

The Venusians



by



LEE CRANDALL

Lee Crandall

INTRODUCTION

How often have you wished you might visit the heavenly orbs which seem so close on a clear night in the desert? No doubt it is an age-old dream, and it is said that anything you may dream of will some day come to pass. Be that as it may, we have finally met someone who has done precisely that. We were prepared to learn of another dream or vision, but an actual trip in a space ship to another planet! That was just out of this world! And he got safely back here to tell about it! This could not be kept hidden away from the people. They were entitled to know about this astounding experience. Whatever your reaction may be, and many will be incredulous, we can only present it to you just as it was told to us.

Has it ever occurred to you that it might not even be necessary to visit the planet Venus to meet some of its inhabitants? With all the reported landings of Venusian spacecraft, is it not obvious that some of them may have managed to remain here? This does not seem to have entered the minds of many people. That this is the case is obvious in the light of the remarkable experiences described in this book.

During the past decade many strange and unusual manuscripts have come into our hands. Some of them we have published, others were not of public interest even though possessing

merit. But since we published a few books in the so-called "flying saucer" field in response to the widespread interest and an insistent demand for the truth whatever that may uncover. we have discovered that many individuals have had remarkable experiences in some way connected with the people from outer space and their flying discs or space ships.

Recently we made the acquaintance of a young man who related to us an experience, which we believe to be the most astounding of all saucer and space-travel experiences. In fact it is well-nigh incredible. Yet it comes from one of the most convincing, sincere and honest-appearing persons it has ever been our privilege to know.

In keeping with our policy of keeping the public informed of what goes on in this highly controversial field, so that you may have the information from which to arrive at a clear understanding of what is involved, we have therefore decided to present to you the complete story of Lee Crandall's remarkable encounter with men from outer space and subsequent voyage to Venus in a space ship.

Lee Crandall is a quiet, retiring, mild-mannered, studious young man whose ambition is to become a doctor. Only twenty-seven years of age he is presently endeavoring to work his way through a chiropractic college. Being very proficient in all types of office work, he has no difficulty in meeting civil service requirements or securing a good position, but this only puts him that much farther away from his long cherished goal of becoming a doctor. Fortunately the chiropractic colleges are open to part time students, and Lee has resigned himself to this delay.

We wish the reader could know Lee as we do before passing judgment on his story of an almost incredible adventure. To that end we are including his photograph in this book, so that the reader may see for himself what manner of person the Venusian people select for their contacts with us Earthlings.

Also we would like the reader to ask himself or herself if he can bring himself to believe that this refined sensitive young man could possibly be guilty of malingering or foisting a hoax upon the whole world including the deception of his own mother, stepfather, sisters and brothers. Yet such charges will undoubtedly be made against him the moment his experiences are made public. In fact, he will inevitably be crucified, just as have all others who have dared to reveal "flying saucer" experiences or contacts with or messages from people from other worlds. Yet it is only by encouraging these people to publicly reveal what they have experienced or otherwise learned, that we can eventually arrive at the truth that lies behind all of these phenomena.

The truth, however, is of such a nature that it is incredible to the great majority of the people. They must needs be prepared to understand many things that have hitherto occupied the attention of only small number of specially educated people. But the advance or research into new and unusual fields together with the increased rapidity of communication, require a readjustment of many old concepts in order to adapt to the coming New Age.

The writings of the great mystics of the past are replete with descriptions of people of other worlds and life on other planets, but they have usually been regarded as merely visions and not actual visits. One of the most prolific of these was the German mystic Jacob Lorber. He wrote about one hundred years ago very extensively on this subject. But it is only in recent years that we have eye witness reports of actual visits. It is said that "coming events cast their shadows before." So it may well be that we are being gradually prepared for frequent or even

mass landings in the near future.

Many people will be quick to say that these things cannot be. when they read about the terrific speed of interplanetary travel and conditions on the planet Venus. However, no one yet knows if there is any practical limit to speed when traveling in space once we leave the earth's gravitational pull. The assumed theoretical limit is, of course, the speed of light and this gives ample leeway for the greatest of speed enthusiasts. And as to the conditions of life on the planet and the nature and structure of the Venusians, no one here knows any more about it than Lee Crandall. So if things seem different from what you are accustomed to, it should not surprise you too much.

This is not the first time that Venusian visitors have been reported in our midst, but in most cases contact with them was made in far away places. Also their stay was brief and not repeated. However, in February, 1953, there occurred an incident the full details of which have never been made public by the people involved, for obvious reasons. Briefly, two Venusians are said to have visited the offices of a Los Angeles newspaper in search of work. They required some of our money in order that they might Angle more freely with us without attracting undue Distention. When they stated they were from Venus it was at first thought to be some kind of a joke. But after one of them performed some very remarkable feats which seemed to defy human duplication, they were finally given employment. On the job they betrayed an uncanny ability to ascertain the whereabouts of missing persons in an incredibly short space of time. After about two weeks of very satisfactory employment they both suddenly vanished, and not even the F. B. I. was ever able to locate them. This ; the story in brief as it was related to us.

