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THE BOB RENAUD STORY (1)

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: In this issue we resume publication of "The Bob Renaud Story" which started in issue #18. We highly recommend these back issues to our new readers as a basis for better understanding of the information presented in this and future issues.)

THIRD IN-PERSON CONTACT--5:00 A. M. TO 12:30 P. M., DECEMBER 28, 1963, MASSACHUSETTS BASE VISIT: Since the very beginning of my whole contact experience, in 1961, I have seen and talked with the Korendian people many times. Each time they have given me a little more information from their vastly-superior knowledge. I have always passed this along to you readers, except for some personal or technical information, and on the few occasions when they asked me specifically to withhold certain information for the time being.

My experiences with the Korendians have opened up a whole new world to me --- to say the least. But if you think they have been unusual, I wonder what you will think now --- when I tell you my activities with them on the 28th of December. I believe this occasion to be unique in the contactee field.

If you have been following my story from the beginning, perhaps you will remember that the Korendians told me over a year ahead --- on the first of August, 1962, to be exact --- that they had something very special in store for me sometime in late 1963. It was a long time to wait and to anticipate --- but they were in touch with me periodically during that time. Then on December 7, 1963 they came through, via radio, and told me to be ready for a communication in the early hours of December 28th.

TELEPATHIC SIGNAL CUES ME TO ESTABLISH RADIO CONTACT: It was cold when I got up that Saturday morning at 4:00 A. M. A telepathic impression had interrupted a rather boring dream and, as soon as I was fully awake, I switched on the radio set-up so that I could get in touch with my space friends. When my rig warmed up I said, as usual, "Bob here. Go ahead, friends."

"Orii-Val here, Bob. We will be out in front of your home at 0500 (5:00 A. M.). Be ready to meet us then."

"Orii-Val", I said, "May I bring along my camera and recorder?" He replied in the negative, and then continued: "I am now in a craft descending to the place where we landed last August. Darrin-Sen is waiting for us there in his auto. You know, therefore, what car to watch for." The picture of the white Plymouth flashed through my mind. "We will cease transmission now to allow you time to get ready. Orii-Val off."

As soon as I had shut down the rig, I noticed with some consternation that I had accidentally left the speaker system running instead of using the earphones. Hope it didn't wake up the family! That's all I'd need. However, a little investigation showed that they were still sound asleep.

After I put on some warm clothes and straightened up the room a bit for the sake of the man who was to replace me, I was ready.

I MEET MY DUPLICATE!: At 4:59 A. M. I slipped quietly outdoors. There was a fresh fall of snow, and it was bitterly cold as I walked to the end of driveway to await the Brothers. Only seconds later I saw through the trees the headlights of a car approaching. Then it came into view from around the curve to the north, and stopped directly in front of me.

The door swung open --- and there "I" was, getting out of the car! I was flabbergasted, for I was looking at a flesh and blood image of myself. Then I realized that this was the man who would be my substitute while I was away during this and future contacts. You may wonder why a double was necessary at all, but I was to be gone quite awhile and my parents would naturally wonder where I was. So you see, my Korendian friends thought of everything! Most of us, except identical twins, never get a chance to see live duplicates of ourselves, and you can imagine how fascinated I was --- watching "myself"! (I later learned that not even my two pet dogs knew the difference! As everyone knows, dogs are not easily fooled about their masters' identities. But they accepted my "double" without a qualm!)

We shook hands in the usual way, and he said to me in "my" voice, "Have no fear, Brother. No one will know the difference. I have studied your actions long enough to automatically react exactly as you would in any given situation. If this is successful it will be a great topic for conversation when next we meet!"

I asked him: "But how will you be able to reach us if anything should go wrong?" He smiled and took from his pocket a case about the size of a pack of cigarettes. "This is a Transciever. I need only push this button and I will be in immediate contact with the base." My concern evaporated and I boarded the car and wished him good luck, as we drove off.

WE FLY IN SPACE CAR TO UNDERGROUND BASE ENTRANCE: After we reached the now-familiar wooded area we got out of the car and started hiking to the clearing in the woods. Darrin-Sen did not come with us but, instead, drove off in the Plymouth. I was about to ask why when Orii-Val, my lone companion, answered my mental question. "If we left the vehicle here, there would be the chance that someone would find it and become overly inquisitive. He would follow our tracks (in the snow) and find that they suddenly vanished in the middle of the field. You can imagine what would happen then." Stupid of me, I thought, not to see this before. The cold must be affecting my brain!

As we emerged from the woods and walked into the clearing, there was Orii-Val's private craft hovering a few inches off the ground with Gery-Sol and a stranger in it. We got in and, as we ascended to traveling altitude, I was introduced to Arel Lon, a Terratologist with the crew of RK-11 (a new model spaceship). He had come along for the ride.

A brief trip to the south brought us over a small clearing in another wooded area. Orii-Val picked up a mike and spoke into it, "Attention Base Control. Craft XPR-1143 requests entrance into landing area 4 Over." The receiver replied, "XPR-1143 from Base Control. What is your code name, please?" Orii-Val said, "Caltron 6."

"Correct, 1143. One second, Orii-Val." He motioned to me to watch below. Suddenly an H-shaped crack formed in the snow. I watched in astonishment as two huge doors swung up from the apparently solid ground. When opened they formed a box-shaped structure which, I learned, kept snow out and prevented animals from falling in accidentally. (See cover illustration. -Ed.)

WE ENTER THE BASE ON AUTOMATED CONVEYOR BELT: We quickly descended down through this form, and when we were below it some

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thirty feet, it swung closed above us with the whirring sound of electric motors. Orii-Val then pressed a button on his control board. A pair of doors opened in front of us and we glided through. We were now in a long tunnel of sorts, illuminated by a glowing strip of light on its ceiling. I was told this was over a mile long.

