

THE MUFON[®]

KEARNEY

INCIDENT--

UP

TO

NOW--

THE REPORT OF REINHOLD SCHMIDT

FOREWORD

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Biggest of all stories was the Kearney incident, where a grain buyer by the name of Reinhold Schmidt reported having boarded a mysterious "ship" for thirty minutes and having talked to its occupants the afternoon of November 5.

At first he was supported in his report by local officials. A little later denounced. Then he landed in a mental institution. Many folks have wondered what really happened in the first place, and what has happened to Mr. Schmidt since then.

Here is R. O. Schmidt's own version of what happened to him that eventful day of November 5 and thereafter.

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"I didn't believe, I didn't disbelieve," Smitty reports regarding his earlier knowledge of "saucers" or spaceships, "But they sure made a believer out of me!"

You will live with Smitty as he weaves in and out of his spaceship adventures. Perhaps you will laugh and cry and wonder with him too.

And so, - for your information and reading pleasure -
THE KEARNEY INCIDENT -- UP TO NOW --

Anna E. Keppy, Editor, Lecture
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SCHMIDT IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE

My name is Reinhold O. Schmidt. I am a grain buyer from California. On October 25, 1957, I was transferred from Arizona to Kearney, Nebraska, by my employer, a firm of Brawley, California. At other times of the year I buy grain for another company of Los Angeles, California. In leaving Arizona, I left a foreman in charge of my corn picking and shelling operations at Willcox, Arizona. I was using three Minneapolis-Moline picker shellers there which I had purchased on contract.

The afternoon of November 5, a dark and misty day, I was inspecting some fields of milo and corn that I had bought, and some that I planned to buy. I was four miles south, and a mile east of Kearney, when I turned to the left on a river road to inspect a large field of milo. After looking it over, at about 2:30 P.M., I drove to an abandoned farm home to turn around. Just as I was about to turn into the drive, I noticed a large bright flash about a quarter of a mile ahead of me. I figured somebody was blasting trees - although I heard no report - and instead of turning around I decided to drive ahead and see what was going on.

I drove toward the river bank and when I was within approximately 100 feet of it, my car stopped. I turned the switch off and on several times, and stepped on the starter, but it was completely dead. I wondered if the rough road had jiggled some of the wires loose. When I looked up I saw what appeared to me to be a large half-inflated balloon. I got out of the car and walked toward it; coming around a clump of willows and tall grass I got a better look at it and I realized it wasn't a balloon, but a large silvery ship of some kind of metal that looked like polished steel or aluminum.

When I was about 30 feet from the ship a pencil-like stream of light shot out from the ship and hit me across my upper chest. I don't know whether I was scared stiff or paralyzed by the ray of light, but anyway I couldn't walk or move my arms. Then a door slid open in the ship and two men came out toward me. They asked if I was armed; I said, "No," but they frisked me anyway. However, they didn't take anything from me. By this time I could move again. I asked them what they were doing there, what kind of ship this was, and where they were from. They said they couldn't tell me that at this time. I asked if I could come closer to see the ship. They said, "Yes," - for they couldn't leave for a few minutes anyway, and I was invited to come aboard. Inside, the leader said I could look around, but not to touch anything.

From the outside, this ship appeared to be a solid piece of metal without portholes or windows. The only opening I could see was the doorway we entered. Inside, it was entirely different; the walls looked more like glass, and I judged them to be a foot thick, but you could look right through them! You could look up and see the sky, look down and see the weeds and brush - look out and see the trees and the entire countryside!

There were four men and two ladies inside the ship. The men were dressed in street clothes, approximately 5' 8" tall, weighing about 170 pounds; the two ladies appeared to be about the same height, weighing about 120 - 130 pounds, and I guessed their ages to be about 40. Their complexions were rather dark, about like a sun tan. The ladies were brunettes and wore light colored blouses and dark skirts, and medium heeled shoes.

