



# *George Adamski*

*The toughest  
Job in the  
World*

Tony Brunt

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## The Toughest Job in the World



By  
Tony Brunt

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## Chapter One

# Coarse Gatecrashers



Some day when the cover-up has ended and all the bulldust has settled, November 1952 may be marked by historians for something more than the month in which 20 years of Democratic Party grip on the White House came to an end.

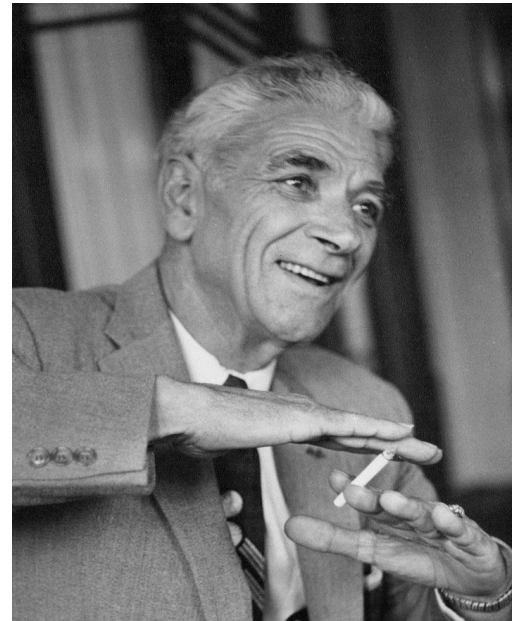
To be sure, Dwight Eisenhower's victory of 4 November deserves its place in the sun: a hero of World War II climbing the final pinnacle of public service at age 62, the reluctant Republican candidate drafted into the race by popular demand.

But as Ike – as he was popularly known – celebrated his victory with friends in a New York ballroom that night, neither he nor the millions of other voters could have known that two weeks later, across the country in the desert of Southern California, another American of almost the same age, would realize a soaring ambition of an altogether different kind, an achievement more remarkable in its own way than that of the newly elected president.

On 20 November, under the distant gaze of six eye-witnesses, a few of whom were watching through binoculars in the clear desert air, George Adamski apparently met a man from another planet and communicated with him for about 45 minutes.

Adamski's friends, all of whom later swore supportive affidavits about the remarkable events of that day, had accompanied their pried piper in a cat-and-mouse car journey on the roads around the dusty stop-over called Desert Center. It was cat-and-mouse with a difference: the quarry in this case was a large cigar-shaped UFO floating serenely in the blue sky, and the stalkers were Adamski and his friends shadowing the craft in their two cars, waiting to pounce should the visitors make a touchdown. The

seven had been many hours on the road that day on a UFO-hunting expedition prompted by one of Adamski's hunches. When they finally struck gold they were eating lunch on an isolated back road 11 miles from Desert Center. After the silvery ship had floated into view their excited leader had headed off into the hills on his own, hoping for a face-to-face contact. He positioned himself with his tripod-mounted telescope about half a mile from his friends and told them not to approach until he signaled.



After some minutes they saw Adamski leave his position and head for a ravine between two low hills. He approached another distant figure and seemingly began to talk to him. Through the binoculars that were passed from person to person his friends saw Adamski and the man gesticulating to each other as they conversed. Alice Wells studied the stranger closely and later drew a sketch of a man with long hair, dressed in a one-piece suit that had a broad band at the waist and was pulled tight at the wrists and ankles.

"If he was an actor then he was the best actor I've ever known. He was out of his mind with excitement." -  
*George Hunt Williamson*



One of the other observers, Lucy McGinnis, had seen a small craft come down near where the unknown visitor had appeared. “They stood talking to each other and we saw them turn and go back up to the ship,” she said later. The witnesses’ view of the scout ship, as Adamski dubbed it, was not a good one. It was seen as a bright and sparkling object rising and falling behind some boulders. They told Irish investigator, Desmond Leslie, in 1954, that when the ship had left the scene it shot up into the sky in a brilliant flash. Twenty seven years later McGinnis described it in more detail to another British researcher, Timothy Good: “...when it left, it was just like a bubble or kind of like a bright light that lifted up. Then George went out on to the highway and he motioned for us to come out.” When they reached their leader he was bab-

bling almost incoherently. “If he was an actor,” said George Hunt Williamson, “then he was the best actor I’ve ever known. He was out of his mind with excitement.” Desmond Leslie interviewed the witnesses closely on what happened next. They described how they had back-tracked with the breathless Adamski to the scene of the contact, all the while peppering him with questions. “I seemed to be in another world,” Adamski later wrote. “My answer to the questions were given in a daze.” If his answers lacked clarity, his footprints did not. They were imprinted clearly in the soft dirt. The group came upon smaller ones with distinctive markings that the ‘spaceman’ had left. Williamson and his wife Betty took plaster casts of the best examples. The small prints led back to the site of the touchdown then stopped abruptly.

## Human Lookalikes

Adamski’s detailed account of his meeting with this handsome, human looking visitor with the shoulder-length hair of a seventies hippie, is described in detail in the book, “Flying Saucers Have Landed”, which he co-authored in 1953 with Desmond Leslie. The key point to be made about this event and subsequent face-to-face encounters that he and other credible witnesses reported in the 1950s was that the alien interaction was taking place on these occasions with human looking visitors, not Grey-type aliens.

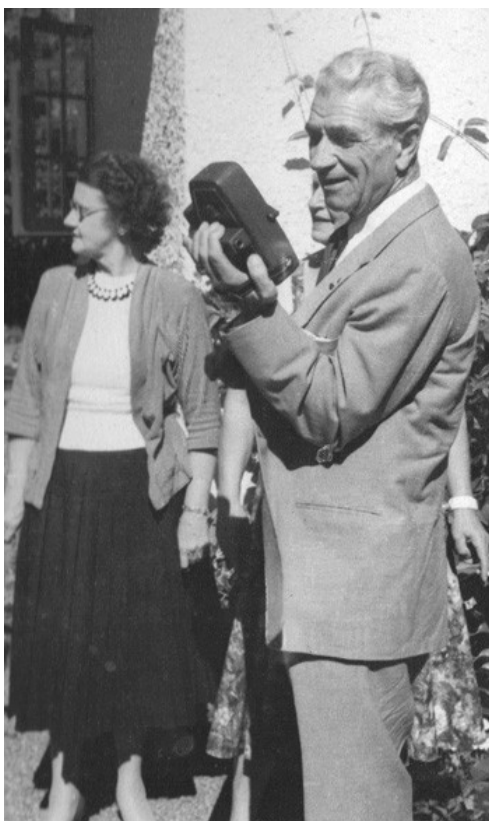
Not only were the encounters with distinctly human types but these ‘space people’ generally communicated in a benevolent and helpful way. They were concerned with the trends on Earth, they said, often in plain English. Atomic bomb testing was their number one concern. The witnesses who came forward to report these more inspirational contacts were generally rubbished by the mainstream press. These brave people were flippantly debunked as wishful fantasists and grouped together under

the derisory term ‘contactees’. The word said it all without the need for enlargement; it had about it the feel of other “ee” words – devotee, divorcee, debauchee. Their detractors were not only the news media but ‘mainstream’ UFO research groups who craved respectability and were terrified that reports of commonsense, repeat meetings with human-like aliens who sometimes talked about the spiritual life, would bring the whole serious subject into disrepute.

If only the NICAPs, APROs and MUFONs – the biggest research groups – had known that there was no chance that they could insinuate their way into the good books of the myopic scientific community, or get a fair hearing from the US government, no matter how much they behaved themselves. That same government, operating in a vastly resourced conspiracy, would stop at nothing to suppress and discredit any attempt to elevate the subject to the level of the respectable. No amount of hobnobbing in Washington or sneering

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at the 'lunatic fringe' was ever going to get ufology's unctuous conservatives on to the right side of the railway tracks. The contactees were like coarse gatecrashers at a refined dinner party, blowhards who wedged their seats among the dignified social climbers and ruined the artful agenda. But the hosts weren't going to buy the pitch anyway. No amount of decorous table talk or dexterity with the cutlery was ever going to give the Donald Keyholes, the Richard Halls,



Allen Hyneks and Walt Andrus the gravitas that they sought. Like thousands of other sincere researchers and advocates who devoted countless hours of hard and thankless work to the campaign for official recognition, these people were doomed in their noble quest even before they started. The apparatus that had been erected to lie and obfuscate the issue could not tolerate a single chink in the armour of deceit. No compromise, no partial admission was possible without the integrity of the whole edifice of deception being threatened.

In the early, romantic era of the flying saucers, the age of Elvis, McCarthy, I Love Lucy, and delta-winged Dodges, a

fascinating duality of encounter emerged. The most secretive of the visitors – the greys – who were not much engaged in encounter activity (at that time), were crashing all round the place. They were furtive and shy but their flawed technology kept blowing their cover. Their fatal mishaps virtually monopolised official attention – the crash site clean-ups, the cover stories, the corpse collections, the alien autopsies, the reverse engineering of intact craft. By contrast, the talkative and likeable visitors described by the contactees never crashed their craft. Their machines were far more reliable. The first group were a disturbing enigma who left their calling card in a trail of debris and lifeless bodies. The second were an open book but left no trace, apart from the stories of those they had met.

The greys were far more credible as aliens. They looked like aliens should look – they looked different. They were 'picture book' ET's. They had wonky eyes and spindly limbs. Encounters with human visitors, no matter how strong the collateral witnesses or photographic evidence, were simply never going to cut it. If the right wing of 'ufology' was ever going to move on from 'sightings in the sky' and let flesh-and-blood aliens into the pantheon of dignified debate it was only ever going to be the greys, especially once abduction activities by these taciturn visitors stepped up after the 1960s.

And then there was the problem – which must be admitted – that the most prominent of the contactees seemed to overegg the recipe from time to time. The guileless millions who thought, in all their delightful ingenuousness, that one day the truth about UFOs simply must out, did not count on the quagmire that lay between the rock and the hard place: on one side a seamlessly organised, taxpayer-funded cover-up with all the manpower, surveillance tools and disinformation techniques that the State could muster; on the other side witnesses 'of the third kind' with yarns that sometimes fell apart after a good poke.

The contactees were like coarse gatecrashers at a refined dinner party, blowhards who wedged their seats among the dignified social climbers and ruined the artful agenda.

## Chapter Two

# The Saintly Scamp



Posterity has allowed George Adamski to control his own biography. No discerning writer sought to pin him down before he died in 1965...

The Janus face of the UFO ‘problem’ expressed itself most vividly in the person of George Adamski. He seemed to be half holy man, half huckster, a fascinating blend of the sublime and the slippery. Adamski was two of a kind. Where one George left off and the other started is hard to say. But there is a tightly coiled stature here that needs to be released to its full, awesome measure, and then we need to consider the banalities of human nature that diminished the man’s standing and legacy.

Posterity has allowed George Adamski to control his own biography. No discerning writer sought to pin him down before he died in 1965 and produce a vigorous and probing picture, especially of the explosive last 13 years when his fame was world-wide and his photo instantly recognisable. The scores of acquaintances, friends and family from his first 60 years – the pre-flying saucer days – have gone. The biographical sketch in his second book on UFOs, *Inside the Space Ships*, published in 1956, was penned by ghost writer Charlotte Blodget, a dab hand at journalistic cosmetics. No doubt under George’s guidance, this admirer from the Bahamas crafted a hagiographic four pages that portrayed his life as a patiently compiled spiritual odyssey, from small town poverty on the shores of Lake Erie to veneration as the savant of Laguna Beach; Huckleberry Finn with a Polish accent punting his way across the American Century in a leaky boat, gathering in a trove of transcendental insights.

None of those who spent years in his presence in the forties and fifties – which amounted to three or four admirers and his wife – wrote anything that resembled a reminiscence. He married Mary Shimbersky in 1917 but she died of cancer in 1954 without leaving anything for annalists. For some reason a veil of silence descended. Blodget failed

to mention Mary’s death in her biographical sketch written in 1955. George’s own airbrushed account of his domestic arrangements in the 1953-55 period leave her out as well. It was a shrewd move that helped forestall gossip: indicating the marriage’s beginning but not its ending served the useful purpose of fudging Adamski’s unconventional domestic milieu after that time. Mary had been around for the hard work during her husband’s back-to-the-land projects in Valley Center-Palomar in the 1940s. She was apparently a devout Catholic, which, with George’s reincarnationist views, would have made for interesting table talk. His move from the esoteric to the extraterrestrial was a step too far for his wife. Once, she fell on her knees begging him to stay away from meetings with his space friends and discontinue his writings on the subject, he later told his Swiss co-worker Lou Zinsstag. But George could not stop anymore, he told Zinsstag, not even for his wife. His hour had, indeed, arrived; this is what it had all been leading to. Mary’s passing soon after, had about it the quality of *deus ex machina*, a providential release from marital attachments that freed Adamski for more than a decade of relentless service to his mission.