Orii-Val switched off the power in the craft. We came to rest on a fast conveyor belt on the "floor" of the tunnel, and went swiftly down the length of it. As we came to the end of the tunnel we stopped below a sign which warned, "Security Cards must be presented." We moved forward slowly, and from one of those ever-present invisible doors there emerged a small machine which stopped at the side of the craft. Orii opened the canopy and took a card from his wallet in which was punched a set of holes. He put it into a slot in the machine. A red pilot lighted momentarily, and the door before us opened with a soft whir. The gadget disappeared back into its hole, the door closed, and seemed to be no more. These disappearing doors never cease to arouse my curiosity, since our physics dictates they are impossible.

SPACE CAR PARKED IN HUGE UNDERGROUND GARAGE: We went through another door into a vast room. We rode on another very smooth conveyor down the center of the room. To the right and left were stalls where were parked several craft of the same type we were in. Each one bore the name of its owner on a plaque which hung from the ceiling by chrome-colored chains. The ceiling was about fifteen feet high, and it also glowed.

We stopped before a stall over which hung Orii's name. The ship made a right turn and we slid into the stall on a short conveyor. It was quiet, except for the hum of the motor which lifted the craft's canopy. We climbed out and I looked around toward the central conveyor. In front of each stall there was a round turntable arrangement with a conveyor belt about ten feet long. When our craft had stopped on it, it had turned and moved us onto the stall's belt. I found it to be entirely automatic, as Orii told me that his security card had programmed the computer which was controlling this wonderful example of total automation.

Orii went to the rear of the ship. From a small door he pulled out a hose, which he connected to a fitting under a panel on the ship. He slipped his card into a slot above the hose-door, and I heard a faint sound like a pump. Apparently this was the refueling operation.

Orii must have read my thought, for he said, "When the attendant makes his hourly rounds, he will remove the hose and record the amount of fuel deposited. The machine has already recorded my Universal Economics credit card number." Then he led us onto a smaller conveyor belt which ran to the far end of the room, which was about 500 feet long and about 100 feet wide, with the conveyor belt in the center.

We rode on it for a minute or so and then we stepped off onto a carpeted aisle. We went through the beams of two photoelectric counters on the way. Orii explained that they told the Base Control that we were entering, how many there were in the party, and that they also activated the door opener which slid the translucent panel aside just as we reached it. This was one door which I could see was there!

WE GET A SECURITY CHECK: We came into a small room about twenty by twenty feet, with a ceiling about twelve feet high. The ceiling glowed, giving off a soft creamy white light. The floor was carpeted wall-to-wall with a thick mint-green covering. To our left was a lovely young girl seated at a modern-style desk, which looked like mahogany and was highly polished.

She greeted us with a smile and said, "Good morning, Brothers. I have the security pass here for our Terran guest." Then she motioned me over to the desk and asked me to sign my name on a form. The pen I used was a special type which deposits a magnetic ink. When I finished signing she put the paper into a device on the desk and a pilot light glowed green. "The processing will take only a minute, Bob. Look around if you wish." I wished!

"AGELESS LIFE" IS PAINTING OF IDEAL MAN: I was attracted to a painting on the wall behind her, and I knew at once that it was the picture of Ageless Life which George Adamski had seen when he rode in the spaceships described in his books. It showed a being who looked about 40 years old, wearing a beard similar to the type shown in pictures of Jesus. Although it was definitely recognizable as male, there was a blend of masculinity and femininity, resulting in features that were very beautiful. The eyes expressed such love and compassion as I had never before witnessed, and they seemed to change color, between blue-green and black. His complexion was light and his hair was brown and shoulder length. The background seemed to shimmer softly with all colors, and it only enhanced that wonderful face. I learned that the picture represents no one man but, instead, is a portrayal of the ideal man. It is the man who is one with the Universe, who lives in awareness and joy; the man who loves everyone, and who is loved by everyone. Just looking at that face was a very moving experience for me. I felt emotions I had never experienced before. I even felt as if I would be a better man for having seen it.

When I could finally tear my gaze away from that beautiful image, I noticed that the walls were a very light green, so pale they seemed almost white. There were paintings, documents, and photos hanging by some unseen means, possibly magnetic, I thought.

3-D COLOR TV MONITORS: On the wall opposite the desk there was a screen in the center, which was operated by a small control panel on the desk. It was showing in full color and depth a view of the belt we had just ridden from the stall. As I watched, the girl apparently touched a control, for the view panned to the right and stopped on a small sign which was barely visible at the far end of the room.

As I watched in fascination, the scene zoomed to a close-up so quickly it seemed to be a blur. When it stopped, the sign was centered on screen, and seemed then to be about three feet wide. Every little detail was distinct. Orii said, "That camera set-up allows her to view the entire hangar from the desk." Fabulous!

As he spoke, a tone sounded to signify the completion of the processing. The girl took the form from the device, and handed me a card which had my photo, code name, and a few numbers on it. Some holes had been punched in it also. Orii spoke: "Show that card to no one. It is your pass to allow your admittance to any of our facilities other than off limits or classified areas. It is a very important document, to be sure, my friend."

The girl bowed slightly, then resumed her duties. We left through a door --- one of those enigmatic ones --- in the far wall, and were then in a long corridor. It was illuminated by a narrow strip overhead. There was a small car of sorts standing by, which we boarded. Gery-Sol drove.

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM: After maybe two minutes of travel along this long hallway, and passing a few cars on the way, we arrived at what was apparently our destination. We parked in an adjacent area and went in. The door bore the inscription "Communications Room: Admittance To Authorized Personnel

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Only." Apparently I was authorized now, since we went inside.

This room was about 100 feet wide and 15 feet high. It was absolutely chock full of electronic equipment. We went over to a panel manned by a lovely brunette named Elen. Orii spoke to her in their native tongue --- such a beautiful musical quality it had --- and she rose from her seat for a second to close a switch above her.

CHECKING UP ON MY DOUBLE AT HOME:

Seconds later I saw on a screen my double, sitting on the couch in my room. I thought to myself, "Good Lord. That Transceiver is TV too." I might as well have spoken, as the young lady replied, "Yes, and in full color and dimension as well." Orii asked, "Would you like to speak to him?" I said yes, and he handed me a mike.