The two ladies sat behind a large desk at one end of the ship all the while I was inside. On the center of their desk was a large instrument which looked like a T-V set. Also at this end of the ship there were four columns of colored liquid - red, green, blue and orange. These tubes were approximately 4-1/2 feet high and 6 inches in diameter. The liquid was slowly moving up and down like pistons in an automobile. The girls seemed to be watching these tubes very closely.

The other three men worked on the instrument panel. This panel covered one side of the large center room and seemed to be filled with clocks, dials, buttons and switches. In the center of the panel was another large screen of some sort. It, too, looked much like our T-V screen, but it was not operating while I was there. I saw one of the men clip off some short wires. I looked over the panel for identification of the instruments. I thought I might be able to see where they had been manufactured. There was no lettering of any kind either on the inside or the outside of the ship, but I did see some regular and Roman numerals on the instrument panel.

Later, I estimated that this large room in the center of the ship must have been about 50 feet long and 30 feet wide and about 14 feet high. At each end of the ship were rooms approximately 25 feet long which I was not permitted to enter. But when I looked down at the ship from the river bank and up at it when it took off, I could see a large tube about 12 feet in diameter in each end of the ship. In each of these tubes was a large 8 to 10 bladed fan. What these fans were used for, I don't know; I didn't notice any breeze or dust caused by them on the take-off.

Another thing about the ship that fascinated me was the way the occupants would glide instead of walk across the floor when they stepped back from the instrument panels! Although it worked like an escalator I couldn't see anything move, and when I tried it, it didn't work for me. I wondered if they had something special on their shoes.

All of the occupants of the ship greeted me and bid me farewell. In leaving, they said, "We will see you again." (Little did I realize that they meant what they said!) Other than that, the one man did all the talking. And by the way, this man looked and talked just like a man that was watching T-V with me in the hotel lobby the night before. On the ship he said, "Tell your people we know that they have seen this ship before and they will see it again."

He also asked me if I knew anything about the U.S. satellite program. I said I did not. Then he said, "Yes, they're planning to send some up, but the first two will never leave the ground and the third one will go up, but won't send back much data."

This prophecy has since proved itself.

They all spoke to me in the English language with what seemed to me to be a German accent. Among themselves they talked high German which I could understand as I graduated from a school where they spoke and taught German as well as English, and I was able to speak, read and write German at that time. I can still understand it and speak it fairly well.

After being inside the ship about 30 minutes, one man said to the other, "Wir sind fertig." Translated, this means, "We are finished." So the leader told me, "You will have to leave now." I was glad to hear this, for I wondered if I would ever get off that ship again.

When I stepped off the stairs onto the ground the motor started. It sounded like a large electrical motor to me, and the more momentum it picked up, the quieter it got. It ran for about 12 seconds and then the ship took off straight up into the air. Approximately 12 feet off the ground the entire ship turned a pitch black; when it was about 100 feet in the air it turned to a bluish green. Then it headed southwest - there was a brilliant flash - and the ship disappeared before my very eyes! I estimated the ceiling of the clouds that day to be only about 800 feet, but the ship disappeared long before it hit the ceiling - I judged at about 150 feet from the ground. It was reported to me later by a county official that it had stalled a tractor, two cars and a large truck that were beneath its path.

While aboard the ship I was told not to start my car until they were out of sight as it wouldn't start anyway. This was the first time I knew that the ship had stopped my automobile. After the ship disappeared (about 3:15 P. M.) I went back to my car - now it started - I turned it around and started for Kearney.

Then the impact of the experience really hit me, and I was so shaken I had to stop the car and pull myself together.

SCHMIDT WONDERS WHAT TO DO

I debated whether to report my experience or not. I was afraid if the report of the ship got out, people wouldn't believe it and I might lose my job. Then I remembered hearing over radio and T-V that the government wanted skywatchers and that they were to report any unidentified objects in the skies. I realized then it was really my duty as a citizen to report the ship. In fact, my own idea at the time was that this was a Russian ship manned by German scientists. I decided to go to the minister of my faith, and tell him about it and ask him what to do next.