We do know that during his world tour of 1959 George would flop out his wallet and show Mary’s photo fondly to friends. Those who saw the snapshot remember her as a pretty woman. One can imagine that life with George was not a bed of roses from the word go. The union was childless and George was a rolling stone. He served with the Army on the Mexican border for six months in 1918-19 (inflated to five years in the Blodget sketch) then drifted from job to job with Mary in tow. When finally they came to rest in California and George had established himself as a full-time New Age philosopher and teacher, Mary had to put up with two of his female

acolytes living on the premises. Lucy McGinnis signed on as voluntary secretary to 'Professor Adamski', as he called himself, in the late-1940s. She worked for him loyally until the early 1960s when, along with many of his other supporters, she deserted the work as his tales seemed to get out of hand. Lucy was only ever known to have given one interview with a writer reflecting deeply on those years with George.

Alice Wells took up residence in 1940. She was reportedly part American Indian and one of the small inner circle who helped clear a plot of stony land in rural California on the isolated hill road to Mount Palomar. Here, George and his followers established a small commune, called Palomar Gardens, with subsistence agriculture and income from a road-side café to provide the necessities of life. Alice was touted as the owner of the café but diners often got the impression it belonged to George. She was prominently mentioned in Adamski's books as "Mrs Alice K. Wells" but no visitors ever came across a Mister Wells. George was nothing if not a ladies' man. Declassified FBI files indicate there were "four or five" women working in the café in 1950, which the bureau's informant felt was not justified by the level of business.

Late in 1953 George cracked the whip again. The café was sold and the group resited further up the road and took to their picks and shovels once more. "We work hard but we are happy," he wrote with Maoist simplicity. It sounded like the hippie ideal of spiritual renewal through fresh air and bracing outdoor activity among the furrows, the advance guard of the counter-culture. Indeed George's romantic collectivist views had been the cause of the FBI's early interest in his activities. He and his waitresses at the Palomar Gardens Café liked to regale diners not only with tales of flying saucers but with the virtues of the communist way of life. Adamski told the FBI snitch that "Russia will dominate the world and we will then

have an era of peace for 1000 years." He honed his powers of prophecy even further, predicting a flare-up in the Cold War: "Within the next twelve months San Diego will be bombed."

Until 1955 there was no electricity at the new "ashram" (visitor Desmond Leslie's word) that followed the move from the café. Lighting was by candle and kerosene lamp. Fresh water came from a stream. Alice Wells stuck with George through all of this, after fame had turned to notoriety, and inherited his share in their joint home in Vista, California. Leslie said that Wells had an "oriental calm", which seems to imply she was a woman of few words; certainly she left precious few for historians.

A young radio technician from Boise, Idaho, called Carol A. Honey wandered in and out of George's life and left a frustratingly incomplete picture. His writing style suggests a rather humourless man: he once complained to a magazine that people thought his published letters were penned by a woman. "How they arrived at this crazy idea I'll never know," he railed. Honey came calling at Palomar in 1957 on a tour of Californian contactees. He was so impressed with George that he settled in California and served for several years as Adamski's right hand man, especially in the outreach programme which by now spanned the world, and in his bosses' hectic lecture schedule. He too broke with Adamski in 1963 over an alleged 'trip to Saturn' and other symptoms of erratic behavior that George displayed. After departing, Honey went on to work in a technical role for Hughes Aircraft Corporation for many years, and left relatively small pickings for researchers. His big chance came in 2002 when he emerged from obscurity to publish a book on UFOs. Followers of crypto-history held their breath: juicy gossip from an insider seemed in the offing. Sadly, the large format, soft cover tome was a disappointment. It dealt only obliquely with Honey's former mentor.

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The most acute observations we have about Adamski from a long-time friend are those of Leslie, a dashing free spirit who was worth a book himself. Leslie was the son of Irish baronet, Sir Shane Leslie, and spent much of his childhood at Castle Leslie, in County Monaghan. Born in 1921, he was drawn early to the paranormal by the open mind of his father, who wrote several books on the subject, and by a sighting of a green fireball in the sky while at boarding school in England. After university in Dublin, Leslie became a war-time fighter pilot and survived to celebrate VE Day drinking Pol Roget at 10 Downing St with his cousin Winston Churchill and his new wife, a Jewish cabaret singer from Berlin. Leslie had a roguish sense of humour and often joked that he destroyed many fighter planes during the war, most of which he was piloting.

The onset of the flying saucer age in 1947 tantalised the handsome aristocrat and he began researching ancient texts and the writings of anomalist Charles Fort, fossicking out startling references to antediluvian flying machines and early UFO sightings. The year 1952

found Leslie hawking a manuscript around London publishers that pulled together the results of his antiquarian endeavours. Hearing of Adamski's desert encounter, he fired off a letter asking if he could see, and possibly buy, the Californian's photos. "He replied by sending me the whole remarkable set of pictures with permission to use them without fee," recalled Leslie in 1965. "What an extraordinary man, I thought. He takes the most priceless pictures of all time and wants no money for them. Later he sent me his manuscript humbly suggesting I might be able to find a publisher for it." By this time Leslie had scored a contract with Waveney Girvan, at Werner Laurie. "After much soul searching Waveney suggested a joint publication. We wrote to George who cabled *the following day before receiving our letter*, 'Agree to joint publication.' Here indeed was telepathy at work. And so the amazing relationship developed!" Adamski had spoken a lot on the subject of telepathy in pre-flying saucer days and said he used a combination of gestures and telepathy to communicate with the ufonaut at Desert Center.

**SNAPSHOT: Lucy McGinnis, (1901-1982).** Adamski was well served by helpers who made him look good on paper. His public speaking was clumsy and ineffective but his ghost writers saved the day – a female assistant helped shape his contribution to "Flying Saucers Have Landed," Charlotte Blodgett helped compose "Inside the Space Ships," and Carol Honey did the same for "Flying Saucers Farewell." Of those who assisted him none was more important than McGinnis his voluntary secretary for 14 years until she resigned discontented in 1961 (photo courtesy Timothy Good, taken in 1979). She had come under George's sway in the 1940s and her commitment was reinforced by the sensational Desert Center meeting, which she witnessed. The fact that McGinnis lived on the premises meant that Adamski was able to maintain a busy and fulsome correspondence with a wide range of contacts. Others who took dictation from George found it a chore to iron out his awkward phraseology, but McGinnis made it look easy. She could capture his thoughts perfectly. "She does it much better than I," he told a friend. Lucy was a touch typist whose even pressure on the keys and excellent spelling gave Adamski's letters a look of authority and professionalism that their exotic contents sometimes belied. One of her letters for her boss, dated 24 November, 1951, is extant which shows not a single typo in six soporific pages of Adamski philosophising, including the doozy that birds had migrated between planets in the Solar System, flapping their way on marathon journeys across space. There were times when George needed a good editor more than he needed a good typist.



If there was one place on the planet that a UFO buff would want to be in 1954 it was Palomar Terraces – electricity or no electricity.

## Chapter Three

### Desmond Leslie Visits



In June, 1954, Leslie kissed his wife and three children goodbye and headed off to California to meet the mystery man who had helped make his book a runaway best seller. He was 33 and Adamski was 63. Despite the age difference the two hit it off straight away. Leslie's visit was "a great joy," Adamski wrote a year later. "Endowed with a very interesting mind and a delightful sense of humour, he added much to our little group here, not only in that he shared our common interests but also entered into the nonsense which often overtook us when relaxation from serious subjects was indicated." To accommodate their distinguished guest, Adamski and his group rejigged the cramped sleeping arrangements, easing one of the regulars into a pup tent.

Leslie came intending to visit for a month but stayed on for nearly three. The air at Palomar Terraces, as the prop-

erty was now called, was crackling with excitement. If there was one place on the planet that a UFO buff would want to be in 1954 it was Palomar Terraces – electricity or no electricity. Adamski, who had spent years peering at the night sky through telescopes snapping impressive pictures of UFOs when he could get a rare shot at one, was now at the epicentre of staggering events. He was no longer the patient hunter; the elusive prey were now coming to him. Leslie arrived to find that Adamski was involved in an ongoing set of covert contacts with the 'space people', as he called them. Young men, dressed and living as ordinary Americans, would meet him in Los Angeles and drive him out to isolated spots. Here, a craft would be waiting and he would be taken up for flights and meetings; discussions ranged over current events, philosophy, religion and science. The people said they came from planets in the solar system, includ-



*Desmond Leslie and George, Palomar Terraces, 1954 (photo courtesy the Leslie family).*

ing Venus, Mars and Saturn. The conundrum of their true planet of origin would remain unresolved long after Adamski's passing.

While Leslie whiled away the summer months on the side of Mount Palomar, Adamski was often ensconced in his makeshift office, which also doubled as a bedroom, cobbling a diary of these remarkable experiences into the raw material for "Inside the Space Ships". The British visitor begged to come on one of the contacts. George would feel a rising intuitive or telepathic tension and know it was time to head off on the 100-mile trip to Los Angeles, where the rendezvous always took place at the same hotel. Leslie hung around for weeks hoping to get the green light. Finally George brought back depressing news from one of his clandestine meetings: the aliens had vetoed the request. "I complained about this rather bitterly at the time," Leslie recalled. The bitterest pill for the visitor occurred on 23 August when he was in Los Angeles the very night Adamski checked into his usual hotel and was taken up for one of the extraordinary meetings in space. Leslie knew the rendezvous was taking place but had to grit his teeth at his room elsewhere in the city. Many years later George told Zinsstag: "You know they once planned to take aboard a young friend of mine whom I very much wanted to be favoured. But they tested this man in secrecy and found out that he was still too young...to keep a secret in his heart." Adamski further explained that there were many things to be seen in the saucers that needed to remain a secret. Leslie might have been given the thumbs-down but there were compensations – the flying saucers would come to him instead.

In a letter to his wife, Leslie described seeing "a beautiful golden ship in the sunset, but brighter than the sunset...It slowly faded out, the way they do." Another night he got a glimpse of a small, remotely controlled observation disk, about 2-3 feet in diameter. George had

watched these sensing devices being launched and retrieved while on one of his space excursions and would go on to describe them in detail in his book. Leslie was walking up the road returning to Palomar Terraces after a visit to Rincon Springs five miles away. "I noticed a very bright ball of light rising rapidly from Adamski's roof, about a quarter of a mile away. It rose rapidly, rather like a silvery-gold Verrey Light, and continued to rise until it disappeared from sight. It gave the impression of accelerating as it rose. But the following evening I was to see it at very close range. We were sitting on the patio in the twilight, George, Alice Wells, Lucy McGinnis, and I with my back turned facing the doorway. A curious cold feeling came over me as of being watched, as if someone or something was standing directly behind me. I swung round in time to see a small golden disk between us and the Live Oaks fifty feet away. Almost instantly it shot up in the air with an imperceptible swish leaving a faint trail behind it, then vanished. George grinned solemnly. 'I was wondering when you were going to notice that!' I was amazed. 'One of those remote control things?' I believe I asked. He nodded. 'Well,' I said, 'thank God our conversation's been reasonably clean for the last half hour,' and we all laughed. For George enjoyed a good story and was quite unshockable. I felt rather smug, like a schoolboy who for once has been behaving himself when the Headmaster appears silently in the dormitory." Michigan resident Laura Mundo reported a similar sighting in Dearborn at about the same time in the summer of 1954, several months after she had guided Adamski on a round of lectures and meetings in the Detroit area. "A small electronic disk came down across the street from my house one night when I was sitting on the porch." But Palomar was still the place to be.