Apparently my double was watching us also, because he spoke first. "Your mother is a delightful woman, Bob, and your father is a good man. I have been psych probing and I have learned much. Your two animal friends are here with me now, and we are getting along famously. I expect that we will have no difficulty here."

I asked, "Did you have any trouble finding everything, Brother? I have all varieties of literature available in the cabinet over there in the enclosed area."

"Ah yes, so I discovered. At the moment I am torn between your stacks of Scientific Americans and your Playboys. Both appeal greatly to me, for different reasons. I see Elen finds my remarks a bit embarrassing. But why shouldn't we read publications like Playboy also? After all, once you can tear yourself away from the centerfold, there is much of great interest to be read!"

Elen was blushing a bit. She said, "Arta, you have a lecherous mind." They both laughed, and the scene from the remote control faded out.

POCKET-SIZED COMMUNICATORS HAVE

GLOBAL RANGE: Orii now spoke: "This panel keeps in touch with all the remote units such as the one Arta is carrying." As we left, a picture came onto the screen, and the buildings were immediately recognizable as being in London. That is some range for a unit the size of a cigarette pack!

Next we went to a large board with 8 screens in two rows of four. Gery-Sol spoke: "This panel controls communications for the entire base, as well as linking it with other bases. This one is automatic." Apparently so, as there was no place for anyone to sit in order to operate it.

We moved on to another console. "This," said Gery, "is the main panel for this base. It connects directly to the Base Control room. Every other panel in this room can be connected to Base Control right here at this unit. It, too, is automatic at this end. BC controls it from their own panel." There were only a few switches and no indicators of any kind.

We crossed the room and stopped at a long unit manned by six people, three men and three girls, all wearing earphones. The unit consisted of about twenty screens, every one of which showed a picture.

INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION LINKS

OTHER WORLDS: "This is the Main Console, and is this entire planet's direct link with Korendor, Arcturia, and the other Alliance Worlds. All the recent communications with Masters on other worlds, that you have experienced, were established right here. This unit links planets to bases, to ships, and to other consoles for reaching individuals. When Master Kalen-Li called you from Korendor, his voice went through a similar unit on Korendor, was received here, retransmitted to RK-11, and then down to you.

Your voice went the opposite way."

EARTH'S RADIO AND TV BROADCASTS

MONITORED: Last, we went over to a bank of recorders and receivers on the wall near the door. All were in operation. Orii told me, "Here is where your major radio and television stations are monitored. This one, for example, records your local stations on two of its eight separate recording tracks. This one is monitoring New York, and this one handles eight stations in and around Los Angeles. These others are for various selected stations in and out of the United States, such as Canada, England, and Russia. All saucer reports on the stations are investigated by our local agents. That is one of the main purposes for this device."

I noticed that the walls of this room were all the same cool, pale green like those of the reception room. It was a very pleasant hue, and probably increased work efficiency. The floor was grey with silver flecks, and had a slight "give," which I thought might be some form of rubber. The ceiling did not glow but, instead, each panel was illuminated by its own floodlight on the ceiling above it.

AIR SCENTED WITH SMELL OF FORESTS

FROM HOME: There were no windows and no visible vents, yet a cool current of air was moving slowly through the room, carrying with it a trace of some delightful fragrance. I learned that it was from the forests on Korendor, and that it helped to lessen the feeling of isolation of those Korendians who worked here on Earth.

On the walls were color scenes from their home world. It was a wise person who designed this base. Every effort was made to have it as psychologically perfect as possible, with the interests of the workers put above any other consideration. This room, with its homey air, was an example. Here every effort was made to maintain an atmosphere reminiscent of Korendor, and everyone was happy and content, as a result. Home did not seem so far away.

BASE POWER STATION VISITED: As I thought about this, we left the room and got into the little car-like vehicle again. This time we went to a door marked "Elevator" and entered, car and all.

As we descended I noticed that the elevator walls were the same, pale-greenish tint as the rooms had been. The ceiling glowed white, and I noticed a certificate specifying the use of the lift and its capacity. It could withstand a load of 100 tons. The floor area was about ten feet square and the ceiling was about ten feet high. All four sides had doors. This was apparently one of the main shafts.

About 40 seconds later we stopped and the door to our left opened. We drove out and down a short corridor to a wide sliding panel that read "Power Station." Orii said, "I thought this might interest you, since you know electronics."

The massive panel slid aside, and revealed a huge room that seemed to go on forever. Ahead, to the right, to the left --- all around were rows upon rows of generators, motors, control boards, transformers, etc.

Many of us think of a powerhouse as a dirty, smelly place, with the air full of smoke and steam, and abominably noisy. This room was just the opposite.

The ceiling glowed a soft blue-white. The walls were light blue. The floor was a greyish hue, of that same resilient material as the radio room. It was almost as bright as daylight, with no shadows or unlighted areas. It was spotlessly clean. All the machinery appeared to be chrome-plated, and looked absolutely sterile! The control equipment was painted in a hammertone finish of green. Transformers were

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dark blue. Motors and generators, if not chrome, were cherry red.

There was a slight fragrance of mint, and the temperature was about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The air was in constant circulation, fanned by huge air-conditioning units in a far corner.

It was as quiet as a library! Only a whisper of sound came from these mighty machines, and it was just an occasional click of a relay, or the muffled thud of a circuit breaker in the process of opening or closing.

As we walked through, I noticed that the ends of these machines were enclosed in transparent material, and the operation could be observed at all times. Some of them were shutting down, some were stopped; many were running at blurring speeds. Orii told me they had a full speed of around 7500 RPM!

This was all very interesting, but Orii had to answer just one more question. What source of power runs these machines? The answer was: "All of the generators or motor-generator sets are run by gravity. Half of the rotor is shielded from gravity, the other half is exposed. The difference in flux causes a torque, quickly setting up rotation. The speed is varied by governors and the percentage of shielding."

