

Item #2

1-21-54

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Dear Mr. PIVEC,

I have received your letter of 1-12, on 1-19. Many thanks for your efforts. With joy I have taken cognizance of the fact that you have already contacted American authorities concerning my invention. However, I have no great hopes, because I know that with the U. S. everything is defective, exactly as with the English. - Example: Already a long time ago I wrote 2 or 3 letters to the U. S. authorities at Salzburg and I was in Salzburg myself during the past year, but everything was in vain. - At the most, in response to my letters, some Russian agent comes; that is all. When I wrote in Switzerland at first to President TRUMAN and then to President EISENHOWER through an official bureau, also everything was of no avail. In the end, always Russian agents come. In May 1953, a big dirty pig arrived who wanted to make me believe that he would take me in an automobile to the emigration office for Austrians in Switzerland. He enraged me to such an extent that I hit him in the face with my fist. But he had also helpers and I am not sure how it ended. I awoke, lying on the ground, and all had disappeared. Several days ago a man approached me at my working place who only pointed a finger upon me, saying: "You!" When I looked at him; he quickly ran away. I could not recognize him, but seemingly he knew me. - But the English are even more stupid. I wrote to the local city commandant's office about my invention (just like to you) but no reply came. When at one time I accidentally listened to "Radio Canada," I learned about my statements. Those people said that one had finally succeeded (possibly Scotland Yard) to obtain exact data on the German flying saucers and that one would, therefore, establish a research station in Canada with English experts, etc. I wondered whether the entire world had gone crazy. I offer my invention for sale, and those people make such a noise about it! They will never perfect the machine without my data. Well, I let you know that I am somewhat in the bad books here; strictly speaking since 1937, because of our eagle, also called misfortune. Our coat of arms, the bird