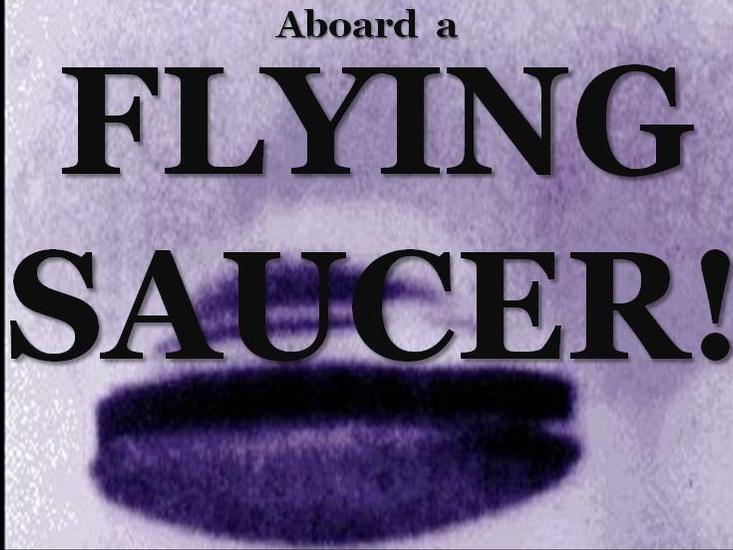
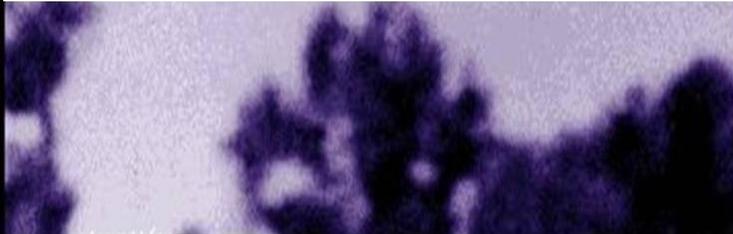


Aboard a
**FLYING
SAUCER!**



**Truman Bethurum and the
People of the Planet Clarion**

A True Account of Factual Experience



Frank G. Wilkinson

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**Aboard a Flying Saucer: Truman Bethurum
and the People of the Planet Clarion – A
True Account of Factual Experience**

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Part I: Aboard A Flying Saucer!

Late in July, 1952, Truman Bethurum received a frantic long distance telephone call from his friend E. E. "Whitey" Edwards insisting that he leave the cool comfort of Santa Barbara, California, where he was waiting out an Operating Engineers strike, to sign on as Batch Plant operator and night mechanic at Edwards' asphalt mixing plant under the blistering summer heat of Mormon Mesa, Nevada. He accepted reluctantly, compelled by his friendship with Edwards, as well as his strike-strained finances, and soon found himself sweating between the blacktop and the merciless desert sun.

Bethurum had heard about flying saucer sightings in the Desert Southwest – by 1952, everyone had. But he was not a believer, nor could he have suspected that by responding

to his friend's call, he had taken his first step toward the greatest adventure of his life – extraterrestrial contact.

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

On July 27th, after completing an evening work shift at the asphalt plant, Bethurum set off into the desert in his small truck. His wife loved the sea, and he had heard that the vast Nevada wasteland had once, long ago, been covered by ocean. He hoped to locate a variety of ancient, fossilized shells for her collection. But even with a bright full moon and a flashlight, he had no luck. After a long day under the blazing sun, the cool desert night lulled him toward sleep, and he decided to take a short nap under the stars before turning back empty handed to the work camp and another day of labor.

As he dozed in his truck, a soft hum broke through his dreams, and, as he came fully awake, he was shocked to find his vehicle surrounded by a group of small men, each between 4 and 5 feet tall. The men were mumbling to each other in a low, unintelligible language, the "hum" which had awakened him. Each wore an unfamiliar black uniform, a black-billed cap, and trousers that reflected a blue-gray cast under the bright moonlight. The flesh of their dark faces was taut and hard, free of any wrinkle or blemish. No weapons were apparent.

Bethurum froze with fright and noted the truck's open windows with alarm. One of the men stepped close and spoke to him in the strange language. Bethurum indicated as best he could that he did not understand, at which point the man nodded, then said in clear English, "*You name it!*"

Hearing his own tongue spoken sent a wave of relief rushing down Bethurum's spine, and he climbed out of the

truck, his hand extended in friendship – but what he saw next sent him once again into stunned paralysis, freezing his greeting in his throat – hovering low behind his truck was a flying saucer!

A monstrous disc of burnished steel, the saucer measured 300 feet across and six yards deep at its center. A three foot metal rim encircled the craft. Wingless and free of any visible means of support, the disc floated as if weightless several feet above the scrubby desert brush.

