot of interested listeners that night, considering the rather weird things Dom related. Dom never writes me, and I seldom see him personally, so I suppose he took this opportunity to relate this to me, or to pull my leg, as my brother later insisted. I am reconstructing this as well as I can from a faulty

new antenna and was amazed to hear a voice, while the signal meter suddenly showed a carrier of tremendous power, which pushed the meter to full stop.

"He claimed the voice spoke to him as if he knew he could hear it.

"This voice really shook him, Gray, for it said simply, 'YOU ARE IN PROPER RESONANCE. DO NOT CHANGE YOU SETTINGS'.

"The kid got real frightened and switched off the whole rig. The voice seemed to belong to a person who knew exactly what he had been doing. It was a normal-enough sounding voice, but one which seemed to carry authority. He sat there for a moment, thinking. Should he get involved in something like this, or forget it? Possibly in the back of his mind he was thinking this was an unauthorized type of call. The voice had not identified itself with call letters.

"Deciding it would be no harm to listen, he turned the rig back on. Nothing was on the frequency when the set warmed up again; but then in about a minute, as if the other party knew he had tuned in, the background noise ceased and the carrier needle went to full peg again. Here is what he then heard, as he could best copy it down:

Contact someone who can understand. Space. Do not turn receiver off again. Do not try to contact by return.

"The voice continued for a moment, then suddenly the carrier needle dropped from full peg and only static came through. Then the voice, with meter again

g to maximum, came on irregularly, and the message was, as a result, not too intelligible. Anyhow, here is what he took down:

Contact someone.....do not.....contact.....
.....distant.....velocity interferes with frequency
.....wait.....switch.....resonates to full power
goes to other frequencies.....down near soon.....
contact our unit.....more so.

'The receiver then went silent and the signal meter faded down to background, which was almost zero. Contact Seven'

'Throwing on his jacket, my friend ran the few blocks to my house and related this fantastic story. He told him it must be somebody fooling around who didn't get into trouble. But the kid was so greatly agitated, I warmed up my own set and tuned in to the frequency described, but could find nothing unusual on the

'Vince, however, continued to insist he had heard the message, and suggested it could have been beamed to his rig alone, so finally I got out the car and drove the kid home. We went up to his room and turned on the set again. I sat there with him in front of it, but the needle hovered in the first quarter of the scale and again I heard nothing except the usual background noise.

We listened for about 12 minutes, and I was getting sick of the entire business when the needle flicked to the scale! I admit that I jumped as a voice emanated from the Hammerlund (Hammerlund is the trade name

I will attempt to paraphrase the message as he gave it to me:

Lucchesi's Strange Rendezvous

At the termination of the message I looked at my companion to determine his reaction. He was just awakening to the idea that we had heard something very strange, and still was at a loss for words.

I sat there trying to figure the thing. The only highway I knew of which went westward through swamp-land was S3. I admit I was quite excited about the message, and figured we had best follow up on it. I told Vince to get his jacket on and come with me. We got in my car and headed out S3. We arrived at the middle point where the highway intersects the New Jersey swamps about a mile past the Hackensack river. I looked at my watch, and noted that 12 minutes had gone by. We looked over the peaks of the Orange mountains, searching the sky for any blue glow, at the same time wondering if the message had been interpreted correctly, and still only half-believing that it had been real at all. Some of my "ham" friends had occasionally told me of hearing strange calls, evidently the unauthorized work of hoaxters.

"Look yonder!"

As Vince pointed, I tried to follow his finger. It was a few seconds before I could see what he was pointing at.

Then I could also see the glow. I estimated the distance as about three miles by comparing it with a light cloud formation which it had permeated. Still the

of a popular receiver - G.B.)! Snatching a pencil I took down the words. The voice had a slightly alien accent, like nothing I ever heard before. I believe it sounded slightly Asiatic in intonation, but then I don't know much about languages.

"Here is the message as best I could take it down:

You are contact seven....You are contact seven.....Hear.....Hear....Do not turn receiver off.....Do not turn receiver off.....(static interference for about 30 seconds)....Listen close.....Listen close.....We will be seen if you follow main highway westward.....(then practically the same thing repeated).