This incident becomes highly significant when the Exception of the two Venusians is considered. The almost identical appearance, the absence of bony dints in the hands, the peculiar feel of their flesh, together with the pallor and slightly bluish tinge of their complexion, all point to a similarity between them and the Venusians described by Lee Crandall. Others, too, have given similar descriptions of men presumed to be from Venus. Thus there appears to be a certain consistency in these reports which tends to corroborate Sir. Crandall's experience. No longer need one feel that he stands alone, if by any chance he should encounter people from another planet.

The Venusian Brother Bocco is unquestionably a man of very unusual knowledge and capabilities even among his own people, so vve cannot expect that all Venusian people are able to do what has done. But we are assured by Or. Crandall that there are and will be many Venusians among us, who will be indistinguishable from the rest of us. Should you by any chance meet one of them and learn of his identity you should regard him as a friend from a distant land. five should get accustomed to the idea of having friendly visitors from outer space, for soon we, too, will be making visits to other worlds, if the trend of modern scientific research is any indication and present day plans are carried to their logical conclusion. Perhaps we may learn much from the Venusians regarding space flight which will facilitate interplanetary intercourse.

Some scientists are reluctant to concede that human beings inhabit Venus or that we could live there, even if we could get there. They point out that the atmospheric conditions are unsuitable for human life as we know it. But perhaps long ages of adaptation has developed a different conditioning of the organism to permit functioning in their atmosphere. How can we know? We note that the ship used for Lee Crandall's flight was equipped with a means for providing additional oxygen which the Venusians did not require. We are indebted to Daniel

W. Fry for He information that extra-terrestrials may require four years or more to become thoroughly adapted to our atmosphere. So let's keep an open mind on matters about which we know so little!

Many people throughout the world look for the return of the "ten lost tribes" as a fulfillment of Prophecy. Some claim they were taken to another Planet from which they shall one day return. Could -- have been that they were taken to Venus? If so, might it not be doubly significant that some of our Venusian friends state that they were once on earth? Perhaps there is more to this than meets the eye!

The tremendous importance of these matters and the significance of experiences such as Mr. Crandall's -as a Sign of the Times- has prompted us in the Immediate publication of "The Venusians."

FRANKLIN THOMAS, Publisher.

THE VENUSIANS

CHAPTER I.

This story all started back in June, 1954, on a Thursday the tenth, in the evening as I was walking between Ninth Street and Olympic Boulevard, in downtown Los Angeles.

Hurrying to catch the Adams Street bus going Jerome, I bumped into the back of a tall man dressed in a brown suit. I apologized, and to my utter bewilderment, he there and then, vanished in thin air.... I gasped.... so did a woman walking beside me. who then hastily boarded the Olympic bus. Could this really have happened? I wondered....

On Tuesday the twenty-second, I had been down -ome in Santa Ana, and had driven to Temple City with my father and mother. Returning from Temple City I arrived around three thirty at the Pacific Electric station on Main Street in Los Angeles. As I was walking up Sixth Street between Broadway And Spring, fifty feet away, I saw him . . . the same all man in the brown suit coming toward me. I stared. As he passed me he smiled. I stopped, turned around to look at him. He went about ten feet away from me and again vanished. I could not believe my eyes. I hurried to the men's clothing store, two doors away, to satisfy myself that he had not entered there, but he was nowhere to be seen. This time I had a good look at him and noticed his pasty white complexion, short nose, large eyes and dark brown hair, quite unruly. He had exceptionally large feet and as he walked he bobbed up and down, seeming to float rather than walk. This second encounter left me confused and a bit concerned, however, I felt strength seeming to pour into my body after meeting him again.

On June 30th, at 11 :00 a. m., I was at my desk at work in my office in Los Angeles. Looking up, Lo! and behold . . . to my utter amazement, there in the doorway stood the tall man in brown. I was breathless and frozen in my chair. For at least three minutes, he stood there, smiling, then turned at an angle and with a faint whizz sound, vanished again from my sight. By now I began to doubt my own sanity.

A few days later I was told by the clerk in charge that a phone call had been received for me while I was out for lunch. Someone left the message that they would contact me later in the day at the office, but no one did.

On the 13th of July, the tall man in brown made another appearance. He came to the door of my office and spoke. He addressed me as "Mr. Crandall," stepped forward and said, "I'd like to talk to you outside." I was stupefied but automatically got up and followed him. He extended his hand which I shook, but got the strangest feeling in so doing, for his fingers seemed to melt in mine. We stopped near the Maintenance Building. At once he stated that he wished me to accept his friendship. My reaction was one of amazement at the suddenness of the whole proceeding. Finally getting hold of myself, I asked him, "Who are you? Why are you looking me up?" "Because I am your friend," was his answer. Alright my friend, but who are you, and where do you come from?" At that moment, I still wondered if he could possibly be a past acquaintance, but I was not prepared for his answer and nearly keeled over when he said: "I come from Venus."...