The little men crowded around him, anxious to shake his hand. One fellow identified himself as the group's leader and, grasping Bethurum's arm firmly, agreed to introduce the Earthling to their ship's captain. As they moved together toward the waiting craft, Bethurum asked his guide what country they called home. Like a character from a Brothers Grimm fairytale, the little man answered cryptically, "*Our homes are our castles in a far away land.*"

As they neared the saucer, the whole disc tilted toward them, revealing a landing step with a single hand rail. They ascended and entered the vehicle through a topside doorway. They walked fifteen paces down a brightly-lit corridor, then Bethurum was ushered into a furnished cabin, where he fell once again into stunned silence to behold the ship's captain - *a beautiful woman.*

THE LADY CAPTAIN

She was shorter than the men he had seen thus far. Black-haired, olive-skinned, she wore no jewelry or makeup. Her uniform was a bright red skirt, velvety black blouse, and a black and red beret. Her proud eyes considered Bethurum for a long moment. Apparently satisfied, she dismissed his

escorts, then gestured for him to take a seat on a long couch which lined the far wall.

She began by explaining that she and her crew were interplanetary travelers who had only very recently begun their contact with Earth. Amazed, Bethurum asked about their planet of origin and how they managed to survive the great lengths of time required to traverse the void of space. She responded that time and distance were inconsequential to her people, and that such questions held little meaning for them. She made it clear that her race had already, in their short stay, divined Humanity's warlike nature, and warned that, although theirs was a peaceful, religious and understanding people, they were also cautious and well-equipped to evade attack or capture by Earthly military powers.

He watched her striking figure as she talked, and again made note of the strange, taut quality of the skin he had noticed in the little men. Her face was gaunt and sharp-boned, almost as if some sort of plastic sheet had been drawn tight over an underlying frame. Her dark eyes reflected great understanding, and seemed to guide his questioning, leading him psychically toward certain questions, away from others. In a hypnotic, sing-songy voice, like someone reading Mother Goose stories aloud to a child, she questioned him about his work, and about the men building structures in the desert (the asphalt plant).

She answered his questions, too, explaining that, while some of the flying saucers being sighted in American skies belonged to her people, the more bizarre news stories involving monsters with hooks or grotesque tails were creations of liars seeking publicity.

As if in response to some imperceptible signal, the lady captain rose without warning and led Bethurum back down the long corridor and out of the saucer. As they emerged into the desert air through the topside portal, he was shocked to discover that the sun was already well over the horizon. Many hours had passed in what seemed to him like mere moments.

He thanked his interplanetary hosts for allowing him to come aboard the "Admiral's Scow," as they had referred to their ship. The captain promised to return soon to visit him again – all he needed to do was to think the place and the day. She and her crew would hear his thoughts and keep the appointment.

The great saucer dipped again toward the sandy desert floor. Bethurum stepped off and the door closed silently behind him. As the disc rose away into the dawn sky, he examined its immensity end to end in the sunlight. No propellers, rudders or exhaust vents dimmed its gleaming exterior. It made no sound at all as it drifted toward the clouds then vanished suddenly, without leaving so much as a vapor trail in its wake.

SPILLING THE BEANS

Bethurum resolved not to tell anyone about his experience. On the long ride back to the work camp, he imagined the ridicule and persecution he would receive if his fellows knew what had transpired – the same ridicule and disbelief he would have heaped on anyone telling him the same story only the day before.

The last thing he expected was corroboration of his experience. When he got back to the camp, he was surprised to find Whitey Edwards waiting anxiously for his

return. Had an airplane landed or crashed in the desert? His boss had personally witnessed something huge and metallic descending toward Bethurum's location in the night. What was it? Had Bethurum seen it land?

"It..." Bethurum admitted reluctantly, his natural honesty getting the better of him in the face of his friend's genuine concern, *"... It was a flying saucer!"*

The rest of the day he got the jokes and jibes he expected as his fellow workmen teased him about "little green men," and questioned his sobriety and sanity. But, to his surprise, a few of the men asked him serious questions, too, allowing themselves to wonder at the possibility of life on other worlds.

When the workday was done, Bethurum returned to his small hotel room. He was still so highly charged from the encounter that, with shaking hands, he located stationary and pen, wrote out a letter, and placed it carefully on the nightstand before retiring to his dreams:

"If I am found dead in my bed," he wrote, "it will be because my heart has stopped from the terrible excitement induced by seeing and going aboard a flying saucer!"

Part II: Clarion Call!

Truman Bethurum's story about meeting the Space People spread quickly through the Wells Cargo Company work camp, winning him much derision. His coworkers nicknamed his "Saucers." He became embittered, isolating himself from the others, even questioning his own memory of the most important event of his life – had he really seen and gone aboard a flying saucer? Had it all been a dream or heat-induced hallucination?

But on the night of August 3, 1952, he encountered the gleaming disc again, confirming forever, at least for himself, the physical reality of his experience, and the real presence of extraterrestrial vehicles and their occupants on Earth.