He wasn't in. Then I drove over to the police station and asked them if they had seen the sheriff. The sheriff was out of town on a vacation, they said, but the deputy sheriff was at the courthouse. They called him and made an appointment for me to meet him there. I went to the courthouse and told the deputy what had happened that afternoon.

The deputy was the first person to hear of my experience. He said, "Let's drive out there." We got into his car and started out. On the way he said, "This is quite a coincidence. Did you hear the siren blow at noon today?"

"Yes," I said, "I was in my room at the hotel at the time and I thought it was a fire."

"No," he said, "Someone called and reported a strange object or ship in the sky moving toward Kearney."

When we got to the scene of the ship's landing we could see the imprint of the four hydraulic rams on the dry bed of the Platte River. Also, toward one end of the spot where the ship stood we found some oil on the sand and leaves. It was dark green in color, fine in texture and sweet smelling, but where it really came from, I do not know.

I suggested to the deputy that we rope off this area and get some guards out there. But he wanted to go back to town and get some of the other officials and see what they said. We went back to Kearney and reported to the chief of police about my experience and what we had seen. Then the chief wanted to go out there and he asked the city attorney to go along. We also picked up a reporter from the local newspaper. There were five of us then, on this second trip - and we drove out in the police car with the siren going all the way.

Everybody saw the imprints and the oil in the sand and they all agreed that there had been a large object of some kind setting there. The deputy and I stepped off the distance between the imprints in the sand and we estimated the ship to be 100 feet long and 30 feet wide; and I estimated it was about 14 feet high.

I again asked if they didn't think it a good idea to rope off this area and call someone in authority and report the ship. They said it wouldn't be necessary as there were five witnesses here and they were convinced that a large ship had landed here.

We gathered some of the greenish oil in a small mustard glass we found on the river bank. The chief of police said he would have it tested. We drove back to town and they left me off at the Fort Kearney Hotel where I was staying.

I felt I had done my citizen's duty in reporting the ship and now I was through. I sat down in the lobby and was watching T-V when the local program was cut off for a special news flash --

"SPACESHIPS LAND AT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA"

This was put on the air without my knowledge or permission. In fact, I had not even called the object a spaceship as I did not know what it was.

About 30 minutes later the phone began to ring and everybody - reporters, photographers, citizens, etc. - wanted more information. The chief of police then called me and asked if I would come over and help answer the telephones as he too was swamped with calls. I went over to the police station and the chief turned his office over to me with two phones. I answered those two phones and the chief took calls in the outer office.

SCHMIDT RECEIVES NATIONAL PUBLICITY!

This went on for approximately sixteen hours with photographers and newsmen coming in from surrounding cities and even other states. At 9 P.M. the chief of police and I appeared on a local radio station. At 10 P.M. we appeared on a local T-V station. These programs were released on national networks.

There was a school bond election that night in Kearney. Some folks said the excitement was started to spoil the election. Nevertheless, the bond issue carried.

So many reporters and other interested folks flocked to the city that there was a traffic jam for blocks around the police station. Within the police station there was standing room only. The last trip I made to the sight of the landing that night was at 3 A.M. Even at that time there were about 30 cars out there and a crowd of people milling around.

The activity continued all night long until between 5 and 6 A.M., when the officials changed their story and suggested that I change mine too. I told them they could change their story if they wished, but I wouldn't change my story unless it was for the security of the United States. This they couldn't prove, so I stayed with it. Then they asked me if I would take a lie-detector test.

"Not now," I said, "I've been talking for 16 hours, but I will after I have had a few hours rest."

SCHMIDT HELD WITHOUT A WARRANT

By that time I was hoarse from talking; I had been under the photographers' lights for about 15 - 16 hours. I told the officials I was going back to my hotel room then and go to bed. But the chief of police said I couldn't do this for they were going to hold me.