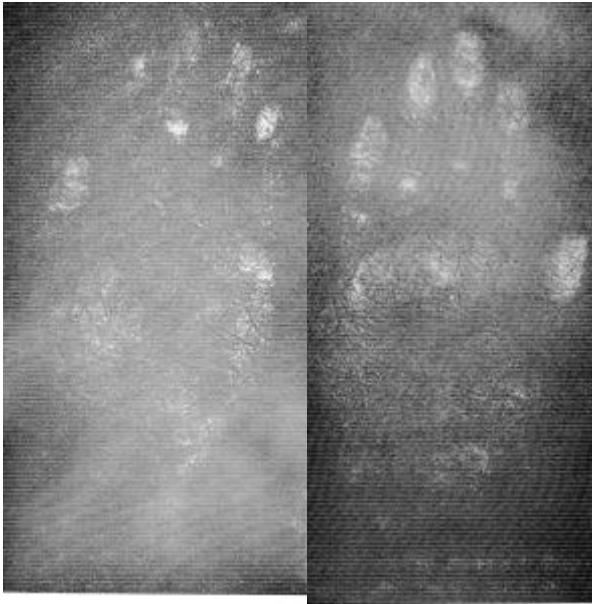
To my thought of disbelief he answered, "Believe me it is so, and trust in my friendship." With those affords he again vanished for the third time.

I staggered back to my chair. The fellow employe at the desk behind me, remarked: "Say, that guy who came for you, who is he? What an odd looking individual?" I had to say something, so said: Oh, that was someone who came regarding the new car I bought."



BROTHER BOCCO

Brother Bocco



Brother Bocco's Left Hand.

Brother Bocco's Right Hand.

CHAPTER II.

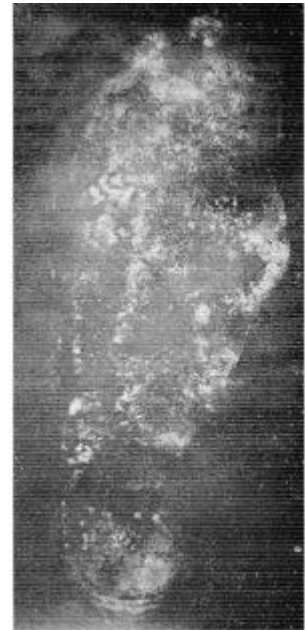
I was living in my trailer at that time on Washington Boulevard, in a trailer court. When on August 17th, in the middle of the night, I awoke from a deep sleep as someone rang the doorbell of my trailer. My first thought was that it was a friend of mine. From my bed I called: "Who's there?" No answer came, but the bell rang again. Disgusted and half asleep, I got up, put on the light, looked at the clock which said 3:00 a.m., went into the living room, looked out the window, saw nothing. Then I worked up the idea of foul play, I bruskiy opened the door saying: "Now look here, what do you want?" A calm mellow voice answered: "This is your friend, Lee," and to my surprise, I was facing another stranger also dressed in a brown suit who appeaed to be about 35 and was very handsome.

I hesitated a while, but finally invited him inside the trailer and offered him a seat. I then asked him who he was, as I did not remember having met him before. He avoided giving his own name, but told me he was a brother of Taho, the man who spoke to me at the office, who said he came from Venus. Then I sat down near him on the davenport and asked the purpose of his visit. The purpose, he answered was to make my acquaintance, and help Brother Taho to get a message over to me (he did not elucidate the message).

Entreatingly he offered me his friendship and beseeched me not to frown on his kindly offers. I was really perplexed, but I was listening. He informed me that he had two missions to fulfill. I interrupted here to ask: "But, what has that got to do with me?" "You will be told later. Furthermore I am here to take you with me to Venus. Your mission will benefit you and all the people of the world to a great extent."



Brother Bocco's Footprint—Left Foot.



Brother Bocco's Footprint—Right Foot.

I burst out laughing. I could not help it. The whole situation seemed so fantastic. I still believed that all this was part of a joke. "To Venus," I said, "And what makes you think that you can get me to go?" He laughed with me and admitted that he could not blame me for doubting him at this time.

As he sat there speaking to me I observed his neat, well-tailored suit, white shirt, long tie. I took notice of his features. His hair was brown but lighter than my previous visitor, he had beautiful white teeth, a very effeminate mouth, large eyes and ears rather pointed at the tip and bottom with numerous whirls. His feet were very large. He had long hands and very tapered fingers. As I looked at them, I remembered the other man's hand. I was curious and asked him if I could touch his hand, examine it and see it in front of a light. I explained to him that I was studying to be a doctor and that I was especially interested in its anatomy.

He graciously held his hand in front of the light and I was appalled to see that it was as an inflated transparent surgical glove. There were no bones present. I told him I wished to palpate his patella (knee-cap). He tolerantly submitted. But when I touched his leg I was agog with interest, for all I got hold of was a handful of the material of his suit! The phenomena was beyond my comprehension. I asked how he could thus disintegrate before me! I was greatly disappointed when he ignored my request for an explanation. He smiled and said I was not expected to understand at present.

Time went by as he talked and stayed on. More than two hours had passed since he came in.

He told me all about my past and present, my occupation, my ambition for the future as a doctor, discussed my professional education, criticized certain phases of it, advised deeper studies in philosophy -- I metaphysics, and advised me strongly to incorporate them in my medical work. He approved of my specialized interest as I had a great sensory perceptiveness in my finger tips. (This I had been told - the clinic where I was a freshman).

Then he changed the topic, talked about my folks and expressed the desire to meet them in the near future, leaving to me the arrangements for the meeting.