Still working the night shift, Bethurum was just completing repairs to several trucks on the camp's perimeter when he saw what looked like a meteor streaking through the night sky, pulsing brightly from bluish-green to yellow, orange, and back again. The "meteor" fell from the sky, vanishing silently behind the duned desert landscape about a half mile east of the site of his initial encounter. Sure the saucer had returned, Bethurum lit out across the desert in his own small truck, bumping and bouncing over the rough terrain, too eager even to bother searching out a road toward his destination. He found the ship again hovering close to the ground, only a mile from busy Highway 91, the main thoroughfare through Salt Lake City.

A group of small men milled about in front of the saucer, talking together in that same mumbling language whose rumble had awakened him in his truck when they first met. A doorway opened and the lady captain appeared, beckoning for him to approach with a wave of her hand. He followed her into the ship and down the long corridor to her cabin. The captain gestured for him to take a seat on the curving couch, then sat beside him, smiling.

They talked openly together, like old friends. She explained that the nature of earthlings and of her own people were very similar, that the people of her world were human beings, too, sharing the same feelings and foibles, the same natural talents and challenges. Her people, however, had met these challenges directly, and had chosen a less

destructive course than the one presently being pursued by the people of Earth. She was unimpressed by Earth technology and military might as well, lamenting our invariably destructive use of these resources. She valued Earth's politics and politicians no more highly.

"These things are sad," she answered in response to questions concerning economic inequality and juvenile delinquency. "I'm glad we're troubled with neither on Clarion."

So, their home world was called *Clarion*. What a place it must be, Bethurum thought! A world without trouble of any kind. A world very much like an earthling's dream of Heaven...

After only half an hour, the lady captain from the planet Clarion signaled that the visit was over. As soon as Bethurum placed his feet on the sandy ground outside the great saucer, the disc was gone, streaking away into the night sky as mysteriously as it had appeared.

He glanced at his watch, but it had stopped. Even the winding gears of the now-useless device appeared to have given out under the assault of the saucer's magnetic field. He shoved the broken timepiece into his pocket and started toward his truck.

A PROPER INTRODUCTION

Barely two weeks later, on August 18, 1952, the "scow" returned, this time streaking down from the sky to a spectacular, silent landing less than 200 yards from Bethurum's small truck. He joined the captain again in her cabin, this time armed, in anticipation of their conversation,

with a list of questions he had compiled since their last meeting.

Topping his list was the lady captain's name. His friend and boss, Whitey Edwards, had inquired about the name of the heavenly feminine creature Bethurum had so enthusiastically described, and, when he had to admit that he did not know, that he had never even thought to ask, Edwards had chided him, "Then you haven't been properly introduced yet!" He would remedy that!

"Aura Rhanes," she told him, then she spelled it out loud, in English, so that he could accurately record it among the growing notes he had begun to keep of his encounters.

They spoke together of the vast desert spaces, the extreme heat, the scarcity of water in the arid landscape around them – to which she concluded, cryptically, "I expect to be around for a thousand years, but the water in your deserts will mostly be tears."

She allowed him to touch her arm and shoulder, to assure himself of her reality, that he was not dreaming. They exchanged family stories, the tiny, seemingly youthful Captain Rhanes revealing that she was a grandmother, with two small grandchildren back on Clarion.

The conversation turned again to the social conditions found on Earth. She spoke sadly about the continual strife her crew had observed among earthlings, concluding that the inhabitants of other planets are much too busy improving the welfare of their people to have time for even minor controversies.

Other planets, Bethurum questioned? He explained that scientists on Earth believed that life was not possible on

any other world. She said that such a view was understandable, in that, in her experience, signs of life on any world were virtually impossible to detect from a great distance. All one sees is a hodgepodge of lights and shadow. Nothing even hinting of life can be discerned on any planet until it is approached at close-range by an interplanetary vehicle like the Clarion scow.

Bethurum's last questions focused mainly on the mechanical operations and capabilities of the saucer itself. But each time he asked for technical details, his questions went unanswered, or were gently deflected back toward issues of philosophy and social conditions on Earth. He allowed Captain Rhanes' direction in this, recognizing that this wise and beautiful woman from another world was not prepared to trust him, or any earthling, with the secrets of so powerful a technology whose potential might be perverted for destructive purposes, even turned against the Clarionites themselves someday, by his own primitive and warlike race.

She sent him back to the desert with a promise to return yet again. He only needed to think of the time and place, and they would appear. Dawn was just breaking in the east as the gleaming saucer shot like a meteor back into the heavens.

Part III: Trouble In Saucerland!

On the night of August 25, 1952, the Clarion scow returned. Bethurum, desperate for independent confirmation of his encounters, had convinced Whitey Edwards to accompany him on his night shift for a while, in hopes that he might see the saucer and meet the Space People for himself. But on that night, Whitey was called away for a brief errand, leaving Bethurum once again alone

on the mesa, and the Clarionites chose just that moment to make their appearance.