"For what reason?" I asked.

They didn't know, they said, but they were just going to hold me, and they did

So I went to bed in the jail. When I got up a few hours later I asked them if they wanted me to take the lie detector test. They said it wasn't necessary. Later

I was advised that I was right in refusing to take the test when I was in a state of hunger, fatigue and strain. But I will still take the test if the officials of Kearney will take it with me.

About 10 A. M. that morning (November 6) the county attorney brought in two oil cans to me and he said they had found some evidence and I might just as well change my story. He said the empty can was found within a few feet of where the ship was supposed to have stood. The other partly filled can, he said, was of the same lot number and was found in the trunk of my car with the can opener beside it.

I told him he would have to think up a faster one than that. Either he couldn't see, or I couldn't see, or all the officials of Kearney couldn't see, or about five or six hundred other people who had walked up and down the river bed all afternoon and night couldn't see. For the oil can was supposed to have been found just that morning - within a few feet of where the ship had been standing. I suggested they take the fingerprints off the cans they found, but to my knowledge, they did not.

The cans they showed me had circular holes in them. The can opener I had in the car cut a triangular hole. The two cans of oil in question were of the Veedol brand. I still have the two cans of oil in my car that I had been carrying with me then - one is of the RPM brand and the other Skelly. A local radio announcer told me later on that the Veedol Co. had announced that they sold 5000 or more cans of oil a day and they wanted the public to know their oil did not smell! Later, I discovered some of the oil had been poured out in the trunk of my car and over my laundry. I ask you, what man would leave a half-full can of oil standing in the trunk of his car?

Although it was reported to me that the two Air Force officials from Colorado Springs, Colorado, arrived in Kearney during the night, they did not meet or talk to me until about 11 A. M. the following morning. (November 6.) Then they asked me to tell them of my experience and they recorded it on tape.

While in this session, one of the local officials from Kearney wondered out loud how the ship could go straight up. Forgetting himself, one of the Air Force officials replied, "Oh, we know what makes it go straight up."

In the meantime, local officials went back on the air and T-V and denounced my experience as a hoax.

Once I was confined to the jail I was cut off from all phone calls and contacts. My employer placed a person-to-person call to me for three days that was never completed.

The next day (November 7) there was talk about having a mental hearing. I asked to get to a telephone: I wanted to call my brothers and have them bring one of their attorneys. The officials wouldn't permit me to use the phone.

"We have good attorneys here in Kearney," they said. And running through the list of attorneys in the 'phone book, "Here's a good fellow."

They called him and when he arrived I saw he was the assistant city attorney.

The first thing he said was, "We don't believe your story, and we want you to change it."

"Well, I have news for you," I said, "I don't want you for my attorney."

But the next day it was announced in the local paper that I had an attorney of my choice.

SCHMIDT IS TAKEN TO THE MENTAL HOSPITAL

About 11 o'clock at night then, (November 7), I was called to a meeting of a mental hearing board. Members of the board were:

The chief of police
The county attorney
The clerk of the district court
The deputy sheriff
A doctor.

This meeting was held behind locked doors in an upstairs room above the fire department. A local radio announcer knew the meeting was to be held and was trying to locate it - he inquired all around town until he finally found out from a local cop too late to attend the meeting.

When the doctor arrived he asked me just three questions:

1. "How do you feel about the people of Kearney, Nebraska?"

I said I had no hard feelings toward anyone.

2. "Do you still maintain that you saw that ship?"

"I certainly do."

3. "Are you willing to go to the mental hospital and have some mental tests?"

"No," and I further answered that I did not intend to go to the hospital and if they insisted on taking me they would have to pay the bill.

In about 15 minutes I was on the way to the hospital at Hastings, Nebraska, accompanied by the chief of police, the county attorney and the deputy sheriff. On the way up the fellows kidded me about having pretty nurses and a nice rest.

"Well, fellows," I said, "You can have your fun now. I'll have mine later on."