We then left and went back to the elevator again, and this time we went up.

BASE CONTROL ROOM HAS DEMATERIALIZING DOORS: We stopped one level below the top.

(There were six levels in all.) When the door opened, we drove out into another long passage, and stopped at a door marked "Base Control." Here was the brain of the entire base. Orii suggested that I try out my card on this door. I slid it into the slot, and a second later, the door disappeared!

Yes, you read that right, friends. It did not open. It simply evaporated! My stunned reaction must have been very evident, as Gery said, "This is an application of the principle of Dematerialization with which we have been experimenting. It is very impressive, is it not?" All I could say was, "Good Lord!"

When the shock wore off, we entered the largest room I had seen, so far. The "walls" to the right and left were one continuous machine, the base's Central Computer. It was made up of units each ten feet wide and four feet high, with sloping panels on the front on which were arrayed every conceivable type of instrument, screen, recorder, and indicator. On the far wall, floor to ceiling, which was twelve feet high, was one tremendous bank of flashing lights. There must have been literally millions of them, blinking like an invasion of fireflies. Each one meant something special to the men who watched it intently.

The ceiling was divided into luminous strips over the machines and the aisles, rather than being solidly illuminated. Over the machines, the glow was reddish, and over the aisles and desks it was blue-white. The desks I mention were in a section near the end of the room. There were 100 of them, arranged in five rows of twenty. This area was separated from the other by a low wall, and glass ran from the top of it to the ceiling, to completely seal off the clerical area.

Each desk had its own little compartment, containing a telescreen unit, a computer feed console, a data output device, and various miscellaneous office appurtenances. Each was occupied by a man or woman busily at work in what I supposed was the running of the base.

We passed through an air-screen door into the computer section. It was noticeably cooler and drier than in the offices, around 55 to 60 degrees, at very

low humidity, maybe 15%. There were sounds of a busy computer, here a beeping, there a clicking printer, and beyond that the hum of a thinking electronic brain.

The center of the floor contained about 50 varieties of consoles, including monitors and relay units. The pretty girl-operators were all as lovely, in their ways, as Lin-Erri, whom I'd seen previously only on my TV set.

They looked up and smiled as we walked by. They all had an insignia on the right shoulder of their blouses, which must have represented their functions or ranks in the base operations. These were not explained to me, and I didn't bother to ask.

At the far end of the computer room, we went through a door on the left wall, and were in the Head Office. In here were five smaller offices; at the end was the door leading to the office of the Base Commander himself. In this outer office were the Coordinators, the Managers, the Advisors, and the Chief Engineers. We stopped to chat a moment with each of them, and none was too busy to give a few moments of his time to speak to me personally, in the typically warm and friendly way that seemed to be an inbred characteristic of all the Space People I had known. Needless to say, I was most impressed by the personal interest they took in our world and its people.

FUTURE TOURS PROMISED: Orii spoke: "At this time, we have two more places to show you. Later, you will be allowed to see such places as our medical area, our labs for electronics, chemistry, biology, and other sciences. You will see our educational facilities, our language labs, our scoutcraft hangars, our repair and maintenance shops. In short, you will eventually see this entire base, probably before the end of 1964." My mind raced excitedly at the prospects in store!

"Next week you will see some of our California base, which was built for a different reason than this one. But now we go to the next place of interest."

I TRY OUT THE ACCLIMATION CHAMBER: We climbed into the electric car and rode off to the elevator again through the long hall we had come through before. We went one floor down. The door opened and we went down a short hall. At the end, there was an airlock room with a sign which read "Acclimation Chambers: Entrance To Class 'A' Clearance Only." My card said this was my classification, so at Gery's urging, I operated the door, or rather, doors. Inside the first was a second, which opened when the outside one closed and sealed. When we entered, we were in a long, wide corridor, with a series of entrances down the entire length of it. They were all identified by overhanging signs, saying such things as "Air Pressure," "Gravity," and "Solar Intensity." In addition, there were subdivisions of these, labeled Stage 1, Stage 2, etc., up to stage 10.

Gery explained, "Each of these chambers represents a type of conditional change or transition from our Korendian environment to that of Earth's. The change is gradual, to avoid any type of serious metabolic or psychological disturbance. The factors are treated one by one, atmosphere first, since that is the most difficult to control in all these separate chambers. Next is gravitation. Our people go from one to the other, until they are completely conditioned to your planet, and are ready to go out and assume their roles, unnoticed, in your society."

Then we entered a chamber marked "Arrival Stage." It was a large room in which were about twenty smaller compartments. In the rear of each was a door which was labeled "Exit To Teleportation Area 'A'."

Then Orii asked me, "Bob, how would you like

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"to experience an exact duplicate of Korendian environment?" Would I?!! "I certainly would. I was about to ask you if I could."

They led me to the nearest chamber, which was open, and told me to sit down on the couch. They closed the door and I was alone in the chamber. Outside, Orii picked up a mike and spoke into it. His voice came through a speaker on the wall before me. "Are you ready, Bob?" "Yes. Go ahead." Gery added, "If you feel any type of distress, just say 'enough,' and we'll bring back Terran conditions instantly."

In fascination I watched the gauges in front of me. First, a meter labeled "Percentage Oxygen" began to change reading. At the same time, I felt a sort of lightheadedness overcoming me.

Next, a meter which measured Pressure began to increase readings. I felt a sort of oppressive force pushing me from every side, like being enveloped in gelatin, although I was perfectly free to move. It was a wierd sensation.

Finally, a gauge marked "G Force" began to climb the scale to a point marked "K Strength." I felt myself sinking deeply into the couch. Movement became more difficult, and it was a real effort to raise my arms and legs. I tried to stand, but found that I was not prepared for that type of gravity. As a result I fell back onto the couch, and was surprised at the force with which I hit it.