"Hello. You know that we are here," came a voice from beside his truck. Bethurum jumped out of the vehicle and turned to discover Aura Rhanes standing near him, the silvery glow of moonlight giving her smooth, clear skin the appearance of sculpted marble. He did not see the saucer until he turned slowly to the southwest to find the massive ship behind him, where it must have landed so silently that he had remained unaware of its presence where he sat in his truck, mere yards away. Several of the diminutive crewmen were milling about the vessel, conversing together in their mumbling language.

Bethurum followed the beautiful captain again to her cabin, where he asked her a series of questions his friends at work, as well as many of the neighborhood children, had given him to pose to the visitors.

First, he wanted to know if Clarion, the name they used for their home planet, might actually be known to earthlings under another name, perhaps Mars, Jupiter or Venus.

Captain Rhanes assured him that Clarion was unique and completely unknown to and invisible from Earth, being located "... on the other side of the moon..."

She stated that, from space, the Earth itself looks like a lifeless moon, that all the abundance of our world was invisible at a distance, just as our moon's abundance was invisible from Earth. She said that illusory, phantom planets inhabit our solar system as well, mirages cast into space by light refracting off the moisture in some planets' atmospheres. These mirror-image globes could not be

distinguished from real planets until an observer was in immediate proximity.

He asked about Mars, which Captain Rhanes described as a beautiful place to see, a great manufacturing planet with many human inhabitants who live in large, flowered country estates. But she obviously considered Clarion to be even more beautiful, and suggested slyly that earthlings might soon be allowed to visit her world to observe its beauty and learn its peaceful ways firsthand. But she refused to give details as to when or how this might be accomplished.

Bethurum had brought a camera to this encounter, and he asked if he might be permitted to take the lady captain's picture as proof of his contact.

"I think not," she replied coolly, pointing out that a picture wouldn't do Bethurum any good, anyway. "Merely a woman in a room. A picture wouldn't prove anything."

After this exchange, he found himself being escorted from the saucer – but, again, with the promise of a return visit. Once outside the ship, he made a casual comment to one of the little men about the immensity of the ship, wondering aloud at what its massive weight must be.

Captain Rhanes laughed from the doorway, and suggested that he try to lift the ship with his bare hands.

Bethurum wedged his shoulder under the protruding rim of the saucer and heaved – the whole craft rose easily at his touch. He tipped the disc several feet off the ground before lowering it again to its hovering position.

The little men scurried past him to reboard, and in a flash, the ship was gone.

A RESTAURANT ENCOUNTER

Around 3:30 AM, on August 27, 1952, Bethurum was enjoying a late night snack of pie and coffee with Whitey Edwards in a small Glendale, Nevada diner when he felt an elbow in his side. Edwards gestured eagerly toward the lunch counter, where a small man was seated next to a tiny woman wearing a black and red beret, a black, velvety blouse, and a brilliant red pleated skirt... It had to be Aura Rhanes and one of her crewmen!

Bethurum looked, and confirmed Edwards' suspicion. Would he like to be introduced?

Edwards, strangely put off by the presence of the celestial visitors, refused and began gathering his things to leave.

"If you do," Bethurum cautioned, "stand near the door so you can see what they get into and which way they go when they come out."

Then he approached his extraterrestrial friends. "I beg your pardon, Lady, but haven't we met before?"

No, she insisted to each of his repeated requests for recognition, no, no. He turned to pay his check, and the pair were gone. He rushed outside and demanded Whitey Edwards' report – where had they gone?

"Honest, Tru," his friend responded, "Not a blessed soul passed through that door until you came out."

THE PURLOINED FLASHLIGHT

For some months now, Bethurum had been working to convince his wife, Mary, to join him in Mormon Mesa, in hopes that she, too, might witness the spaceship landings and meet the people of the planet Clarion. But circumstances had continually frustrated his ambition. Mary was caring for a friend's child, the heat was too much, and on and on.

Finally, he wrote her a long letter, the first to mention his experiences among the Space People, laying out his encounters to date in detail and begging her to come and be at his side. Again, she refused, this time voicing grave concern for his state of mind, and insisting that he forget all about flying saucers so as not to draw negative attention to himself or his family.

Her response left him angry and dejected. Worse yet, he was beginning to hear just the sort of negative rumblings from his coworkers that Mary so feared. Some of the men, with son's fighting in Korea, had come to believe that if Bethurum was really consorting with strange foreigners in flying machines, the strangers must be Korean spies, making him out to be a traitor to his country. The men had threatened to follow him on his nightly desert excursions, and to shoot him and anyone coming down out of the sky at the first sign of collusion.

The scow appeared for a fifth visit on September 5, 1952. After the usual session of hard questions and vague answers, Captain Rhanes fixed Bethurum with a concerned look. She acknowledged that he appeared distraught and worried, and asked with sincerity how she might ease his mind.

He confided, then, about his wife's concern, and the threats made by his fellow workmen. Was he endangering his new-found friends by continuing to meet with them?