He said he was now ready to leave and would contact me again. "One more question," I asked. "Can you explain what happened to my clock and watch each time you people come near? They stop in your presence and when you leave they jump to normal time without anyone setting them."

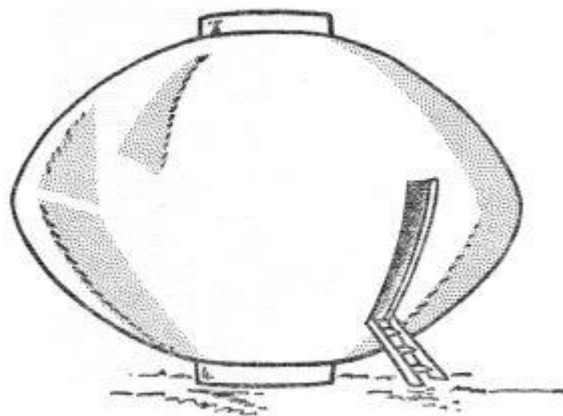
"A question of vibrations" is all he said as he stepped out of the trailer. I then followed him to the gate of the court, saw him walk about one block, then he was gone . . . vanished.



Brother Bocco seated on park bench.



Brother Bocco leaving.



THE SHIP



Attempt to photograph the Ship.

CHAPTER III.

August 27th was a Friday. At 5:30 p. m. I went to the office to pay my light bill at the court where I was living. I intended to move early the next morning. As I walked back, I heard a soft whirr.

Looking to my right, I saw a gorgeous iridescent light about 6 to 8 feet high and 10 feet or so wide, Caped like a vase or a great lotus blossom. Near it stood my friend. "I have come to take you," he said. I was stunned, just stared and heard myself say, Who. No, I won't go." Suddenly the man was gone - vanished. I did not see him go into the light. I knew now that it was a small ship, for I watched it up. Anyone could have seen it, as it was still daylight. After it disappeared in the sky, I went to my trailer, shaking like a leaf, and prepared to leave to another location.

That night I watched the canopy of stars, saw colored lights and wondered where my new friends could be.

The following morning I moved to West Century - Inglewood. Everything was calm until Aug. 31st. I had used some spare time to do a small hand washing and a friend had come over to help me block the trailer after moving it. He left shortly after 7:00 p. m. and had been gone but a few minutes when the doorbell rang.

I opened the door, and there close by stood the luminous little "ship," throwing light in delicate pastel shades, so soft were the upshooting rays that they could only be compared to raised feathers or to petals of an ethereal flower. It took my breath away.

My new friend was there too and as he stepped forward said again, "I have come to take you with me to Venus." I made a quick decision. "All right, let's go." He immediately entered the trailer, took my keys that were on the table, walked out after me and carefully locked the door. He escorted me to the Ship that was grounded near my car, extending slightly over the driveway of the court. I noticed then that its shape was slightly bulging at the middle, that it

had pearly white bases at the top and bottom. I extended my hand and it felt smooth to my touch. I did not see where my friend contacted this new means of transportation. He touched it and a door opened and three little steps came shooting out with it.

The skipper (Let's call him that, as so far he had not given his name) had me enter first. The inside of the vehicle was barrel-shaped and pure white, with no visible lighting. There were three little armless stools on solid bases with a back rest. My companion sat on the middle one and told me to sit to his right. The seat was soft and very comfortable. In front of him, was about a 4-inch handle, that looked to me like an old-fashioned gear shift, except that this was made of a soft white material. I asked if I could touch it. I was refused. Next I asked if it was the motor. I received a negative answer. Driven by curiosity my following question was about its use. "Its use is only to maintain the oxygen for your benefit," he informed me. "I do not need it. Are you ready to go?" I must admit my heart was beating furiously when I answered "Yes" and he closed the door.

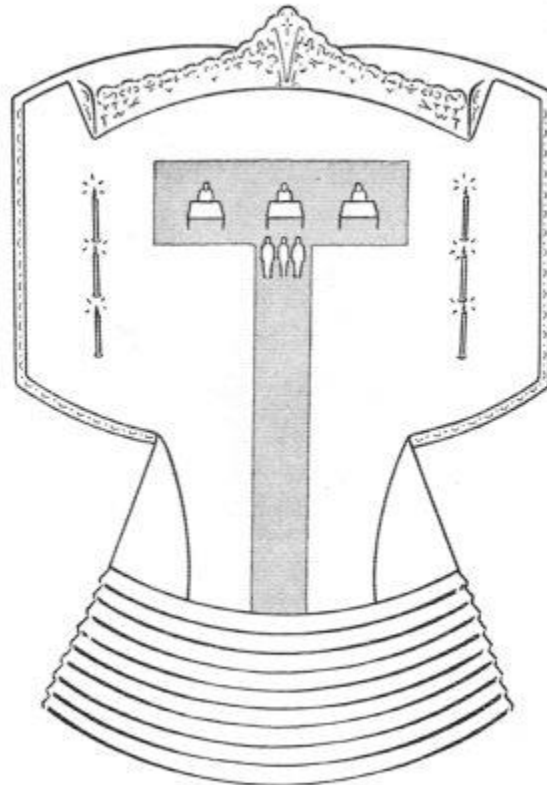
We left the ground with a jerk, then started to go up. As we did so, on eye level from where I sat, on both sides, the ship seemed to open, for I could see through what I would call windows about 1½ feet high, made of a clear plastic, but when I tried to touch them. I felt nothing there.

