

MY TRIP
TO MARS,
THE MOON,
AND VENUS.



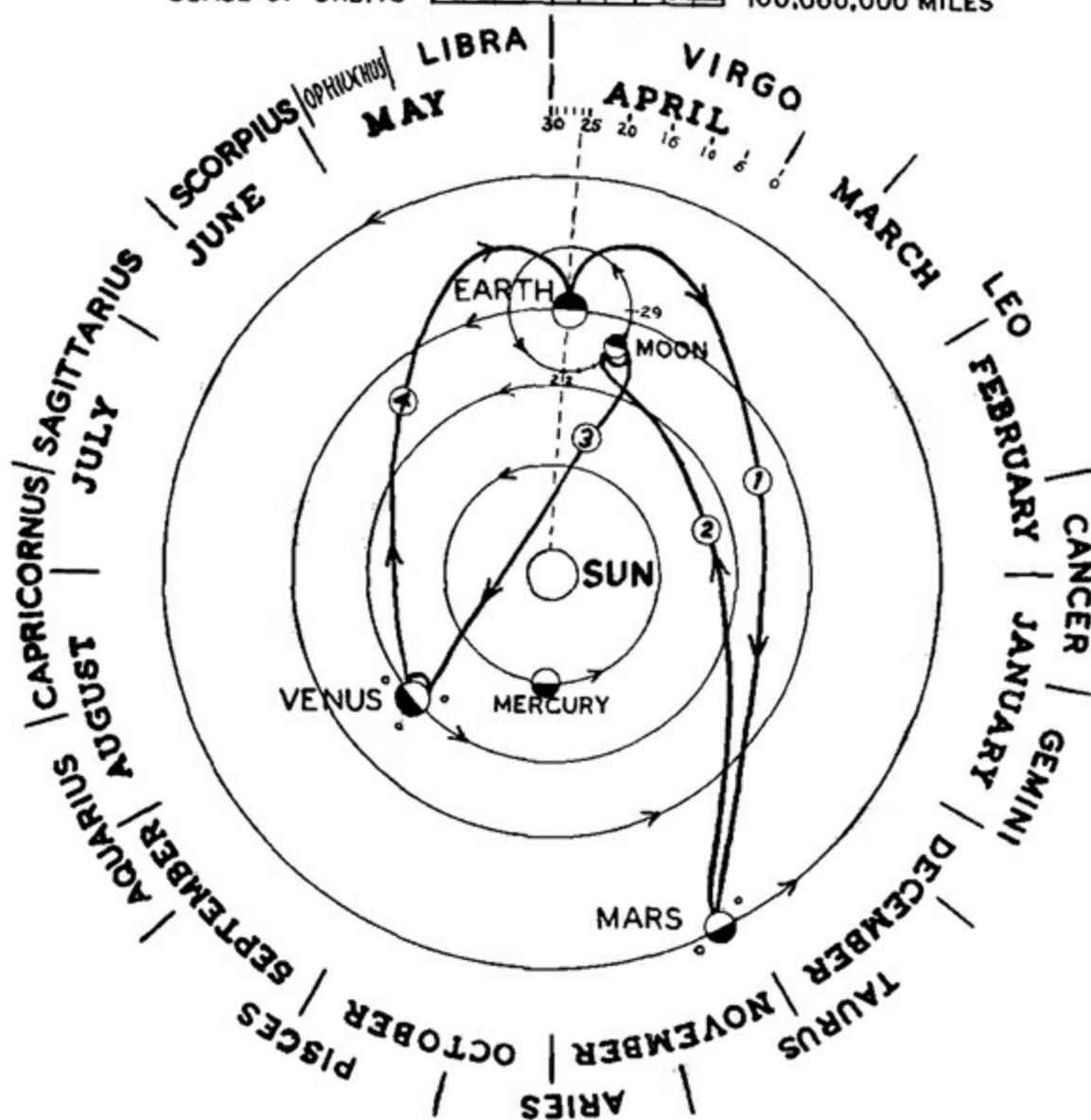
\$100

BY BUCK NELSON

APPROXIMATE ROUTE OF BUCK NELSON'S TRIP

ESTIMATED TOTAL--800,000,000 MILES

SCALE OF ORBITS  100,000,000 MILES



DATA OBTAINED FROM NELSON'S BOOK: SKY AND TELESCOPE
MAGAZINE OF APRIL 1955; HAMMOND'S STAR FINDER, 1950;
NORTON'S STAR ATLAS, 1959.

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TO MARS,
THE MOON,
AND VENUS

BY BUCK NELSON



Published For
Buck Nelson
Route 1
Mountain View
Missouri

By

QUILL PRESS COMPANY
West Plains, Missouri

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to
Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Lowery

of

Clarkston, Michigan

BUCK NELSON



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to express my deep appreciation and thanks to all those whose encouragement has helped make this booklet possible; To the Lowery's for their home, Nathan Riffle and many others who have so willingly assisted me. Also many thanks go out to the Grand Rapids Flying Saucer Club for the first printing of this booklet.

December 1956 Buck Nelson

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A WORD ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I will give my readers a brief summary of my life.

I was born near Denver, Colorado, April 9, 1895. I have spent most of my life on a farm and large cattle ranches. I only managed to get a sixth grade education at school.

I have worked as a top hand on many central western cattle ranches when very young. I have logged and run a saw mill of my own, making both lumber and railroad ties. I have railroaded, worked as a special policeman, farmed, run an auto park, etc.

I have traveled in all of our forty eight good old states of the U.S.A. After tiring of it all, I longed for the farm again. I purchased eighty acres in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, twelve and one half miles from the nearest town, Mountain View, Missouri.

Here I farmed some and I bought a saw mill and made lumber and railroad ties. After a few years, old ailments and age got the best of me and I retired - - - lucky to have my Ozark Mountain Home.

As you will read in my story, the Flying Saucers first appeared over my Ozark Mountain home July 30, 1954. I wrote of the experience to the Springfield Missouri newspaper. They printed it in their daily paper. As I have had no experience as a writer or a lecturer, I intended to drop the whole thing right there and forget it all.

Then, Mr. James L. Hill of Seymour, Missouri, Route 2, World War Veteran, read the article in the paper. Mr. Hill thought the world should know about my experience and mailed a copy of the paper to Flying Saucer Clubs in the East. I was investigated by several in the East, and I was called to lecture to the public and tell my story on the stage at halls, churches and schools.

So the world and I are indebted to Mr. James L. Hill; also George Adamski has done much to help me, and he tells the world that he believes my story. Now I am thankful that my story was not dropped right there and forgotten, as I since have had many contacts with space men, and my trip to Mars, the Moon and Venus, for which I will ever be thankful. So I must stop here and let my readers read my story.

Every bit of it is TRUE

BUCK NELSON

FOREWORD

Friends: The reason that I, a housewife and seamstress, am introducing Mr. Buck Nelson is because I believe I know him better than any one outside of his friends and neighbors at his home. Some Air Force officials have been to see him so many times that they know him fairly well, but they are not allowed to talk about his experiences very much, if at all.

The experience of Mr. Nelson can fairly stagger the mind of even those of us who have studied the laws of Ontology. However, if you think of him as a person whose work is similar to that of JOHN the BAPTIST, foretelling the coming of a great teacher, then it isn't too hard to take.

If a person has had a great deal of training along some certain lines of science, then it is practically impossible for him to believe that Mr. Nelson's trip was taken in the flesh, and wasn't just a soul flight. For example.....the speed at which the interplanetary ships travel makes it impossible to fit the whole idea of them into the framework of our own methods of locomotion. Even rockets cannot be compared to them. It is necessary to be able to conceive of there being an entirely different method of moving about. These interplanetary ships use magnetic power and are almost soundless. They use lines of energy which exist between the Sun and the planets just as there are lines of energy from a magnet and a piece of steel which are held apart by a counter pull of some kind or are fixed apart.

The Space Folks tell us that they can come into our atmosphere at any time, but can leave better at midnight. The moon also affects their traveling the same as it affects our tides. They travel with nature instead of blasting through it.

In telling of his trip to Mars, the Moon and Venus, Mr. Nelson tells you only what he perceived with the five senses. Each one of you can evaluate it in comparison with anything in which you are most interested.

When "Little Bucky of Venus" visited Mr. Nelson on Christmas Day, 1955, he tells him some things which are prevalent on other planets. Conditions which we should work toward, if we are ever to make a start toward that kind of life which Jesus taught us to pray for when He gave us the Lord's Prayer. That Heavenly condition must be attainable or else we would not be taught to pray that the will of the Father should be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Surely Jesus would not teach us to ask for that which we could not possess.