She laughed, lightly and deliciously. "Why, Truman," she said, "do you imagine anyone on Earth can harm us? They might annoy us, yes, but never harm us. None of your Earth people have anywhere near the powers which we control."

What if they attacked, he questioned? Would they be killed?

Captain Rhanes insisted that her people killed no one, and that the hostile parties would simply disappear.

She escorted him out of the saucer, pausing at the doorway to request that Bethurum hand over some small material object with which she might demonstrate the true power possessed by the people of Clarion.

He unclipped a small flashlight from his belt and held it out before her. Without a sound, the device vanished before his eyes. He stared into his empty hand with amazement.

"Yes, it's gone," she said quietly. "Forever."

"Forever..." Bethurum echoed solemnly. He stepped away from the saucer, stunned, forgetting even to say goodbye. When he turned to offer a belated wave, the ship was gone.

Part IV: The Christians of Clarion

Bethurum could not get the disturbing image of the disappearing flashlight out of his mind. Aura Rhanes had said that it was gone forever, in the same way anyone attacking a Clarion vessel would be made to disappear

forever. And yet, she had also proclaimed that her people never took life. Wasn't vanishing forever the same thing as death? He would have to ask her that question if he ever again had the opportunity to see her and her magnificent spaceship.

After only a few hours of sleep, he rose early in order to make his visit as planned with Whitey Edwards and his family in Las Vegas. His laundry has been returned by the hotel cleaners, and he opened the bag to discover that his nearly-new work suit was in ruins, the whole left side of the shirt and the rear top of the trousers completely gone, as if eaten away by acid.

He'd had no contact he could remember with hazardous chemicals, not even spilled battery acid from the trucks he repaired for a living. What could have caused such damage?

He was about to march angrily into the hotel laundry room when it dawned on him that the ruined suit had been the one he was wearing when he had lifted the Clarion saucer the night before with his bare hands. Could the craft's magnetic field or some volatile substance in its makeup have disintegrated the fibers of his clothing? Yet another question for the mysterious Captain Rhanes.

A TELEPATHIC SUMMONS

As soon as he reached Las Vegas, Bethurum stopped for a haircut. He wanted to look his best when he met his friend's family.

But he was to have no vacation from his extraterrestrial contacts. As the barber was finishing, Bethurum spied a tiny woman passing the shop, wearing a familiar pert beret,

black, velvety blouse, and red skirt with small, flat pleats –
Aura Rhanes!

He jumped from the barber's chair, scattered his payment across the counter, and rushed to try to catch her. As he stepped out onto the street, the woman acknowledged his presence with a nod that seemed to cue him that she did not wish to be publicly recognized. She quickly vanished into a crowd.

That evening, over dinner, Bethurum entertained Whitey Edwards' family with retellings of his saucer encounter stories to date. Anxious to convince them of his honesty, he hit upon an idea. He asked the whole family to follow him out to a distant desert spot where he would attempt to summon the Clarion scow telepathically, as Captain Rhanes had assured him from the beginning that he would be able to do just by thinking about the time and place.

But his friend wanted no part of the plan. Feeling dejected and stubborn, Bethurum decided to go to the desert alone to carry out his experiment. He got into his truck and drove to a spot near Henderson, Nevada, where he parked and sat behind the wheel, watching the stars, wishing hard for a visit from his space friends.

Soon a vivid blue flash appeared in the sky over Nellis Air Force Base. The light danced several looping circles across the starry expanse of the night sky, then, within seconds, the scow appeared, hovering silently over the sands within 50 feet of his truck.

DEFENSIVE ANSWERS

By the time the first of the little men had disembarked, Bethurum was already out of his truck, anxious to go aboard the saucer.

"Surprised to see us here?" the lady captain greeted him as he stepped into her quarters.

But he was not surprised. It had all become familiar to him, even routine. He moved right to his question about the flashlight. Captain Rhanes had said Clarionites never killed anybody, but if they made an attacker disappear – *forever*, she had said about the flashlight – would that person disappear forever? And to where? And doesn't that mean he would die?

The lady captain laughed and looked engagingly into his eyes. "It's true, we never kill anybody," she said, soothingly. Our enemies fall and disappear before us. Then we go away. They may rise and go about their business – if they have done no real damage. There is such a thing as teleportation..."

THE COSMIC CHRISTIANS

Bethurum's mind was eased, even though he had not completely understood her explanation. He decided to move quickly to his next question. A young waitress from the Glendale restaurant where he had once spotted Aura Rhanes and her crewmen had given him a letter, a personal question for the Space People, written in French. He had claimed that the Clarionites could speak all languages fluently, and the letter was a test. The girl had encoded her question in a language Bethurum himself clearly could not read or speak, and she wanted the reply to come back in that language as well. Only then would she believe that

Bethurum was sincere in his stories of interplanetary contact.