We were navigating backwards and at a slow peed. We hovered a while over International Airport and I could see the lights below. All at once I became panicky when I realized this fellow meant business. He knew it, for he told me not to worry and pre-warned me I would be air-sick, and he kept on talking all the time to take my mind off the importance of this mission. I remember him saying that on Venus we would meet with three very important men.

I detected that we were now traveling faster and that the whole trip so far was to my back. Faster we went until we entered into total darkness and I became violently alarmed. The ship started to vibrate, then shake, and I thought that the motor or whatever engine that produced power or imparted motion to this thing, had stopped.... I imagined myself thrown into space. That is when I heard the skipper laugh and say that we were just passing through a "hemisphere."

Shortly after that, there was light again. A soft yellow light came through the windows, thus illuminating the confines of the cabin with a golden glow. The speed of our traveling was accelerated, if that were possible, and I saw the moon and many stars, which my mentor named as we were passing them. He joked and said he wished we had time to stop for a "Milky Way." All this time he seemingly gave me strength for I began to get at ease. Every once in a while our air navigating transport shook violently. Then I was told to hang on to my seat and we went into what I thought was a tail spin. Round and round we went until quite suddenly we stopped with a sharp thud that shook my hands loose from the seat.

The door of the cabin was opened and there stood the first of those beings I had met down in Los Angeles, the tall man in brown, who I was told went under the name of Brother Tahoe. He greeted us and I heard him say, "Good evening, Lee," as I slipped out and wobbling aside on unsteady legs hurried to relieve myself unceremoniously of nausea.



THE TEMPLE

CHAPTER IV.

When I got hold of myself, I automatically joined my two escorts and had gone about 200 yards when I realized that we were walking on a hard white surface, toward a white Castle or Temple-like building. Around it were assembled a large crowd of beings, all men, and all clothed in brown suits, some of them were kneeling on the wide steps of the building. They opened ranks as my guides and I walked through, ascending the twenty or so steps that reached the open doorway which led into a very spacious hall, (I figured it to be about 25 feet wide), which had no visible ceiling.

From the entrance to the far end of the large hall was spread a deep piled runner. The rotunda was spacious, and all white. On the side walls were hung long scrolls with hieroglyphs. The back wall seemed to be all glass or transparent. In front of this window was a beautiful high altar, sculptured and engraved with emblems and signs. Near the altar were seated three men, each with a small table about two feet square in front of him.

In step I walked between my two escorts, stopped at level with them and faced the three strangers. They got up to greet me and welcomed me as "Lee Crandall," in perfect English, then sat down again.

I remained standing. The official at my right, (who I guessed him to be one), had on his table a small container about the size of a wash basin, which was filled with a white downy substance he called water. He took my hand and placed it in it, at the same time making me repeat after him the promise "To do all that they would request me to do, even if it meant meeting with obstacles and grief."

Other ceremonies followed, but it was recommended to me as wise not to reveal them nor their significance at this time, adding that this injunction was only temporary. They addressed me at length, trying to make me understand that their ultimate efforts and purpose were for Peace for the Universe, Peace for our planet Earth, and peace for my country, the United States of America. The reason, they explained, for my contacts with them and my Interplanetary trip, was for me to agree to work closely with them and be some day a trained active agent for this Great Universal Endeavor of Understanding, which would soon be revealed. The presiding official congratulated me for the way I had taken the whole occurrence. Then they simultaneously rose, individually shook hands with me, and said that I would see them again soon and I was dismissed.

I turned face with my guides, who escorted me out. I felt an indescribable feeling of elation as I came out of the building into the open field where the crowd of men were still assembled. They rose and stretched out their hands, palms open, arms at a level with waist, to greet me.

We re-entered the little ship standing close by and started our journey home. Off we went, down and down at a stupendous speed and in an incredibly short time returned to my trailer.

The door opened and I dizzily stepped out in time to take care of a terrific nose bleed. My friend told me he was sending the ship back alone and that he would stay with me.

This trip took three hours and I was informed I was on Venus for only forty-six minutes, the remaining portion of the time being spent in space traveling. They told me one of our hours is the same as a day of their time.

CHAPTER V.

My new friend took my keys out of my pocket and opened the door of my trailer. He then helped me in and to my bed. With the greatest compassion and gentleness, he stretched me out, got ice cubes out of my refrigerator, put them in a towel and applied them to my face to stop the nosebleed. I gave a quick glance at my clock, which had stopped at 7:20 when he came in before the trip, which had jumped to activity during our absence, and now said 10:25 and stopped again.

The bleeding was checked. He advised me to go home to my mother, tell her all and exactly what had happened and, so that she would believe me without any doubt, he promised he would appear to meet her and confirm my story. He gathered up the necessary articles I would need for the night, and to my amazement even found my tooth brush which had dropped out of sight into a small receptacle behind the bathroom door.