When Mr. Nelson first saw the saucers, especially the lowest one, he wondered what the thing was and immediately named it "The Thing". The local papers and farm magazine which he took did not print anything about the Saucers, so he hadn't the slightest idea what they were. He has been accused of making up the story of his experience from Saucer Books but he did not have even one Saucer Book at that time. I know this, because I sent him the Saucer Books myself and that was long after the time of his experience.

George Adamski sent Mr. Nelson a copy of "Flying Saucers Have Landed", but it came up missing on the very day that he received it. He proudly displayed "Inside the Space Ships" which he had just received from Mr. Adamski, to my sister and me. Mr. Nelson's experience happened while this second book was yet in the publisher's hands, and he could not have gotten it if he had known about it, which he didn't.

On October 4th, 1955 my sister Florence Collins and I visited Buck. On the 26th of December my son, Nathan Riffle, and I arrived at his place at Mountain View, Missouri. Just about 15 hours earlier the space man, "Little Bucky", had left. We stayed until the afternoon of the 29th of December, 1955.

My third visit was made with my husband Sherman while Buck was in Washington, D. C. Our

intention had been to stay down at Mountain View for a week and then bring Buck back with us, as many people in Michigan, especially Grand Rapids, after having heard him talk in Detroit, wished to have him return to lecture again.

On the 21st of June, which was during our stay at Bucks ranch, we had what we called a "space picnic". Our guests were Mr. and Mrs. Tedrick from West Plains, Missouri, Mr. and Mrs. Christen who live on a lovely farm a few miles from Buck's place, and Mr. and Mrs. James Hill of Seymour, Missouri. The Hills are two of the people that saw the Space Ships on the day they first came down low over Bucks place.

We surely wished that some of the space folks would join our picnic but the only interplanetary traveler we had with us was Teddy, Buck's little dog. I was reading Bucky's "Christmas Message" aloud in a voice as much like the space man's as I possibly could. Teddy was lying in the grass after having been well fed, and as soon as I started reading in Bucky's tone of voice, he jumped up and ran around the couch where I was sitting and looked up in my face all the time I was reading.

I felt sorry for him, he surely must have thought his space man friend had returned. He loved Bucky.

We didn't know until Buck Nelson arrived at our place in Clarkston, Michigan on July 2nd that the Space Brothers had been taking a peek at us at that picnic.

Buck told us that Bucky's voice had broken in on a radio program when he was in his room at Washington, D.C. Bucky had told him that there was quite a gathering of people in his yard and there was plenty of feed for the horse and colt in the barrels and that they were well cared for.

Ancient and modern history as well as the Bible record the visits of Space People to our planet. Indian legends are another source of this same type of information.

But now folks, the most wonderful thing is that one of our own neighbors, Buck Nelson, has actually made a trip to other planets and will now tell you about it. It is with both pride and humility that my husband Sherman and I had Buck Nelson of the Ozarks as our guest for the greater part of the month of July, 1956. So now folks, Mr. Buck Nelson of Mountain View Ranch, Mountain View, Missouri.

December 1956 FANNY LOWERY

MY TRIP to MARS, the MOON and VENUS

The First Contact

The first part of my story started on July 30th, 1954. I was listening to my radio at my home at four o'clock in the afternoon when it began to go crazy wild. My dog too set up a barking and my pony outside began to raise all kinds of cain. I went outside to see what my animals were doing.

As I went out the kitchen door, right over head was a huge dislike object. High in the big heavens were two more. I went back in to get my camera and I returned and photographed them three times. However, when the pictures came back from being developed and printed, only one picture showed two of the (what I called) "Things" (for want of a better name). I had never heard of "Flying Saucers".

I don't know why, but when I went back to the house to get the camera, I had picked up the flashlight. Anyway, I waved the flashlight at these "Things" as a signal for them to come down and land. Instead of them coming down, they shot some kind of a ray at me. It was much brighter and hotter than the sun. I certainly couldn't have stood it if it had lasted a few seconds longer.

The ray knocked me down behind a barrel, and I waited until these "Things" had left before I tried to get up as it was hard for me to get up. I had suffered, off and on, from lumbago in my back and neuritis in my side and arm, for fifteen years. When I started to get up, easy-like, I was surprised because I felt no pain. Now, regardless of how bad the weather is or how cold, there is no pain in my back. The ray also helped my eyes so that although my eyesight isn't perfect, I no longer need to wear glasses, even to read, although I wore them for many years before. That was my first contact and it took place at about four o'clock on the afternoon of July 30th, 1954.

The Second Contact

The second contact came six months later, on February 1st, 1955 at 12 noon. This time they circled low over the house and asked in a friendly voice whether I was friendly or not. It was some kind of public address system, I think. They said they would like to land in the back of my pasture, beyond the house, where there was a spring. They wanted to know if I would allow them to land unmolested many times if necessary.

They did not land this time, and talked for only a few minutes. Then they bid me goodbye, and said "Well see you again".

The Third Contact

A little over a month went by. Then on March 5th, 1955, about midnight, they landed and came up to the house. There were three men and a huge dog. One of them was a young earth-man who had gone to Venus two years before this. He was called "Little Buck" or "Bucky"

The next man was a trainee, I was told, who was learning to operate the space ship. The fact that he was old and wrinkled did not seem to matter. Though he was friendly and interested, he did not speak or tell his name* Then there was one fellow called Bob Solomon. I was later told he was 200 years old, but he didn't look any older than Little Bucky who was nineteen. Last, but not least, was the big dog, "Bo". He put up his paw to shake hands just as the men had. When I later saw him stand on his hind legs, was higher than my head. I also found out that he weighed 385 pounds.

They stayed with me for about one hour. They were interested in everything in and about the house. They compared their things with mine and showed me how theirs made less work. My bed, for instance, had dust under it. As I'm a bachelor and more interested in my animals than dust under the bed. They told me, and later I saw, how their beds were built half into the wall. There were no blankets or sheets to wash, nor even bed making to do. A sort of canopy came down over the bed for privacy and dials could be set for your comfort. Even the pillow was part of the mattress. The feel of it made it seem similar to foam rubber with a soft, smooth washable surface. All this, they explained to me, made less work and a more comfortable home.

I built a fire in the woodstove to show the spacemen and also lit the oilstove. Bob Solomon just about burned his hand on it. He thought it was not hot. They wanted to know about the radio, especially the battery on top of it. When I told them that the battery was for power, they waved their hands over their heads and said, "What, with all of this power overhead, and you use that?" Then they shook their heads. I have a little electric light plant that makes my electric current for lights, etc. They wanted to know why I needed it. They said they plugged their lights and appliances into their radio for power.

They were interested in everything I had in my home and asked me about this and that. They passed up a picture of Christ and other Christian pictures on the wall. I asked them if they did not mean anything to them and one remarked, "Yes, we understand, but you people don't." They said we have an entire misconception of it all. When they were in the house on this visit they told me I could go on a trip to other planets if I would tell about it to the world. They left after being with me for about an hour.

The Fourth Contact

On March 22nd, 1955 at about midnight they circled low over the house. They did not land. They visited some and told me to get ready for my trip into space.

Down back of the house are three springs which the space men cleaned out. They asked permission to get water at them at any time they wished. I was more than glad to let them get it. At some time when they had been there, they had placed 12 rocks in a circle. It was too little for a flower bed, and was not in the right place any way. It was near where the space ships land. I later asked the spacemen if they had placed the rocks there in the circle. They said that they had, and that it was a symbol of the 12 Laws of God, which were also their only laws.

The Fifth Contact

When my friends came after me on April 24th, 1955 at midnight for my trip into space, it did not take long to get ready to go. I was asked to put on a clean pair of overalls that the laundry had just washed, that the spacemen saw hanging near. I was asked to put them on as there would be nothing in the pockets. I was told that anything that I took along would be magnetized, so I could not take my watch. I left milk out for my cat, which I call "Krazy", and Trixie, my horse, could get feed out on the range. Ted, my dog, went on this trip with me. I could hardly wait to get down back to the place where the ship had landed.

Before I was asked to enter the ship I was told I could write down the 12 Laws of God I had asked about. I was told I could take a tablet and a pencil along to take notes. So I was asked to sit on a rock outside of the ship and write down the twelve Laws of God by the light of the open space ship door and the light of the stars. After I had copied the laws down, word for word as they were given to

me, I was asked if it meant anything to me to write down the Laws of God outside under the stars. I replied that perhaps it was close to nature, and they asked, "and God?" I said, "Yes".

So here are the laws as they were given to me

THE TWELVE LAWS OF GOD ON VENUS

(These twelve laws were given to Buck Nelson, at his farm at Mountain View, Missouri, on April 24th, 1955, by men from the planet Venus, These laws are followed faithfully and are not just something to mention occasionally.)

LOVE: Love your Maker, your parents, your neighbors, all birds and animals of the earth, and everything in the sea and air,

HONOR: Honor your God and parents. Obey God's law which is also man's law.