He gave the letter to Captain Rhanes, and requested that she respond not only in French, but also in Chinese, to really bring home the point that the intelligences behind the flying saucers were far greater than his own. The lady captain held the letter up briefly to the cabin wall behind her, with the writing facing away. Then she sat down at her desk, produced pen and paper, and began to write freely in strange Chinese characters.

As she wrote, Bethurum heard in the distance the familiar sound of a typewriter clicking away. One of the little men appeared through the cabin door and handed the captain a thin, typed sheet. Bethurum could see that the words on the typed sheet were in French.

Had the crewman read the waitress's letter through the solid wall as his captain had briefly held it up? Had Aura Rhanes telepathically dictated an answer to him in French, even as she wrote out a corresponding answer to the girl's question in Chinese? With all Bethurum knew about these remarkable Space People, he found himself, once again, amazed.

TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH LETTER

Dear Maria:

On this planet, exactly as on Earth, human beings are of the same nature and have to confront the same problems as you and I. It seems, however, that civilization, such as we find on Earth, has brought many misfortunes to men. We are Christians here and on this point we have not retrogressed as I see from here the dreadful paganism

which is gnawing at modern countries. You come from a country where customs and manners are stricter and, on the other hand, there are in America more liberties and greater licentiousness to which one must adapt oneself. If, on the contrary, either your husband or you do not place yourself on guard against the lures and mirages of attitudes based on negligence and selfishness in your marital relations, it is often difficult to keep the love of a husband who has strayed from the straight path without any apparent cause on your part. Try then to convince him by your unlimited fidelity and your complete devotion, refusing to permit your heart to revolt or to reproach past weakness. But, above all, learn to place your faith in God, and, by Christian effort which will be an example to him, try to lead him back to a sincere faith or to increase in him the practice of religion. Here, God has saved us from our inclemencies and has spared us many social misfortunes. We are not acquainted with divorce, adultery and infidelity to the dangerous degree that it exists on the Planet Earth. Learn from us about the power such as we have already displayed it; some day Earth will no longer be what it is if men do not change; they are destroying themselves by inches.

From your friend without equal to those on Earth,

Madame Aura

"I fancy this letter will be the talk of the town, when it gets around," Aura Rhanes said lightly, placing the letter into Bethurum's hand. She promised him that soon he would journey with them to visit Clarion itself. Then she led him out of the saucer. Before he reached his truck, the scow vanished into the clear desert sky.

Part V: Goodbye, Aura Rhanes

Between September 16th and November 2nd, 1952, Truman Bethurum was visited by the scow from Clarion, and its beautiful lady captain, five more times. With each visit, he learned more about the culture and customs of the Clarionites, and each time the promise of his personal visit to their distant world was renewed - although the trip itself always seemed to be postponed until the scow's "next visit." He was instructed to make plans for his eventual flight into space by inviting six trustworthy friends, all men, and making sure they all brought "sturdy shoes."

In his conversations with Captain Rhanes, Bethurum began to conceive a clear picture of life on the heavenly home world of his strange friends, and of their mission here on Earth:

Clarion children are educated from birth to value honesty, neatness and order.

All Clarionites continue their education throughout their long lives. The purpose of all education on Clarion is to bring each individual to the greatest fulfillment of his or her personal potential.

Clarionites consider education and its use for enhancing the lives of their people to be the true purpose of life and society. Their visits to Earth are for the purpose of learning and expanding the quality of life for Clarionites and Earthlings alike.

Much education on Clarion is made possible by a device called a "retroscope" which allows them to view any point in space or time, granting them a remarkable grasp of cosmic history.

Clarionites love to dance and sing, and hold many large public celebrations where they can join together to appreciate the splendor of their lives and their world.

Food is grown on Clarion on vast, high-tech farms. When harvest season arrives, everyone pitches in to gather the crops, which are freely shared by all.

Personal transportation on their world is accomplished with "Nutronic Jeeps" which are computer controlled, making them incapable of collision, a feat made possible by a system of "magnetic flashes."

The Clarionites do not find it surprising that most earthlings do not believe in life on other worlds, because they, too, did not accept the possibility until they began their interplanetary expeditions and discovered life on earth. They have since discovered that many planets harbor human life. An interplanetary human community exists in space, into which we will be welcomed when we are ready.

It is possible that beings from worlds other than Clarion are visiting the Earth, probably out of fear of what we might do now that we have developed nuclear weapons. Should we blow ourselves up, it would set loose considerable confusion in space, and many ET races would be negatively effected.

Clarionite visitors to Earth keep their distance from us because of our tendency to attack that which we do not understand. They are secretive out of self-protection, and out of a desire to never hurt an Earth human, even in self-defense.

Clarionite saucers can be easily distinguished in the night sky from meteors because "falling stars" always fall in a downward, perfect arc, changing colors as they burn up in Earth's atmosphere. Any light moving in a straight line, at high speed, and maintaining one color is probably a Clarion scow or other type of interplanetary craft.