"The voice gradually came through clearer, as it continued:

Be on highway in exactly 16 minutes.....16 minutes....(Dominick didn't know why the voice said 16 instead of the conventional 15, but added that the voice was then coming in so clearly he could not mistake the number).....Stop vehicle near swampland.....stop vehicle near swampland....look toward sky westward.....look toward sky westward.....follow follow follow follow to destination....blue glow....blue glow.....

"The directions were then repeated three times, at the end of which the signal ceased abruptly and the carrier indicator dropped almost to zero".

At this point somebody called a "CQ" right over Dom and it was some time before we could get back into contact. When we did, the band was getting bad with interference and Dom came through badly. Since I do not have an accurate transcript from here on out,

glow was very faint, and I would have missed it entirely had it not been for Vince's clear eyesight. It seemed to appear and disappear at roughly 15 second intervals.

"Let's try and follow it", I said, and we took off toward the glow. We must have followed it for some time for soon we had traveled 45 miles and were on U.S. Route 6 in the vicinity of Hacketstown. We did seem to be gaining on the thing, for now and then we could detect the faint outlines of an object.

It made an abrupt change in direction, forcing us to turn onto a secondary road southward. We soon found ourselves in a lonely and isolated district, where only an occasional farmhouse broke up dark expanses of farmland. Having been in the same general area once before, I figured we were in the Schooly mountain section.

Suddenly the object glowed more brightly and began to grow in size. I couldn't tell whether we were catching up with it or whether it was moving toward us. Then we became conscious of a humming vibration, which grew louder and louder, until it seemed to fill my ears. I could then feel the car vibrate, as if in unison with the humming.

Landed Saucer

I believe (Dom still speaking) that I was under control by the object, mentally, that is, for although I don't remember turning off, I soon realized I had turned off onto a dirt road which was overgrown with weeds. At the time I realized this I quickly stopped the

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I wasn't at all frightened, and this may indicate
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I remember that I calmly turned off the lights,
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the darkness. I realized I had no flashlight. I wanted
get out of the car, but by that time Vince was trying
push me away from the driver's seat. Fearing he
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After a few moments I could see better, but could
locate the object, which had seemed to disappear,
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It must have been an insatiable curiosity, rather
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I knew I had to speak to whoever or whatever was
front of me, and didn't know whether to say some-
ng ridiculously courageous or something stupidly

Inside the Saucer

I did not reply. In my mind was only one idea:
finding out more about the flying saucer, if indeed that
was what it was. I boldly walked up to it and Vince
followed. The man who disappeared into the open port
was nowhere to be seen inside the dimly-lit opening.
I decided to walk in after him, but first I took brief
note of the exterior. The thing was ovoid, and must
have been 50 ft. in length. I could see no external pro-
jections, except for a band or rim about 4 ft. in width
and about 2 ft. in thickness circling the outer part of
the hull. Spaced along the rim were large squares,
with mosaic-like surfaces, the function of which I
could only guess at. The surfaces reminded me of
light-sensitive materials used in photo-electric cells.

The port was about 2 ft. off the ground and I had
little difficulty stepping through it. I touched the sides
of the port while getting through it and my hand re-
coiled. I suffered a slight electric shock, but no more
than one does when he touches an electrical appliance
which has become ungrounded.

The floor or deck inside the port was of a non-
reflecting, dull, black composition that felt like sponge
rubber underfoot - but with such a smooth surface
that I sensed it was not that. In actuality the port was
an airlock, for there was another port ahead of me,
which I also passed through. I found myself in a cir-
cular room with a grilled round lamp shining down
from the doomed ceiling. My senses for some reason
were acutely sharp. A buzzing emanated from the

common. As my mind seemed to turn in all directions, I did manage to ask simply, "WHO ARE YOU"?

There was no answer. The figure simply turned about and began to walk away from me. A strong compulsion told me to follow it. I had a great deal of fear left in me, but this was quickly being supplanted by a feeling of resignation to whatever might transpire.

So I began walking along after the figure, though keeping a respectable distance. After walking about 25 yards I spotted the dim outline of the object we had seen in the sky. It was an egg-shaped affair, and I could then see it had an open port from which a dim light shone out.

