



HOWARD MENGER'S OWN STORY

In the late summer of 1956, in High Bridge, New Jersey, U.S.A., a strange series of events began to take place which focused national attention on the ordinarily obscure farming community of Hunterdon County.

A young sign painter claimed that he had photographed flying saucers and has been in contact with the occupants. The amazing account of personal contacts with space ships and space people visiting earth from other planets, and his thrilling ride in a space craft from Venus, is told here, adapted from a tape made by Howard Menger.

MY NAME IS Howard Menger. A little more than a year ago I was a successful sign painter, leading a comparatively normal life in the farming area of northern New Jersey. In this obscure, country setting the "Howard Menger Story" broke prematurely. The story, in reality, was not supposed to gain publicity until the late summer of 1957; however, due to circumstances beyond control at the time, the story did come out in the newspapers, and it reached from coast to coast.

Because of the importance at this time of getting the message out to as many people as possible, I am devoting my entire time and effort in delivering this message. I would like to say that this is not an easy task. One must be prepared to sacrifice much . . . loss of business, home, friends, etc., and be able to sustain continual abuse, ridicule, and attack. However, I feel that this message is far more important and the knowledge that the overall picture is good and helpful gives one the impetus to carry on in spite of all difficulties.

My purpose is to get a message, a very important message, to as many people as I reach, and as fast as I can. A message from the people of outer space—people from better worlds. The message concerns all of us. . . .

First of all, I'd like to point out that there are people coming here from other planets . . . that they are not monsters . . . that they are very much like ourselves. They're here to try to help us help ourselves. The visitors, as I call them, do not force anyone to do anything they don't want to do. It's up to us, each and every one of us, to do what we want. To force us to do something, even though it's best for us, is against the universal laws.

The story of these visitors, coming from better worlds to our planet to try to help us, is a beautiful story. It began some twenty-odd years ago, between 1931 and 1932, when I was a child of eight or nine years. I had always wondered who I was, what I was doing here and where I came from, and where I was going. When I was a child I had "flashbacks," mental pictures of life some place else. To me it was an unknown place because it was different from anything I had known then. I know now that these mental flashbacks were from a past life on another planet. I often wondered what the purpose of we humans really was. I knew there was a God, and even at that tender age the more I saw, the more I looked around, I believed that there must be some great, Supreme Being, some Great Intelligence that created all this. That there must be a wonderful

purpose behind this creation. I suppose that any child brought up in a wooded section where there is a lot of beauty and wonderment would naturally think about similar things as I did at that time.

But to continue with my story. One day I had this tremendous urge to go to this spot in the woods. It was a beautiful section of the woods, and about a mile in the rear of the house. It is very lovely in the summertime. There is a brook running by, beautiful plants, squirrels running up and down the trees, rabbits, occasionally a deer would come up very close. I kept going to this spot for some unknown reason; something just drew me up there. There was never anything there, but just the beauty of the natural surroundings. But, this one day, there was something there—more beautiful than the surroundings. There was a woman sitting on a rock. She appeared to be about twenty-five years old. She wore no jewellery, no make-up; she had a ski-suit type outfit on, which seemed to glow—translucent sort of material, very beautiful material. There were no seams, no buttons, as far as I could see. She had long, blonde, natural hair . . . gold-coloured eyes (gold colour was very unusual to me at that time; it is unusual to me to this day). As to the feeling I got when I saw this woman, the feeling was unmistakable . . . it was a tremendous feeling of a great amount of love which seemed to emit from her to me. In my small understanding I felt that this was something very different from people I was used to talking to or being in contact with. She told me that she was from another place. (I later found out she was from Venus.)

Life on Planets

At that time, as young as I was, I did suspect that there was life on other planets. Children have great imaginations, and I suppose a lot of children think about life on other planets. But she didn't talk to me as though I were a child; she talked to me as though I were an adult. She said that she knew where I came from and what my purpose would be here on earth, in the future. She mentioned life on other planets. She said she knew I had been thinking about life on other planets, and that my wonderment was very strong. The meeting didn't last over fifteen or twenty minutes. She told me many things of which I've told on radio, television, newspapers, lectures, etc. I kept going back to this spot after the first meeting, hoping to see her again. I had a tremendous urge to see her, but I never saw her until quite a few years later. However, we did continue to see the discs in the sky, not knowing what they were, going in all directions over

this area . . . seeming to come from nowhere and then disappearing.

Shortly after leaving high school, I went into the Army, and quite a few contacts were made while I was in the service. The first one was in this county, at Camp Cook, California. There I met a young fellow who was dressed in an Army khaki uniform. He told me quite a few things. He mentioned the woman that I had met when I was ten years old; he said I would see her again and he gave me a lot of information that I will be coming out with gradually.

