

## CHAPTER II

### THE WAY "THE ANNOUNCER" WAS PROGRAMMED

Year 1952 had begun under the sign of sightings. From January up to the end of the year, and only in the United States, there will be studied and classified more than three thousand cases.

George Adamski, while he was watching with his 6-inch telescope of during the night of the march 24 th., he intuited all this.

He knew that something unstoppable was hovering over the planet Earth and he was scrutinizing the outer Space with more effort than he usually did. His astronomic and astrological knowledges had put him on alert. He knew that in the middle of the year, Earth and Mars would enter into opposition and this proximity would favor considerably the rapprochement and the contact between space beings and man.

While his mind was wandering about this reality that he perceived, his hands were manouevring the telescope. Suddenly, a luminous ball crossed on his eyes. He instinctively shoot his Hagge-Dresden-Graflex camera. At the same hour, the Point Conception military radar, in California, detected an unidentified flying object which was moving at high speed. George Adamski got this information the following day, at lunch, by the Observation Center Staff.

#### 4. Contact and compenetration in Sicilia.

With the difference of hour, on march 25 th. At 6 A.M., a parallel event happened which expressed a fundamental point of the Program and chose one of its key protagonists: Eugenio Siragusa. Eugenio Siragusa was a strong man, of tanned skin and hair combed back.

When he woke up at 5 A.M. to go to work he thought:

"I would like not having to go to work, and stayed at home with my wife and sons, celebrating in peace my 33 years. Not every day it's your 33 th. birthday".

He woke up from bed, went to the bathroom, washed his face in order to wake up, combed his hair and went to the street to take the bus.

There was a close fog. He got up the lapels of his jacket, put under his arm his briefcase and went into the Martyrs Square. The streets were deserted and he only met with other catanian men that were on their way to get to work at eight.

Eugenio Siragusa, without being conscious, was making a review about his whole life. He was evaluating his achievements as an Arbitrios employee and he didn't feel neither satisfied or dissapointed; but he felt rather boring, as someone who already knows a lesson by heart that he would have to keep repeating. Along the boardwalk Eugenio felt the salt smell, the hum of seagals which were already awoken, the noises of the ships which were stranded on the dock, the waves. It was slowly dawning on a gray background.

He had arrived to the bus stop which would take him to his usual Excise office in the island.

He took shelter in the eaves and waited. The Street was absolutely alone. He didn't see anyone, not any movement. It was as if an invisible corridor would have divided the sea part from the city and as if he was sited in the middle of both, isolated, out of time.

Suddenly he heard a sharp buzz in his ears. Instinctively he looked up to locate from where it was coming. Suddenly, coming from the sea, throughout the direction of the dawn light, he saw a disc which was coming to him, very fast, white-mercury coloured. In order the object was approaching, its brightness and light became more intense.

The physical body of Eugenio Siragusa stayed as hypnotized, watching unblinkingly towards the object, which was nearer.

As soon as it was coming nearer, he distinguished inside of the luminous sphere a kind of solid object, similar in its shape to a spin or a priest hat. Suddenly it stopped suspended in the air and stayed hanged, immutable, over the vertical of Eugenio Siragusa, standing in the middle of the promenade, looking at the sky. His breakfast had fallen down and he was watching up in a trance state. Although inside of him he was terrified, he was unable to move; his feet, arms were petrified. All of a sudden a sort of ray came out from the object, which has an inverted clove shape.

The head of the clove was directed to him. He felt some kind of electricity which penetrated all his being. At once a beatitude which he had never felt, invaded him. His fear disappeared. He noticed that his physical muscles were relaxing and that a beatific communication between the object and his mind was establishing, without any specific content, without any word.

Then the luminous ray became more subtle and after a time it was totally reabsorbed by the object. The luminous globe became bigger, changed of color and Mr. Siragusa didn't see anymore the solid part of the center. In less than a second the luminous sphere disappeared over his head and he could distinguish, only, a point of light in the space.

It had dawn. The sun light was appearing through the fog, revealing the nearby buildings. Eugenio Siragusa recovered his senses. He looked around. From back of the street a bus appeared.