I sat there thinking for a moment, then squeaked out "Enough." The gauges fell to "T (Terran) Level" almost instantly. Blessed relief. I decided that I would just as soon remain here on Earth for a while!

"You now have some idea," said Gery, "of the type of conditions which we must live in. Your planet is actually a delightful haven of relaxation. The muscular effort is much less. The only problem is in breathing. We have to become accustomed to your lower oxygen level and air pressure.

OXYGEN TABLETS SUPPLEMENT OXYGEN SUPPLY: "Our oxygen intake is somewhat supplemented by tablets of a chemical oxide which is liberated gradually in the bloodstream, to augment the oxygen in your air. Two of these every morning will last us through the day. If we forget to take them, we tend to lose our efficiency and mental acuteness. There are no other effects, however.

"As time goes on, we gradually drop off to one tablet and finally we can do without them altogether. Orii and I are now in this last stage of conditioning. Soon we will be off the oxygen capsules. For now, it is one each day." With this, Gery turned to leave the room, and we followed.

FABULOUS LIVING QUARTERS VISITED: We walked out through the airlock, and left in the car. Once again we boarded the elevator, and went back up to the first level. This time we drove out in the opposite direction.

This side was entirely different. We parked the car and walked along a spacious carpeted hallway. Here there was all the atmosphere of a hotel. There were pictures along the wall at intervals --- scenes of other worlds, both pastoral and urban. Doors were labeled with the names of those who occupied the quarters behind them. This seemed to be the sleeping section. Every fifty feet or so, branch aisles split off from this main passage, and went on about 200 feet or so.

We walked for five minutes through this area, then went through a door into another even larger hallway. At the end was a translucent paneled door. As we approached, it opened --- by photoelectric relays.

Inside this door, I saw the most beautiful lounge I had ever seen. It must have been at least the equal

of those which Mr. Adamski described.

There was wall to wall carpeting in light blue and it was so thick that it was pure delight to walk on. The walls were cream-white, a lovely contrast with the rug. On the far wall, a large painting of Ageless Life hung by itself, in all its depth and commanding beauty. Here and there, lovely flowering plants flavored the air with a delicate perfume. They looked something like roses and were a deep crimson in color, with a satiny texture. On the other walls were various scenes of their home world, in full radiant color and that same depth that seemed to characterize all their paintings.

The furnishings were a blue like the overhead sky at noon, and the upholstery seemed to be velvet. There were five very comfortable-looking chairs and two long modernistic sofas that curved around the corners of the room. In the center of the room, just hanging there with no visible support whatever, a globe of light pulsated in rhythm with some very soft music. It was a fabulous room.

MYSTIFYING LIGHTING SYSTEM USED: The ceiling was not glowing, and there were no visible light sources. But the room was well illuminated. I don't know how this was done, so I won't try to explain it.

We sat down on one of the divans. Orii said to me, "Our guests will be here in a few moments. Would you like to look over our magazines while you wait?" Naturally I said yes, and he handed me a publication similar to our Scientific American. It was printed in Galingua, which I don't understand, but the pictures in it were absolutely fascinating.

A RARE PRIVILEGE --- I MEET A MASTER: I was so absorbed that I didn't even notice when our guests arrived. When I saw them, I sprang to my feet. There, in the doorway, was Master Kalen-Li, and two of my previous radio contacts, and three girls. Kalen (he had asked me to call him by that name) said, "There is one more we expect will be with us momentarily." Even as he spoke, the door opened.

I MEET LIN-ERRI AT LAST! WOW!!! I froze to the spot, for there in all her indescribable loveliness, was Lin-Erri!

It is almost impossible at this point to describe my emotions. She came directly to me, took my hand in hers, and spoke in her soft melodic voice: "Alen, Bren (Greetings, Brother). We of Korendor bid you welcome to our humble abode" If she had recited the first ten pages of the phone book, I could not have been less thrilled! Just to be in the same room with this goddess was more than I deserved.

She stepped back, and Kalen took my hand in the Korendian form of handshake. When we contacted, I felt a tingling sensation running throughout my body, like tiny pulses of electricity. It was most pleasant, and seemed to give me a new vitality and interest in everything.

We then took seats, Lin-Erri beside me to my right, and Orii to my left. The great Master sat opposite us in a chair under the picture of Ageless Life. I noticed there was a striking similarity in their faces.

Let me say here, that to merely talk with this great man on the radio is a tremendous privilege. To see him on TV was wonderful beyond words. Now, as I sat there in his personal presence, a feeling of awe overcame me. I felt so insignificant, for I was an inhabitant of the least-developed planet in this solar system, and I was in the same room with this highly advanced being from one of the greatest planets in the galaxy! I knew how the Apostles must have felt in the presence of the Master Christ.

THE BOB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

Everyone turned toward him as he began to speak.

MASTER KALEN-LI SPEAKS: "My Brother, you have been shown a small part of our facilities in this base. As time progresses, you will see more of its many and varied operations. Those we have shown to you at this time are those which we felt you would be most interested in.

"I myself never cease to be awed by its complexity and magnitude. Your world is the first on which such extensive operations have been needed, but we cannot afford to build on the surface, as your militaries would surely attack us, if your own people did not do so first.

"This is, as you might surmise, a tremendously expensive undertaking. We have no qualms though, as it has two benefits, the first being that it provides employment and work for literally millions of people on the involved worlds, and second, and more important, it is designed to enable us to help you, our brothers.

"We feel that cost is not important when there is even one life to be saved. How much less does expense matter, then, when three billion human lives can be saved from extermination?

"The two main ideologies on your world are converging slowly toward eventual unison into a single worldwide government, and into a belief in one way of life, with all sharing the benefits of the abundance and peace which will come as a result of this unison.

"There remains, however, the fanatic element in all nations. These people feel that the only way to solve problems is by violence and bloodshed, hatred and sorrow. This group is very definitely diminishing in number, but it still presents a very grave danger to world peace. It seems that they are doing all the talking, and the elements working for peace seem to be reluctant to step up and answer them word for word.