McGinnis was lying down in her room one afternoon when for some reason she decided to get up and go outside. "As I

"I swung round in time to see a small golden disk between us and the Live Oaks fifty feet away. Almost instantly it shot up in the air with an imperceptible swish." -  
Desmond Leslie



got out the door I looked up,” she told Timothy Good, “... and here was this great big saucer-like thing. I was amazed! As I looked up I could see *through* it. It was two stories: you could see the steps where they would go up and down.” Good recorded McGinnis’ recollections after tracking her down in retirement in California in 1979. He found her to be an “intelligent and highly-perceptive lady.” In her Palomar sighting McGinnis saw people inside the saucer. “I don’t remember how many people I saw but they were moving around. It seems to me they had kind of ski-suits, fastened around the ankle... Then suddenly it started just drifting away.”

Lucy McGinnis, Alice and George earned Desmond Leslie’s affection. “I came to love and respect them as I found, by the quality of their lives, their actions and reactions, their simplicity and their mental and spiritual values, they were what one would call ‘good’ people; if anything, rather better than the average,” he wrote. “A strange summer. Three months on the side of Mount

Palomar with the enigmatic fascinating, at times infuriating, Mr Adamski. Lovable, provocative, evasive at times; and at other times overshadowed by a profundity that was quite awesome. You had to get him alone and relaxed to discover this deep inner Adamski...one often had the impression there were two people in that fine leonine body, the little Adamski, the burler which always shoved its way to the foreground when the crowds gathered, talking non-stop... Then there was the big Adamski, the man we came to know and love, who appeared only to his intimates, and once having appeared, left them in no doubt they had known a great soul. The Big Adamski spoke softly with a deep beautiful voice, incredibly old, wise and patient. Looking into those huge burning black eyes one realised that this Adamski had experienced far more than he was able or willing to relate.” In this Big Adamski, Leslie wrote another time, “I several times glimpsed the presence of a Master, and I was always sorry when the curtain came down again and the worldly mask obscured him.”

**SNAPSHOT: Alice K. Wells, (1900-1980).** No man is a hero to his valet, the saying goes, but Alice Wells idolised Adamski for the 25 years that she lived with him. Alice had been on a spiritual quest when she attended an Adamski lecture in Pasadena in 1934. George’s doctrine held the Creation to be sacred, and emphasised woolly concepts of “universal law” and “cosmic brotherhood.” This space age animism was an unnourishing gruel that attracted few diners, until flying saucers added a magic ingredient in the 1950s. One of the handful of enduring converts in the early days was Alice, shown at right shortly before her passing in 1980 (photo courtesy Timothy Good). George’s Pasadena presentation captivated her and won her to his side. Wells had been planning a trip to India to seek out the masters of the East but scrubbed the idea after meeting George. She was a keen companion – and financial backer – in his back-to-basics withdrawal to rural California in 1940. Alice’s literary legacy barely adds up to two sides of A4 – a brief article on George that she wrote for his newsletter in 1963, and a eulogy for his funeral – but it paints a picture of a person beguiled by her mentor, and oblivious to the faults others saw. Lucy McGinnis, who lived with Adamski for many years alongside Wells, commented that, “... he had a tremendous ego, and everybody who ever listened to him knows that – it couldn’t be hidden.” But Alice had a different perspective; she held that her man taught *against* egotism. “There is no flattery or fanciful trimmings on Mr Adamski’s teachings,” she said in 1963, “for these are attributes of the ego which he endeavors to help the student overcome, that they may in turn help others.” At his funeral, she didn’t hold back: “His name is a symbol of hope, of understanding in the midst of confusion, a promise of happiness and Life Eternal when Nature’s Cosmic Laws are obeyed.” Some will argue that in being George’s most devoted disciple, Alice Wells was crucial to his success. How could he have survived the blowtorch of public opinion for all those years without the commitment, belief and service of his loyal companion? Others may counter that in feeding her hero a diet of unqualified adoration she failed to provide ballast for his pneumatic notions and keep him grounded.





## Chapter Four

# Worldly Mask and Otherworldly Visitations



Therein lies the supreme tragedy of George Adamski. His truthful tales were incredible enough as it was. They couldn't bear the further burden of embroidery.

The 'worldly mask' that Leslie referred to included a moderate appetite for drinking and smoking. Adamski's tastes in alcohol were catholic but he preferred Screwdrivers before his lectures because vodka could not be smelled on the breath. But, still, there was nothing excessive about his drinking; it lay within the bell curve. He had an endless store of ribald jokes and stories, which he didn't mind telling in mixed company, perhaps as relief from the stifling expectations that others had of him. Society hostesses gave their famous guest extra latitude. "Oh George," said one through a forced smile over the dinner plates in Auckland, "that one went a bit too far!" Adamski also used knock-about humour as a leveler in masculine company, the macho combination of exaggeration and self-deprecation. In 1958 he told two visitors to Palomar Terraces that the Royal Order of Tibet, the name he gave to his theosophical movement at Laguna Beach in the thirties, had been a racket to get around Prohibition (which had stretched from 1920 to 1933). "It was a front," he bragged. "Listen, I was able to make the wine. You know, we're supposed to have the religious ceremonies; we make the wine for them, and the authorities can't interfere with our religion. Hell, I made enough wine for half of Southern California. In fact, boys, I was the biggest bootlegger around."

The worldly mask also included a propensity to invent and fabricate under the fuel of a viral ego. Quiescent for the most part, this bacillus flared up from time to time and helped bring Adamski to the brink of self-immolation. These concoctions were not driven by vanity alone. Adamski's lack of formal education and his abundance of cocky self-assurance – a potentially lethal mix – meant that he oversimplified or misunderstood many scientific concepts, and mangled them ruthlessly in public lectures to bolster his theories.

When called to account on the wilder falsehoods he often responded angrily like a man betrayed, digging himself deeper with further evasions and false accusations. Therein lies the supreme tragedy of George Adamski. His truthful tales were incredible enough as it was. They couldn't bear the further burden of embroidery. They demanded an unbending integrity of the teller if they were to have even the faintest hope of a wide currency and regard. All that destiny demanded of the man was that he stuck to the truth. It was that easy. No one begrudged him a quick slug before a lecture, a smoke, a masculine expletive or an off-colour joke. No one cared if he had an eye for a pretty face, an interest in the occult, or fudged his CV to hide an embarrassing episode. That was all part of being human. But he did have to stick to the facts. That was the irreducible minimum: a no-risk investment in personal integrity. It carried no known costs, emotionally, spiritually, physically or financially. It was a no-brainer. But it was not to be.

Within months of the Desert Center contact Adamski was claiming in lectures that his speeches had been cleared by the FBI and Air Force intelligence. This canard was an act of poetic licence arising from a meeting he had had with representatives of both organisations on 12 January 1953. At that meeting, which had been held at his request, Adamski spoke about a number of UFO-related items, including his recent desert encounter. Files released by the FBI to researcher Nicholas Redfern show that Adamski had then magnified this cosy relationship with officialdom into an indication of endorsement in a speech to a California Lions Club on 12 March.

Agents of the FBI and Air Force Office of Special Investigations visited him at the Palomar Gardens Café and "severely admonished" him for this false claim.

SD 100-8382

Addresses: [redacted] Racine, Wisconsin (L)  
[redacted] Wauwatosa, Wisconsin  
[redacted] Franksville, Wisconsin

ADAMSKI advised that he had corresponded with [redacted] starting approximately November 26, 1951, at which time [redacted] had written a letter to him stating that he had heard ADAMSKI's story concerning space ships and wanted to exchange information concerning them. [redacted] was formerly in the 371 5th Training Squadron, Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas, and was discharged from military service in October, 1952. ADAMSKI stated that in November, 1952, [redacted] appeared at his Palomar Gardens Cafe and stated that he was [redacted] and moved in. ADAMSKI advised that [redacted] had formerly lectured on flying saucers at the Lackland Air Force Base and furnished the following description of [redacted] of whom he stated he would consider to be a loyal American citizen:

Age:	23 yrs.
Height:	5' 5"
Weight:	160 lbs.
Eyes:	Brown
Hair:	Black
Complexion:	Olive
Scars:	None
Speech:	Soft Spoken

(L)(7)(C)

ADAMSKI further advised that on November 20, 1952, on the California Desert, at a point ten and two-tenths miles from Desert Center on the road to Parker and Needles, Arizona, that he had made contact with a space craft and had talked to a space man. ADAMSKI stated that he, [redacted] and his wife MARY, had been out in the desert and that he and the persons with him had seen the craft come down to the earth. ADAMSKI stated that a small stairway in the bottom of the craft, which appeared to be a round disc, opened and a space man came down the steps. ADAMSKI stated he believed there were other space men in the ship because the ship appeared translucent and could see the

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*A page from the released **FBI** account of Adamski's meeting with representatives of the FBI and Air Force Intelligence on 12 January, 1953. George was sensitive to the appearance of his unusual living arrangements and advised the meeting – falsely – that his wife Mary had been among his companions at the Desert Center encounter of 20 November, 1952.*

They insisted he sign an official document in which he declared his speech material did not have official endorsement. One copy was left with Adamski and other copies were circulated to FBI director, J. Edgar Hoover, and three branch offices. In December, Adamski was at it again. He had doctored the letter the men had left behind and shown it to the Los Angeles-based Better Business Bureau to make it seem that the FBI and Air Force signatories had backed his claims. Special Agent Willis, of the San Diego FBI, was told to take a team back to Palomar to well and truly extract this thorn from their side. Willis was instructed by HQ to retrieve the offending document and “read the riot act in no uncertain terms pointing out that he has used this document in a fraudulent, improper manner, that this bureau has not endorsed, approved, or cleared his speeches or book, that he knows it, and the Bureau will simply not tolerate any further foolishness, misrepresentations and falsity on his part.”

George had a cheek alright – fancy playing MJ-12 at their own shifty game – but his future hung in the balance. A court appearance for fraud or forgery could have ruined his promising career as a controversialist. But head-strong Hoover was not taking guidance from any other shadowy spooks operating on his patch: he decided not to prosecute.

We don't have an FBI account of the roasting that Special Agent Willis and his companions gave George, but we do have the latter's self-serving version written several years later as part of an article valiantly titled “My Fight with the Silence Group”. In this account, George creates an innocent-truth seeker-does-battle-with-men-in-black scenario. “...I was visited by three men, two of which I had met previously,” George wrote, “but the third was a stranger. It was he who took the role of authority and directly threatened me demanding certain papers I had, for one thing. Some of these I gave him and was promised their return, but this promise was never kept. Since I did not exactly understand to what he had reference, I did not give him some of my more important papers. There is no need denying that I was frightened. Before they left I was told to stop talking or they would come after me, lock me up and throw the key away.”

Wily behaviour notwithstanding, the space people stuck with their man. Wherever George went the flying saucers followed. Those who spent any time with Adamski reported amazing experiences. When he circled the world in 1959 playing to packed houses and showing impressive movie footage that he had shot, his escorts were frequently treated to lavish aerial displays. The four weeks he spent in New Zealand were a case in point. One day traveling by car between two engagements, Adamski and his two kiwi companions were accompanied on part of their rural journey by five pinpoints of light high in the sky which left vapour trails. The five trails “seemed to keep pace with us,” Ken Pearson wrote later, “connecting

Wherever George went the flying saucers followed. Those who spent any time with Adamski reported amazing experiences.

the various clouds on the way.” The driver of the car, Henk Hinfelaar, said that Adamski accepted the aerial ‘escort’ as a natural thing; he looked at the trails and said casually, “Oh yeah, dat’ll be de boys.” A check later with air traffic control indicated no known air traffic in the vicinity at that time. Two nights later after an Adamski lecture in a small town, the wife of one of the men who had been in the car watched a disc manoeuvre above the lecture hall. This was small potatoes compared with a sighting a few days later that two other Adamski escorts had in the town of Taupo. After passing George on to a new set of hosts taking him further on

his tour, Bill and Isobel Miller lay on their backs in a lake-side park watching “dozens” of saucers zipping around high in the sky. Bill Miller qualified his bold claim to a local newspaper – “We could have seen the same ones twice.”

Being around Adamski was a passport to the paranormal right until the time of his death. Ingrid Steckling, who together with her husband, Fred, spent considerable time with him in the last two years of his life, reflected on that amazing period: “I can’t even tell you how many scout craft or spacecraft we have seen... because I don’t think anybody would believe it.”