AN EXPLOSIVE GIFT

As Bethurum was walking back to his truck after his tenth meeting with Aura Rhanes, he came across a strange package lying in the desert sands as if dropped from the sky. A tag on the package bore his name. Inside were two long, black flares – to be used, he was certain, to signal the Admiral's Scow to land if he again wished a visit or required his friends' intervention. When he got back to his room, he stored the flares carefully away.

In October, 1952, Bethurum's job at Mormon Mesa ended, and he soon found himself laboring in a work camp near Kingman, Arizona. He worried that the Clarionites might not locate him at the new site, so, after no further visits had occurred by November 2nd, he set out into the Arizona desert to test the signal flares. Within moments of the first flare's bursting into fiery life, the familiar ship appeared, and Bethurum once again had an audience with Captain Rhanes. The time for his trip into space was soon, he was informed. He should prepare for departure.

But when the beautiful lady captain and her magnificent ship vanished this eleventh time, it was to be their final visit with Truman Bethurum. His promise of space travel was never fulfilled.

When igniting the second signal flare some weeks later brought no response from the sky, Bethurum became

disconsolate and disappointed. He guessed that urgent business elsewhere had diverted Captain Rhanes from her promise, perhaps even recalling her to her heavenly home world. But still, he felt abandoned and sad.

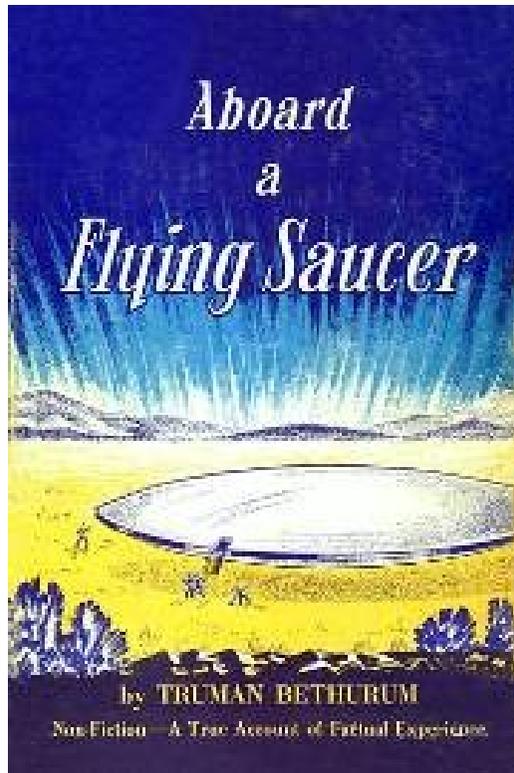
When the Arizona job ended, he returned home to his wife and daughters in Redondo Beach, California. His wife, Mary, still refused to believe his saucer stories, and forbade him to speak of his experiences in their home. Bethurum's depression deepened.

AN ASSURANCE FROM ABOVE

One day a letter arrived in the morning mail that changed everything in the Bethurum household. The world-renowned extraterrestrial contactee George Adamski had heard about Bethurum's experiences among the Space People, and was inviting Truman and Mary to visit him on Mt. Palomar, where he lived and shared his own stories of interplanetary contact. That so prominent a public figure had taken a serious interest in her husband's stories softened Mary's resolve, and she agreed to join him in the visit to Mt. Palomar.

Adamski made a tape recording of Bethurum telling his story in detail, a tape destined to be played for the many visitors to Mr. Adamski's home, and shared among his fellow saucer researchers. The tape was a sensation, and soon saucer enthusiasts were knocking on Bethurum's door at all hours of the day and night, and calling him from every corner of the globe. At Mr. Adamski's urging, he enlisted a professional ghostwriter, Ms. Mary K. Tennison, to help him compile his stories and notes into a definitive narrative of all his Clarion contacts.

Truman Bethurum never made it into space on a Clarion scow, but his book *Aboard a Flying Saucer* established him as the second great contactee of the 1950s, and launched him forever into the firmament of stars that make up the true Golden Age of Flying Saucers.

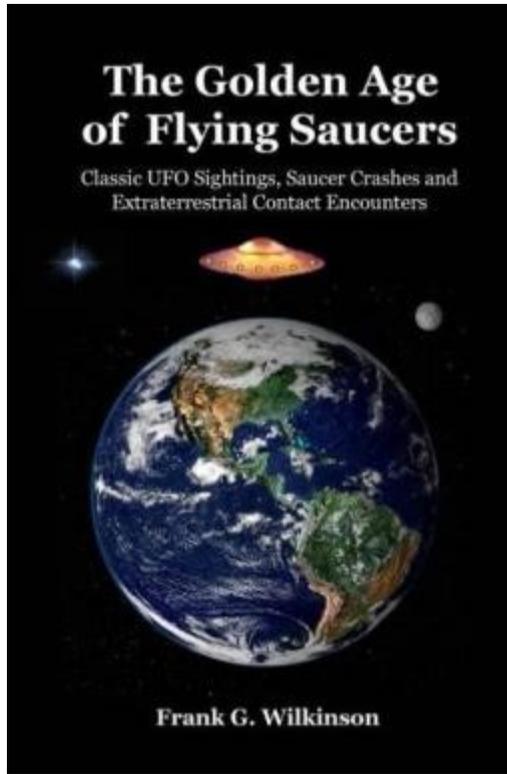


Aboard a Flying Saucer original 1954 book cover depiction of the Clarion "Admiral's Scow" resting on the Nevada desert sands.