They Read Thoughts

The next contact was on Hawaii, where I borrowed a jeep to drive to a very secluded spot (I had received a telepathic message to go there), a cave area, where I met a beautiful dark-haired woman with large dark eyes. Her message was similar, that some day I would come out with this story to the people. The date for its release was supposed to be the summer of 1957. It's been kept a secret all this time.

The next contacts were on Okinawa, where the weather was very warm. We wore light clothing. I again borrowed a jeep and drove to a secluded area where I spoke to a man. He was of average height, very nice looking—they are all handsome in their own way; their eyes seem to look right through you. They seem to know what you are thinking. Of course, I've found out since that they do know what we're thinking. This same fellow told me that there were many people actually from outer space right there on Okinawa. You couldn't actually tell them from other men, until you were close, and then you would seem to feel something. I had this same feeling every time I met a being from another planet.

Another contact I had on Okinawa was a brief but unusual one, because I did not see this one. I was in the hospital 38 days—I had been blinded by shrapnel and the doctors were fighting to save my sight. . . . It was believed that I would not be able to see again. However, a lovely soft-spoken woman in nurse's uniform attended me. She didn't say too much, but she told me about other contacts I would have in the future. She also told me I would see again.

When I got home, at the age of 24, I found myself back up there in this same spot in the rear of my home. The same strange, uncontrollable urge drove me up there. Something really wonderful happened. A space ship came down . . . a large, ball of fire, pulsating, tremendous in size, it gradually seemed to change shape, as it got closer to the ground; it was fearsome at times. . . . As it came to within a foot of the ground, it stopped pulsating, and I could see that it was

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IS THE MOON ALIEN

IN the next few months the moon will become more and more important to the inhabitants of this planet. It is possible that either the Russians or the Americans may hit the moon with an unmanned rocket with a nuclear warhead. There are also plans afoot to send a satellite with TV equipment on it to orbit around the lunar surface and televise back the moon's secrets, especially information about the far side, which we have never seen.

Undoubtedly, from a military standpoint, both the United States and Russia would regard occupation and possession of the moon as of tremendous importance. The power that could first set up a base on the moon could control the earth.

Therefore, it is highly unlikely that either the United States or Russia would make public any knowledge they might obtain from a successful survey of the moon. Information about the moon would become top secret for military reasons, and a security veil will very likely fall over any information obtained from a satellite orbiting the lunar surface.

But the overriding question remains. Is the moon already occupied?

Are there native inhabitants? Or, more likely, is the moon used as a base by races from other planets in our solar system, or even by races from other solar systems or galaxies?

Scientists consider the moon to be a sterile barren planet. No animal life as we know it could exist there. The climate is said to be one of incredible extremes. Boiling hot days and icy cold

nights. A day on the moon is equal in length to fourteen earth days.

However, some scientists concede that it is possible that life could exist under the moon's surface.

It is beginning to be accepted that there have been quite a few changes detected on the lunar surface, too. For example, what are the things that have been persistently seen in the crater Eratosthenes? To quote from astronomer M. K. Jessup's book, *The Expanding Case for the UFO*, ". . . what anyone who studies the lunar details can verify, that during the lunar afternoon dark areas can be seen spreading over part of the interior and even spilling over the walls. These cannot be shadows, because the sun has moved to such a high altitude that shadows are impossible; and frequently the patches move in directions other than those which spreading shadows would take."

Many strange lights have been seen on the moon which are not explainable. Jessup points out that "when they are noted there is generally some abnormality that indicates intelligent control. Sometimes they fluctuate in a manner unlike the steady glare of reflected sunlight. Sometimes they appear suddenly, shine a few minutes or hours, and as suddenly disappear."

Jessup quotes Webb's *Celestial Objects*, a reliable astronomical text-book for many items, and writes: "In the lunar Alps there is a peak 12,000 ft. to 14,000 ft. high called Mont Blanc. Close to its eastern foot Schroeter, on September 26, 1789, saw a small speck of light on the

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some sort of bell-shaped craft. Some of the ship seemed to reflect the sunlight, while other parts seemed to pulsate from within, different colours. An opening appeared in the ship, similar to the iris of a camera. There were no bolts or hinges, or doors as we know them. Then, two men got out; one stepped to the left, one to the right . . . and then, this beautiful woman stepped out and

walked slowly toward me. When she came within speaking distance, she told me she was the woman I had met years before when I was a child. She was still the entrancing vision that I remembered as a child and she still looked 25. When I made a comment that she had aged a bit in those fourteen years, she laughed and said that she was over 500 years old. She said that I