**Bill and Isobel Miller** (standing at left above) reported an extraordinary sighting of UFOs in the town of Taupo, in New Zealand, the day they farewelled George to other hosts. **Henk Hinfelaar** (right), George's main New Zealand organiser, drove a car for Adamski which he said was accompanied by five UFOs on its day-time journey in a rural area. This photo was taken at Auckland airport on Adamski's departure for Australia.

## Chapter Five

### ‘The Boys’



“Get me away from that bloody woman! They were his first words to us on Australian soil. They sounded wonderful.”—Roy Russell.

Yet, ironically, it was not so much the sightings in the sky or Adamski’s space trips that most tantalised his supporters: it was his assertion that he met the space people regularly and fur-tively in everyday society, and especially when he was on the lecture circuit. It was to place himself in the best possible position to exploit these private encounters that Adamski insisted on staying in hotels rather than private homes. This was a strict injunction that all his lecture organisers and hosts had to observe; when they broke this rule – as happened occasionally – he made his annoyance clear. The most amusing example of an accommodation foul-up occurred in Australia in February 1959. “At the airport, behind a barricade of people waiting to meet him, in the front row was a social woman, and as I remember, wearing a large flowery hat,” wrote Roy Russell later. “George was to emerge from a room, walk across the front of the barricade and into a private room where we would meet him. None of us had met Adamski. What should we expect?... We were released from our apprehensions when George Adamski finally came through the door formally dressed in a grey business suit, who took one look at the barricade, and on sighting the woman in the large flowery hat quickly made his way into the private room and said, ‘Get me away from that bloody woman!’ They were his first words to us on Australian soil. They sounded wonderful. We were dealing with a bloke that an Aussie could understand... This woman we later learned had visited Adamski in America and he’d not taken kindly to her persistent visits... We then had to tell him that that woman’s home was to be his accommodation while here. Sydney had broken the main rule...”

The “main rule” existed because Adamski had come to live for his meetings with the visitors. These extraordinary

exchanges sent him into a state of near euphoria. “[Never] have I outgrown the inner exaltation of being in their company,” he wrote in 1960, using language more suited to a religious experience. His most deeply observant host, Lou Zinsstag, of Basel, implied in her reminiscences that Adamski had elevated his relationship with the space people to a level that relegated his earthly associations to second class status. One is left to ponder whether he over-romanticised his alien friends. Was his ardent evangelism the price that he knew had to be paid to earn the prized meetings? In 1960, Adamski warned of the tendency to deify the visitors. “Keep balanced in all ways,” he wrote, “and accept a man for what he is, not as a possible god, as so many have catalogued the space people.” The advice to keep balanced was something that George would ignore a year later.

Zinsstag spent a total of six weeks with Adamski during his European trips of 1959 and 1963, and has left us a treasure trove of acute and multi-layered observations about the enigmatic companion she guided through three countries. “I confess that sometimes I was hurt by his impersonal casualty with which he treated not only passing guests but also Dora Bauer and myself,” she observed after his death. “He never was much interested in people – not in those of this planet, at any rate. And although he wanted me to be around every hour of the day I felt that this was not out of friendship, he simply needed me.”

On his first morning in Basel, in 1959, Adamski had been in a “splendid mood,” according to Zinsstag. “‘Do you notice how happy I am?’ he said, beaming. ‘Yes’ I said, ‘but why? Did you have such a good rest?’ ‘Yes indeed I had a good rest but in the morning I had the visit of two of the boys, they came to my room at nine o’clock.’ I was quite



flabbergasted because I knew what he meant by this. It was his way to call his extraterrestrial friends 'boys' when he was pleased. It was hard even for me to believe him at that moment but he insisted that there were quite a few in Basel at the moment. On several mornings of the same week he told me the same story and so I decided to check on it. I asked the hotel manager as well as the portier whom I knew well, if Adamski did indeed have visitors in the morning. 'Yes' both men said, 'there are several men coming around 9 o'clock, but never more than two at a time.' I felt that they were wondering about it. Of course, I could not enlighten them."

One afternoon she got a good look at one of the mystery men. Zinsstag had left Adamski in his hotel room for a two-hour nap and retreated to a sidewalk café downstairs. "All tables but one were empty. There, a young man was sitting with a Coca Cola bottle and a glass in front of him. He looked very

distinguished, well dressed, with his dark-blond hair neatly cut and brushed down over his forehead... His skin had a strong sun-tan and his eyes were hidden behind large sunglasses...he looked very intellectual." Zinsstag tried to guess his nationality. "I hesitated between American, Swede, Swiss, while I took a seat at a table at some distance." As she started on her drink, Adamski appeared, smiling and light-hearted. "Not so fast, Lou, not so fast!" "I was much astonished to see him at this moment ....When, twenty minutes earlier, he had left me he had looked very tired. Now, he stood in front of me, fresh and wide awake, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. However it was easy to see that his smile was no longer directed at me but at the man sitting behind me....Adamski also ordered a Screw-driver and kept on smiling. After a while the stranger got up, leaving the open café and crossing the almost empty street, very slowly, while greeting George and me with a most friendly and

Was his ardent evangelism the price that he knew had to be paid to earn the prized meetings?



**Dora Bauer** (left), Adamski's Austrian co-worker, and **Louise Zinsstag** (centre), his Swiss co-worker, with George, in Basel, in 1959. Zinsstag confirmed with hotel staff that Adamski met with mysterious visitors - 'the Boys' - in his hotel room in Basel.

prolonged smile. No word was spoken. When he had disappeared from view I turned to George, urging him to tell me if he was one of the 'boys' who used to come to his room in the morning. 'Yes,' he answered, 'now that he has left us I can tell you that much.' He looked very pleased. Of course, I had guessed that a lively telepathic 'conversation' must have been going on behind my back, but what impressed me most, was the fact that the stranger seemed to have made George come down to where we sat. Adamski confirmed that he had already slept but was wakened up. 'I did not know who it was or why he did it, but I followed the summons. It was just one of those hunches, you know.' Most unfortunately, I did not."



**Roy Russell**, of Brisbane (above), was the publicist for Adamski's Australian visit of 1959. The two formed a close friendship. George surprised Russell with the amazing claim that the space people had once been involved in the British shipping industry. The Australian saw his guest's earthy side but, like Desmond Leslie, also noted an eloquent spiritual dimension: "...he seemed to be all embracing and fathomless," Russell wrote in 1998. "On one or two occasions when we were alone, when brief silences occurred, we seemed to have a mutuality. These silent pauses were not awkward or embarrassing, but instead were times of accepted quietness, when understanding was complete and beyond any need of explanation."

One of the New Zealand tour organisers got a shot at George's undercover escorts. She was waiting for him at Auckland airport on his return from a flight to a southern city. "I noticed two good looking young men with fair hair disembark from the plane among the passengers and walk across the tarmac," she said later. "They could have been brothers but I didn't pay too much attention, apart from notice that they smiled at me as they approached the gate. George was the last person off the plane and when he got to me he said excitedly, 'did you see de boys?'" The woman said she let out an unladylike exclamation as it dawned on her that she had missed out on a unique opportunity. By the time they got into the terminal the men had disappeared, to her great regret.

Adamski's whole organising committee in Auckland might have spent an unwitting few hours with one of 'the boys.' George advised them that they had been 'checked out' by the space people before his arrival. Thinking back on the months preceding Adamski's visit, committee members came to the conclusion that the stand-out candidate was a fair complexioned young man of indeterminate race who had joined one of their afternoon meetings. This young man had arrived out of the blue at the home of two of the members, shortly before their departure for the meeting. He claimed to have the same surname as theirs, was passing through Auckland from overseas, and believed they were related. The couple had been pleasantly surprised by his arrival and asked if he would like to accompany them to the meeting. He was enthusiastic and came along. The visitor was quietly watchful at the gathering, apart from making one or two enigmatic comments. After that day his impromptu hosts never heard from him again.

In Australia, George had a mysterious escort who shadowed him on a number of his internal flights, a woman who dressed in black and wore a seahorse brooch. She was seen and photographed by his companions. Adamski suspected

Adamski's whole organising committee in Auckland might have spent an unwitting few hours with one of 'the boys.'

that she was a space person but was reluctant to approach her uninvited.

The concept of a clandestine ring of visitors from off the planet living quietly and watchfully in terrestrial society holds a sublime fascination: the ‘secret agent’ genre taken to its orbital extreme. The mind conjures with the problems – the ever-present danger of detection and exposure, the difficulty of obtaining fake papers, the mundane chore of getting your hands on cash. Epigrams abound – Goodbye socialist utopia; welcome to Struggle Street! Those Coca Colas don’t grow on trees. In fact, welcome to the *real world, buddy!* Lou Zinsstag gave Adamski pocket money, but never saw him spend it. She finally understood from a remark he made that he had given it to ‘the boys.’ Perhaps there was a humorous downside to the inspiring meetings: “...that just about wraps up our treatise on telepathy, George. Oh, by the way, you haven’t got a dollar you can spare?” Zinsstag didn’t begrudge the money that she and George had forked over: the young man in the café had been a charmer. “He looked so very nice,” she told a British audience in 1967, “that I was quite happy to think that it was he who had got my money.” Bob Geldof, your new mission should you wish to accept it....

Adamski told Roy Russell in Brisbane that the space people had once been involved in the British shipping industry in order to generate funds for their undercover operations. He seemed to imply that they had moved on to other money-earning ventures in America.

Carol Honey may have come upon one of their more modest forays into capitalism when he accompanied Adamski on a lecture tour in the Pacific north-west in August, 1958. “We had just finished breakfast...and were driving up the road towards our next stop, Grants Pass, Oregon. I was driving in my car and chose the route myself,” Honey wrote in 1959. “We passed a small café and as we went by George had a ‘telepathic hunch

to stop. I couldn’t understand this as we had just eaten a short time before. He insisted so I turned the car around and we went into the café. As we entered the door a very small blonde girl approached and George acted as if someone had hit him on the head with a hammer. In fact, he acted so strange about her that it caused me to get suspicious. After she showed me that she was reading my every thought, it finally dawned on me that she was probably a space person. She looked from a distance as if she was about 12 years old. Close up, however, she looked much older and I remarked to Adamski that I thought she was about 45 years old. I had been looking her over pretty close and when she let me know she was reading my thoughts I was very embarrassed. She didn’t identify herself to George in any way and after his coffee and my pie we left and continued on our journey.

George was silent for quite a ways and appeared deep in thought. Finally I told him I thought this girl was one of the space people living and working among us. He agreed but said he wasn’t absolutely sure...” The two men continued on to Seattle, Washington, and stopped in a motel for the night. The next morning the phone rang in their room and a man told Adamski: “Good morning. I called to tell you that you and the young man were both wrong. The girl you met in the café was not 45 years old...”

Honey recounted that the caller advised that he had called to relieve George’s mind about a couple of other things in relation to the woman, and he “let us know that they had given George the telepathic impression to stop at that particular café. We found out that the café was run by space people, as a way of supplying food and funds for those who came down among us on a mission and might need spending money to get around. Also other space people were in the café at the time we were there.”

The highly credible and well-documented “Umno” contact case in Spain in the 1960s and 1970s show-

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cased another example of human-like visitors who apparently set up shop in order to carry out in-depth cultural study from within. The visitors disclosed a mine of information in scores of communications to a restricted network of correspondents, mainly in Spain and France. They seemed to seal their authenticity in a pre-announced and much photographed flying saucer fly-by in the Madrid suburb of San Jose de Valderas on 1 June, 1967. This sensational incident was headlined the following day on the front page of the daily newspapers, including “Informaciones”.

By comparison with Adamski’s secretive network, the Ummo infiltrators were surprisingly up front about how they had operated. There is some evidence that they financed their lifestyle by bringing in diamonds from off the

planet and feeding them unobtrusively into the world gem trade. Their numbers appeared to peak in the late 1960s when they said they had nearly 90 observers in place.