He got down to pick up his wallet. The bus stopped, open its doors and went on going. Eugenio Siragusa, walked a bit, he seemed as he was drunk, staggering. He felt a deep sickness at the base of the stomach. He looked around. He didn't recognize his city, the Street, the ships...He saw the buildings as if they were distorted by a fisheye camera...everything seemed strange, old, dirty, foreign to him.

That morning, Eugenio Siragusa didn't go to work. He returned walking and went to bed.

His wife, Sarina, got alerted, she made him questions, but Eugenio Siragusa remained absolutely silent, staring at anything...

His nausea continued for a while. And meanwhile he tried to site what he had lived in his brain, he heard a voice talking inside of him. He had never felt something like that, so he thought: I'm going crazy... He passed his hand on his forehead many times. He didn't want to eat anything during the whole day.

During the night he slept deeply and regular.

His wife watched him with surprise, not knowing what to do, hot to behave. Eugenio Siragusa's mind was teleported to the akashic files and started to see, in a semi-conscious state, images from other times, other land, other generation.

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He was in front of a big palace, in a hugh square with hanging gardens.

There was a big crowd of people, priests, teachers and teenagers. An old man with large white beard was talking to the crowd from a staircase:

“Seven times man will come to Earth. No one will remember being born before now. Seven generations will last. After this, it will end over this Earth and you are the fifth generation. Seven are the heaven writings and each generation hasn’t got any more than one by will of God. This is your fifht and then it must end. The seventh will be the last test, then the final judgment will come. You are the fifth generation . And the seed of the sixth will born from your end. That is how it’s written in the big book. Most of you will transform in evil forces. You will feel terror, but you won’t change. Not even the newborn will apart from evil, because the evil art of parents will educate them in mistake. And then will happen that will come to Earth the Eternal Man and will show the power of his kingdom. The sun will become ten times larger and will aproximate to Earth and the waters will invade and shake your generation up to the roots. And the time will come in which I will sit between the seven judges of Heaven and will read you your faults and who ever would think of making damage to my body, will see it done in his root. Repent, because we are still on time.”

That’s how the old man spoke. The priests and the teachers met angry, and decided a secret plan to end with the foreign. Members of the peat took kim by forcé and sent him out from the city, to the fields. There, a soldier cut his head off.

The old man remained standing up and his voice was Heard again:

“You have seen what is not given to be seen to mortals in life. In a future time, God will operate in you and in who proceed from your root in the same things. But you will not understand, neither you will not comprehend”.

The mobs, when they Heard him speak and saw his body moving, went away frightened to the city. The teenager had followed the old man, and the group of people, and stayed alone with him on the field, terrified and attracted by the mistery. The old man directed to him and heard again his voice:

-Come my little one, because what lives in me lives in you. Don’t be afraid.

The teenager answered:

-¿Who are you that sedes so much pain and sadness in my soul?

-I have come to earth as a link. I don’t have a name and I ´m not like you. From where I come , the night is day and the day is resplendent.

“You, my Little one, will leave your body some day here on Earth. Only when you have seen what the future reserves for the seventh generation, you will live again in the world with a diferent face. Now I will leave you. It will pass a time before that you can feel me in the warm of thruth in your soul. But I tell you: in that time, when you have returned between men in the seventh generation and when you have 33 years, I will return to be in your soul and in your thoughts and I will give you evidences that time has come. But before you will have to be witness of the test to this generation. The sun will come ten times larger. But this musn’t disturb you. When you watch it, move into the East direction. The road will be long and tiring, but in the end you will find to the

ones who hold the sun in the forehead. There you must support. There you will pass the rest of your life”

With his words, the teenager has been asleep and fell down over a field, beside the old man. When he stopped hearing his voice, he suddenly woke up and didn't see anyone, the field was flourished and there was a strong smell of tuberose.

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At the same time that the kid, Eugenio Siragusa woke up. His wife was sleeping beside. It hadn't dawned yet. It was march 26 th. The Catanian man had 33 years and 1 day. He woke up, went into the dining room and began to write his dream.