LINUS PAULING SETS GOOD EXAMPLE: "We were most happy when Dr. Linus Pauling received the Nobel Peace award. This is the man whom you should hold up as an example. He did not worry that he might face ridicule and derision for his beliefs in true peace through world law. His motivation was the finest type of humanitarianism and love of his fellows. This is one driving force which can overcome any obstacles.

"BY THEIR ACTS SHALL THEY BE KNOWN": "You, as our messenger to your Brothers on Earth, must be filled with this same consuming passion for peace, and this same boundless love of all mankind. One cannot do good if one does not live as he preaches, or, as you would say it, 'Practice what you preach.' By good example you will be known.

"It is not so much what you say that makes the greatest impression on your fellows' minds, as it is what you do. You can expound peace forever, but if you indulge in violence just once, your antagonists will be quick to try and destroy all you have done.

Therefore, act as you would have others act. When the radicals would wage war, you should counter by waging peace.

LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL ON KORENDOR: "Let me now show you something. A few days ago, while preparing for this trip to talk with you, a young lady about five years of age came to the door of my home. She said to me, when I answered her knock, 'Master Kalen-Li, I was told you are going to Earth tomorrow. Is that true?' I answered in the affirmative and she handed me this, telling me to give it to you when I next saw you. I should like to have you read it."

I opened the letter and read it: "Brother Earthman: My name is Kila-Rae, and I should like to tell you something which is my own personal belief. I guess most of the other children feel this way too, but I didn't ask them about it.

"I often ask my anli and patri (mother and father) about Earth. I think they don't like to talk about it because they say I am too young to know about Earth.

"I know all about Korendor and Aclandi and Arcturia, but nobody will tell me about Earth, so I am going to ask Master Kalen-Li to give this to you, as I want to know and love Earth like all the other worlds. My anli and patri don't know I'm doing this, or they might stop me, so please don't let them know about this letter if you see them.

"Is something wrong on Earth, Brother Earthman? Do you live as we do, or are all the stories I hear from grown-ups, about how you don't love each other, really true? I don't want to think that you do not love and live as we do on Korendor, because that would make me sad and maybe I would feel that we are wrong in our ways.

"Please write to me, Brother Earthman, and tell me things about your world that will make me happy for you.

"Lovingly Yours, Kila-Rae."

I was speechless, and there was a big lump in my throat. What could I say to that? I simply couldn't disillusion this child by telling her the truth about us. How would I go about answering her so that she would not lose faith in her fellow man? I would have to work on a suitable answer to this little girl's note, and I told Kalen of my decision. He agreed to await my reply to her.

DESTRUCTION AND WARFARE IS INCOMPREENSIBLE TO ADVANCED BEINGS: Indicating her letter, he said: "This is how we teach our young ones --- that they will love all men and all life, and that they will never hurt or kill deliberately. It is almost impossible for them to believe that there are still whole planets where people don't live in harmony and peace. They have been reared in a world of love and happiness, and it is difficult for them to understand how anyone could live otherwise.

"Mind you, it is not only the children who feel this way. Even as old as I am, I can never reconcile myself to the fact that you do not choose to enjoy the blessings that are yours, if you will only heed Universal Laws, and the cries for peace that you hear so often.

"It is unnatural to be constantly at each other's throats, hating and injuring those who should be your friends. It has never ceased to astound me that you could suffer through so many wars, and still come back for more. Is there no limit to the ignorance that your brothers possess? How can you believe in God, or even in mankind, and yet destroy this work which is called life? How can you be so cold and callous? Can you ignore the fact that every time you so much as speak in anger to another, you are flouting the Laws of the Maker of Laws?

"You are now turning on your brothers the forces of nature which would otherwise be your servants, if you would use them as intended, for your benefit instead of for your destruction.

RADICAL CHANGES NEEDED: "By misusing the universal forces, you become their slaves and forfeit your mastery of them. Once this occurs, you are in deep trouble. Only a radical change of philosophy can reinstate the Right and the Good, and make you once more the sculptors of your destinies.

"You may think, for example, that you have

THE ROB RENAUD STORY (Cont'd)

mastered atomic power. My friend, you have not. It is ruling you, and you tremble under its shadow, afraid to move for fear it will annihilate you.

"When finally you turn your science to peaceful uses, and forget about making the ultimate weapon, you will find that much will be opened to you that you never suspected even existed. You will find new forms of energy, new uses for them, and new-found abundance.

"As I have said, however, you cannot do this while you are in your present state. It is not possible now for these things to occur while you live as you do. You must work with nature, not against it. Just try it, and see what will come to pass when you do so.

"Now time is growing short, and we must be about our respective affairs. We will meet again shortly. Till then, va i luce (go in light)."

As the great, wise man stood up, we all arose. He bowed his head slightly, then turned and left the room. For a long moment no one spoke. The very air seemed to ring with his words, and everyone seemed under their spell.

I CHAT WITH LIN-ERRI: Shortly, however, the Korëndians became their gay and lively selves again. Lin-Erri took me off into a corner of the room, and we chatted for a full half hour or so.

Fortunately we didn't talk about anything serious, for I could not have paid much attention --- I was too absorbed in her sparkling beauty! Her face seemed perfect --- shining blue eyes, a delicate upturned nose, naturally-pink lips that were always smiling.

Her long blonde hair had just the suggestion of a curl where it reached her shoulders. In it were two blue ribbons which matched her eyes. What an Earthly touch! But, how lovely.

She wore a long flowing garment that looked like a robe. It was almost floor length, and was cinched

at her tiny waist by a band of something that looked like spun gold.

There was an insignia on her shoulder which, she explained, represented her function as a psychologist. (She could work her psychology on me any time!)

All too soon it was time to leave these very dear people. Orii and Gery took me to a small parking area outside, and we boarded a car. As we were leaving, Lin-Erri called to us and said she wanted to go along. I was delighted, and Orii and Gery seemed very pleased, too. Who wouldn't be?!