He then went outside, got my damp wet wash off the line, brought it inside and said, if I felt like it, he would give me the strength and we would leave for home. He helped me to the car, as I was still in a daze and quite wobbly, sat by me as I took the driver's seat, and I drove to Norwalk. There he asked me to let him out as he was supposed to contact a nineteen-year-old girl. I got safely home, with his help, and related my story to the folks.

That night we sat outside, watching the sky. Repeatedly sudden flashes of lightning lit up the horizon encircling Santa Ana. Later a small orange globe was seen entering the thunderclouds. Could it have been the ship?

Next morning, (Wednesday), I was at work in Los Angeles. As I went to the water fountain to get a drink, I saw my friend standing nearby. After greeting me, he inquired as to how I was feeling after my experience and mentioned that he had taken the girl up from Norwalk. I told him I thought I saw the ship, (which was a different one from the one he used for me, as I was informed it was made especially for me), in the sky the previous night. He replied that I was right. "How did the girl take the trip?" I asked. "Not so well," he said. "She was afraid and would not get out of the ship when we reached our destination. So I brought her back immediately."

He then said he would try to meet my parents over the following week-end. Saturday came and we waited at the house in Midway City. Later in the day, Mother had to go out on business, and while she was gone, he came. As I talked and questioned him, I could not help noticing his impeccable neat clothes. I further observed that he looked very tired. I offered him some fruit juice to drink. He stayed about an hour, then said he had to leave. I went out with him and watched him go. He went down the street a short distance, then turned and waved and vanished.... Too late.... Mother had missed him.

* * *

On Thursday, September 9th, when I returned home from the office around 5:00 p. m., I found a note under the door of my trailer. The words "WILL BE BACK LATER" were clear and at once I knew the message had come from my friend. That evening I had to go out on business and didn't return home until quite late.

At 2:00 a. m. the doorbell rang. It was my friend. I was very happy to see him after his long absence. I asked him why he had stayed away so long. He told me that they had been very busy on Venus on important matters pertaining to our planet Earth.

We then read his note together and he explained to me that his name was Brother Bocco. He explained with humor that he went to the post office on North Main Street in Los Angeles, and picked up samples of our writing and tried to copy our caligraphy. He then went to the Five and Ten Cent Store and picked up a carton of pencils. On the cover was a picture of Venus de Milo. He wrote his note across this picture.

CHAPTER VI.

On the following evening Brother Bocco returned once again to my trailer. As I had rented a syringe and the necessary needles from the Knouf Laboratory on West Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles, operated by a doctor friend of mine, I was ready to extract the blood I wanted from my friend, just for another proof for the world.

I took 5 cc. from his left arm. It was quite clear and white-looking at first, then gradually it became red and quite oily-looking. At present, I am having an analysis made of this blood.

I then asked Brother Bocco regarding his finger nails. They are quite long and pointed or tapered much as a chicken or a dog's nails would be. He said they are quite brittle and break easily. They remind me very much of a slice of chalk or marking pencil.

It was dark when he came, so he promised he would return soon in the daylight for the picture to be taken. He stayed approximately an hour and then left. I was quite pleased with myself to

have obtained the blood, as I knew the importance of it to the medical world.

Our blood is a fluid material containing a liquid portion known as serum, which is almost water clear when it is separated, and in which are suspended the various blood cells. It is in the serum that most of the chemical breakdown products of food are transmitted to the various portions of the body. The most frequent type of cell seen in the blood is the red blood cell, or erythrocyte which is microscopic in size and disc-like in shape. Its particular specialty is its ability to take on or give off oxygen, which it transmits to the body tissues. The waste products of the body, of which carbon dioxide gas is a large portion, are carried in the blood serum. A smaller quantity of blood cells are those known as the white blood cells. Their purpose is to combat infection and to destroy dead tissue.

Normally 55% of these white cells are known as polys or leukocytes and about 35% as lymphocytes, the remaining 10% is distributed between monocytes, eosinophils and basophils. A normal good blood count should consist of 4½ to 5 million red blood cells and 7 to 9 thousand white cells.

CHAPTER VII.

The necessity of having proofs that could be shown to the world was brought to the attention of the Space Man Brother Bocco. I told him we had to have proof of his presence on earth to be given out to the public. I asked him if he would condescend to give handprints and footprints. He obligingly consented. I got an ink pad and paper. I took first the hands and then the feet. We were both very much amused over the proceedings. After I got the other prints, I asked in addition to have a thumb and an ear lobe print, which he gave me without question.

I was quite concerned over these proofs as I knew their importance. He recommended that I put the originals in a safe place, which he himself prescribed, reminding me that it was the first time that a Spaceman had ever given proofs to anyone on earth. They were very precious, were a personal gift to me and therefore my personal property. He further promised photographs of himself to be given at a later date. He then left in the usual way.

On September 26th, I went to Catalina with friends. I returned home in the late evening and at 11:00 p. m. the doorbell rang and when I opened the door, there stood Brother Bocco. I invited him to come in. He said he had come for me to take me to Venus, for I was supposed to receive further information for my future work. I was now anticipating with joy to leave with him. I knew this time I would get much more out of the trip as I was not afraid and would not be so shocked as my first trip up.