That morning he went out of his house, took a paper shop and bought some huge scrolls papyrus for drawing.

As if he was being guided, he drew lands, seas, continents and he wrote down numbers and names that he had never known before.

One week later he asked to overtake his vacations in Excises. He sayed goodbye to his wife and sons, and with a handbag and some food, went on a long road to Etna volcano.

When he sayed goodbye his wife was crying. His sons didn't know what was happening. Eugenio Siragusa said:

-Don't worry about me. Don't follow me. I have to do what I must do. When I have done it I will come back...

From that momento Eugenio Siragusa understood what had happened and what he had to do. His neighbours, since then, became very afraid of him, considering that he was crazy.

##### 5. First warning to Washington

At the national Airport of Washington, the night of 1952, which had yet started, it was a night as any other night. Well, it was 11,30 o'clock and night time of the radar operators at the airport had taken their places by the orders of Harry Barnes.

The past July 13 th., had received the news coming from other monitoring center of the American Airspace. In Missouri State and in the radar station of Kirksville it had been produced a phenomenon unidentified objects's sighting, achieving radarscope frames. The military Center had let leaking the news and this had arrived to Washington. Barnes was a realistic man, he only believe what his eyes saw and he agreed with the astrophysicist Donald Menzel that these things could be caused by investments in temperature or, ultimately to the impericia of radar operators.

Harry Barnes was sitting comfortably on his armchair, in front of the largest radar screen.

The "sweep" was passing again and again though the Green screen in front of his eyes. He waited until it passed six times per minute. He viewed in his mind the great antenna rotating in that same space and time in the same rhythm, auscultating clear and calm skies, in that night of July 19 th., 1952.

In that time, United States had some serial radar stations named "Detection and Early Warning", in which the Washington Airport was included.

These radars were electronic eyes and they could see through the most thickest fog, in any type of cloudiness, in any object which could penetrate an air space up to a radius of 150 km. The tower in which Barnes was operating, was in charge of the happy landing and the good takeoff of every traffic of the Washington National Airport.

During all the time in which he watched the principal screen it appeared only an aircraft in flight within the visual field of the radar. The "blip" appeared in the screen of cathodic rays and it was giving the exact position in where it away every ten seconds. In view that there was little traffic, Barnes got up from his chair and he went to one of the next radar operators:

-Ed, replace me on the screen. I'm going to see the boss.

-All right, Harry.

And Ed Nugent replaced him on the armchair in front of the main screen. It was exactly 12,30 in the night. In the screen there was no "blip".

Suddenly, Nugent was surprised. From nothing, seven points very marked had appeared on the main screen. The objects had slipped into the band in less than ten seconds...

Beside Nugent both screens of the radar operators James Copeland and Jim Ritchey were working. Ed Nugent, without taking his eyes from the main screen, asked Copeland, to call Harry quickly.

Harry Barnes rushed into the tower. The seven "blips" were still on the screen and in the adjacent eyes. Harry confirmed carefully the movement. The echo of the radar was strong, more than the usual of the aircrafts and its behaviour on the screen was different.

Harry took the phone and called to the control tower of the airport. Operator Howard Cocklin answered. Harry asked:

-We're watching in our screens seven suspicious unidentified "blips". They are strong and have entered in only one pass of the band. Do you see something?

-Yes, -answered Cocklin - there are also in our screen. Through the big window I see one of those objects in the sky. It's like a strong orange big light. I don't know what can it be.

While Cocklin affirmed this, one of the "blips" highlighted in the radar screen with special intensity. It had evidently accelerated its speed in direction to the Airport.

Barnes started to become nervous. He called the Air Defense Command and turned back to the "blips" on the radar screen.

The other six radar operators from the airport had joined in front of the screens; they were: Copeland y Richey, ya citados; Lloyd Sykes, Stewart Dawson, Phill Ceconi, Mike Senkow, Jerome Biron y el propio Harry Barnes. All of them worked together from January 1st., 1952 at the Washington National Airport.