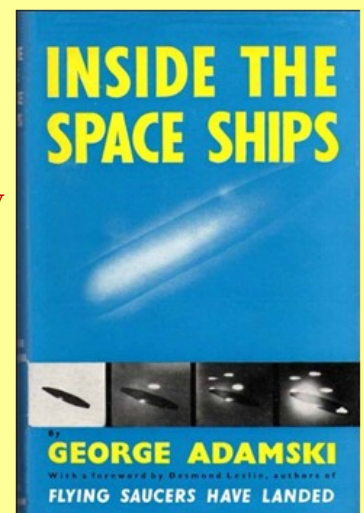
While the Ummo visitors’ primary focus was on Spain and a handful of Spanish-speaking countries in South America, they mentioned that they also had had people in France (their first point of infiltration in 1950), Denmark, West Berlin and Australia (Adelaide), among others. In the Middle East crises of 1967 and 1973 when Arab-Israeli conflicts threatened to escalate into a superpower confrontation, the Ummo visitors took fright from their probability calculations of nuclear war (38% in the 1967 crisis) and were temporarily evacuated, in pick-ups that occurred in Spain, Brazil and Bolivia. The Ummo visitors maintained that they had tentatively identified two other groups of human-looking extraterrestrials living secretly in Earth society. The motives of the other groups, they wrote, indicated “no negative character”.\*

\* Further details on the Ummo case are provided at the end of this book after the chapter references.

*One of many photos taken by photographers at San Jose de Valderas, Madrid, on 1 June, 1967 (photo by Antonio Pardo).*



**SNAPSHOT: The Book in the Middle.** “Inside the Space Ships,” Adamski’s account of his meetings with the space people in the 1953-55 period, is one of the most remarkable books of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Supported with some photographic evidence – much more difficult to fake in the days before digital photography – the book reflects a consistency of “voice” that, despite the involvement of ghost writers, runs charmingly through all the Adamski books: simplicity of language and a quiet dignity of observation and reflection that makes them highly accessible and believable. “Flying Saucers Have Landed,” his joint venture with Desmond Leslie, was merely an account of the inconclusive Desert Center meeting. His third book, “Flying Saucers Farewell,” was a variegation of themes and padding to try and achieve book length for the publisher. But the book in the middle was George’s knock-out punch. It was primed and polished by Mrs Charlotte Blodget, a wealthy Boston socialite who had retired to Eleuthera, in the Bahamas. She brought a delicate literary touch to George’s narrative that fitted the man perfectly in his mannerly moods. The absorbing account of his extrasensory summonses to Los Angeles (*someone put a plaque on that hotel!*) and the remarkable meetings that followed depict clandestine high adventure unique in every way: in content, scope and – given his exposure to several “Masters” – soaring inspiration. That’s not to say that the book doesn’t have its weaknesses: starry-eyed superlatives run riot throughout, some of the things alleged to have been observed in space by Adamski have been rubbished by later events, and the sanctimonious (though thoroughly justified) sermons of the “masters” – concerned at the atomic lunacy of the 1950s and the murderous evidence of World War II – wears thin after a while. But “Inside the Space Ships” portrays a Marco Polo of the space age, going where no man had gone before and bursting to take others along for the ride. It is the tallest or truest of tales.





**SNAPSHOT: George and the Egg.** Alfresco dining was the order of the day during George's summer idyll in New Zealand in January-February, 1959. On Saturday, 7 February, he gathered with friends and local committee members at a home at Henderson, in Auckland, to relax after a busy few weeks of lecturing. George was at his charming best and intrigued his companions with a description of the Earth's crust and the effects of a tilt in the planet's axis, using an egg to illustrate the points. "Show us the egg, George," a photographer requested. The guest of honour light-heartedly obliged. Adamski was an unconfident international traveler but the month he spent in New Zealand at the start of his first world tour was a brilliant success – an escort of affectionate friends and admirers, capacity audiences, a courteous news media, UFO reports galore, and, it seems, the occasional discreet company of 'the Boys.' George could not ask for more. He looked back on these happy days as a golden chapter in his globetrotting. "If I were a young man, choosing a new land in which to live," he wrote later, "I believe I would select New Zealand." Adamski occasionally spoke about a future tilt in the Earth's axis which would cause a major disturbance to the planet. Perhaps because of its frightening ramifications he did not emphasise the prediction in his public addresses.



The information had been passed to him during a meeting with his space contacts. In *"Inside the Space Ships"*, he recounted that one of the ET's had observed, "This tilting of your Earth is one reason for the constant observation we are giving it..." Friends in New Zealand who queried George on the timing of the tilt received a jocular response: "When you wake up and the sun is rising in the west then you'll know it's happened." Adamski's gloomy message aligned him with a handful of other 20<sup>th</sup> century seers who spoke about a tilt or similar catastrophic change in the Earth's structure – Edgar Cayce, Meishu Sama, Prajapita Brahma and Ruth Montgomery.

## Chapter Six

# Exit The Boys



At an age when most people were taking it easy, Adamski had signed on for the toughest job in the world.

George Adamski might have lived for his meetings with the boys but he deserved every minute of whatever it was they gave him. In his old age he had taken on a global mission, the likes of which no one had ever conceived let alone initiated. To be sure, it gave him the fame that he relished but it also brought burdens – ridicule and hard work. In 1959, for example, Adamski's much publicised meeting with Queen Juliana, of the Netherlands, and her husband, Prince Bernhard, provoked foaming outrage among the arbiters of proper behavior. "Time" magazine twice called Adamski a "crackpot." George maintained a dignified silence after the royal audience, which had been held at the Queen's request, but not so the monarch's Air Force chief of staff. "The man's a pathological case," he said of Adamski. The Dutch Catholic People's Party newspaper, "De Volkskrant" called the visitor a "court jester."

Fame brought a mounting workload: a stream of letters, all of them answered promptly. Finally, the pressure got too much. George and Alice and Lucy headed off to Mexico for a holiday in late 1956 and came back to a bulging mailbox. Something had to be done. George consulted with the boys and they suggested that he appoint a co-worker in each country who would coordinate the local correspondence and serve as his channel of communication and news to inquirers. George and Lucy put the pieces together in 1957 in an arrangement that was called the "Get Acquainted Program." This had a helpful effect in reducing the workload. "... the Program worked splendidly..." George reflected in 1960. By that time co-workers had been appointed in 13 countries. As well as the burden of correspondence there was a constant stream of visitors to Adamski's home. Inevitably these people were warmly welcomed. Speaking invitations were gener-

ally accepted. George stayed on after lectures, talking to the stragglers until late in the night. "I sometimes wondered if he ever slept," said a much younger host who was run off her feet. At an age when most people were taking it easy, Adamski had signed on for the toughest job in the world. Dwight Eisenhower had come to his empyrean with a cast of thousands at his beck and call. Adamski had a couple of committed volunteers at his elbow and he was fated to lose those.

Some time in 1960 or early 1961, his space contacts came to an end. George never admitted it. His statements on that matter are contradictory. Reading between the lines the joyrides in space had probably petered out in the 1950s, and contact after that had been of the 'street corner' variety. We don't know why communication was broken off; there has been much speculation among those with an interest in this misty borderland: Adamski had spoken out of turn; he had breached a confidence; Phase One Contact had come to a natural end... Whatever it was it hit the 70-year-old dynamo hard. He was left with the mission but not the pay-off. By now he was living in the sea-side town of Carlsbad, north of San Diego, with an enlarged retinue. Alice Wells was, for the record, his "housekeeper", Martha Ulrich, a retired school teacher, was a keen assistant, and Lucy McGinnis was still in the picture, taking his dictation, massaging his clumsy syntax into articulate, mistake-free letters on a manual typewriter, organising his tours, laying down the main rules. Carol Honey had taken up employment with Hughes but was still in close liaison from his home up the coast in Anaheim. He took care of George's ghost writing, publications and newsletter production. With 'the boys' withdrawing from the scene, not only had Adamski lost the buzz he got from their company, he lost their steadying advice. "Many of the meetings I have had with

our visitors,” he wrote in 1960, “have dealt mostly with my own problems and possible solutions.” Now he was on his own with a self-imposed, world-wide mission and a following of expectant readers and representatives hungry for the next revelation. This was the moment of truth, the pivot point where Adamski’s celebrity balanced between an ambiguous valor on one side, and notoriety on the other. Would he accept graceful retirement? The title of his last book, written in 1960 and published the following year, hinted at a dignified surrender to events – “Flying Saucers Farewell.” But he could not let go.

It was McGinnis who noticed the change first and then Honey followed. George began channeling ‘Orthon’, the name Adamski had given to the Desert Center spaceman. “I was present, along with several others as witnesses, when Mr Adamski went into a trance state and claimed Orthon was talking through his vocal chords,” wrote Honey later. “He taught against this very strongly for many years but then he started doing it himself. He said it was different in his case, all the others were fraudulent, but not him, he was genuine.” Adamski took to using an occultist’s cliché – a crystal ball – to conjure up the appropriate visions. Late in 1961, McGinnis quit after 14 years. This was a blow that George would never fully recover from and he knew the scale of the disaster. As late as May, 1963, he was begging friends to write to Lucy and plead with her to return. When she walked out, the quality of his letters declined and his thoughts on paper were often muddled and contradictory. There was no one to counsel moderation in the bitter ructions that were to come, no one to take the sting out of Adamski’s written broadsides against those who split with him. McGinnis wrote a gracious and non-committal farewell to the network of co-workers. “Please understand that this separation is due only to the urge within me to practice that which I have preached for so long a time. GA’s ex-

periences through the years I was with him, those reported in ‘Flying Saucers Have Landed’ and ‘Inside the Space Ships’ and our innumerable letters I will support so long as I live. I was a witness to his first contact, remember, and I could never denounce that which I know to be true. Understandably, GA was very upset by my decision. It hasn’t been easy on any of us. Yet, the urge within me is so strong that I can no more disregard it than I can stop breathing and continue to live.”

At the start of 1962, Adamski announced to co-workers that he would soon make a trip to Saturn to attend an interplanetary conference. At the end of March he declared that the journey had been successfully carried out over a 5-day period. On some of the days he was alleged to have been away Honey knew for a fact that Adamski had been sitting on his recliner in Carlsbad rather than hurtling through outer space. How did he know? Simple – “...I was with Adamski part of the time...,” he wrote later. The puzzled ghost writer nevertheless interviewed George with a straight face and dutifully wrote up an account of the trip that won his bosses approval and signature. It was a syrupy concoction of ‘space brother’ schmaltz. The recipe had not so much been over-egged as over-sugared. Saturn was a planet of fountains and flower-strewn highways. The superlatives flowed endlessly in a 16-page gusher: “...the city and surrounding country was beautiful beyond description...their architecture is beyond anything of our imagination....it could be considered as heaven itself....the people live as one big family....one could feel the perfect harmony....the vast beauty which I witnessed....music seemed to be coming from the fountains, ceilings and walls, such as never is heard on earth...” The cloying romanticism of the account, which Adamski circulated to his followers under the title “Report on My Trip to the Twelve Counselors Meeting of Sun System”, wears thin by the second page

Now he was on his own with a self-imposed, world-wide mission and a following of expectant readers and representatives hungry for the next revelation. This was the moment of truth...

and it requires a Phenergan to persist reading to the end. George had been on a far journey alright. The account's patent lack of credibility demonstrates the extent to which Adamski had descended into a mental, intellectual and ethical fog during this period. Some observers have suggested that the Saturn trip was an out-of-the-body experience, or a hypnotically-induced fantasy perpetrated by disinformation agents who had masqueraded as space people. Lucy McGinnis' view was more prosaic. She told Timothy Good that Adamski's oversized ego was the problem. He was simply lying to pump up his ego, which had taken a knock by the departure of the space contacts. When the Saturn report reached the international network Adamski's following began to crumble. The view from the inside was worse. Later in 1962 he wanted to get into fortune-telling. "He asked me to publish in

my newsletter that he would give an analysis of photographs for \$5, a recent photo and the person's date of birth," Honey wrote. "I refused to do this. He claimed he was shown how to do this on his 'Trip To Saturn.' I could not go along with his new idea and told him I couldn't understand how the 'brothers' could propose such a thing. He replied he couldn't understand it either but he trusted them and they wouldn't let him down." Other hare-brained schemes were cooked up. In September, 1963, Honey cut his ties with his once revered preceptor. Adamski embarked on a campaign of denigration, savaging Honey and other departing followers, including McGinnis, heaping the blame for the blow-out on everyone but himself. Cosmic brotherhood, his tedious mantra from the rostrum, went out the window on his home turf.

