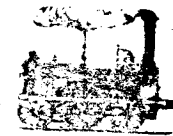
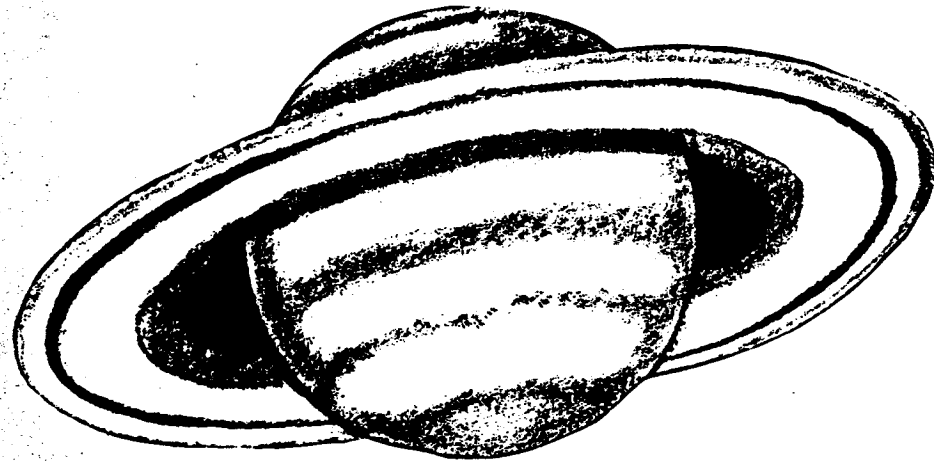


EDGE OF
TOMORROW



The
Reinhold O. Schmidt
Story



REINHOLD O. SCHMIDT

**THE REINHOLD
SCHMIDT STORY . . .**

**"My Contact with the
Space People"**

**A TRUE ACCOUNT OF
EXPERIENCES WITH PEOPLE FROM
ANOTHER PLANET**



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SATURNIAN SPACESHIP LANDED NEAR KEARNEY, NEBRASKA, NOV. 5, 1957.