The unidentified objects continued developing in front of Barnes' astonished eyes. He couldn't contain himself. He left again the radar in hands of Copeland and went to call the Military Air Field from Maryland. The radar operator from Andrews Field answered:

-We have also detected them; they give good echo. We have sited in the same coordinates.

Harry asked:

-Will you send fighters in order to search what is that or to intercept them?

-We have the field under construction. Our reactors are in Newcastle. We have already alert to the nearest base.

Barnes hanged the phone. He entered again into the radar room. The objects had located over the White House, the Capitol and the Cathedral of New York...

At that moment a DC-4 was taking off from the airport, piloted by captain Casey Pierman.

While he was making the previous checks to take off, from his cabin, he could see a white-blue light which was moving from 150° to 0,10°, but he didn't pay attention.

Captain Casey Pierinan, from Capital Airlines, took off with direction 180°, and climbing up to 1.200°. Afterwards he turned to the right and located into 330° direction. At that momento he conected by radio with the Air Traffic Control Center, through the Control Tower.

-jBarnes Speaking! Our radar screen indicates three objects which travel at high speed. They are approaching you. Divert 290° to intercept the objects.

-Received. I'm going to make the maneuver, over.

Captain Casey made the indicated maneuver and turned to conect with the Air Traffic Control Center from Washington National Airport:

-ATCC reporting to DC-4. The objects are located five miles before your device...No, they are at four...They have surpassed, they are at ten...

-DC-4 calling to ATCC. I see other aircraft such as DC-4 which flyes in oppositte direction. Do you hear me? The co-pilot sees one of those objects white-blue coloured, which travels, at high speed, some 25° down south-east direction.

-I'm at 6.000' altitude, correct visibility; I can see the lights from Charles Town.

jOne new object passes in front of us in these moments at a high speed! It seems to be out of the atmosphere...

-We are having at this momento the seven "blips" in the screen, Can you see them?

-Yes, I see them now; they travel in a triangle shape; the one which have passed has join them. They move at high speed...

-Good. Let it go. Go back to the base.

Barnes was pale, his radar partners were wathing atonished. It was 5 A.M. of July 20 th., 1952.

Harry Barnes went out again to take the private phone. He conected with Andrew Fields once more. Operator Joe Zacko answered.

-Are you still having them in your screen?

- They are still here.

- Have you found an explanation? They move describing impossible angles...

-We have calculated its aproximate speed. It's between the 7.000 and 12.000 kilometers per hour; There's nothing known like that...

Barnes hanged up. He was almost hysterical. He conected with the bases of the Boling and Andrews Air Force.

They replied from Andrews:

-We have observed the targets to East and South of the Base. We have an observator outside and had distinguished some organge light objects.

-Our device is giving excellent readings. We can draw any vector if you consider it necessary.

-It's not necessary. We have received instructions.

-We're giving all the informations, and they give us as an answer: "We have received instructions!"  
Pilots in flight reports are invading us, what shall we do?

-Wait, I'll give you with the officer.

-We have received your information; we are sending it to a higher authority. We have received specific orders. Don't worry. Keep watching the objects and tell us any further event.

Harry Barnes hanged up dissapointed. Anything like that had happened througout his whole career.

When he returned to his screen, the "blips" had dissapeared by magic, in tenths of second.

It was dawn on July 20 th. 1952. The case had passed to the Intelligence Direction of USAF, and a file had been opened. The file consisted in reports from the Air Traffic Control Center, from the Tower of Washington Airport, and from the Andrews AFB and Boling AFB Approach Control Center Radar. The same phenomenon had produced in New York at the same hours. It repeated in the same places many nights later, the night of 26 to 27 from the same month of July.

The following day the reaction was general. Telegrams rained over the Pentagon. The congressists asked explanations to the Congress and the high positions of the USAF and ATIC were in a serious problem. They muddle through by blaming the malfunction of the radar and the influence of temperature on the "blips".