**SNAPSHOT: George and the 'Gals'.** Fearless women were well to be fore in Adamski's international network. Not only was George's resistance movement a proletarian revolution, with the unlettered – and open-minded – forming the bulk of his closest supporters, but it was also a feminist insurrection. Perhaps females had less to lose in associating with George than the careerists among the male population; these were still the days of stay-at-home mums. In the "Get Acquainted Program" that Adamski set up as his international network the key "co-workers" in each country were, more often than not, gutsy ladies. A group of supporters are shown with George in an interestingly composed photograph near Brussels, in 1963 (left-to-right): Suzy Peeters, May Morlet (the main Belgian co-worker), Dora Bauer



(Austria) and a severely dressed matron, called Erika Kuelekamp, looking on like a drill sergeant. Women also kick-started the GAP in other countries: France (Suzanne Saunier), Holland (Rey d'Aquila), Switzerland (Lou Zinsstag), Australia (Sonya Lyubicin), and New Zealand (Brenda Hinfelaar, with her husband, Henk). The leaders in the other GAP countries were: John Lade (England), Alberto Perego (Italy), Edgar Sievers (South Africa), Walter Buhler (Brazil), S.K.Maitra (India) and Hachiro Kubota (Japan). George was suffering from a heavy cold when the photo above was taken in Belgium – indeed his 1959 European tour had to be cut short when he developed a chest infection. In 1963 he fended off the illness with radical medication – an occasional glass of whisky mixed with copious quantities of black pepper, all thrown back in a gulp or two. Others tried this incendiary mix and swore 'never again.'

(Photograph property of May Morlet Flitcroft & G.A.F. International/Adamski Foundation, [www.adamskifoundation.com](http://www.adamskifoundation.com) ).



The space people could count on the obedience of their own kind, but an earthling who had survived by his wits and wisdom in turbulent times was another matter.

## Chapter Seven

# Sense and Non-Sense



It is a biographer's duty to gather together disparate strands from time and space and weave them into a coherence that is both just to the subject and convincing to the reader. The years 1961-62 can be slickly portrayed as a period of befuddlement and desperation, an atavistic reversion by Adamski to expedient lying and posturing. Whether that would be a fair judgment is uncertain. However, it is from the start of 1963 that Adamski's life truly evades coherent interpretation. The suavest of analyses fails to come to grips with what was happening. Different friends saw him in different lights. There was a bipolarity to his behaviour and the persona he projected.

To add to the confusion the space people returned. The evidence is strong that they reopened their contacts in 1963 and, on occasion, their morale-boosting aerial displays as well, which George copiously filmed with his ubiquitous 16mm camera. Some of his best movie footage was shot after this date. There is a savage irony here: his closest supporters are deserting their man, believing him to have lost his way; "the boys" who deserted him – the mystery men who are the litmus test of his legitimacy – are returning. Perhaps they were flushed out of hiding by Adamski's stubborn refusal to fade away, by his decision to ratchet up the pressure with another roadshow to Europe in April and May. The space people could count on the obedience of their own kind, but an earthling who had survived by his wits and wisdom in turbulent times was another matter. George was using the only true weapon he had to revive his contacts – moral suasion. He always said he could never arrange a meeting with the Boys; the decision about when and where had been theirs for a decade. Adamski had been the grateful supplicant, and the visitors had held all the cards. Now George was playing a bluff

hand. There is a sense in which our best wishes gather behind our struggling brother at this point in his remarkable campaign. He was imperfect but he was ours: Ambassador Extraordinaire, Ambassador Par Défaut. He had carried on a lonely diplomacy for nearly 10 years and if ever a planetary loyalty can be evoked for this flawed and fabulous character now was the time. *Go, George! Smoke the blighters out!*

This is all speculation, of course. Historians of the merely terrestrial kind do not have a bolter's show in hell of figuring out the true story. After all, we are dealing here with a man who was privy to the most profound and unfathomable hidden knowledge. In 1963 he confided wistfully to Zinsstag, "My heart is a graveyard of secrets." The iceberg metaphor is unavoidable: nine tenths of the information we need is below the surface, hidden in the disciplined recesses of a man's soul – as well as in the unreachable archives of a distant and nameless society. More accessible earthly chronicles are available that might one day shed extra light: a partly finished fourth book and a daunting cache of 60 reel-to-reel audiotapes of talks, lectures and interviews that Adamski gave. One day a biographer with qualities of patience and self-punishment will trawl through this archive filtering it for fact and fiction. It won't be an enviable task.

The confused signals that Adamski gave out in 1963 can be tracked in the recollections of his two good friends in Europe – Zinsstag and Leslie. He arrived in Basel on 23 May in the mid-point of his European speaking tour. When Zinsstag asked if he was still in touch with the Boys, George gave an opaque and defensive answer. "His voice...sounded unnatural...as if coming from a defiant child, provocative and stubborn." That evening she noticed



Belgian **May Morlet** (at left) was one of the two witnesses to Adamski's mysterious mission to the Vatican in May, 1963.

(Photograph property of May Morlet Flitcroft & G.A.F. International/Adamski Foundation, [www.adamskifoundation.com](http://www.adamskifoundation.com) ).

changes. "I felt that he was playing the part of a contented lecturer while underneath his countenance was a lingering precariousness. This did not manifest itself, as I would have expected, in reluctance and caution, but in an unexpected somewhat naïve boastfulness. Some friendly newcomers who joined us received flippant answers to their polite questions, and they soon left our table. George seemed to have lost his remarkable faculty to listen attentively and to answer carefully. I felt truly unhappy on this first evening." Things improved and the old George returned over the next few days.

Zinsstag and Belgian co-worker May Morlet took their VIP to Rome for an appointment with the ailing Pope, John XXIII. The pontiff was in the advanced stages of cancer but George was determined to deliver a small package that he carried. This had been given to him some days before by one of the Boys in Copenhagen and contained a message from the space people to Pope John. Adamski had been advised of the time to report – in front of St Peters at 11 a.m. on 31 May. This astonishing mission was vintage Adamski – preposterous drivel, with the madcap possibility that it was true. George had played many walk-on parts in the Theatre of the Absurd and this would be just another. Would it end in laughter or ovation? "Slowly we walked up the broad central

stairway, looking around," Zinsstag recalled later. "Within a few minutes George cried out: 'There he is, I can see the man'....swiftly he descended the steps, turning to the left. I had looked to the right because I expected him to be admitted through the well-known gate where the Swiss guards were posted. Yet, without any hesitation, he walked to the left of the Dome where I now noticed a high wooden entrance gate... with a small built-in door. This door was partly opened and a man was standing beside it, gesturing discreetly to George. He wore a black suit but not a priest's robe." George slipped through the opening and it was closed. When the women returned in an hour's time, as per George's instruction, he was almost leaping up and down with joy, much as he had done 11 years before after another outrageously implausible meeting in the desert of Southern California. Over the next few days as Adamski gradually revealed details of his meeting with the bed-ridden pope, and produced evidence to support its authenticity, it became apparent that the fakir of flying saucers had pulled one of his biggest rabbits out of the hat.

Before he said goodbye to Zinsstag they had a last intimate talk. Adamski spoke with a depth and power that she has never been able to put into words – referring to it simply as "our last private conversation." She came away with an

This astonishing mission was vintage Adamski – preposterous drivel, with the madcap possibility that it was true.

unshakable belief in his legitimacy and stature, but not so much that it dulled her discrimination. Eleven months later she resigned from Adamski's network in dissatisfaction over his claims and contradictions.

Adamski flew to London for his last days with Leslie. George had changed, but not in the way that Zinsstag had noticed. "There was a greater calmness, a heightened spirituality, and the traces of tiresome egotism that had annoyed me ten years earlier had entirely disappeared," Leslie noted later. "He was as one who had experienced the ultimate mysteries, and no longer cared whether

he was believed or disbelieved. He knew." Perhaps Adamski "knew" when he was basking in the warmth of admiring friends. Seven months later when he was being called to account for dishonesty he lost sight of the ultimate mysteries. On 13 December he wrote a dishonourable letter to a Canadian correspondent shifting blame to others for a fake mail-based scheme that he had helped mastermind. Much of his mail in late 1963 and early 1964 involved attempts to extricate himself from tight spots that had their seeds in 1962; his letters swirled with craft and indignant self-justification.

**SNAPSHOT: Lou Zinsstag.** Zinsstag kept detailed notes of everything George said and did during his time with her in Europe. Lou, shown at right in 1958, was a dynamic blue stocking who had trained as a secretary but missed her true calling: she would have made a great reporter. She had initiative, energy, good analytical skills and a sharp eye for nuance in human behaviour. This perceptiveness she brought to bear on Adamski. Perhaps incisive observation ran in the family: her mother's cousin was the noted Swiss psychiatrist Carl Gustav Jung. Lou's enthusiasm sparked an interest in UFOs by the great man but she should have steered clear of him. Their long talks had a disappointing outcome – Jung used them to concoct a flaky scholarship, a book called, "Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky," in which he hinted that UFOs were figments of a human craving for salvation from the stars in the worrying atomic age. It was a cheap shot worthy of an undergrad rather than a giant of psychoanalysis. But Lou was a resilient type. She made light of that and other things, including her single status, recording with a droll honesty that she would have loved to have pursued telepathy training lessons but couldn't find another person to test out thought transference. Her observation that Adamski was rather impersonal in his friendships is debatable. It seems to be contradicted by other statements she made which show that George confided highly personal matters with her. Many others who spent time with Adamski found him to be warm and considerate.



**SNAPSHOT: George the Showman.**

Adamski was a newsman's dream. His commitment to his mission and his enjoyment of the limelight, meant that he rarely passed up an interview. George knew he was an easy target for the cynical hacks of the mainstream press, but he cooperated willingly in order to spread the message and publicise his meetings. In Melbourne, Adamski allowed himself to be talked into a high altitude "photo op" by the "Melbourne Herald Sun". Standing wind-blown on the roof of one of the city's tallest buildings, a grinning George pointed towards the sky. "...The picture made it look as though I was about to 'take off,'" he joked later.

Government intelligence operatives would periodically turn up at Honey's work and interview him about his and George's latest activities

## Chapter Eight

# The Government Cottons On



Some time during the Adamski years, MJ-12 (or whatever they were calling themselves at the time) came to realise that he was the real McCoy, someone who was having genuine repeat 'contacts.' The realisation may even have occurred as early as the 1952 Desert Center encounter. Throughout much of that event, military aircraft were in the skies above Adamski and his group, clearly alerted by tell-tale radar returns from the cigar-shaped 'mothership' and possibly the bell-shaped craft that touched down. It would have been easy for analysts to put two and two together, to tie in this military alert with the subsequent newspaper publicity surrounding Adamski's claim of a face-to-face meeting.

After his link-up with George in 1957, Carol Honey began to find that his mail was being intercepted. His most sensitive papers relating to UFOs and Adamski, which were kept locked away, were expertly stolen. The burglary left no trace and no indication of when it had occurred. "All the documents disappeared at some time unknown to me, since I did not check on them very often," Honey wrote later. "No signs of a break-in were found to the residence or to the cabinet." Government intelligence operatives would periodically turn up at his work and interview him about his and George's latest activities. "I was always treated courteously and was never threatened in any way. They always acted as if they knew my claims were real and not imaginary."

The Steckling family, in Washington D.C., who forged a close friendship with Adamski, were often visited by intelligence agents. The Rodeffers, in nearby Silver Spring, in whose home Adamski stayed, had their phone tapped and their mail opened.

In 1960, Adamski reportedly invited

both presidential candidates to visit him during their primary campaigning in California. Richard Nixon declined but Senator John F. Kennedy accepted, according to Glenn Steckling. Steckling, a professional aviator, now has control of Adamski's personal papers, tapes and literary estate through the George Adamski Foundation that Alice Wells set up. Steckling also had access to the reminiscences of both Wells and Ulrich who his family helped care for in their old age. The meeting with Kennedy is said to have been held in secrecy in George's Carlsbad home. If a link was forged with the future president, there may have been some substance to later claims of occasional meetings between the two. Whether useful information was ever passed across at these confidential tete-a-tetes will probably never be known.