OBEY: Obey God's law, your parents and the rights of others.

THE LAWS

1. Love your Maker . . . God.
2. Thou shalt not kill . . . includes accidents and war,
3. Love your neighbor.
4. Let your light shine before men, and all will see your good works, and it will be an honor to you and your Maker . . . God.
5. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
6. Thou shalt not steal,
7. Thou must do as thou wish to be done by.
8. No other god shall be before thee.
9. Do not take the name of God in vain.
10. Honor your father and mother.
11. Your body is Gods. Do not misuse it in any way. Do not drink or eat anything that is not food. Use nothing to harm the body, either inside or out. Wear nothing on the body that harms it or is of no use.
12. God made the heaven and the earth and we must give Him thanks for what he gives us.

With these Twelve Laws of God, and the rules governing them, all enclosed in a Bible of some twenty pages, the people of the other planets in our solar system are able to live in an order without wars; without armed forces or police; without tobacco, coffee or tea; without liquor and harmful drugs; from the use of unrefined natural foods, disease is very rare, hence no hospitals, no prisons or sanitariums. The span of life is greatly extended, the cost of government is very small, the rule being

based on truth and justice.

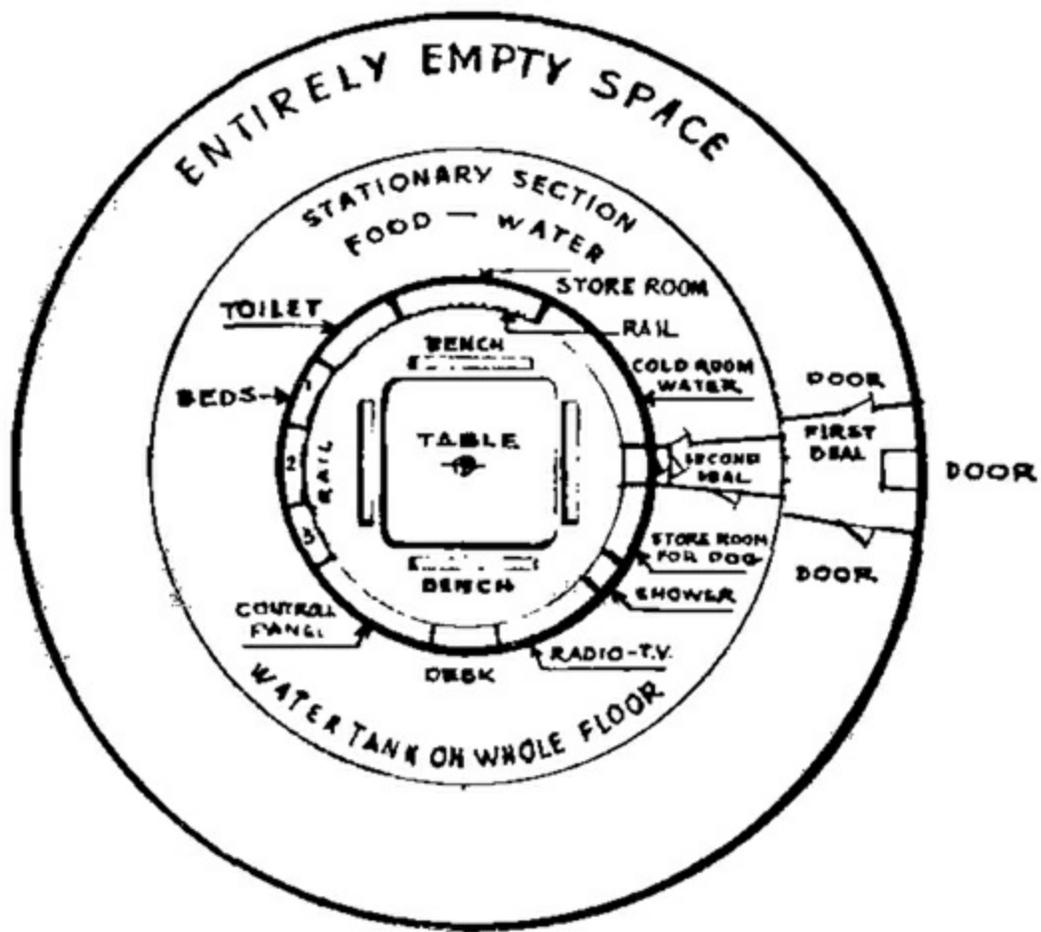
After I had written the 12 laws down, the spacemen gave their dog, "Big Bo", a bath in the spring and then my dog got a bath.

Then I was invited into the ship. It was a wonderful experience merely to enter such a ship, I was told I could take the ship up, and to sit at the control panel. Well, I sure did not feel capable of that . . . I could drive a car or a truck, but my goodness, a beautiful ship that could go from one planet to another . . . I knew it sure would take a lot of training to fly even our ships, so they saw my hesitation and assured me it would be all right, to sit down, and they would show me how easy it was to take the ship into space.

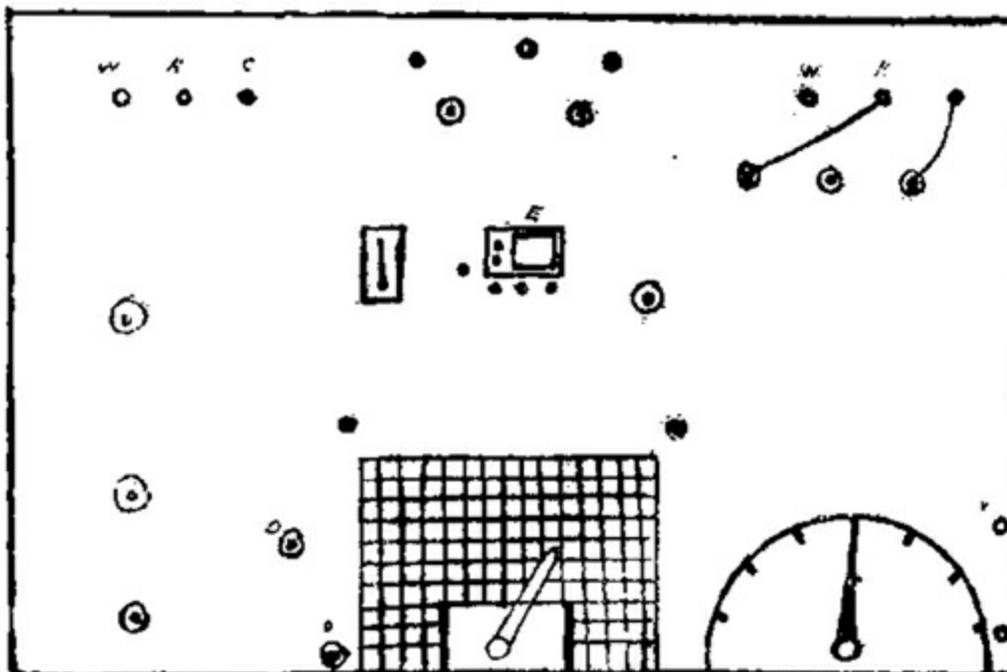
I sat down freely then, and they showed me how easy it was to take the ship into space. After I got the ship high into space I was told I could play with the controls. Meantime they had put safety belts on all of us which they told me was for the first time in three years. It was a good thing too, for I had the ship upside down and every which way. I punched every button I could see and turned every dial. I got results one way or the other from everything I touched. When I got the ship upside down, I got no help - only lots of laughs from the spacemen. When I got in trouble and I found what I did wrong, the opposite usually righted it. I was told that there was nothing I could do that would harm the ship or us.

I turned radio and T.V. controls thinking they were ship controls. I got results and ship to ship operation. I had lots of fun. If you are wondering what was happening to the two dogs while all this stuff was going on, well I'll tell you.....Bucky was well aware of what would probably happen and Big Bo had a cage for just such an emergency. There was a spare cage for an extra dog, but Teddy was frightened and jumped up on Bucky's lap. The ship was perfectly steady when I wasn't at the controls. I think Big Bo enjoyed the sway of the ship caused by my playing with it.

When we first entered the ship gauges were set that control the air pressure so that it was adjusted to correspond to the air pressure on Mars, our next stop. Lights were turned out once to show me that it was inky black in space.



Floor plan of the interior of Spaceship In which Buck Nelson Traveled



Details of Main Control Panel of Ship

MARS

It seemed to be necessary to sleep more when in space. Bucky woke me up and said we were just about to land on Mars.

Before we landed though, the ship tilted so that I could see the canal system . . . they wanted to show me that . . . After we got closer the ship was tilted again to show me horses and cattle in the field. Finally we landed about twenty feet from the door of what I was told was a “rulers home”. A good meal was ready for us; we ate, and the crew exchanged papers. My little dog, Teddy, was given a good meal of fish that he sure loved.