However, the General Headquarters of the USAF an de Air Technical Investigation Center made an investigation about the events "in situ", interviewing eyewitnesses of both control center, including the pilots who were involved. The morning of July 28 th., aparently the storm had passed away. Or at least it had mitigated. Coronel Bower and Captain Ruppert commented the reports while they were having breakfast and were reading the Washington press.

From far away, a journalist from the Washington Post was following the steps of Captain E.J. Ruppert. He wanted and insisted on getting juicy elements from the report, which many Washington Media had great suspects that it really existed.

That afternoon, while Rupert was finishing to eat, the telephone rang.

-They call you from Coronel Teaburg's office. It's not necessary that you remain in Washington during the investigation.

We have notified the White House about the details of the incident. This subject is banned for the press.

Captain Rupert hanged up, and without sitting down, he received another call.

-Tell me

-I'm a journalist from the Washington Post. We have confidential reports about the events of the last nights with unidentified flying objects. We know that you participate in the investigation. We would like to know any detail, better if it's the entire version which you can tell us. We would leave your name in secret.

-I'm sorry. I cannot provide you any information about that.

-Captain Rupert, we know you since long time. I have spent all the morning trying to contact you.

-I'm sorry. I cannot make any comment.

-We know that your are working on a report about some events of vital importance for the press and which the public should already know ...

-I don't believe that the Air Force hide important information which is vital for the press or for the country.

-The truth is that you participate in an investigation which is being carried with the greatest secrecy.

-I don't know if it's truth that that investigation is developing. I'm sorry i cannot give you more information.

-Captain Rupert, is it truth that the Washington Airport had detected numerous radar echoes during these days? And that those echoes have had confirmation in sightings from pilots and individuals?

-I have nothing to say about the radar. It's a well known fact, however, that the radar images can be altered, distorted or also made by climate changes, by birds or malfunction of equipment. Here the conversation ended. The american press could never explain what had happened that night.

The politics and militars which occupied the higher positions with great responsibility were concerned for two severe reasons: For the unknown origin of those phenomena and for the constant pressure of the public opinion, which consequences were unpredictable in the long term.

The space beings who had mounted for two consecutive nights over Washington, these juggling tests, had meant something important that happened a few months later. Something that could never been known until today.

## 6. First Encounter of the Arizona Program

George Adamski knew that he had entered a way which had no end. A way that he should do until the end. 1952 had converted, for the serial of events in which he had been part of, in the year of his initiation.

Part of this initiation, were his walks and alone excursions from Mount Palomar to California Desert. As the months passed he felt inside of him the pressure of something which would be inevitably revealed.

Inside of him, he was certain that before that the year finished he would find with some of the extraterrestrial spaceships which were sailing the outer space and were approaching to Earth fulfilling a very specific Program.

When November started, Adamski had felt that an important time for him was coming.

As part of his usual excursions to the californian desert, he programmed a trip with other friends to Novembre 20 th.

George Adamski, the owner and friend from the "Palomar Garden's",

Alice Wells, and his private secretary, Lucy McGimnis, had programmed a free day. The three would go out from Mount Palomar before it dawn and two friend marriage would join them in the Access road to Blythe.

At 4 A.M. they met at the restaurant "Palomar Garden's", as they had agreed, George Adamski, Lucy McGimnis and Alice Wells. They all helped to prepare some snacks and drinks, they got into the car and they took the general road, in direction to Blythe.

Before they met with their friends, George and the two women pricked a rear Wheel.



George Adamski couldn't remove the damaged wheel because it was too dark. The cricket didn't fit on the side of the car and fell down with its weight...It was cold, but the sky was clear; stars could be seen very clearly. George Adamski thought in loud voice:

-It's strange that we have punched here. We're losing many time. Perhaps we were going too early...

At least they could place the wheel well and they continued their journey. They were in the outskirts of Blythe at 7,30 A.M. instead of 6 or 6,30 A.M., as they had agreed. Inside the car the two marriages from Arizona were waiting. They were Mr. Albert Pailey and his wife and Dr. George Williamson and his wife. The two cars entered into the city and while they were having breakfast they decided the program of the day.