RELUCTANTLY, I RETURN HOME: Soon we returned to where the Space Car was parked. The whole experience had been so fascinating that it seemed like only minutes since we had arrived. Actually, it had been 7 1/2 hours! We climbed aboard Orii's craft again, and I must admit that I was reluctant to leave.

We rode out through the Area 4 doors to the takeoff place, and up we went. Seconds later we landed directly on the road in front of Darrin-Sen's car.

We all climbed out except Orii-Val, who waited in the clearing for the others to return from taking me home. On the way, Lin-Erri sat beside me and spoke of things pertinent to future contacts.

All too soon I was home again. (My folks had left for awhile, so we drove right up to the house.) My "double" was waiting to go back with the others. We shook hands, and I thanked my friends for such a marvelous experience. With a sort of resignation in my heart, I said farewell for a while. I was so stirred by what I had seen and heard, that part of me seemed to go back with them as they drove out of sight.

(To be continued.)

Next Issue:

"I Visit An Undersea Base Via Teleportation!"

FLYING SAUCER NEWS IN BRIEF

COMING 1967 FLYING SAUCER CONVENTIONS

SEPT. 1, 2, 3: NEW AGE FAIR CONVENTION, at Alameda Fairgrounds, Pleasanton, Calif. Among the scheduled speakers on the saucer subject are: Dr. Daniel W. Fry, Wayne S. Aho, Marianne Francis and Robert Short. Admission is \$3.50 per day for adults, \$1.50 per day for children age 12 to 17, and no charge for children under 12. Fairground parking is \$1.00 per day. No additional charge for overnight campers. Convention hours: 7:00 A.M. Friday to Midnight Sunday. Monday, Sept. 4th is the Labor Day holiday, so you will have a long weekend to enjoy this convention. Further information is available from the sponsors: CITY OF LIGHT, INC., 3485 Moraga Blvd., Lafayette, California 94549. Phone: 284-7832.

OCTOBER 14, 15: 14th ANNUAL SPACECRAFT CONVENTION at GIANT ROCK, CALIFORNIA. Pioneer contactee, George W. Van Tassel, is Host. Program of contactee speakers from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. both days. Public invited. Admission free. Overnight camping free. Giant Rock is located in the Mojave Desert 150 miles from Los Angeles. Driving times is about 3 1/2 hours. Take San Bernardino Freeway to 29 Palms Highway turnoff (on road to Indio). Go thru Morongo Valley and just beyond Yucca Valley, turn left onto Victorville Road. Go 10 miles to Giant Rock sign (also big Landers Post Office sign). Turn right and follow Giant Rock signs 7 more miles.

OCTOBER 21, 22: 11th ANNUAL NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SPACE CRAFT CONVENTION, Hotel Claremont, Berkeley, California. Speakers include:

Dr. Dan Fry, Sid Padrick, Dr. Gina Cerminara, Mark Probert, Neva Dell Hunter, Wayne Gutherie, Col. Arthur Burkes, and Dr. Fred Andrews. Further info: Angela Kilsby, 1265 Monterey Blvd., San Francisco, Calif. 94127. Phone: 415: 334-1158.

NOV. 3, 4, 5, 6: 7th INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF UFO RESEARCHERS, Wiesbaden, Germany. Information: Karl L. Veit, Editor; "UFO Nachrichten"; Postfach 17185; 62 Wiesbaden-Schierstein, Germany.

"FLYING SAUCERS AND THE SCRIPTURES" is now available again after being out of print for about 6 months. We got the news too late to list it on our new book list (enclosed), but AFSCA now has them back in stock for \$4.10.

NEW AFSCA BROCHURES (in blue ink) are now available in quantity for 2¢ each, postpaid, to help you pass the word.

SPACE TAPE MESSAGES are now available from AFSCA again on 3 - 7" reels for \$10.00 each, less than half the former price (see enclosed order form). AFSCA highly recommends these tapes as an aid to better understanding of many aspects of the Flying Saucer subject. By playing Space Tapes for small groups of people in your home, you can be instrumental in helping our movement to grow.

START YOUR OWN FLYING SAUCER POCKET-BOOK LENDING LIBRARY: To help each person to become a more effective instrument for helping to pass the word about saucers, AFSCA has gathered a group of informative pocket books on the subject and is offering them to our readers at a special discount rate of 2 books for only \$5.00 (see enclosed book list).

FLYING SAUCER NEWS IN BRIEF

THE 9th ANNUAL NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SPACE-CRAFT CONVENTION will be held Sat. & Sun., Oct. 30 & 31 at the Claremont Hotel, Berkeley, Calif. Della Larson will again be official hostess and chairman. You'll hear: Dr. Daniel W. Fry, Hope Troxell, Sidney Padrick, Dr. George King, Col. Arthur Burks, Gabriel Green, Lois Robinson, Clark L. Wilkerson, Dr. Frank E. Stranges, and Neva Dell Hunter.

GIANT ROCK CONVENTION: The 12th Annual Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock, California, was held Sat. & Sun., October 9 & 10, 1965. Speakers were: George W. Van Tassel, Host; Chief Frank B. Standing Horse; Daniel W. Fry, Ph.D.; Mel Noel (former U.S.A.F. saucer investigator); Nelson Decker, D.C. (talk on psychic surgeons of the Philippines); Arthur Aho; Carl Anderson; Victor LeRoy of Denver U.F.O. Club; Neva Dell Hunter; Hal Wilcox; Roy Masters; Estelle Prins; and Dr. Frank E. Stranges.

HOWARD MENGER, contactee and author of "From Outer Space To You" (now out of print) is planning a "Space Fair" for Nov. 26, 27, & 28. Write him for details: Howard Menger; P.O. Box 1405; Vero Beach, Florida.