This building which we entered was built of rock on the outside, which I was told came from our moon. The interior seemed to be covered with steel of some kind. The part of the hinges which we would put onto a door with screws was moulded right into the door. The only small separate part of what to us would be the hinges was the pin. A large diamond topped one of these pins.

The people there didn't know I was from earth until I was introduced as an Earth-man. The children came around then to ask questions. I was told that there are other races and colors of people there, but that I was taken where the people were most like the ones I was used to.

Mars is very colorful. I couldn't tell where one color ended and another began.

The people on Mars used solar and electric power.

The Light and Dark Sides of the Moon

We got back into the space ship and the gauges were set, this time to gradually get the ship ready for the moon's pressure.

Our next stop was on the light side of the moon. Again we went to the ruler's home and we ate a meal there. This ruler's home was built in a crater. The first room we entered seemed to be right next to the ruler's home, it had a telescope. There were shelves which were both open and glass enclosed and tables holding rock samples. The quarries on the moon furnish rock for buildings on other very old planets where the surface has disintegrated into soil. There wasn't any vegetation on the light side or earth side of the moon. The water in the homes could have come from snow on the mountains. These homes were clustered around huge hangars used for a base. I was told, for interplanetary travel. The earth is the only planet in the solar system which does not travel from one planet to another.

I was told that there are rivers and lakes on the dark side (the side away from the earth) of the moon, but I didn't see them when we stopped there because it was very hazy, but I could see the mountains. They were very high. On this second stop on the moon we ate again. Although we had just eaten a meal at the first stop, we did full justice to it too. Plenty of food and sleep seemed to be necessary.

There seemed to be a little more time to look about on the moon than there was on Mars or on Venus, I was allowed to walk outside and look about a little, I took a good look at a building so that I wouldn't get lost, as I was in strange territory, but Big Bo, the spaceman's dog, went with Teddy and me. The spacemen had not directed Bo to go with us, not in words anyway, but I felt he was taking care of us. Children played with several sized dogs. They rode Big Bo like a pony and he would play with them too.

VENUS

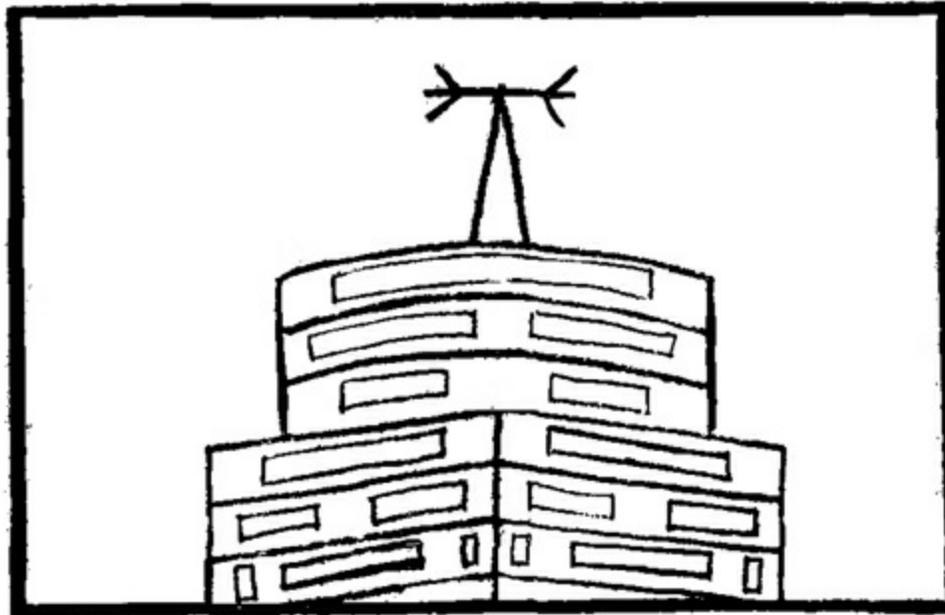
Again we took off in our spaceship, and some time later we landed on Venus. A watch would have been magnetized, so it would have been of no use on the trip or afterward, I simply lost all track of time, so I had no idea how much later it was when we landed on Venus.

On Venus we again made two stops. Each time was at a ruler's home. I saw three moons and it was just about as light as day on earth, though hazy and cloudy.

The homes were also built of rock with steel-like interiors.

The ruler at one stop was painting and wore overalls. His overalls didn't have all the buckles and hooks which ours do and they were made of a different material.

At one of the stops on Venus there were three cars parked near the house which we entered. These cars looked a good bit like our new ones, except that they had no wheels or fenders. They skim along three to five feet off the ground and are powered the same as the space ships. They are not made to go out into space. They are made to be used just as we use a car. Having this type of car eliminates the need for roads. No roads, no police force, no jails, no government buildings and no wars. It is not hard to understand why their taxes compare to ours like a nickel compares to a hundred dollars. When I started connecting this saving to the fact that the things they use are built to last forever, so much longer than ours, and that sickness is almost unknown, then it wasn't so hard to understand why they work only about an hour a day and never more than three hours.



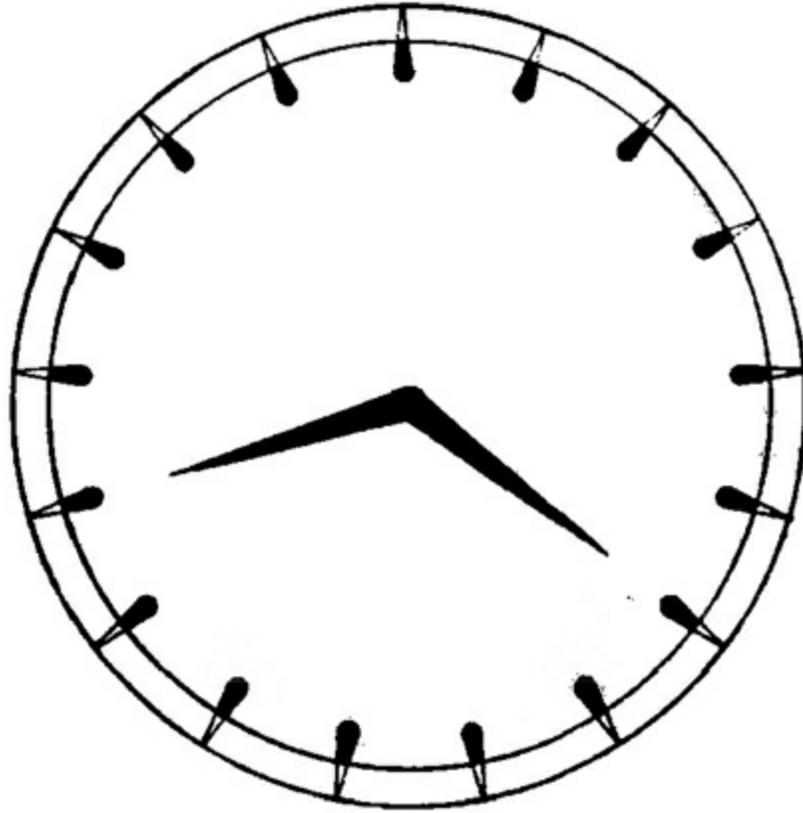
A BUILDING ON VENUS
(Probably an Industrial Building)

Even housework, the spacemen told me, requires no more than one to three hours. This leaves plenty of leisure time for visiting and they do plenty of that. They really live by the Laws of God.

Though we only stayed a possible twenty minutes at each stop on Venus, Bucky managed to show me what I called a "Book Machine". When a book was put into it, it would read the page, play any music or show any picture it contained. It was about the size of a television set.

At each of the two homes on Venus was a clock showing a face of 17 numerals. The numerals had

sort of the general appearance of Chinese writing, but I am more inclined to think of them as hen scratchings. Since I was allowed only writing material with me on the trip, I couldn't photograph anything so I drew a picture of the face of the clock. They told me there were 17 hours a day and 17 hours a night and that their hours compared favorably with ours.



CLOCK ON VENUS

Notice Seventeen Hour Day and Seventeen Hour Night

We ate a meal at both stops on Venus, though here again, as on the moon, the time was very short between stops. The food consisted of meat, milk, eggs, fish, many kinds of salads and also many cooked vegetables. I recognized corn positively, because it was not broken up in the cooking.

Though we slept a great deal while traveling, the spacemen talked to me also and told me about the way of life on other planets.

As folks here on earth ask me questions, it helps me recall many things these spacemen told me. Also it helps me to recall some of the things which occurred. For the sake of brevity, just the answers to some of the many questions will be given here.

