

astic senators, Madeleine, who had worked in a Government office for many years, just stood up and told them that she wouldn't like to be in THEIR shoes when people found out what was being kept from them.

Did they think the public was blind?

Many had seen the planes chasing the saucers. Even children.

And Madeleine had come out of the committee-room seething with anger. A few weeks afterwards she had filmed a scout-ship over her own "front yard".

Fred loosened up a little as we sped along the road Brussels-Antwerp. Patrick, who studied at Brussels University, and who himself lectured on flying saucers, was a good driver, but fast!

"Madeleine was at the airport as we left Washington. Oh, and Linda, her friend, was with her. You know, that young woman who had some sightings. She's written to you, I think. A nice girl. There were two Brothers standing back a bit in the crowd. They weren't with Madeleine. Maybe she knew they were there."

He went on talking about some of the Brothers he had met. Ingrid joined in occasionally, her eyes bright and shining.

"Oh, Ronald!" she said, in her German-accented American, drawling the words. "If you only could meet them! There is this wonderful feeling of goodness that seems to reach out to you."

Fred's rather serious face relaxed a little as he spoke. One could see he was no fanatic. Fred Steckling and Ingrid were not money-grabbing "contactees" making a fast buck. They spoke quietly, but forcefully at times. Perhaps Fred could not quite shake off this feeling of having to convince someone all the time.

"Ronald," he said, after a rather long, somewhat tired silence. They'd been travelling for many, many hours. "Ronald, do you know, it's just as if they have our frequencies. I had a birthday a while back —" Ingrid was about to burst in with wife-like enthusiasm but Fred's voice stopped her. "I had a birthday a while back," Fred went on. "Ingrid and I were watching T.V. I don't remember the show. Suddenly —" and again Ingrid was bursting with agreement, "— suddenly it went doot-di-di-doot-doot, on the T.V. just like that, maybe ten or a dozen times. Doot-di-di-doot-doot. Ingrid and I just looked at each other — and then we both DASHED out onto the porch."

Patrick swerved among the traffic on a bumpy patch of road.

"There over the house was the saucer. It just swayed there, back and forward. Then it seemed to swing down low as the light showed from the porch and then shot off over in the direction of Washington Airport."

Ingrid couldn't hold herself any longer. "And do you know, Ronald!" she burst in, "Madeleine had the same thing happen on her birthday! Linda and some more friends were just being seen off from the house and they called out to Madeleine to look. And there

was this red, glowing light swaying over the house!"

Fred smiled knowingly.

"You can bet, they've got our wave-lengths!" he said.

As we looked out at May's long lily-pond in the spacious lawn, the big, leafy trees almost overhanging the house and splashing the ground with shadow, Fred gave a little laugh to himself and glanced up at me. He was so often serious, especially when he talked to the people who gathered at May's house, guests, reporters etc. — it was nice to see him with a, somewhat twisted, grin. There were no gimmicks with Fred.

"I saw a saucer close overhead some while ago. — There are a LOT of them around that area — I had my camera with me, this camera — and I ran off some film and I felt so gosh-darned pleased with myself! D'you know something? I left the dust-cap on!"

He told me of his talks with the Brothers.

"D'you know, Ronald, when you're with them, you don't ASK questions. You don't think of it. You just listen. It's as if you are not meant to ask of things maybe they don't want you to know."

Fred bit his lip thoughtfully.

"One of them I can see several times a week. I know where he's working. I can tell you what sort of work he does, but not where." Fred told me.

"It's only once in a while we have a chance to talk. Maybe over a cup of coffee some place."

He paused, then went on.

"This one's from Venus."

Fred's trip over had been delayed. Hans and I had had to change our bookings. Fred had told me on the trip up from the airport how someone, — he didn't know who — had contacted the bank where Fred had arranged credit for the trip.

"I have to do it on the instalments," he said. "A cook doesn't earn all that much money." Fred works at an hotel in Virginia, near where he lives.

The strange thing was that Fred had previously had credit arrangements with the same bank, and had had no bother. Maybe someone had tried to stop his trip to Europe. It had taken several days to clear up the matter.

He was speaking first in Antwerp, staying with May for some days, then The Hague, then Frankfurt and Mannheim, then in Austria — Vienna and Linz — then on to West Berlin for the last six days to stay with his family.

Whether Fred was helped with money at the German or Austrian lectures, I don't know. I know he received nothing in Antwerp and Den Haag, except hospitality from good friends. That certainly did not pay the Stecklings fare across the Atlantic.