One would have to question if anything of value was transmitted at a meeting Adamski had in Washington in April, 1962, hard on the heels of the 'Saturn Trip'. He returned from 'outer space' imbued with an urgent impulse to pass on a confidential message to the president. This had been entrusted to him by the space people. Danish Air Force major, Hans C. Petersen, Adamski's co-worker in Denmark, was based in Washington at the time working in the Danish NATO exchange office. He received a call from Adamski with the hot news. "He called me right away after he came back," said Petersen in 1995, "and told me that he had to go to Washington on his arrival because he had a message to the President, 'but,' he said, 'I cannot tell you what this message is. But if you follow the political situation of the Earth you will, for yourself, be able to see what the message contains. In one year you will see the result.'" Petersen was one of Adamski's most devoted followers and formed a rose-tinted view of the message that was passed on. He con-



cluded afterwards that it was a warning about the forthcoming Cuban missile crisis, a warning which enabled Kennedy to resolve the nuclear-tipped standoff with complete mastery and the avoidance of violence. Apart from the fact that the crisis occurred seven months after Adamski's 'warning' rather than one year later, there is nothing in any of the voluminous writings on the missile crisis to suggest that Kennedy and his administration were caught by anything but surprise by the Russian establishment of missile launching sites in Cuba. The skillful way the crisis was resolved by Kennedy was not the result of slick application of inside information passed on from ETs, but by his acceptance of the best recommendation that came from a special advisory group he set up that wrestled for days and nights, in Kennedy's absence, with an ever-changing array of possible military and diplomatic responses. There is no indication in the public record that either Kennedy or his administration benefited from any type of foreknowledge, apart from their long established practice of photo reconnaissance flights over the controversial Caribbean nation. Nor is there any indication from Adamski's writings at the time that he was the bearer of a message about an impending crisis. "My recent trip to Washington was very successful," he wrote to his co-workers afterwards. "I fulfilled the mission I was assigned with good results. It was in reference to the use of space for

peaceful and educational purposes. I am well satisfied with the response, even though it was costly to me from the financial angle."

Glenn Steckling says that apart from the Carlsbad talk, Adamski's other secret meetings with Kennedy occurred at the White House and at Desert Hot Springs, in California, not far from Adamski's home. (The President is known to have visited the Hot Springs-Palm Springs area four times in 1962-63, mainly for romantic dalliances.) Did the meetings with Kennedy really occur? As Desmond Leslie said in his Adamski obituary, "With George – anything could happen." Certainly, late in his life Adamski was the bearer of official passes that indicated a close relationship with officialdom. William Sherwood, an optical physicist and senior engineer with the Eastman-Kodak Company, was a friend of his who examined the Government Ordnance Bureau card that Adamski carried and which gave access to military bases. Sherwood once had a similar pass himself and felt that Adamski's was unquestionably genuine. Fred and Ingrid Steckling were shown a White House pass by Adamski that appeared to be genuine. He maintained to confidantes that when it came to passing on information he worked "both sides of the fence", as he called it. In other words, he not only passed on messages from the space people, he passed on messages to the space people.

Did the meetings with Kennedy really occur? As Desmond Leslie said, "With George – anything could happen."



**SNAPSHOT: Hans Petersen.** The Danish co-worker was one of Adamski's most devoted followers. He formed an idealised view of the secret message that George took to Washington D.C. in April, 1962 – information that that he felt enabled President Kennedy to skillfully solve the Cuban missile crisis in October. Petersen saw George in almost messianic terms. "Without George Adamski the world would have been in cosmic darkness," he told a conference in Germany in 1980. Petersen admired Adamski's balanced personality – the fact that he was a New Age kind of guy but also a red-blooded man's man. Adamski "entertained a deep veneration of the Creator, Nature...his fellow man and ...Cosmic Laws," but "he swore, he liked a drink, he made love with any woman who approached him and whom he liked," Hans said respectfully, "and they were not few."

## Chapter Nine

# Dents in the Legacy



Adamski spoke with the rapid-fire clip and swagger of a New York cab driver.

George Adamski's historical legacy was dented by more than just his derailment in 1961-62 and the liberties he sometimes took with the facts. Less well known to researchers who came afterwards and sifted through the paper trail was another personal liability now lost to archivists – unless they possess an old fashioned reel-to-reel tape recorder and a spool or two of his lectures: he was a poor public speaker.

Adamski had an undoubted ability to establish a warm, easy rapport when speaking one-to-one or in small groups. In such relaxed settings where he had time to listen to his intuition and think at his own pace, George could convey views and information – even scientific conjecture – in a credible and impressive way. He seemed to have an ability to recover lost ground from his meager schooling and impress with the depth of his knowledge and the sagacity of his insights. People were taken with the assurance and thoughtfulness with which he expressed himself.

But on the speaker's platform the excitement of an audience eager for his views

produced a cocksure exuberance that spelled the end of structure, clarity, rhythm and just about every other quality necessary for a good presentation. If any of George's minders ever schooled him on the basics of public speaking, it didn't show. He spoke without notes of any kind, letting adrenalin fuel his delivery. Adamski could do a leisurely, flattering introduction well enough – "... your beautiful country..." etc – but after that came the deluge: a stream-of-consciousness flow where sentences ran into each other with no space for full stops, light touches, irony, leisurely rests, or oratorical flourishes. There was polite applause at the end of the night but generally no other gaps to allow for audience reaction. Occasionally George managed a touch of humour that brought a laugh, squeezed in before the next sentence. In Auckland he was asked whether the visitors had taken anyone else up into space. "Yes, they have," he said, stabbing a finger, "but I'm the only fool that stuck his neck out."

Adamski spoke with the rapid-fire clip and swagger of a New York cab driver. His warm tenor voice projected well in auditoria, but audiences had to listen carefully to pick out the nuggets in his ungrammatical and inexact, even sloppy, delivery. George's upbringing in a home where English was the second language, required audiences to make a courteous adjustment to his gnarled syntax. He cut off sentences with one-size-fits-all suffixes: "...and so fort", "...and all a dat." These distractions were easily tolerated when Adamski spoke about his unique personal experiences with 'the boys'. These episodes were hypnotically interesting, no matter how clumsily they were described. They were what people had come to hear. You could hear a pin drop when Adamski recounted in a low-key, blow-by-blow action sequence the 1952 encounter near Desert Center. His acting out on



*George being introduced to Adamski committee members in **Auckland** in the delightfully named *Royal Empire Society* rooms.*

stage the gestures and uncertainties of the transaction with “Orthon” had a naturalness and authenticity that were riveting. But all too often his talks wandered off into long, pseudo-scientific speculations on space, physics, public policy and human evolution that were unconvincing to all but the most gullible. It was as if Jed Clampett, from the Beverly Hillbillies, had gone on an excited speaking tour to talk not about the gunshot that caused the gusher but the chemistry of petroleum. Adamski’s talks would have been equal to the need if they had stuck to the subject.

He also quoted liberally, and sometimes at tedious length, from newspaper clippings and official documents that he felt bolstered his case. Often these reinforced his claims only because he had misread them or took liberties with their contents. It wasn’t all blather, though. Sometimes George hit his stride with a certain sandpapered eloquence. For 15 minutes at the end of his lecture in the Auckland Playhouse Theatre, Adamski held his audience with a sustained and deeply absorbing account of the alien lifestyle, as he knew it – but then it all went sideways: “So now I’m gonna stop here for a while and what questions you have in mind that I have not brought out durin’ the lecture I hope you just put it over here after the picture’s over and I’ll try to answer, but as I say there’s so much to be said you could talk here for twenty days steady, every day, for two, three hours each day and still not give you all that’s already piled up in the world knowledge in this field in relationship to life, as well as their progress made in field of science, and the relationship to the system which is also goin’ on for Earth in relationship to...” A few more head-spinning convolutions and it was all over.

Three positives shone through the meandering verbiage – the man’s sincerity, the nobility of his purpose, and his luminous courage – but generally his talks were suggestive of someone who overrated his abilities and charisma, a performer who felt that he could wing it on

stage without the humility of careful preparation and the need to provide his audience with value for time invested. As a consequence, Adamski’s literary legacy received little support from the hundreds of public appearances he made. These unvarnished displays served as a showcase for his weaknesses more than his strengths. They were a net subtraction from his reputation.

Particularly fraught were the question-and-answer sessions of these meetings. They delivered a bilious roller coaster ride for those hoping to reach a conclusion one way or the other about the man. When the questions focussed on his experiences with the ‘space people’ the audience hung on every word of his reply because fascinating morsels sometimes dropped out of the fender-bending circumlocution. But question time also gave scope for those with an interest in the occult to seek Adamski’s views. These questions traversed territory that George had reconnoitred systematically in the years before flying saucers. He charged recklessly on to this exposed ground with mouth blazing when a more cautious approach would have been advised. Not content with being the go-to guy for UFOs, Adamski was Mr Know-it-all on metaphysics as well, and often unconvincingly. For those who had accepted the strong evidence of an astonishing relationship between Adamski and mysterious visitors but recognised his carelessness with facts, sorting out the truth was a baffling task. It seemed that only a fumbling mix of gut feel and shrewd deduction stood a chance of arriving at the approximate shape of the true story. There were times when George resembled a hapless Mr Magoo; at other times he displayed the wisdom of Solomon. This spectacular contradiction is Adamski’s great gift to the science of personality.

George’s ungainly campaigning shines an interesting light on the tolerance, and even tenderness, of the space people who attended him. Their consistent support for his tours speaks volumes for an egalitarian and non-judgmental attitude

Three positives shone through the meandering verbiage – the man’s sincerity, the nobility of his purpose, and his luminous courage.



more seraphic than pragmatic. The Brothers were, indeed, as kindly as George claimed. Desmond Leslie looked back with fascination at the visitors' improbable choice of envoy and felt that perhaps they had identified their man decades before. "I often wondered why he should have been singled out as the prime prophet of saucery," he wrote after Adamski's death. "He believed that he had reincarnated from another planet through karmic reasons to give this teaching, and I find that idea quite acceptable."

Moon, Mars and Venus. In this, George distilled all his hopes and beliefs about the nature of interstellar space and life. And secondly, he began speaking at service clubs and other groups about the visitors. So driven was George to take his message public that surprised visitors at the road-side café found themselves co-opted as reluctant listeners to his presentations. In mid-1952 two teenagers who called into the café for lunch on their way to the Mt Palomar Observatory were caught up in one of these bizarre offerings. When they were in mid-hamburger, George stepped out of a

Justice demands that we should turn an equally cold eye on those who opposed Adamski and enforced something far more awful than anything he propounded.



*Adamski, seated second from left, at his 1959 lecture in Napier, New Zealand.*

There is no doubt that as the 1940s unfolded Adamski seemed hard-wired for his future role. He had been stargazing with astronomical telescopes since the early 1930s, snapping photos of celestial bodies. This had gathered pace after George left Los Angeles in 1940 and took advantage of the darker night skies that rural California offered. After 1947, flying saucers became an obsession. All George's actions from this time on speak of a hankering, almost a desperation, to be involved in – and a herald of – extraterrestrial contact. In 1949 two important things happened – firstly, he privately published a work of science fiction using his "Professor" moniker which described an imaginary trip to the

side door and began addressing the handful of diners. "I looked at Bob and he looked at me, and we said nothing," one of them wrote 50 years later. Their skeptical questions afterwards were out of tune with those of the other diners. "We concluded that we'd been dissing Santa Claus and continued on our trip."

Dissing George is easy to do when we look back at his funnier antics. Justice demands that we should turn an equally cold eye on those who opposed him and enforced, deliberately or unwittingly, something far more awful than anything he propounded: a despotic, totalitarian paradigm – Earthman Supreme and Alone. Inside this asylum of conformity that the establishment erected was an



intellectual atmosphere so toxic to dissent that it could dissolve reputations and livelihoods at the merest touch. Face-to-face contact with extraterrestrials became almost a conceptual impossibility, even if it occurred.

While a compliant news media and academia patrolled the safe ground, Adamski had the courage to journey way beyond the Pale to a nether region of public opinion where the only enduring consequence – if the cover-up held – was ridicule and infamy. To meet with ET's covertly was one thing; to broadcast the fact in books and lectures in the midst of history's most pernicious organized concealment was another thing altogether. Adamski was not going to sit quietly and tolerate an official line which condemned his planet to a blithe and harmful provincialism. He had seen through the charade, in fact he had been given a Trekkie's journey into the very cell structure of its bowels, and there was too much at stake to remain silent. Modernity's Primary Fact – the arrival of the visitors, the discovery that we were not alone – could be finessed by officialdom and its cowed outriders, but a humble pensioner from California was damned if he was going to join the epic deceit and live a life of comfort and good repute.