I guess we had better come back to earth first. Our return to earth actually occurred at midnight on April 27, 1955. After returning home, I caught the day of the week from the radio, but I had to get the date from the calendar at the bank in Mountain View, where only one day at a time is shown. I was so surprised that I had been away such a short time, I couldn't believe it. I had been away three days, two nights and two half nights.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Folks on Mars, the Moon and Venus look like us here on Earth, but are much better looking in

general They dress more simply as they don't use ties, buckles, beads, bangles, ear rings, or bracelets, etc. Nothing is worn which restricts the body in any way. One of their Twelve Laws of God governs this. Men wore an overall type of pants without buckles and studs which we have on ours. The material was different from our overalls.

They ate some meat. At least what I had looked and tasted like meat. Their food seemed to consist mainly of fruits and vegetables. They were healthy, happy people. I was told that disease is rare and as far as I could see, they had nice teeth.

I have asked about health and cures for diseases as I know that is something that everyone wants to know about. They just told me they live the Laws of God. They don't have doctors as we know them. They are their own doctors and use what I would call natural medicines, if they are occasionally needed. They gave me a milkweed kind of lotion to use as I had a rash on my body from the change of water.

One thing they told me was that on earth we should use hypnotism to stop pain, and that it should never be used for entertainment.

Neither do they approve of competitive sports because they cause a strain on the whole body and especially the heart.

The folks I talked to spoke English very well. It seems that they learn the language of the people they will be contacting. They have told me that there are many of them amongst us. They have even taken some of our government officials up in their ships, but the officials are afraid to tell about it for they have too much to lose. I have no family to suffer for what might happen to me.

I cannot say that I have been threatened, but I was offered a check for one thousand dollars if I would never tell my story again. A thousand dollars would have meant a lot up here in the mountains, but I don't want any money that is obtained in any such way as that.

One of the things that people here on Earth find so hard to accept is the idea of space men coming to such a humble person as myself. And another is why they should come to such an isolated spot as my ranch. That has been their need. We would shoot them down, no doubt and try to ask questions afterwards. Another reason they come to my place, or rather this part of the country, is that the magnetic currents are just right here. (This is a section of the country where there are caves; it might mean something to a scientist).

The spacemen tell me that the places where the magnetic currents cross is comparable to a cross roads sign. These currents or lines of force are named and numbered. The moon has an effect on their travel also. I suppose that might be when they are near here, but really I don't know. They didn't tell me just how far the moons effects reach. The technicalities and distances would not have meant much to me anyhow.

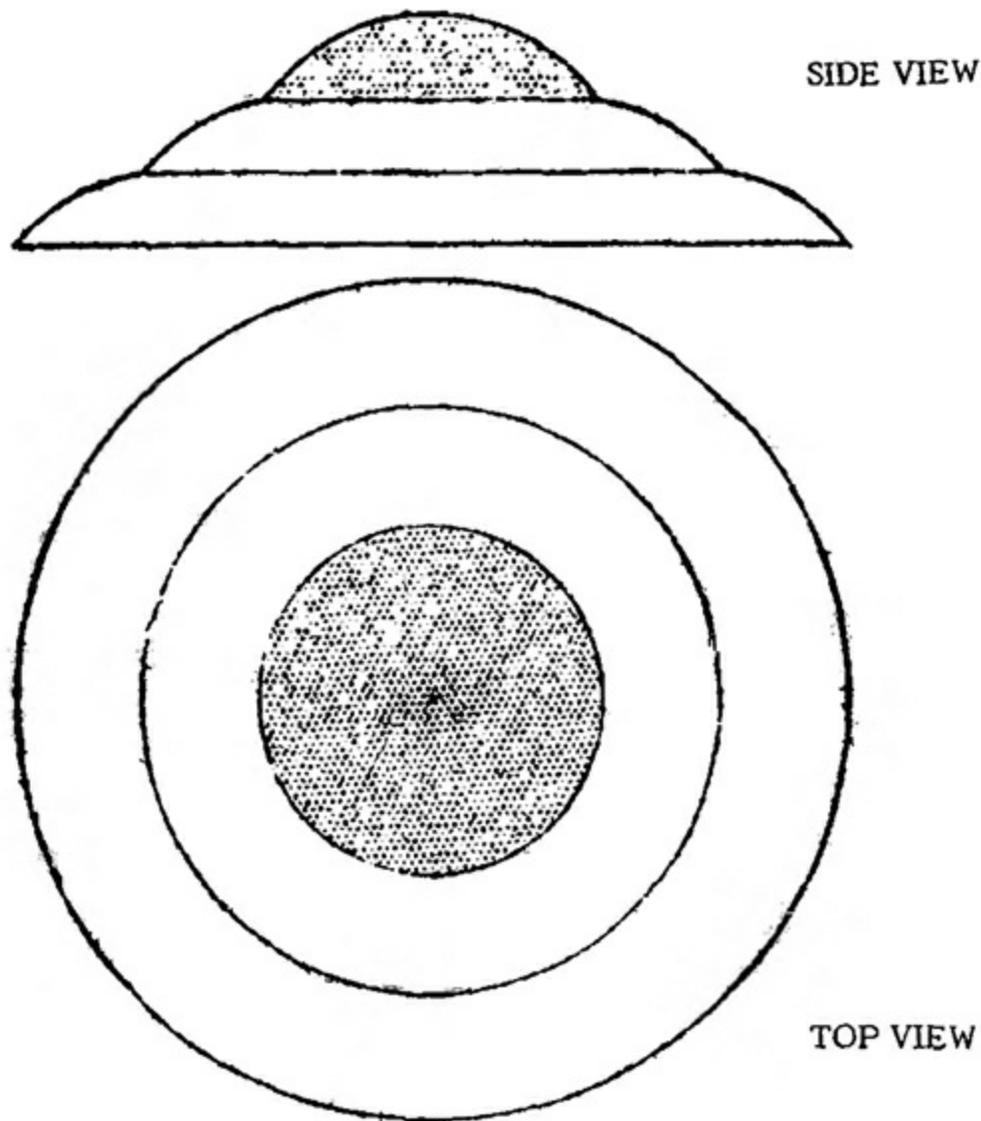
They landed many times at my place, but I only knew of this later When I would find a stone laid on top of a post or some such thing.

If I happen to see it, I can tell when a space ship is close from the whirl of a magnet which is suspended from the ceiling in my house. I have seen it whirl many times, but I never tried to contact them as I had promised them that I would not bother them in any way.

The space ship itself is something to see. It is about 50 feet across and possibly eight feet high. These ships can land or take off straight up or down and can come into our atmosphere at any time, but can leave our atmosphere best at midnight. They can hover without landing also.

The ship I was in did not go into a carrier ship or "Mother Ship" such as I have read about since my trip. It traveled between planets on its own power. It had a raised center section which looked like glass. It was smooth though and was raised like a blister, not with straight sides and then a dome.

The edges were thin, rising gradually to the high center. To change direction in motion only the center section had to be turned. This is one reason they can dart away so fast. The ship goes by automatic control as well as by being piloted. It was perfectly steady when I wasn't playing with it.



AN ARTIST'S PROJECTION OF THE SAUCER

Space here doesn't allow too much of a description of the inside of the ship nor details of the graphs used for the automatic control, but there is really no reason for me not to tell them.

The very center of the ship has a very large table in it. I guess it must have been quite strong because their great big dog, Bo, got up on it. My dog Teddy was just at the edge of it but on the floor, and I was telling him to roll over, sit up and beg. Big Bo was too large to roll on the table but he was obeying all the other commands

I gave to Teddy. Then he would hold his paws up and look around and laugh. It was plain as anything that he was saying, with every thing he had to say it, "Look at me. I can do it too". Bucky said that this was the first time Big Bo had ever obeyed commands given to another dog. Knowing my love for animals, Bucky allowed me to take a picture of him. In this picture you have to hunt for his eyes as his long hair hangs in clusters and is very shaggy in appearance. Actually it is fine and silky. Analysis has proved it to be hair from a male dog; a fine, well bred, outdoor animal. The hair is

hollow.

I have been asked whether I might have been taken to some other part of the earth on a ship made here on our earth. This would hardly be possible as the governments are too closely watched by each other to have such a wonderful ship, I do not think our scientists have yet mastered the things they would have to know in order to build such a ship. It is difficult for the space people to find words in our language which can be used to explain their methods of travel and type of power.

The government of these people on other planets seems to be very simple. They called it "home life". Actually living according to the Golden Rule and The Twelve Laws of God eliminates the need for great government buildings, munitions, armies, police forces and jails.

Some of our commonly used methods of making a living would be absolutely unacceptable to them. One of these methods is our practice of making money from money in so many different ways.

They have a medium of exchange, but I was not told what it was. I doubt that it is gold. They told me that we bury our gold down in Kentucky, but that they use their gold around their homes because the vibrations of gold are good for the body. That's one reason Colorado is such a healthy place.