Truman Bethurum posing beside a copy of his 1954 book
Aboard a Flying Saucer.

Thank you for reading *Aboard a Flying Saucer: Truman Bethurum and the People of the Planet Clarion – A True Account of Factual Experience*, by Frank G. Wilkinson. This is a chapter excerpt from Frank's book-length celebration of vintage UFO/Contactee history, *The Golden Age of Flying Saucers: Classic UFO Sightings, Saucer Crashes and Extraterrestrial Contact Encounters*, which is available everywhere fine eBooks are sold.



What Reviewers Are Saying About

THE GOLDEN AGE OF FLYING SAUCERS

Each chapter is written in an exciting "you are there" sort of perspective that paints vivid pictures in your mind, and reads like fast-paced fiction. There are lots of names and dates and facts included in each account, but they never bog you down. The stories are good enough to keep your interest peaked and your eyes moving across the page.

-- Bill Breyer, Amazon.com Review

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This a good compilation of historic UFO cases and a great little reference book. It's good for the amateur investigator, the student, and as a quick-reference book when trying to recall specific events of famous sightings during various times.

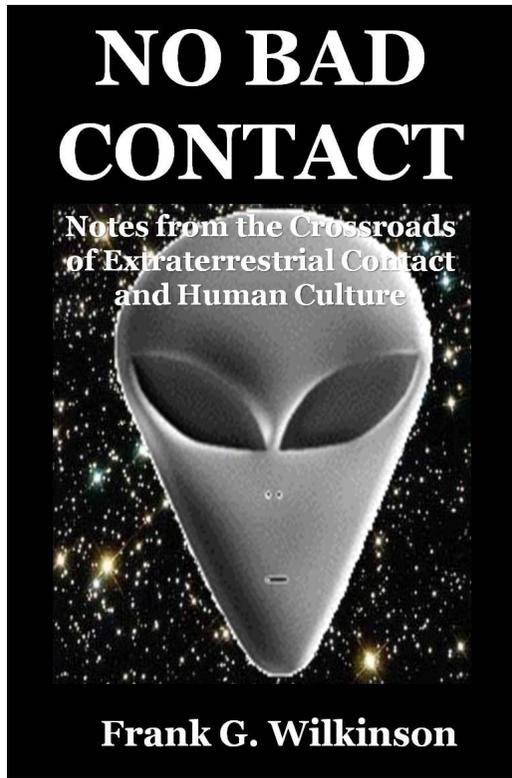
-- Joseph R. Calamia, Amazon.com Review

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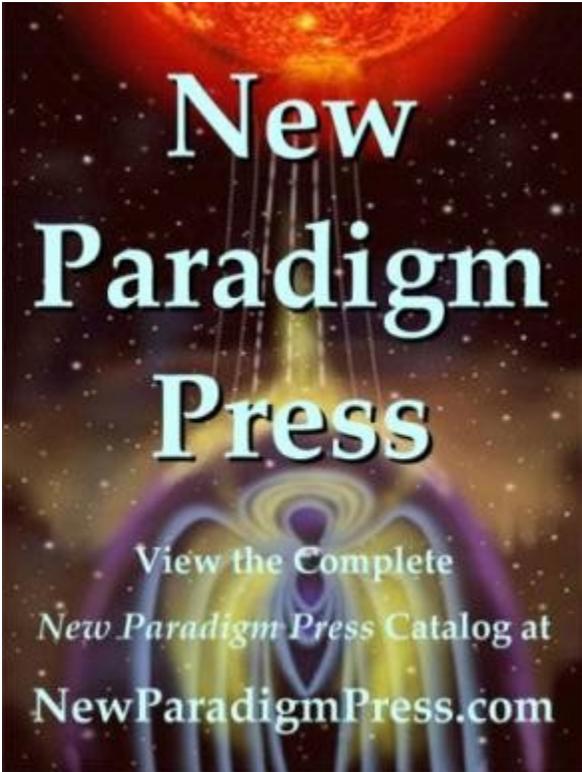
The Golden Age of Flying Saucers delivers the spine-tingling suspense and spookiness every ten year old craves, while masterfully capturing a certain nostalgic "gosh-wow" feeling about the 1950s that every parent with ties to that decade can't help but embrace like a warm, fuzzy blanket. Remember The Day the Earth Stood Still? or Earth VS the Flying Saucers? That's the feeling. Buy this book now!

-- Jack Preston King, Author of *A World In Edgewise: Thirteen Sidereal Journeys*

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