I wrote a note for my folks and as he saw me using my pen, he told me to take it and some paper with me, as I might need it there. When we went outside, I was surprised to see the ship standing on Century Boulevard in the fog. At Brother Bocco's touch the door sprang open. I stepped in after him this time, and again was instructed to sit at his right. We took off but at a much faster speed than before. The ship vibrated violently. We traveled at first in a dense fog. I could see nothing.

Soon came a clearer atmosphere. Then we entered into the dark space as we passed a hemisphere. I was not afraid this time because I knew what was happening. Finally we flashed through the yellow light and there I saw hundreds of beautiful feminine creatures, all blondes, all clothed in white trailing garments, floating in a swimming position. We then passed

through another hemisphere and I again saw the moon, not as clear this time as before. It was at this point that I again had a bad nosebleed, but my companion subdued it when he pressed his finger on the base of my nostrils. The ship started to jerk violently, then we went into a tail spin which made me quite dizzy and ill and we abruptly stopped.

Brother Taho again opened the door, greeted me and we got out. We were near the Temple. The atmosphere was dense and misty. A large group of men were there as before to receive us. The purpose was to see me, the Earthling, I was told. They told me I was the first Earthling ever to get out on the planet Venus. I shook hands with several of these men and it gave me the same uncanny feeling I had when I first shook hands with Brothers Taho and Bocco. We proceeded toward the Temple, went up the wide steps and entered the huge hall where the three officials were waiting. They stood up when I entered, greeted me and told me to take the stool in front of the man in the center and be seated. To my surprise they said they were going to dictate to me certain information to be released to the people of earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

This is what I received pertaining to the physical structure and operation of our friends, the residents of Venus.

As we know, bone is one of the hardest structures in our bodies. However, no ossification is present in the skeletal structure of the Venusians' bodies. They are flexous and soft, permeated by vessels which are enclosed in fibrous membranes. The interior of the vessels is filled with a marrow and lined by a highly vascular areolar structure called the medulla membrane, the same as we earthlings have.

The Venusians have no periosteum, which adheres the surface of the bones, but they are highly abundant in nerves. The blood vessels and nerves are too numerous to mention. In other words, their vasa vasorum, or blood supply, and nervi navorum, or nerve supply is much more complex than ours. They have one medullary artery. It is the nutrient artery which branches upward and downward over the nerves of the spine and ramifies in the small vessels sending branches to the adjoining canals. They have eight cervical vertebrae compared to our seven. They have fourteen dorsals as compared to our twelve and eight lumbar compared to our five. They have no sacrum or coccyx. There are no metacarpals or metatarsals in their hands or feet. They are only elastic in nature.

The Venusian's heart is a hollow muscular organ of somewhat conical form. It lies between the lungs in the middle mediastinum and is enclosed in the pericardium. It is placed almost as ours is, that is, obliquely in the chest behind the body of the sternum and the adjoining parts of rib cartilages. It measures 14 cm. in length compared to ours at 12 cm., 8 to 9 cm. in breadth, the same as ours, and 10 cm. in thickness as compared to ours at 6 cm. It weighs 290 grams. It consists of four chambers, the right and left atria and the right and left ventricles. There is only one opening, that is the pulmonary valve.

The tissue of the Venusian is epithelium and is of the stratified type which consists of columnar, transitional and squamous.

Also they have connectives, nervy and supportive tissues. However, the epithelium was stressed the most.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTOLOGY OF THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM

A. Capillaries

1. Fine Caliber
2. One Coat - simple squamous epithelium
3. Function - exchange of nutrientts.

B. Sinusoids

Note: Capillaries are 9 to 10 microns in diameter as compared to ours at 7 to 9 microns. Sinusoids are 42 to 36 microns in diameter as compared to ours at 25 to 30 microns. Function of Sinusoids is to remove secretions from an organ and give substances for storage.

C. Arteries

They are approximately the same as ours. The Arteriole has the Tntima layer, or elastic layer, then the Media which is the thickest layer mainly composed of circular fibers. They are more supportive. Then the Externi or Adventitia which is the connective layer.

SMALL ARTERIES

1. Intima

- a. Endothelium
- b. Sub-endothelium layer made of fine elastic tissue.

2. Media

Has only one layer, the elastic layer, whereas we have the elastic layer and muscle tissue or inner layer.

3. Adventitia

Is the externi and is composed of elastic and white fibers.

There is no medium sized artery. They do have a large artery which increases in elastic tissue in both the Intima and the Media. The Media becomes very thick with elastic fibers only.

CHAPTER X.

I was then taken for a sightseeing tour of the planet. Both Brothers, Taho and Bccco, were mentoring me. They escorted me back to the ship we had come in and we at once left this plane and went approximately fifty feet higher than the one we were on. As we got out of the

ship I noticed it was like a cloudy mist. We stopped near a long building where, I was informed, all the chemical and other research was done. We entered the building and I was shown many kinds of strange machinery and gadgets, steam tables, test tubes, instruments, like surgical instruments, somewhat similar to our own and even gloves that looked like rubber ones.

Then the most amazing thing happened. They brought to my attention large barrels full of feathery like material. They said this was what the ship was made of. This material would be processed and molded into shapes with their hands, then magnetized. They said that magnetism was the propelling energy providing motion for these strange feathery mechanisms. Also they stated that there was a time element involved.