If we will accept the people of other planets, they will accept us and show us how to live less troubled lives. They will also show us how to keep our planet from further tilting.

If we have a major disaster, that is one comparable to our Biblical Flood, they will help the ones here who accept them as brothers. They cannot do so otherwise. I think they know who these people are.

They certainly do use mental telepathy, but not to the extent that they don't use their voices for communication. Some of them do have an accent, just as most of us would if we learned a new language. This accent is quite noticeable in a tape recording which Bucky made at my house on Christmas Day 1955.

Bucky is a young earth man who was born in Colorado and was taken to Venus when he was 17 years old. (At the time, March 5th, that they came in the house, he had been gone about two years). I would say that he is about 21 years old now (1956).

When he was about four years old the space people came to his parents and invited them to go to Venus. The parents did not want to go themselves, but they agreed to bring Bucky up so that he could do the work which he is now doing. The way of life of the contacted people has to be just right. Bucky teaches English on Venus.

When Bucky and I got to checking up, we discovered we were distant cousins. Bucky told me many things about my ancestors which I had never known before. Checking gave me proof that they were so. We also look something alike and Mrs. Lowery seemed to think that there was a slight similarity in our voices although Bucky's is higher in pitch and has an accent like a person from one of the Scandinavian countries.

When the space men shot the ray at me and cured my aching back they did it to help me and also to pay me in part, in advance, for what they wished me to do for them. When they came into my house to visit me, I think they exerted just a little influence on my mind.

It was like this.....

I wanted to see their ship. I wanted to ride in it and I wanted to go to their planet. This was after they had told me about their way of life being better than ours. I asked them if I could see their ship and they wouldn't answer. Now I sure wouldn't have had the nerve to ask if I could go to their planet when they hadn't answered my first question unless they had used this influence I spoke of, because I did ask if I could go. It seemed necessary to ask. They told me I could go if I would tell the public about it afterwards. This I have done to the best of my ability.

The hardest thing I ever had to do was to come back here and try to get along under the primitive conditions which we have here in these hills. This is a beautiful, heavily wooded mountain country but water is very often a major problem. Many people including myself, use filtered rain water. My spring which is the one where the space men got water, goes nearly dry at times.

The land is rocky and hard to work and the wood ticks seem to enjoy blood more than wood. Every thing around the place and even large areas of the yard have to be sprayed to keep them down. The ticks, along with the chiggers, etc., are the reason the dogs were washed in the spring before we went on the trip. After we got on the ship the three men and I took a bath. I don't think they would have cared much about having ticks for visitors. I'm afraid the ticks could not have returned home.

After my trip to the other planets was over, I was taken to a Saucer Club in Chicago (not on a saucer though). However, I was not allowed to use my own name or tell my story to the group. Neither were they allowed to take my picture, and many of them had flash cameras. After that meeting was over, the space men met me and told me that I had not done as I agreed; I had not told my story myself. Bucky, however, knew the wicked ways of this world and he told me that he would help me to have another chance.

I don't know how he did it, but anyway I was taken to Detroit by the saucer club there and I told of my experience myself and in my own way. This I will always be thankful for. I gave my talk at the Veterans Memorial Building on July 26th, 1955.

Unknown to anyone, a representative of the planet Venus was in the crowd that night and after the meeting he told me that I had done all right and that I would be allowed to go on another trip into space. No date was set for it though. Many will, no doubt, remember me speaking about that when I talked from the same place on July 28th, two days later.

While in Chicago, scientists and astronomers questioned me. I answered their questions and I also told them about a bridge on the moon which went from one crater to another. The space folks had built it so they could use their cars which skim along three to five feet off the ground, and not have to use their space ships.

These same men (scientists) came down to my place later, and said that after observing the moon again, they thought that this thing could be a bridge. They asked me questions for a long time and some times they would nod to one another and say, "He has been there". They wouldn't tell me what I had answered that helped them to draw that conclusion.

One astronomer drove from the west coast and asked me what it looked like in outer space. I told him that it was inky black. He thanked me, bid me goodbye and left.

Among the many people who have visited me were some men from the Armed Forces. They have measured the place where the saucer came down, and measured the angle of the bit of fence which appears in the picture I took of the saucer. Then they paid me \$5 to move one of the posts of the fence and tell no one which way I moved it. In fact, one serviceman was at my place so often and felt so much at home that he walked in the front door and hollered "Dad, is supper ready?". (He took me out to eat though.)

I develop many of my own film rolls and make prints when I take pictures, but I was afraid to develop the roll when I snapped the saucers, since I am very much of an amateur at it. As I said before, I had never heard of saucers, not the flying variety at least, but I knew these things were something most unusual. It was the people who developed the roll who alerted the Armed Forces that I had something which should be investigated.

These men of the Armed Forces bought the clothes which I wore on the saucer. The metal was magnetized even to the eyelets on my shoes. I do not know what type of metal was in the buckles of

my overalls, nor do I know whether all the types were magnetized or not. I guess that's why it was wanted, that is to test it for all such things.

Among the many people who have been down here at Mountain View was Mrs. Fanny Lowery and her sister, Florence Collins. At that time Mrs. Lowery wanted to know if the space men were coming back. I told her that Bob Solomon had bid me goodbye, but Bucky said he would try to get back sometime around the holidays. When Mrs. Lowery was sending out Christmas cards she sent one addressed to Bucky in care of my ranch. I set the envelope unopened upon the shelf in the hope that Bucky would come. Well, he did come. He arrived at about 1:30 A.M on December 25th, 1955. He left just about midnight the 25th so he spent about 22 1/2 hours with me.

Bucky laughed like an eight year old kid when he saw the picture on his card. It was just an advertisement, but it had the picture of eight or nine monkeys doing all sorts of wrong things to a new yellow car. They were putting gas in the radiator, antifreeze in the gas tank, and painting it red with a scrub brush. Beneath the picture it said, "Don't let Anyone Monkey Around Your Car". Written on the back between the lines of advertising was the questions, "Does anyone monkey around Saucers like this?"

Bucky said that it was the first gift which had ever been knowingly sent by mail to a person from another planet from a person on the earth. He took it back to Venus with him and said he would forever cherish this gift.

While he was visiting me, Bucky left a message for all the world, which I recorded on tape. He also answered Mrs. Lowery's question. Here are his words, exactly as he spoke them

(This is a tape recording made in the home of Buck Nelson on Christmas Day, 1955. My distant cousin "Bucky" is here with me. Bucky will say a few words to all of you in America and all the world. The next voice you hear will be that of "Bucky" from the planet Venus. O.K. Bucky.)

BUCKY'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

I wish to tell all a Merry Christmas, and especially thank Fanny Lowery for her card. Also give her the answer to her question. — Yes, it has happened to our ships, torn apart for souvenirs.

I appreciate such gifts and I know that the giver does not expect anything in return, as we cannot exchange gifts with this Earth. Many know the reason. Buck here can tell all that ask.

Will tell you why I am here. I have just returned from California, then on to see my folks in Colorado. Now here to see you, Buck, and tell the world on this tape recording that this world must give up **ATOMIC WEAPONS AND WARFARE**. The next war, if fought, will be on American soil. America will be destroyed, then civilization all over the world will be destroyed. We are here to see which way this world will use Atomic power, for peace or war. We have stood by and seen other planets, one other, destroy itself. Is this world next? We wonder, and watch and wait.

Again I say, give up your Atomic weapons and may Peace be on this Earth.

I will tell Buck much more that he can tell the world. I know that Buck will want my time here to be spent in a private home-like way, and I also desire it that way, so must say goodbye to all the world ...

From **BUCKY** of **VENUS**

I thank you Bucky for your talk to the people of the world. This is recorded at Buck's Mountain View Ranch, Mountain View, Missouri, Route 1.

End of Tape

(Bucky came to see me December 25, 1955 at about 1:30 A.M. and left about midnight, December 25, 1955)

A couple of friends came in to see me on Christmas. They saw Bucky but had no idea that he was anyone special. One of them even tried to sell him some insurance. An insurance policy would do him about as much good as a bicycle wheel on a flying saucer. (It's a shame to call such beautiful heavenly craft by such a name). Insurance, like so many other things we have, would be useless and undesirable on another planet.

We have many things, Bucky said, which are just exactly backward to what they should be. Our advertising often tries to make

out that one product is so much better than another when actually it may only be different in some way or another. Advertising, just as anything else should be truthful. Labels on cans, for instance, should tell the contents first, brand names afterward. Take a can of pork and beans; it should be labeled beans and then pork. Why should a sliver of pork have first place over a whole can of beans?

We could eliminate useless duplication in government if our country was divided into only three or four parts instead of 48.

Real Estate? My readers can figure that one out, that is what the space people think about our real estate.