I was admitted to the hospital that night.

Before the hearing, however, one of the local officials called my brother at Hastings, Nebraska, and another brother in Grand Island and told them I was a suicidal risk. (It was said they had taken my tie, belt and shoe strings out of my cell. The truth of the matter is I wore boots and had no shoe strings and nothing was removed from my room, not even my razor.) My brothers were told by the officials that they had no facilities for holding me and it was suggested they bring an attorney and a sheriff and take me to the mental hospital.

This my brothers refused to do. One of their attorneys put it this way:

"Don't do it," he said. "I have been following this case all long and it has gotten too big for them, and now they would like to wash their hands of Smitty. If you get him the responsibility will be yours. And if I know Smitty, he'll get out of this okay."

Then too, I had had dinner with my brothers and their families just the Sunday before and, as one of them said, "They didn't see how anything could happen to Smitty that fast." Although I have not been a permanent resident of Nebraska for years, I was born and grew up near Kenesaw, Nebraska, which is not far from Kearney. My four brothers and two sisters are still residents of Nebraska.

In addition to being a suicidal risk, it was publicized that I smoked marijuana. The truth is, I don't smoke, period.

The officials also contacted my wife to see if she would commit me to the mental institution.

The first morning of my stay at the hospital, at about 10 A.M., I appeared before a panel of approximately 30 doctors and nurses of the staff. I answered some general questions for about 20 minutes, and they also invited me to ask questions. Then I was excused and I went to the recreation room to watch T-V. A little while later the doctor assigned to my case came in and asked me why I was sent to the hospital.

"I don't know," I said. "It wasn't my idea in the first place."

Then he said they would have to give me some tests. And I said I thought that was the general idea of my being there. So they proceeded with a series of tests that continued for almost two weeks.

During the second week of my stay I had a test with the encephalogram (a machine that records brain waves). Four days later this test was repeated. Then I learned that the chart had been so regular they thought something was wrong with the machine.

About the twelfth or thirteenth day I appeared before the panel of the staff again. The superintendent of the hospital asked the staff if they had any questions to ask me. Only one had a question.

"What would you say if we kept you here for a year or two and gave you treatments?"

"I think you doctors are all smarter than that," I said. "You know I don't need any treatments."

That same day my employer from Brawley, California, came to the hospital to see me. He had been trying to reach me by phone for three days without success so he flew in to see what was going on. Unfortunately for my business activities, in the hospital, as in the jail, I was not permitted to make any phone calls.

Major Wayne Aho, Director of Washington Saucer Intelligence, reported trying to contact me by phone at the hospital and he was informed, "We have to protect Reinhold Schmidt from the public, and the public from him."

My boss vouched for my sanity and stability and my other employer from Los Angeles sent a letter in the form of an affidavit to the hospital vouching for my business judgment and honesty. They stated I had bought thousands of dollars of grain for them and they never had any occasion to doubt my ability or character.

I was released from the hospital that day.

On the whole, my stay at the hospital was quite pleasant. I had a private room and I got along swell with the doctors and nurses. Except for one psychiatrist,

"I'm going to ask you a series of questions," he said, "and I want you to answer with the first thing that comes to your mind, whether it answers the question or not."

The first question was, "Who was smarter, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I wasn't even born then."

The next question, "If you weren't a human being, what would you rather be?"

"I'd rather be a psychiatrist!"

With that he slammed his book shut.

I asked if that was all of the questions.

"Yes," he said. "In court our record doesn't stand up anyway."

SCHMIDT GOES BACK TO WORK

Back in Kearney I said to my boss, "Well, do I still have a job?"

"You certainly do," he said. "I made a little investigation here in Kearney myself for three days before I came to the hospital and all the people I talked to were behind you."

So he suggested we put an ad in the local paper stating I was back in Kearney buying grain again. The ad ran as follows:

ATTENTION

MILO AND CORN GROWERS

That crazy grain buyer from California is still around and would like to bid on your grain. Will pick it up at your farm in twenty ton trucks.