Fred's first lecture was on the evening of our arrival in Antwerp, at May Morlet's home. Of the 50-60 in the audience, which included reporters, I noticed a young woman. I shall not describe her.

Later that night, in fact at 3.30 in the morning, — we had sat talking, all of May's house-guests, until the small hours, as we were to do every night of our visit — I walked with Hans Petersen around some

There is no doubt that a great number of the meteoric falls actually are remains of "natural" objects in space — but not by any means all of them.

No doubt also, some of the falls of ice are from aircraft de-icing or breaking off by some other means; the theory about ice from the toilets is very doubtful, but even if we give this theory a certain chance, then it still explains only a very small part of the total number of reported falls.

Until the Rocket-age's attempts to explain conditions in the Space around us began, a remarkable attitude prevailed within certain scientific circles in regard to that Space.

Earth was the navel of the Cosmos, around which and about which everything turned. The moon and the planets and the stars were hung in the sky for Earth's sake, and between all the bodies outside of Earth's atmosphere was this great empty Space, in which was to be found — absolutely nothing.

But the rockets told another story — they had been out there. We can say then, that now it is proven that Space is **not** empty. Among other things, dust has been registered. And it has become dusty in the space-capsule when the capsule door has stood open.

It is proven also, that certain chemical reactions can, in the course of a few seconds, form solid matter. (Einstein).

As all the planets are born in the same Cosmos, this means to say that the same elements or units which make up the "creation" are to be found in invisible form in this so-called empty Space. It "only" needs the right chemical reaction to take place for the whole to take solid form and to build up as planets, comets, meteorites or ice — or for that matter, as many other things.

It is therefore quite plain to see that science can, and must, soon add a new chapter to that book about the "factual" conditions in Space, which it is writing at this time. In this "book" it will be stated that, under certain conditions, solid matter is formed in empty Space — as well as much else — matter that can later fall onto this planet or others as "shooting-stars" or as ice from an airplane's toilet.

And it will be enormously difficult, — yes, almost impossible, — to differentiate between what are remains of solid bodies, such as planets, comets or asteroids, and what is produced by some other means. One might point to evidence of bacteria, but this just will not do, because bacteria can be gathered up from anywhere in the Cosmos. For example, our planet, just the same as other planets, has, during its journey through space, trailed behind itself a long tail of dust and bacteria. This dust and these bacteria are caught up at some time or another by other heavenly bodies, in the same manner that we collect dust and bacteria from other worlds.

In fact, we need not go to all the great amount of trouble that we do, to sterilize the space-ships and probes which are to be sent up; — our bacteria has long been present on our sister planets and many

other planets, just as "their bacteria" has been a long, long while living with us.

Thus there exists great unexplored areas of research with which science can come to grips and learn from; and when, finally, these are explained, the next natural step will be to learn how one can come to live **without** being "infected" by bacteria.

We are on the way; but for a while yet we shall be "infected" by bacteria, and believe that we can "infect" our sister planets' inhabitants with our bacteria. For a while yet we shall only find meteorites that originate from planets, comets or asteroids, and ice which falls from the toilet-systems of airplanes.

October 1966.

— ★ —

Here, in a report just received from the United States, is an important break-through into the area of research mentioned in the afore-going article. With precision timing, we now perceive that "— through condensation this dust eventually forms meteorites which are dense enough to be attracted to a planet —".

From: Los Angeles "Herald-Examiner", Sunday, January 22nd 1967.

## »L. A. Man finds Life in Space«

### THERE IS LIFE IN SPACE!

Chlorophyll, key compound of life on earth, exists abundantly in outer space.

These findings have been reported to a gathering of experts on Astronomy and Biodynamics meeting at the University of California at Berkeley by Dr. Fred Johnson of Electro-Optical Systems in Pasadena.

Based on his findings, Dr. Johnson told the Berkeley colloquium the possibility that man is not alone in the universe is excellent.

The physicist, astronomer and biochemist told the Berkeley sessions, which opened Friday, that after 13 years of research he had been able to identify interstellar dust and had found it is composed largely of the solid molecular substance chlorophyll and not ice or graphite as had been previously believed.

"There is no reason to believe that we on this planet are unique", Dr. Johnson told the Herald-Examiner. "There is very good evidence, on the other hand, that there may be similar forms of life throughout the universe".

Dr. Johnson reported that although interstellar dust is very small with each grain having an average density of 10 to 26 grams per cubic centimeter, he speculates that through condensation this dust eventually forms meteorites which are dense enough to be attracted to a planet.

### SIMPLE PLANTS.

These meteorites, he said, then deposit the life substance chlorophyll and, as on earth, undergo the