While I was on the space ship I saw emblems of the Pyramids on their towels. I asked why they used something of ours like that. They told me that they had seen our civilization go down many times. Then on Christmas Bucky gave me more information on this. He said that some of the people who built the Pyramids were taken to Mars and Venus and later died on those planets. The stones of the Pyramids were lifted by magnetic power, the same as that used on their space ships. There is a shaft in one of the Pyramids (or was in times past), through which one particular star could be seen. When this star was seen, the Nile would overflow its banks in three days.

OUR BIBLICAL FLOOD

Atlantis was a Godly nation, largest of the known continents on Earth. They became wise, strong and learned. But forgetting God, they wanted more power to provide more leisure time pleasure. They had not yet been a war-like nation. They had learned of a power even greater than our Atomic power. They had great, long, large tunnels under their largest city. These were used for research work and experimentation with this new power they were developing. In these new experiments this new power was let loose and Atlantis was destroyed. It was sunk in the ocean. This was our Biblical Flood. All known lands at that time were flooded as tidal waves were caused. North America raised up out of the ocean.

Venus has a record of Atlantis going down. It is said that perhaps some were washed ashore to the new North America. They would degenerate because of living in caves, eating fish and seaweed. Perhaps these people vanished from the Earth, leaving behind many cliff dwellings and evidence of a former civilization. Bucky tells me that the people of Venus and Mars have seen Earth populated many times only to disappear. It was populated the last time by many planets who sent their undesirable

people here to work out and solve their own problems.

On June 21st, 1956 I was listening to the radio in my room at the Dressel Home in Washington, D.C. (1430 "N" St. NW). Suddenly the program broke as if a news flash was coming in. Instead it was my cousin, Bucky from Venus. He told me that there was quite a gathering of people in my yard at home in Mountain View, and also that there was plenty of feed in the barrels for my horse and colt and they were well cared for.

These barrels, which hold corn and ground feed, are set in an enclosed porch at the back of the house and are under a good tight roof. John H. Tyrinell had always given my pets good care, so I hadn't really worried about them, but I naturally thought about them a lot as they are the only family I have. I knew that my friends, the Sherman Lowerys from Clarkston, Michigan were at my home, but I had no idea that any one else was there until Bucky told me on the radio. This was confirmed when I arrived at the Lowery's on July 2nd, 1956.

The month of March, 1956 I spent in Baltimore and Washington, D.C, This was my first visit east on this project. The month of June, 1956 was my second. My job was to tell about the trip I made to Mars, the Moon and Venus, as I had promised the space men I would do.

I am not the first person to be taken to another planet, but I believe I am the first one in recent time to tell about it. (but then, fools will go where angels fear to tread). Some government officials have admitted to me that some of them have been taken to other planets but cannot reveal their identities. All, except one, were disappointed that I couldn't give them more information, but with no scientific training of any kind, I can tell only what I see and am told.

So many people from all walks of life on Earth have helped me to get this information out that it is impossible to give them all credit in a booklet of this size. The names used are given because there is a direct connection with the story one way or another.

Among the many places where I have told my story of my trip have been a number of churches.

Radio and T.V. have had me as a guest on their programs. I always wear bib overalls no matter where I am. They are what I am used to, and I see no reason to change now. The space men tell me it is best that way, also because people can recognize me easier that way, I think it is something which will fit in with their future plans for me.

Some 1500 people from Mars and Venus are in our nation today. Their help can easily be secured in solving our problems. The files of our Air Force should be opened to the public, that they may know the truth. If people knew the truth, it could help to avert a nuclear war, which would destroy our civilization.

When I was a guest in the home of the Rodney Burgess family in Grand Rapids, Michigan in July, 1956, they also had as their guest Lee Childers of Detroit. Laura Burgess very thoughtfully put us to sleep in the same room, so we had plenty of time to talk. In fact, we did very little sleeping. Many of the things which the space folks had told Lee were practically the same as had been told to me.

Lee Childers was taken up into a large space ship. His word has been doubted the same as mine has, but I will vouch for him anytime. He knew the pass words, if you want to call them that.

One thing I did to get ready for my trip was to secure some small American flags. I left one on each planet I visited. On each flag I attached a little label with the words

"Flag of the U.S.A. from Planet EARTH— Given to VENUS
by BUCK NELSON"

In the years to come, if anyone from our Earth reaches these planets, they will find the U. S. Flag

with my name on it.

Mrs. Lowery has been taking this down in longhand, between making drapes, receiving my many visitors, opening cans and making coffee. But this tale is getting longer than the tail on the fireball I photographed in January, 1956 so

I HAD BETTER QUIT.

A POSTSCRIPT

by

Fanny Lowery

Being a woman, this looks as if I am trying to get in that proverbial last word.

Anyway, I can't help but think that many people will be interested in some of the bits of proof of Buck's experiences. Especially interesting is the trouble to which someone is going to keep these related conditions from being put into print.

After our good friend had returned to Missouri he wrote to us about the trip. Here is a condensed version of what happened.....

“Dear Friends.

I haven't been able to find that jar of liquid, marked 'Bo Bath' anywhere.

I had a good trip home except that I was taken off the bus at rest stops; once at Toledo and once again at Fort Wayne, Indiana. I was told what not to tell, told not to tell things which prove my story.

Then after I got home, THREE MEN IN BLACK came to my house. They told me to forget all I know about the space ships and where they come from. I showed them my rifle and told them not to come any closer unless they wanted trouble. I am sure the law lets me protect myself from such people. They talked between themselves and said, “Well, you can tell or print your story, because it is so well known anyway, but NEVER TRY TO PROVE IT.

So much of what the Three Men in Black said to me would be hard to tell, let alone write. So much of it didn't make sense. Anyway I don't scare easy. I don't think I'll be bothered again, and I don't think they will bother you for helping me with this work. You can write this for print if you feel that you dare.

I cooperate with government agencies when they come to see me.

I do so in all ways when they let me know who they are. I'm glad I'm an American and I do my best to cooperate, I don't know who these men were.”

‘Your Friend, Buck’

Related bits of proof are scattered all through Buck's story, and a few more are given here.

Some of the proofs depend on timing and conditions. Buck has not had money to buy Saucer Books, if he even knew they existed. It is doubtful if he would have been interested in them before the time of the experience which he had. Life was too hard and he was too sick and crippled up to wonder much about folks or other worlds.

In the month of December, 1955 I was informed that Mr. Nelson was a fake and that a very prominent investigator had been down to see Buck, when Buck was not expecting anyone. He reportedly found Buck with all sorts of Flying Saucer books and the Popular Mechanics magazine. He was supposed to have made up his story from these books and magazines.

Well, I couldn't swallow that because I knew exactly when those books were sent to Buck and where they came from. My sister, Florence, and I had been to see him on the 4th of October, 1955. “Inside the Space Ships” (By George Adamski) had just been sent to him. At the time of Buck's trip that book was still in the hands of the publisher. Buck told about the light that casts no shadow, just as

Adamski did in that book. I had sent him saucer books by different authors, just as soon as I got home. I never met Buck until the Detroit Flying Saucer Club had him as a guest speaker, and so these experiences were told before he ever heard of Adamski.

My son Nathan and I visited Buck during the holidays. I looked in Buck's guest book and the name of the person under suspicion appeared right after the signatures of my sister and me.

Nate and I had not been in Buck's house two hours when he told us about the "Book Machine" on Venus. The only place that I had ever found a detailed description of this machine in any book was in the book which was supposed to have been written psychically (A Dweller on Two Planets), by Phylos. Even the size of the machines tallied. I believed Buck before, but when he told me about that machine, that was the clincher as far as I was concerned. At that time the book was extremely hard to get. The Old Prof's Book Shop in Pontiac, Michigan had to send to California to get it.

Bucky's answer on the taped Christmas Message to my questions about people monkeying with their saucers was that their ships had been torn apart for souvenirs. At that time, none of us had read but a very vague reference to such a thing happening. Then in June the Roy Tedricks of West Plains, Missouri loaned us Frank Skully's

"Behind the Flying Saucers". This book tells, in a good bit of detail, about earthlings tearing apart saucers for souvenirs.

A couple of days after we got to Buck's place, the three of us went down the side of the mountain where Buck knew that larger space ships had landed. There wasn't any marks of their tripod landing gear. We were looking for signs in the earth, but instead we found a sign in the heavens. It was a great CLOUD CROSS in the sky. It must have been anywhere from three to five miles across it. There wasn't another cloud in that part of the sky.

Buck snapped a picture of a cross in the sky, just a day or two later. Then on January 1st, 1956 Buck got a fire ball on film.