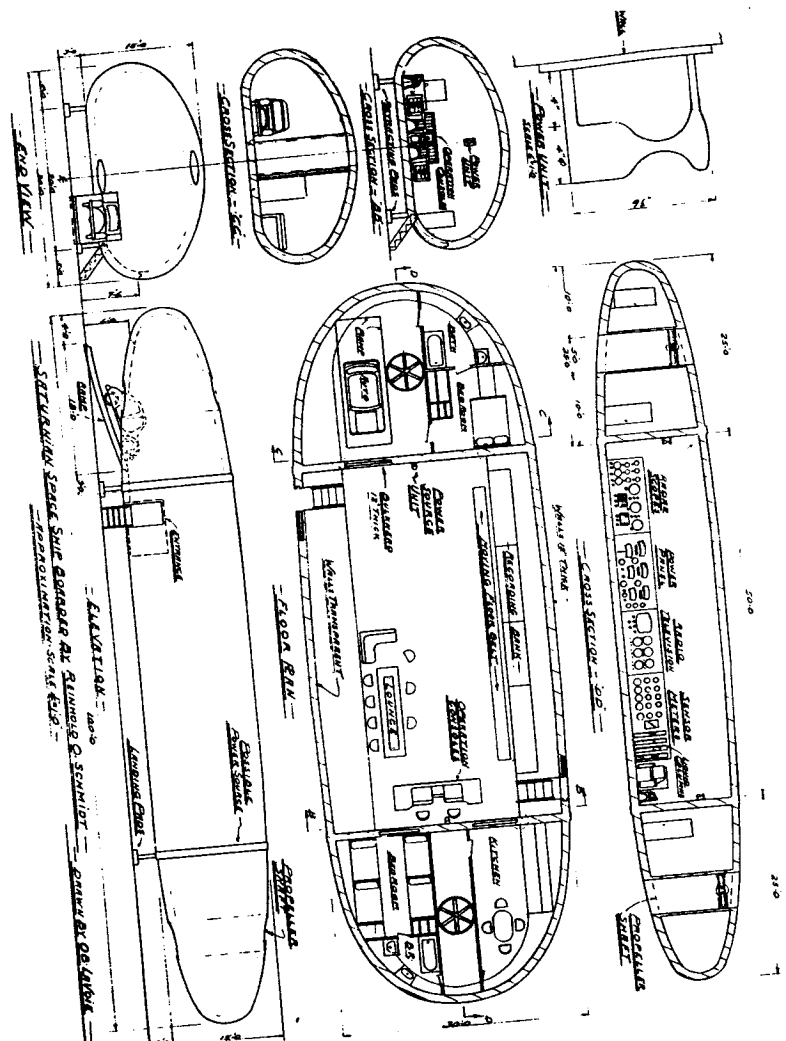
Introduction

My life was a normal one, by average world standards, until November 5, 1957. At that time an experience took place which I never dreamed would happen to me. I was born on February 16, 1897, in Kenesaw, Nebraska, of German-American parents. However, my home and business are now in Bakersfield, California. My daughter and her family live in Livermore, California, and my two sons who are also married, live in Woreland, Wyoming. As a salesman and a grain-buyer, I have spent much time traveling for a Brawley, California firm whose operations also extend to corn-picking and shelling in Wilcox, Arizona. However, my travels have taken me mainly to the middle west, in negotiations with grain-growing farmers. Perhaps all my excursions had something to do with my being contacted by beings from another planet, for certainly there would not have been a similar opportunity if I had worked at a regular office job.

Many of you will believe, and others will laugh at, my claims of these contacts. Especially fantastic to some people is the fact that I was subsequently taken for rides in their space craft. Not only are these things true, but also, these wonderful people from another world have taught me more about our own planet Earth than I could possibly have learned through the usual channels of books, newspapers, radio and television.

We have good attorneys here in Kearney," I was running through a list of attorneys in the 'phone book, an official pointed to one and said, "Here's a good fellow." They called him in and I found out that he was the Assistant City Attorney. His first words to me were, "We don't believe your story and we want to change it!" (And this was the person they wanted to defend me!)

"Well, I have news for you," I said to him. "If that's the way you feel, I don't want you for my lawyer!" The following day it was announced in the paper that I had an attorney of my own choice!



Mr. X Calls On Me!

In the latter part of April, 1958, Major Aho, John Otto and I gave a lecture in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Afterwards, several of us went to the hotel coffee shop to continue our discussion while we had a bite to eat.

Suddenly I felt extremely hot, as if I were almost suffocating. I excused myself and went outside for some air. My attention was immediately drawn to a black MG which was parked at the curb, and who should be sitting in it but Mr. X and one of the ladies from the Spaceship! After we greeted each other, Mr. X asked if I would like to take a little ride with them. I told him I would be delighted to and I got into the car.

We drove about six miles down the main highway, then turned off the pavement onto a dirt road. There ahead stood a big silver Spaceship! As we approached it, a beam of light shot out from it. Mr. X dropped his hands from the steering wheel, and the car was pulled up the ramp, via the beam, into the ship.

We didn't have a flight this time but, instead, remained aboard right there where the ship had landed.

For about two hours we talked. Mr. X very graciously accepted the answers I gave him to the questions he had asked. We discussed many things, including (some information which I do not yet have permission to reveal publicly.) However, I want to mention this contact as a matter of record, and I look forward to the time when I will be allowed to explain the reason for their visit at that particular time.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: REINHOLD O. SCHMIDT, THREE CREW MEMBERS, AND 'MR. X', THE CAPTAIN OR LEADER OF THE CREW. ALL OF THE SPACE CRAFT CREW MEMBERS ARE PLAYED BY PROFESSIONAL ACTORS IN THE MOTION PICTURE 'EDGE OF TOMORROW'.

HOWEVER, THE PERSONS AND CLOTHING WERE CHOSEN TO RESEMBLE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE THE ACTUAL APPEARANCE OF THE SPACE CRAFT CREW MEMBERS AS MR. SCHMIDT SAW THEM.