Call me at the Fort Kearney Hotel.

Reinhold O. Schmidt, Brawley, California

The paper came out that afternoon, and by evening I had a stream of phone calls from farmers offering to sell their grain to me. If I could have managed the transportation of it I could have bought thousands of tons of grain that night.

SCHMIDT IS CONTACTED AGAIN! -- THE "VISITORS" MAKE GOOD THEIR WORD!

I bought grain around Kearney for three months after that and, on February 5, I was looking over a field about 20 miles west of Kearney near Elm Creek.

I was driving along a country road about 50 miles per hour when suddenly my car stopped with a breaking effect. (I was driving the same car as before - a 1955 Buick Super.) The same ship hovered down beside me inside the fence of a meadow! I thought to myself, "Well, here it goes again!"

I got out of the car and was walking toward the fence when another car drove by with a man and a woman and a little child in it. I waved at them to stop, hoping to have some witnesses, but they hurried by even though they looked right at me. I don't know whether they saw the ship or not. By the time I climbed the fence, the door of the ship slid open and the same man who talked to me on the first contact asked me if I would do them a favor.

I told them I would be glad to if it was at all possible. Then they invited me into the ship and asked me if I would care to take a little ride as it would cause too much commotion for them to remain beside the road.

The ship rose straight up into the air and when approximately 150 to 200 feet up the man turned to me and said, "If any of your friends are watching you now, they will not be able to see you."

But I could still see the entire countryside. I asked them while in flight what propelled their ship - what kind of gas did they use.

"We get our power from the sun and from the earth," I was told.

Inside the ship it was like sitting in your living room, as far as sensation was concerned, there simply wasn't any, either in flight or in the ascent or descent.

The ship landed on the dry river bed again among the leaves. Incidentally, both times the ship landed on what is called accretion land - this is land that cannot be sold or owned privately, only leased by the owner of the adjoining land. At one time this land was part of the river bottom covered by water. Then the river channel was deepened and narrowed by man, and this part of the river bed grew up in grass and brush and trees. I have since wondered if they purposely chose this land so that they would not be trespassing on private property. Also, it may be interesting to note that Kearney is located on Highway 30, in the middle of the United States from east to west. At a point just outside of Kearney it is 1733 miles to San Francisco and 1733 miles to Boston.

THE VISITORS ASK THREE VITAL QUESTIONS

The favor they wanted of me was the answers to three questions:

1. What would the United States do if other planets were to set off atomic bombs and to start Sputniks and other satellites flying around which would affect the earth and interrupt its radio and T-V operations and other devices?
2. What was the plane carrying that disintegrated over the Pacific on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu besides passengers?
3. How would your people react if a fleet of these ships would land on a friendly mission? Would they accept us on friendly terms?

I promised to try to get the answers, and if they would give me their address, I said, I would gladly forward this information to them.

The spokesman smiled and said, "We will contact you again."

Then I asked, "How did you know I was on this road, or do you pick up just anybody?"

"No," he answered, and then he said, "Your people have fingerprints for identification; we have your brain impulses and can pick you up at any time."

Then I suggested I might be in California by the time I got the answers for them.

"That doesn't make any difference," he said. "We can pick you up any place, any time."

And when I left the ship they said, "Goodbye, we will see you again."

Although they asked me no questions the first time we met, they seemed to know all about me, and this second time they greeted me by my first name, Reinhold. I told them about all the trouble I had for reporting their first visit.

"Yes, we knew about it," I was told, "and we were standing by. If they hadn't released you from the hospital by a certain time we would have put on a mass demonstration over Kearney and made ourselves known."

When we were back to my car and I was about to leave they said, "We have stopped your car twice now, and if we stop it a third time your battery will be dead."

Both times my battery boiled dry. I have a twelve-volt battery with a three-year guarantee. It is now a little over a year old. The black top coating of this battery has holes blown in it from the excess pressure when they stopped the car. The second time one of the filler knobs of the battery was blown off and lost.