Photo of Fire Ball

There is no record of the time when “Big Bo’s” picture was taken, but Buck tells us that Bucky brought Bo with him several times. Bucky also took pictures of Teddy which he carried back to Venus. Government agents, when working with Buck, were able to establish Bo’s approximate size by the trees in the background and knowing where the camera had set. A brief report of the analysis of Bo’s hair was sent to me by Rose Hackett from Baltimore. One of their club members had it analyzed.

When Sherman and I went down to Buck’s in June, 1956, we met some of his neighbors; amongst them, Carl Crank and his mother. Carl is the mailman who carried the first piece of mail known to have been sent to another planet. The “Powers that Be” couldn’t have picked a nicer guy,

Mrs. Crank, a lady if I ever saw one, was the most gracious hostess one could ever meet. She welcomed us as friends of Buck, and verified that Buck was sick and crippled before the space ships visit. She also named two men in the town who had seen the saucers all day on the day that they first appeared over Buck’s place.

Mr. James Hill of Seymour, Missouri told us that he had been sent by the government to investigate Buck. He found on medical records that Buck’s statement about his health was true. Both James and Mrs. Hill saw space ships at the time they were over Buck’s place.

We met quite a number of Buck’s friends and found them fine people. They seemed to have plenty of respect for Buck and vouched for his honesty.

An old saying goes, “A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house”. (Matt. XIII.57). Well, Buck seems to be an exception. Mr. and Mrs. Cristen, who live only five or six miles across country from Buck, had him tell about his trip at the local Sunday School.

Although severely criticized for it, they did not back down on the issue. They had never read any

saucer books either.

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THAT TAKES REAL FAITH

The End

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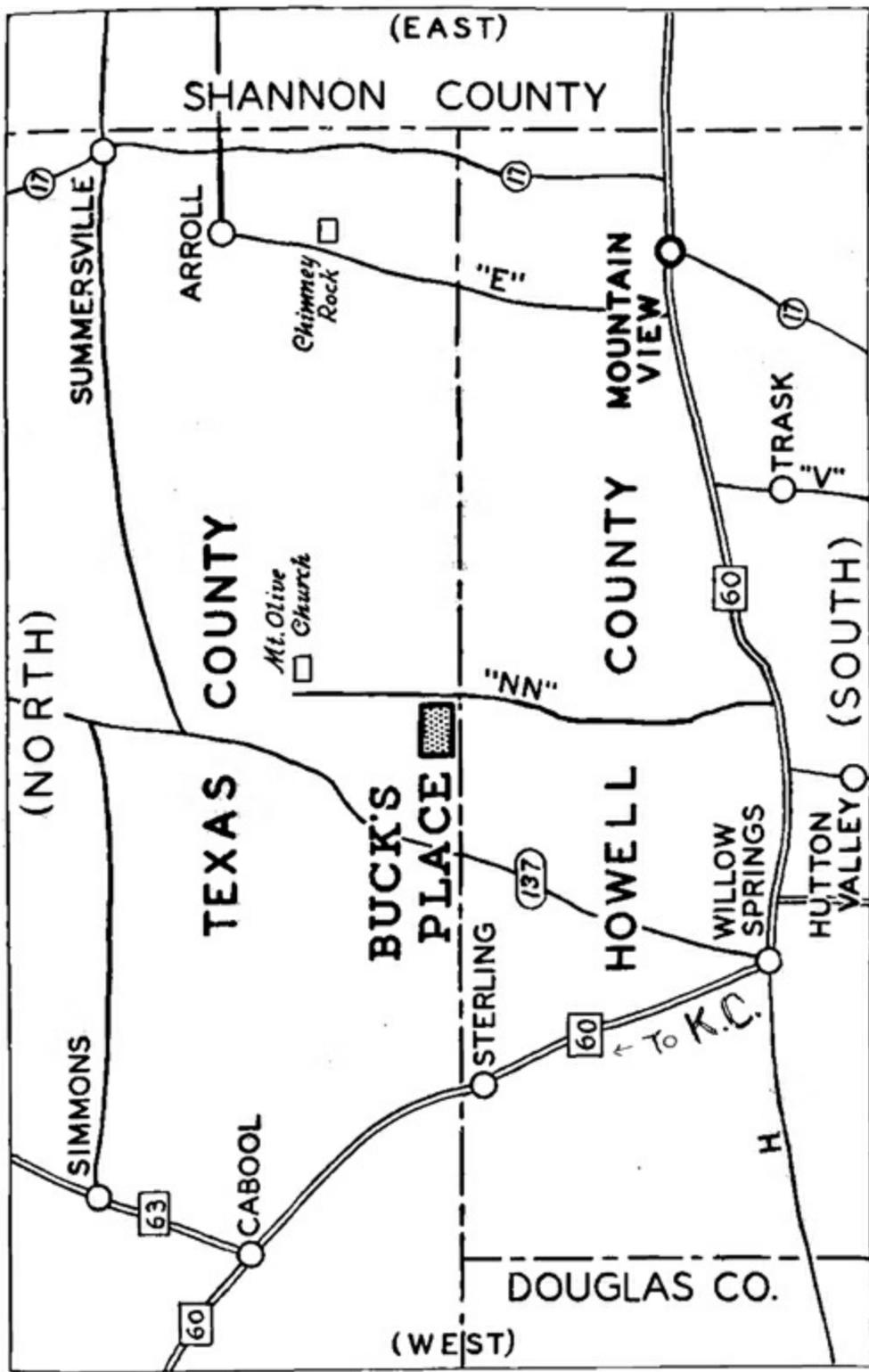
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BOB YOUNG

Miracles are still being done and it is proved here. Higher Authority has a way of bringing in light when the hour is the darkest.

Bob Young, a printer from Waterloo, Iowa, came to my convention on a motorcycle loaded down with a tent, two tape recorders, food, clothing, printed matter, etc. All went well at the convention and Bob recorded the many speakers and will give a report on it called "The Saucers Are".

He had started for his trip home, loaded down. About four miles east of Willow Springs his back tyre blew out. Bob was dragged about 75 feet. His back was well scratched, a hole in his side, a bad wound on his head, and his hand badly mangled to the extent that the leaders were showing. Yes, this was a dark hour for Bob, but not to remain dark as Higher Authority played a role. Through some guiding force Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hensevelt delayed their departure. So Bob had his accident and the Hensevelts came along and after a word of prayer loaded all of Bob's belongings on their pickup truck and Bob was taken to a clinic in Willow Springs.

Very fortunate indeed was that a surgeon from Chicago was visiting there at the clinic. The surgeon spent two hours patching up Bob's wounds.

The Hensevelts took two men and returned to the scene of the accident and loaded the motorcycle in the pickup. The physicians advised six weeks in the hospital for Bob. But after some debate, Mr. and Mrs. Hensevelt drove Bob to Waterloo, Iowa.

Needless to say, such action as this found gold in someones heart.

To you, Bob Young, Get Well.

(This article was partly re-written and taken from "The Space-viewer", Paul M. Wheeler, President, 1117 W. Truman Road, Independence, Missouri)

Paul M. Wheeler was one of the many speakers at my Convention. So many thanks go out to Paul for his help here at the convention and this article about Bob.

Announcing Buck's Flying Saucer Club

At many of my lectures it has often been brought up that a club should be formed for those interested in exchanging U.F.O. information, pictures, clippings, etc. with each other. Names and addresses are printed in my first book, 'My Trip to Mars, the Moon and Venus' so members may write each other direct.

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Route 1
Mountain View, Missouri

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BUCK NELSON

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Tulsa 7, Oklahoma

SAUCER DETECTOR



Hang from ceiling of House

If a magnetized bar is hung on a string, about 18 inches long, it will act as a "Saucer Detector". It must be hung in a place free from any draft. If there is a Space Craft over the house, the magnetic bar will be drawn upward. If the Space Craft circles the house, the bar will move in a circle. This magnetized bar can be as small as one inch in length.



BUCK NELSON, writer of this booklet, is available for lectures, and will go on lecture tours. Write for dates or other information.

A WORD TO MY READERS

For some time I had been getting a pension for 'Permanent Total Disability', but I find my pension was NOT so permanent. Because I saw flying saucers and said I rode in one, my pension was cut off. I am 65 years of age. I will never receive the 'Old Age Pension'. Now I am devoting my life to telling the Space Story and true gospel to the world. I will lecture any place in the U.S.A or the world.

I need your prayers and your help if this work is to continue.

The Space Brothers have called to my attention that it is time for the true lovers of God and space minded people to have their own radio station. It is suggested that such a station be built on my land with a camp for Saucer people. I wonder what my readers think of such a radio station and camp? Will you back me?

Send your offering and free will gift to keep this work going and help make this camp and radio station possible to: Buck's Mountain View Ranch, Buck Nelson, Route 1, Mountain View, Missouri.

MY TRIP
TO MARS,
THE MOON,
AND VENUS



\$100

BY BUCK NELSON