Another Great Adventure

At 9 a.m. on that memorable February 9th, there was a knock at my door. It was Mr. X. I asked him in and we talked for a while. Then he said they were ready to go to Egypt and he told me where to meet him and the crew. Then he left, and I got ready to leave.

In a very short time I got into my car and drove out Highway 466 toward the Tehachapi Mountains. After a few minutes I saw the ship ahead, hovering beside the road, with the ramp down. I drove right up the ramp and into the ship. As before, there were no other cars in sight on the highway. I have learned that circumstances can be controlled by our space friends, and if they don't want to be seen, they won't be! Also, the force-field around the ship can make it invisible by bending light around it.

The ship was the same 200-foot model that I have ridden in before. The main area was probably sixty to seventy feet long and had two rooms at each end for sleeping quarters and for storage space. Their MG and my Buick were parked in the storage compartments. The furniture was similar to what we use in our homes. There were several chairs and davenportes, and a large desk. Just for fun I tried to move a couple of the chairs, but I couldn't budge them. They were not bolted or welded to the floor, but I didn't find out what held them down.

The crew members, the same as on my previous ventures, worked with various instruments. The two ladies sat at the large desk at one end of the ship, intently watching the tubes of colored liquid. (The women were the pilots). The radar screens showed any approaching object, whether the ship was on the ground or in flight.

The men were usually busy watching the large instrument panel. Sometimes they stayed in their living quarters. I also had a room assigned to me for sleeping.

It was quiet, though pleasant, being with these people. They did not converse a great deal. They knew my thoughts and usually anticipated my questions before I could ask them.



THIS YOUNG LADY LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE ONE OF THE CREW MEMBERS, WHO BY ANY STANDARD IN OUR SOCIETY, IS A TOP SCIENTIST. MR. SCHMIDT NOTICED THE HEAVY INSTRUMENTATION IN THE SPACE CRAFT. 'MR. X' TOLD HIM THAT HIS CREW, THROUGH THE USE OF THIS CRAFT, WERE STUDYING MANY PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL ASPECTS OF OUR PLANET THAT ARE UNKNOWN TO OUR CIVILIZATION.

Home, By Way Of Russia

Our homeward route took us over the Soviet Union, where I found out what the Saturnians had meant when they had said earlier that they would interfere, if necessary, with our continued use of atomic bombs. At the time I had remarked that the Earth people are quite stubborn, and asked how they would be able to stop them? They replied that they might have to do the same thing that was necessary with Russia: "just slap one back in your face!"

Now I could see most graphically what they meant. I saw a bomb-devastated area in Siberia. It was a hideous black scar several hundred miles long. There was absolutely nothing left in that desolate waste to indicate that there had recently been human and animal life there Not a trace remained of former homes and other buildings, nor of trees, birds and flowers. This, then, was what had happened when one of Russia's bombs fell back on her own territory. Heaven forbid that we should bring such disaster upon ourselves!

There was nothing in the papers about that colossal catastrophe, but it was shortly after it happened that we quit testing A-bombs. According to the Space People, Russia had invited representation of all governments to inspect this devastated area. (They also told me that if any country tries to use an A-Bomb, it will fall back on the territory from which it is sent.)

We passed over the Arctic Circle again, but this time we didn't land. On my first trip there, I had learned that the Earth was tilted at a dangerous twelve degrees off its normal position, and that there was a grave possibility that it might shift on its axis. But recently, I had been told that it had moved back to six degrees off center, and the danger had been averted. Believe me, I breathed a sigh of relief!



'MR. X', THE CREW CAPTAIN OR LEADER AMAZED MR. SCHMIDT BY SPEAKING TO HIM IN EXCELLENT GERMAN AND ENGLISH. HOWEVER, MOST OF THE 'CONVERSATIONS' WERE CONDUCTED BY 'TELEPATHY'. MANY TIMES 'MR. X' WOULD ANSWER A QUESTION THAT MR. SCHMIDT HAD IN HIS MIND BEFORE HE COULD FORM IT INTO WORDS.