They then directed my attention to numerous containers, small and large, to what seemed to me to be powdered paint of many colors. This was used to give the effect of the pastel shades that my ship had. They informed me that it took three months to construct my ship.

After a complete tour of this strange laboratory we left and once again re-entered the ship, this time dropping below the first plane I had landed on, to a lower plane. This is where the women live. Thousands of them were gathered there assembled in a large open space for the purpose of looking at a man from Earth.

They were all around thirty-five years of age, had long brown hair, beautiful eyes, olive skin, large mouth and very full lips. They were simply beautiful creatures. I saw no children there. I was told that marriage as we know it, does not exist on their planet. These women were all dressed in white ankle length garments, long sleeves, with no jewels or make-up. They were wearing no hose or shoes. Their leader was introduced to me Sister Sistrano. In very good English she welcomed me on behalf of the group and five of them came forward to greet me, bowing their heads. The leader said that the music I would now hear would come from the humming in unison of these five performers, blending in the most wonderful harmony of vibrant subdued sounds. These continuous vibrations were encircling the planet in one sonorous wave.

At a signal from the leader, all the women went down on their knees, bowed their heads forward so that their beautiful long hair covered their faces, and they started this gorgeous humming sound. When this musical offering came to an end, I was asked many questions. "How did people on earth react to the recent visits of Spacemen?" I acknowledged my ignorance. In turn, I queried if any of these women would come down to visit earth. I got a negative answer. After bidding these beautiful creatures farewell, we again boarded our ship and moved back down to what I shall call the middle plane of the planet.

There I was shown the big ship they were preparing for their landing in mass. This was a huge construction. I guessed it to be about a block long and a half a block wide, about eight feet high and rather rectangular in shape. It had no windows or portholes in sight. It was sitting on what looked like a small iceberg, while all around it the ground was overspread with a white substance, like our snow. However I felt no coldness.

I was escorted inside this ship, going up a rather long gangplank. The interior was all white. The walls were covered with a quilted kind of material, the floor with material that gave one a feeling of sinking. At the far end was a very large wheel, helm wheel? and above it were three objects, somewhat like thermometers. I was not told what they were or what they were used for. On the right next to the wheel, was what may have been a pointed gear shift affair, which

they explained was to release oxygen in case any Earthling was brought back up to Venus and needed it on the journey from Earth.

There was also a drinking fountain, containing what they called water but which was a sort of snowy fluffy material. I tried it, out of curiosity, and it had a very tangy flavor. On the other end could be seen a large platform covered with the same quilted material as the walls. On it rested their instruments of communication that would be used to keep contact between the two planets while they were on Earth.

I was informed this ship was expected to land in the California desert some time this year, as peaceful and friendly neighbors. It will have a crew of six and will carry one thousand Venusian men.

When we came out, I went around to look at the outside of the ship and noticed that underneath on one side only, was something that looked like a very long ski.

After this most wonderful experience of seeing this huge ship that would soon land on earth, I was given a few more instructions. We then boarded our ship for the return to earth.

My tour of Venus, this time, took seven hours according to my clock when I returned to the trailer on Monday morning.

They begged me to stress in the message I was bringing back, that their intentions were friendly. They would not come to harm, but to help. They sincerely hope they will be accepted with an open mind and an open heart. I, Lee Crandall, can truthfully say that they are the most dear wonderful friends I have ever had.

"Bow down thine ear, O Earthlings, hear me, for I firing you, in this message, the Love of the Venusians. Rejoice thy soul in their love, for unto thee, O Earthlings, do you receive. All nations whom Thou hast made, if only they will accept, shall rejoice in the glory of our friends the Venusians."

ADDENDUM

The message I have brought forth in this book needs no explanation. It can plainly be seen by anyone of average intelligence that space people encountered me for a definite purpose. They are not to be feared for they are our beloved neighbors

. All the fear, hatred, confusion and past wars, have been built through generations to such a degree that they are now concentrated in our untamed atomic energies.

The Venusians are here to help save us from destroying ourselves as well as other countries. God meant for us to be friendly and love our neighbors. Why can't we Earthlings open our eyes and see where we are headed in this life, the way we are living it.

The Venusians are here to stay - to direct us in the right path. They want us to see that many theories set forth in the name of science are only steps we should disregard, for Earthlings have to find their own true reality. We must remember that science is not the future. It is only the present. We should and must not base our lives upon the science of today. Scientists must

accept the future of unseen reality, for true science shall be quite evident, in the light of Peace and Love, rather than in the chaos of war and destruction.

So I ask again, greet the "Venusians," if you should have contact with any, with an expression of love, and receive them as your friends.

Many of you will doubt my story, but I only pray the day will come when I can relay all the messages I have received, to the people of my world. We are here today amidst a world of turmoil and I personally feel we all need help - a way to lead us to peace rather than destruction.

The Venusians are scattered throughout Southern California, working in various capacities. They want to win your friendship.

I assume full responsibility for being the "Contact" for this great Universal Crusade and want you to know I will be happy to answer any and all inquiries regarding my friends and I wish to inform you now that a continuation of this story regarding the works of the one thousand Venusian men—after their arrival on our planet - is soon to be released in a book entitled "The Return of the Venusians."

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LEE CRANDALL