They were provided of maps, telescopes, photographic cameras and binoculars, Adamski said:

-I feel that we should take Parker's road and go into the desert. Something tells me we must go that way. Up to now, for the experience I have indicates me to always follow my inner feeling and I have never mistaken.

-So let's go in that direction -support Dr. Williamson- It's the same way or other and you are the one who must tell us what to do.

They woke up, they got out from the bar and took the road that led to the Desert Center.

When they arrived to the Desert Center, they turned into the right, always following the feeling of George Adamski, and they took the road that led to Parker. The two cars stopped at km. 18.

George Adamski went a little far from the group. He looked to the horizon. And joined the group again. It was sunny. It was approximately 10,30 A.M. George Adamski said, looking at his friends:

-I'm still thinking that we're going to see something important today. Something inside of me tells me that we're about to reach it...

The soil was volcanic, without vegetation. They closed the cars and they walked without direction, from one side to another. Sometimes they looked the sky, other times they looked the horizon with the binoculars...nothing.

Around midnight, a twin-engine plane passed over them. They watched it until it disappeared in the horizon. They went back to the cars and took the snacks that Alice had prepared at the restaurant before leaving. The weather was good.

They came back for a walk on the road side. Adamski watched with his binoculars up to the vertical of the celestial vault; when he was going to take them off he saw it.

At a high altitude, huge, he met with a large spaceship, the type of one that he had photographed in California in March of 1951.

He took his binoculars off and could see them without them. Adamski told his friends:

-They are there, look.

Using the two binoculars they could see them clearly. Dr. Williamson could identify a symbol at the side part. He couldn't distinguish which was, although he had been a flight pilot from the Second World War.

George Adamski said:

-Soon! I have the feeling that today I will meet the crew of that ship.

Let's go to the car. Take me out of the road. I think they are coming to meet us, and they don't get nearer in order to avoid that others can see us from the road...

Lucy took the car and drove inside the desert to George Adamski and Mr. Pailey.

As Lucy was driving, Adamski and Pailey were following the develop of the object with their eyes, with the windows down...It had an enormous orange halo around. They drove a long way through the desert until the car couldn't continue. They stopped and started to take the instrumental that Adamski had to do his work from the luggage carrier: a 6-inch telescope, a tripod, a KodakBrownie Camera, the accessories for the telescope, pictures plates...Once the instrumental was settled, Albert and Lucy moved aside some meters from where Adamski was in order to join with the rest of the group, who had slowly come nearer.

The spaceship stopped in the vertical where George Adamski was with his instruments.

Some minutes later there was a flash in the device and a small disc about 12 mt. of diameter appeared.

It descended almost vertically, without any noise, on the ground. It could be perceived a slight ringing almost imperceptible.

Once it landed, its solid shape was visible. It had the same shape to others that Adamski had seen and photographed. He focused his camera and shot seven plates. It was almost at 500 meters from where Adamski was and 800 meters from where the rest of the group was.

When Adamski took his face from the Kodak objective, he saw a human face who was going out from the saucer and was making gestures with one arm raised. George Adamski instinctively obeyed and started to walk in direction to the being who have descended from the saucer. When he was some meters he could perfectly see his face, his vestment. Adamski would later describe him like this:

He was a beautiful Young man, with beardless skin, long hair up to his back, blond, prominent nose, Green eyes, thin hands, he was 1,70 or 1,75 mt...He wore a shiny brown suit, with a 20 cm. golden belt, some flexible red boots coupled to the diver with another golden ring...

The being who had come out from the saucer, make gestures to Adamski in order that he went closer; he held out a hand. Adamski went to give him his hand, but the visitor simply brushed his palm. Adamski stayed stood up, embedded by the apparition and the encounter.

At least he could speak a little. He asked in english:

-Where are you from?

The extraterrestrial moved his head in a negative way...Adamski understood that he had to communicate in a telepathically mode. He concentrated and pointed the sun.

The extraterrestrial smiled. Adamski understood that was the way to understand and continued thinking. He represented Mars in his mind and traced an orbit around the Sun. The extraterrestrial didn't answer. He traced another orbit, he drew it with his hand and thought in Venus. He traced another orbit and pointed the Earth, the ground...