SCHMIDT LEARNS FROM EXPERIENCE

This time I said nothing about my experience to anyone in Kearney. Instead, that night I tried to call Major Wayne Aho, of Washington Saucer Intelligence, in Washington, D. C. Major Aho and I had some telephone conversations and correspondence as a result of my first contact. He was out of town. I reached him a few days later, however, in Detroit. He was on a mid-west lecture tour at the time, and we arranged to meet in Davenport, Iowa, on February 17. I told of my experience at a public meeting for the first time the next night. I joined Major Aho then in his tour of the middlewest and east.

SPACESHIPS PUT ON EXTRAVAGANZA!

Two lectures were given in Kearney, Nebraska, on Wednesday and Thursday nights, March 5 and 6 - and I want to tell you what happened the evening of the first

lecture in Kearney - the space ships put on a regular show for 50 minutes in the western sky!

Shortly before 6:30 P. M., the evening of March 5, a local radio commentator with whom we had visited that afternoon called our hotel room.

"Don't quote me," he said, "but there is something in the western sky above the sun."

We looked out of our west window and there above the setting sun we could see what appeared to be a large white star. But that was neither the time nor place for such a star! Then, about 6 or 7 minutes later another object appeared to the left of the "star." It was round and dark, but soon an orange glow appeared at the bottom, which became brighter as we watched. Then this object moved and dipped and showed a dome-like structure. Later, the orange color faded and changed to red, which became quite brilliant before fading out until the entire object became invisible - as a light fading out under rheostatic control.

A few minutes later the white object changed to an orange color - then blue - and then gradually faded from sight.

Needless to say, all four of us on the lecture team were excited and thrilled with this display and support of our activities there in Kearney.

Looking at the western sky again one of the group called, "Here comes a jet from the right." A moment or two later, however, there was neither an object nor vapor trail to be seen. And then another "jet" appeared on the left side of the western sky. This time, however, we watched, and we soon realized the gray object was not a jet. Looking more closely we could see it was cigar-shaped with a blinking red light in its nose, and instead of a vapor trail it had a bushy tail of scintillating light that moved along with it.

This object moved across the western sky from left to right and disappeared in the distance at 7:19 P. M. - just giving us time enough to get off for the lecture scheduled for 7:45.

A traveling salesman who came to the lecture that night later told us he had seen part of the display coming into the hotel that evening. In the dining room of the hotel he reported the "show" had been the main topic of conversation.

"Well, they're having a lecture on spaceships tonight," the man sharing his table remarked. "Wouldn't you know they would have some kind of a gimmick."

"That would be a good trick," the salesman replied, "but how in the world did they get them so high?"

It was reported to us that the manager of the hotel where we were staying called the Lowry Air Force Base in Colorado and was informed, "It was a balloon."

AND IN CONCLUSION --

The remark is often made, "How come there are no witnesses to a space ship landing?"

I don't know that I can answer that fully, but in the case of my experience of November 5, I understand there may be a number of witnesses for there were hunters and construction workers in the vicinity. In fact, a local radio announcer in Kearney allegedly has a tape recording of two business men in Kearney who testified that they heard a series of sounds while pheasant hunting the afternoon of my contact, that they believed came from the ship. This same announcer checked with the Lowry Air Force Base and learned that they had no aircraft aloft the afternoon of November 5 between 1 and 6 P.M. due to the low ceiling and hazardous flying conditions.

Also, many folks are wondering why the occupants of the ship spoke German. Again, I don't really know. But oddly enough, when my boss came to Kearney to see me after my release from the hospital he had with him a business associate from Mexico - a man who was very much interested in my experience. After I finished telling him about it he told me that he had encountered a similar ship in Mexico! It, too, was occupied by four men and two women - only they talked in Spanish! You will have to draw your own conclusions.