As we approached the illumination ahead, I could see the figure ahead of me more clearly, silhouetted in the light. It developed to be a man in a loose-fitting coverall tied at the ankles and wrists. He wore a skin-tight helmet with small projections on what appeared to be ear flaps. As I was noting that the projections were similar to hearing aid buttons, he suddenly disappeared into the craft through the open port.

By that time I had no thought of fear. All this was interrupted by Vince, who grabbed my wrist from behind. He had followed me and was now trying to pull me away from the thing! I don't remember the remark I made to him, but he let go and stood beside me quietly, as the full impact of the string of events apparently hit him also.

"What should we do now"? he asked.

ceiling fixture, and I felt my entire body tingling from inside out. For some reason I could not explain I felt much lighter than usual. I touched the walls. They were smooth, like glass, but non-reflecting.

I have often tried to reconstruct my feelings of that moment, and how I reacted to finding myself inside such a strange device. The surprising thing to me is that I did not experience any dread of being inside an alien machine or near people who were surely foreign to Earth. As for the craft itself, ITS CONSTRUCTION DID NOT SEEM AS ALIEN AS IT SEEMED ADVANCED. Fact or Fiction?

Dom was at this point in his narration when his transmission grew so faint, that my brother, Herman, though fascinated with the story, suggested we quit. He didn't believe what Dom was saying, anyhow, and felt he was only pulling our legs. I was so wrapped up in the account that I was expressing more disappointment at the story's being cut off like a cliffhanger at a crucial moment than I was at the fantastic nature of the thing.

I picked up the telephone and got Dom on long distance and began kidding him about the yarn he had spun.

"I'm sorry the transmission is bad," he told me, "but I'm not sorry about the story. You can believe it or disbelieve it, according to what you want to think."

"But let me have the rest of it," I insisted.

"It's a long story and you are paying for the call. "How's about my getting together my notes on the thing and sending them down? Then you can call me and we

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car. Throughout this nothing whatsoever went wrong with my ignition system and the car ran beautifully. I point this out since so many UFO sightings nowadays seem to be connected with car motors conking out.

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reticent about discussing the items." The autographed pictures of American presidents remained in their usual locations.

I was glad to see Dominick C. Lucchesi, whose alleged contact with space people I had written up earlier in FLYING SAUCERS (Nov., '61, & Jan., '62, issues), for I wanted to question him further about his experiences.

Dom seemed somewhat annoyed.

"You got it all slightly mixed up. I didn't have the experience. It was a friend of mine and I gave you the story AS IT WAS TOLD TO ME, NOT AS I EXPERIENCED IT."

I inquired if there were anything new on the unusual meeting and long conversation with a space woman, and he indicated there wasn't; at the same time I got the impression he would prefer to dismiss the matter. He added that the article had given him a lot of embarrassment at his plant, where about fifty people asked him about it. I apologized for the error, without really thinking I had actually misunderstood him - though the radio message he gave me hadn't been too clear because of interference.

Augie Roberts said he could hardly wait to see what Bender was coming up with to explain his strange actions when he had closed the International Flying Saucer Bureau. I showed him an air mail letter I had just received in which Bender discussed the latest Project Bluebook report, which claimed that only about two per cent of the 1961 sightings could

I figured this might represent some devious plan of Moseley's to cast discredit on the "contactee" school of saucer research.

MOSELEY'S PARTY

As we drove uptown and across the George Washington Bridge Moseley elaborated on what promised to be a unique feature of his party.

"My friends have been receiving weird phone calls, predicting some sort of television program tonight at eleven. It's a strange voice which won't identify itself. The voice evidently knows about the party and tells everybody to tune to Channel 3, only there isn't any station here on that channel."

The Count and Sir Robert mumbled something between themselves. I gathered they took the phone calls seriously, for the Count was saying, "Evil! evil! evil!" and expounding further in some tongue I took to be Slavic.

When we arrived at Moseley's apartment in New Jersey several of his friends were already there. John J. Robinson, an expert on hypnotism and yoga, was greeting guests in the host's absence.

I surveyed the apartment, noted it appeared much the same as it did on a previous visit, except that there had been added a number of display cases lined with pottery and other objects, many of the latter evidently gold. Most of them were antiquities of various sorts, probably of great value. Robinson whispered that nobody was allowed to handle the stuff in the cabinets, and that Moseley was "somewhat