The extraterrestrial smiled again. He pointed the Sun, described a circle in the air, then another, and pointed himself as part of another circle. Adamski said in english:

-Venus?

The extraterrestrial nodded his head. Adamski continued with the conversation making questions mentally and receiving the answers in the same way; when it was necessary, he helped with some gesture drawn in the air or in the ground.

Adamski asked:

A. -Which are the purposes of your trips?

E. -We don't come with aggressive or violent purposes. Pernicious and strong radiations come from your planet, product of your continuous atomic testings. These radiations affect also the outer space. If your explosions continue, you will lead your planet to a big disaster...

A. -How do you travel through the space?

E. -We use enormous spaceships as the one you have seen and that you have photographed.

They are disc carriers which allow us interplanetary trips with total comfort and speed.

From the spaceship we can send other discs which can be manned or guided electronically from distance.

A. -Which force do your ships use?

E. -The magnetic energy, solar energy.

A. -From where do the spaceships we see come from?

E. -Some from Venus, other from other planets of the Solar System, or from another planetary systems of the galaxy.

A. -Why don't you land in the terrestrial cities and establish official contact with us?

E. -Humanity is not yet prepared. We don't want to cause any damage to the human species and if the meeting should occur in a rough way, we would produce a terrible revolution.

A. -Are there some men in contact with you?

E. -Yes, they are. Some of them have been taken from Earth to other planets voluntarily.

Also there are between you, beings from other planets in investigation and study, they look like you and you won't recognize them. Record well the message that I give to you; is very important to develop the contact with us. You will have to give it in private way and personally to the high authorities of your country. Use the person you already know at the Pentagon...

Adamski asked mentally : should I write it? The space being answered telepathically:

E. -It's not necessary that you write it, do it when you arrive home; it will record in your mind in an indelible way...:

The Confederation has given permission to perform physical evidence to the authorities of the two superpowers on the planet. One of the evidence will take place at Washington National Airport on December 25 th. It must attend highest authorities of civil power, military and religious . The proof, if it is accepted and diffused, will facilitate the development of an aid program of the Confederation of the galaxy with your planet

Then the extraterrestrial went near the saucer. Adamski mentioned if he could follow him. The extraterrestrial returned and ordered mentally not to follow him, because it could be dangerous for his body.

The saucer was similar to a Cristal Bell. Inside of it, some bulbs could be distinguished and they were moving. The device was not settled on the ground, it was floating at 30 or 50 cm. from the volcanic desert ground. The

The dome was like a dark ring and it finished in a ball.

The extraterrestrial took one of his photographic plates and he promised to return it to him in the next encounter. He said that one day he could go inside of one of his saucers...

The extraterrestrial climbed a metal hatch to the saucer; it closed, it increased its brightness and started to lift softly vertically.

Adamski's friends had come near. Adamski saw that the spaceship had two rings which rotated one in the clockwise direction and the other one in the counterclockwise. Down the saucer, there were three metal spheres ...the saucer pulled away towards the spaceship in a few seconds. The spaceship reabsorbed it and set off describing an angle of 90 degrees at a very high speed.

They were all like traumatized. They didn't speak anything. Dr Williamson took plaster and copied the footprints that the extraterrestrial had left on the desert ground.

The encounter had lasted more than an hour.

They took the material that they have used.

They got into their cars and went back. Each one had the strong impression recorded in their minds and inside of them.

George Adamski mentally repeated the message which he had to take to the Pentagon and the White House.

For the first time something strange happened: He saw the written message like on a screen which was going out of his brain...He wouldn't forget it...

Another aspect of the "Saras" program had fulfilled: using a human being who had been previously prepared and sensitized for that purpose...

Adamski knew in a clear and certain way that this truth was high to him and that it would change his life, his relationships with the other inhabitants of Planet Earth, and of course, his relationships with the American Authorities... But he has accepted it and he didn't mind what would happen in the future. What he and his friends had seen was truth and they would let it know, even if they would let them or not to do it, even if they believed them or not.