Another thing I am often asked is, "Did you ever read any books on flying saucers before your experience, or were you interested in the subject?"

I had heard something about flying saucers as everyone has over the years, from reports in newspapers, etc. But I had never paid any particular attention to the subject. As I have often said, "I didn't believe, I didn't disbelieve; but they certainly made a believer out of me!" As to books, I hadn't read any on the subject before my experience, and I haven't read any since either.

Now I'm going to conclude my report as of April 5, 1958, when I received some information from NICAP (National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena) regarding one of the questions the Visitors asked me. (What was the plane carrying that went down, besides passengers?) NICAP sent me copies of two relevant newspaper articles which I am copying for your information. The first is a story from the Des Moines Register, dated November 9, 1957.

"A large Stratocruiser, en route between San Francisco and Honolulu, is reported missing after having sighted mysterious blinking lights in the sky early this morning. The last position given by the plane was about 900-1000 miles northeast of Honolulu. A military transport flying near the area reported sighting similar mystery lights, blinking off and on, 120 miles north of the last reported position of the Stratocruiser after it had been reported missing. A full scale sea and air search is in operation with vain efforts to find the plane carrying a

crew of 4 and 36 passengers in the event it might have plunged into the sea."

(Note: Later reports said 44 aboard.)

Was there a suggestion that spaceships (mysterious blinking lights) might have caused the accident, I wondered, and was that why my spaceship friends wanted me to find out what else that ship was carrying besides passengers?

Then another news clipping, an AP article published January 16, 1958, in the Omaha World Herald, gave the following information:

"Radio-Active Cargo Fell -- Mystery of Plane's Crash Unsolved.
San Francisco, Cal. (AP) -- The Pan American Strato-cruiser Romance of the Skies was carrying shipments of chemicals and 'radio-active' materials when it crashed in the Pacific, killing all 44 persons aboard, a Civil Aeronautics Board hearing was told Wednesday.

"The huge airliner, bound from San Francisco to Honolulu, mysteriously plunged into the ocean about midway between the two points last November 8. Only 19 bodies were recovered.

"The first witness before the seven-man hearing panel was David L. Thompson, Santa Monica, Cal., head of the team of CAB investigators who have spent the last two months seeking clues from the wreckage.

"Mr. Thompson said one thing certain was that the plane had burned after it struck water.

"Mr. Thompson said the plane carried a shipment of 'yellow label sodium sulfide restricted cargo packed in accordance with ICC regulations.'

In addition, he said, there was 'White label radio-active material' aboard the plane.

"Mr. Thompson offered no solution to one of the prime mysteries of the tragedy - the riddle of why the crewmen were unable to send a distress message in the 23 minutes from the time it last gave a position to the time it struck water."

I cannot say that this information is the complete answer to their question, nevertheless, it gives us something to think about, and I wonder if that wasn't the real purpose of their questions anyway. As to the other two questions, that is something for each of us to answer for ourselves too.

As a friend of mine says, "A good teacher asks the students questions to make them think."

And from the Editor --

Reinhold Schmidt is often asked, "Do you think your meeting with the space ship was an accident or planned by the Visitors?"

Schmidt thinks the first meeting was an accident.

Others do not agree. If not an accident, then why did they choose him, many want to know.

Schmidt does not pretend to have the answer.

But again, others have ideas. Here are some reasons that have been presented to the Editor as to why Mr. Schmidt may have been chosen as a "contactee" by the Visitors:

He has a commanding physique.

His hands tell a story of a soul that has found a kind of peace.

The way he puts it over.

He is a friend of every man - farmers, etc.

He is a representative of midwestern America.

He has physical health.

He has courage.

He has a "spiritual withinness."

He has a sense of humor, a sense of kindness and a sense of loyalty.

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Grateful acknowledgement is given to Mrs. Franky G. Miller, of the Spacecraft Research Association of Phoenix, Arizona, for the printing of this booklet.

(Printed May, 1958)

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