TO FRIENDS AND FANS OF GEORGE ADAMSKI: We recommend the May-June 1965 issue of "Controversial Phenomena Bulletin" (35¢ per copy) published by Armand A. Laprade; 48 Great Brook Valley Ave.; Worcester, Mass. 01605. This memorial issue to George Adamski will be of much interest to all who loved and respected him.

MRS. MADELINE RODEFFER of 12905 Falmouth Drive; Silver Spring, Maryland (Phone: MA 2-1007), made a sensational appearance on the Oct. 7th Mike Douglas TV show, when she showed about 10 minutes of Flying Saucer movies. The film showed a close-up (saucer filled half the screen) of a Venusian Scout Craft with its 3-ball landing gear hovering at tree-top level, swaying from side to side, and slowly raising and lowering one of its landing gear. The audience was stunned --- to be presented with such impressive evidence of spacecraft from other worlds.

ASTRONAUTS ARE AWARE OF THE SAUCERS: Carl Anderson, well-known contactee, says that one of our Astronauts told him that they know they are under the surveillance of the Space People every minute of their orbital flights. However, they are forbidden by the government to speak publicly about it.

CONTACTEE ELARY WILLISIE took a lie detector test on the Louis Lomax TV show of June 20th, concerning his saucer rides to Mars, Venus and the interior of the Earth, and passed it with flying colors. Clete Goffard, Joseph Cater, and Willisie have recently formed The Universal World Union; P.O. Box 29026; Los Angeles, Calif. 90029. Phone: 663-9097. Their primary purpose is to expose the existence of "The Watchers."

FIVE NEW AFSCA UNITS FORMED: Congratulations to the following new Directors and their respective AFSCA Units. Please contact them for time and place of local meetings and offer your services to help them spread the saucer message.

38. AFSCA Unit #38; Fred W. Woolcott, Director; 919 W. Galena Blvd.; Aurora, Illinois 60506. Phone: TW 7-1017.
39. AFSCA Unit #39; Mrs. Wm. (Nancy Lee) Goldsmith; Route 2, Old Coopermill Road; Zanesville, Ohio 43701. Phone: 432-3919.
40. AFSCA Unit #40; Gerald M. Reynolds, Director; 684 State St.; Binghamton, New York 13901. Phone: 722-7002.
41. AFSCA Unit #41; Mrs. Rona E. Mohr, Director; Private Bag 1316 (c/o Hospital);

42. AFSCA Unit #42; Mercedes A. Brown, Director; 544 Hermosa Ave.; Modesto, Calif. 95351. Phone: 529-3633.

FLYING SAUCERS CIRCLE THE GLOBE!: Saucers are everywhere, to judge by the clippings in this issue. There has been tremendous saucer activity 'round the world, even though so much of it is kept out of many newspapers. Our daily mail continues to bring reports of extraterrestrial visitors from all over the Earth. You'll be seeing much more of this evidence in future issues.

NEW BOOKS: "WE ARE NOT ALONE"--\$6.95, by Walter Sullivan, Science Editor of the New York Times. Intelligent life does exist elsewhere in the Universe; we are not unique on this planet.

"GODS OR SPACEMEN"--\$5.00, by W. Raymond Drake, documents evidence of extraterrestrial visitations throughout ancient literature and the classics.

"THE SMOKY GOD"--\$2.50, by Willis George Emerson. An amazing book, told by a dying man and sworn to as true. Concerns two men who blundered accidentally through the North Polar opening and into the interior of the Earth, where they lived with the inner Earth people there for two years.

"MEN AMONG MANKIND"--\$5.00, by the Hon. Brinsley le Poer Trench, brings a new viewpoint on man's history during the past 10,000 years.

"HE WALKED THE AMERICAS"--\$6.95, by L. Taylor Hansen. 256 pages, with color illustrations throughout. This is the result of 25 years of research on authentic, documented Indian legends of both American continents.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MIKE CAMPIONE, Director of AFSCA Unit #19 in Cinnaminson, New Jersey for his fine exhibit at the Aerospace Industries Space Show at Moorestown, N.J. (May 24th to 31st) in conjunction with the U.S. Air Force and N.A.S.A., and also for his appearances on the Ed Harvey Show (WGAU Radio, June 14th), the Red Benson Show (WPEN Radio, Feb. 12th and May 27th), and the Amazing Randi Show (WOR Radio in New York City, July 17th). Good work, Mike!

GABRIEL GREEN CONTINUES TO SPREAD SAUCER MESSAGE ON RADIO AND TV as follows:

1. July 22 & Aug. 25, 1965. The "Life on Other Planets" TV show (with George Van Tassel) was re-run on Channel 13 (originally broadcast Feb. 25th). 60 min.

2. Aug. 8, 1965. The Al Wiman radio show "Outlook L.A." (KFWB), with Dr. George King, Dr. Frank E. Stranges, and Michael "X" Barton. (60 minutes).

3. Sept. 5, 1965. Frank Terry KHJ radio show "Close-up". 40 minute interview.

4. Sept. 8, 1965. Filmed interview by French new chief, Michel K. Anfrol, with contactee Orfeo Angelucci, for French radio and TV networks.

5. Oct. 17, 1965. Frank Terry "Close-up" show on KHJ Radio. 60 minute interview.

TRUE MAGAZINE PRINTS SAUCER ARTICLES:

1. January, 1965 issue: "U.S. Air Force Censorship of UFO Sightings," by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, U.S.M.C. (Ret.).

2. October, 1965 issue: "A New Look at Saucer Mysteries," a condensation of the new book "Anatomy of a Phenomenon," by French astronomer Jacques Vallee. This conservative article documents many impressive saucer reports throughout history.

THE BOB RENAUD STORY, started in issue #18 and continued in #'s 19, 20, 21 and 22, will resume in the next issue of "UFO International" (#24). (Back issues are still available for 50¢ each. See order form.) Other contactee stories will also be coming forth simultaneously with The Bob Renaud Story.

UNIVERSAL ECONOMICS: We have received many inquiries on the New Age non-money economic system mentioned in "The Bob Renaud Story" in issue #22.