Adamski was perfectly placed to make the sacrifices that his unique role involved. He had catapulted into the headlines with less to lose than most. There were no family ties to hinder the punishment he was prepared to take. His brothers and sisters were 2,000 miles away in Dunkirk, New York, keeping their heads down. There was no career to protect, there never had been, nor any noteworthy community stature to jeopardise. George liked to point to his war service as a volunteer air raid warden in remote Valley Center as a civic contribution. Financially he had nothing to lose. Adamski owned no real estate, at least until he left Palomar and moved to a house in Carlsbad as he approached the age of 70. His UFO books brought

in some money but generally he lived on a tight budget. In 1958 Lucy McGinnis wrote a desperate letter to the international network appealing for funds to stave off financial hardship.

George's assets were rather of the intangible kind: a remarkable courage, and philosophical and metaphysical leanings apparently attuned to those of the aliens. He was a man they could do business with: he could be summoned without a telephone call, he broadcast the information they felt was important – and he kept their secrets. His reticence when asked certain questions was sometimes mistaken for rudeness. "There were rare occasions when Adamski's way of evading direct answers to straight questions would bring about a real short circuit in conversation," Zinsstag wrote. Adamski told her that on many subjects he had to adhere strictly to his silence pact with the visitors. "Would you betray a name or a source of vital information," he asked impatiently, "if you were told that you would lose the connection instantly in doing this?" This was where George's verbal indirection sometimes served him well on the public platform: when he needed to be evasive without being abrupt. Spiralling sentences produced a verbal fog that revealed shadows rather than shapes. The space people had rebuffed an articulate, university-educated British blueblood because they doubted his discretion, and thrown their weight behind an unimaginable character with a double major in hardscrabble and esoterica. He was incongruous but he was cagey, and that quality was important for the Brothers. They were frightened of technology leakage to a planet hell-bent on self-destruction. Strict injunctions related to some of the gadgets Adamski saw on board their craft; these could not be described in detail.

The visitors had mounted a sophisticated, labour-intensive, cloak-and-dagger operation spanning years and continents that provided ground and air support for their chosen man, despite his

George's verbal indirection sometimes served him well on the public platform - when he needed to be evasive without being abrupt.

limitations as a messenger. In embracing their imperfect friend they demonstrated that they were – whoever they were – the truest of democrats. But most of the load for this amazing crusade fell on the shoulders of one

man. With an all too human portfolio of weaknesses and strengths, George Adamski campaigned boldly against nothing less than the culture of his own planet and became the international face of flying saucers.

**SNAPSHOT: George the Cameraman.** Prior to his Desert Center contact, Adamski had devoted hundreds of hours to searching for UFOs with his 15-inch and 6-inch reflector telescopes. A cumbersome plate camera could be fitted to the eyepiece of the smaller one, which was his instrument of choice for UFO hunting. George developed a dexterity with this primitive equipment that bordered on genius. His patient star gazing and rapid fire response when UFOs hove into view had yielded a brilliant crop of photos of saucers and cigar-shaped “motherships”. For every bulls-eye there were scores of near misses. After 1952, when the space people began targeting him for special aerial displays at shorter distances, Adamski’s use of the telescopes faded away. Thereafter, he was rarely to be seen without a 16mm movie camera in his hands. Adamski loved filming tourist spots but he was always on the look-out for the special opportunities that “the Boys” provided. On his world tour of 1959 he showed a collation of clips from movies he had made. One startling segment that he had shot in Mexico in late 1956 showed a translucent scoutship hovering above a banana plantation near San Blas. George’s film show was usually the high point of his lectures. He gave his audience tips for shooting UFOs: “Get them in the daytime if you can, and with some background in the shots, even if you have to get down low on the ground.” Prior to his death, Adamski’s movie reel for public meetings included footage he had taken in Carlsbad and Vista, California, two craft moving together over a highway in Massachusetts, and footage of a UFO taken from the back of the Holiday Inn in Appleton, Wisconsin, in September, 1964.



**SNAPSHOT: What George Saw in Space.** George Adamski was a contradiction shrouded in ambiguity shrink-wrapped inside a paradox. His maddening elusiveness is nowhere more on display than in his reportage on what he saw in space. These observations are a mix of the convincing and the fanciful, the hot and not.

**Hot:** Light patches above the atmosphere, the Earth’s color from space, dried water courses on the moon.

**Not:** Lakes, rivers and small furry animal on the Moon; snowy mountains, forests, streams and cities on Venus.

If we ignore the brain explosion that was George’s 1961 “Trip to Saturn,” the best sources for his space observations are “Inside the Space Ships” (ITSS) and comments he made to friends.

**‘Hot’ Continued:** In 1954 Adamski commented to Desmond Leslie that on one of his space flights he had noticed a glowing patch of light above the Earth’s atmosphere. Eight years later when American astronauts began circling the Earth for the first time they noticed the same thing. This “night airglow” phenomenon, as it was dubbed by NASA, was reported in 1962 by some of the first astronauts, Glenn, Schirra and Cooper, and later by others. All were fascinated by what they saw. In “ITSS” Adamski wrote of looking back at Earth from a mothership porthole on 18 February, 1953, and being surprised to see that the planet appeared white from a distance and that no identifying markings could be seen. This sighting from 50,000 miles, about a quarter of the way to the moon, was the first indication of how the Earth looked from space. It would be four more years before the first satellite was launched and much longer before space probes sent back photographs of the Earth that con-

firmed that George's unexpected observation was accurate under certain visual conditions , especially when there was widespread cloud cover and when Earth was seen as a crescent in both night and day profile. Astronomers had no idea, as well, that there were dried water courses or rills on the moon that looked like water had once snaked across the lunar surface. Adamski saw these on a telescopic viewer screen and commented on them in detail in ITSS. Scientists had to wait another 10 years or so before moon probes confirmed this unexpected aspect of lunar topography.

**'Not' Continued:** The space people showed George close-ups of the rear of the moon, as well as 3D holographic "footage" from Venus. On the Moon's far side George said he saw an open-air city, other communities, wooded slopes and lakes and rivers. These sylvan scenes were not confirmed by the Apollo astronauts. The movie of "Venus" showed cities, lakes, animals and plant life. Subsequent space probes to the planet have suggested that under its thick cloud layer Venus is an arid planet with crushing atmospheric pressure and gases lethally hostile to human-type life.

**Neither 'Hot' nor 'Not':** 'Fireflies' in space and 'confirmation' of the Van Allen Belts. In ITSS Adamski said his first look out through a spaceship porthole captured a view of lots of flickering, multi-colored lights, like fireflies, in the darkness of space. Though luminous particles have occasionally been seen near space craft, nothing identical to Adamski's phenomena appears to have been reported by astronauts. Leslie wrote that in 1954 George told him of the natural radiation belts surrounding Earth. These were found by space probes in 1958 and dubbed the Van Allen belts after their American discoverer. Leslie's reference to the belts lacks any detail at all and must be regarded with caution, especially in view of George's dubious treatment of the subject in "Flying Saucers Farewell," published in 1961. Here he commented that he had referred to the belts in ITSS. Not true. George was being conveniently careless again. The only reference to radiation in ITSS is when one of the "Masters" talks about radioactive contamination of the Earth's atmosphere from nuclear explosions.

**George's Score?** – On a weighted average, perhaps 4/10. If we include the "trip to Saturn" it would be in the 'terrible twos'.

(Illustration used: photo compilation)

## Chapter Ten

# Silver Spring: The Most Extravagant Demonstration



Coming, as it did, two months before his death it can perhaps be seen as a touching valedictory...

The 'space people' may have abandoned Adamski in the early 1960s but their absence was temporary. The evidence for their return to the very centre of his life is most sensationally illustrated by the Silver Spring 'fly-by' of 26 February, 1965. This display, apparently conducted to give Adamski and his friend Madeleine Rodeffer the chance to get unparalleled movie evidence, was the most extravagant demonstration ever laid on for their man in a public place. Coming, as it did, two months before his death it can perhaps be seen as a touching valedictory and, in its own quirky way, some sort of exoneration, or at least redemption. *Hey, I know I screwed up for a while, George might have said, but at least at the end I was back on track, I still had the magic touch.* How else to explain the extraordinary events of that day?

Madeleine and Nelson Rodeffer were respected residents in a leafy, low-density suburb of Silver Spring, Maryland, on the outskirts of Washington D.C. Here, the houses are set amidst large tree-covered lawns on gentle, rolling contours. Nelson was a maintenance supervisor at the Army's Walter Reed Hospital in the Capital. Madeleine, a woman of 42 at that time, had worked in the Army Finance Office during the war and later acted as a doctor's receptionist. She had helped organise some speaking engagements for George on the East Coast a year before and, together with her husband, had formed a firm friendship with the veteran campaigner, so much so that when in their neighbourhood he preferred to stay with them rather than in a hotel. All those who met Mrs Rodeffer found her to be an impressive witness, a woman of humility and



**The Rodeffers' house**, in Silver Spring, photographed a few years after the 1965 event, but at the same time of year. The filming of the flying saucer was apparently done as the group stood on the path directly below the front porch (photo courtesy Timothy Good).



gentleness whose account of that remarkable day did not change at all in the years before her death in June 2009.

Nelson had gone to work by the time Madeleine got up that morning. She had recently broken a leg and was limping around in a plaster cast. When she came downstairs Adamski had some news for her. Chalk up 'Zany Moment One': One of the Boys had come to the door at 8.30 a.m. on his way to meeting the new Vice-President, Hubert Humphrey. He advised George that he and Madeleine should get their cameras ready for a flying saucer visit. During the day they loaded film into Madeleine's new movie camera that she had received from her husband as a Christmas present. Some time between 3 p.m. and 4 p.m. the two looked out of the dining room window and saw a disc moving in the distance. And then Zany Moment Two: a grey Oldsmobile screeched to a halt at the bottom of the Rodeffer driveway, which meets the street 40 metres from their elegant home. Three men leaped out of the car and ran up the driveway waving their arms and shouting: "They're here! Get your cameras! They're here!" It was "the Boys"! Well, no, it didn't happen exactly like that – but *almost*. It was a grey Oldsmobile; the three men *did* hoof it up the driveway. When George answered their knocking on the front door they were full of urgency: "They're here. Get your cameras. They're here," Madeleine heard them say. The breathless arrival of the Brothers was the wackiest turn-up in contactee history, a moment that the humour-starved UFO phenomenon had been crying out for for 20 years. Madeleine Rodeffer panicked, claiming an inability to operate her new camera. Sadly, George took the low-quality, Bell & Howell 8mm point 'n shoot from her and began filming the saucer, leaving his own 16mm Kodak lying unused. The saucer came floating across the neighbourhood at a low level, brushing treetops. Rodeffer described it as a gorgeous dark blue colour with portholes where she got an occasional glimpse of faces peering out.



**The Extravagant Demonstration.** A frame from the Silver Spring movie that Adamski shot with Madeleine Rodeffer's camera.

The scout ship cruised over the house and bobbled around the property for minutes, as Adamski, Madeleine and the Boys stood on the path below the front porch taking it all in. At one point the saucer rolled on its side and gave George a clear shot of the three-ball undercarriage. All this time the three visitors are monitoring the situation. "They had normal American accents. They could have been your uncle, or your cousin, or you," she told me in May 2009. "I got the impression their role was a supportive one, to make sure we both held up under the excitement of the occasion. They watched George, especially, as he was older than me." One satisfying aspect of their arrival needs to be noted: the three men were, in Rodeffer's opinion, middle-aged. One had dark hair, one had brown hair and the third was tending towards grey. The presentable young men had gone: the Abercrombie & Fitch brigade had been let go. Finally, the space people were getting the 'equal opportunity' message. After a while the saucer floated away. The Boys heaved a sigh of relief. One of them commented, "Well, that's all. I hope we never have to do this again because it's too dangerous." Then they headed back to their car. Zany Moment Three: Madeleine and George discover they have accidentally locked them-

"They had normal American accents. They could have been your uncle, or your cousin, or you." - Madeleine Rodeffer.

selves out of the house. They head round the side to gain entrance from a patio when the saucer swoops back again, even closer than before. Then finally it glides away.

Later the film was sent away for processing. When it was returned it seemed the movie had been ‘got at’, according to Rodeffer. The film looked like a doctored copy of the original. Madeleine felt that some of the footage had been deleted, including the section where the craft had rolled on its side. Other parts looked like a reshoot against a white screen with a man’s hat used in place of the saucer. It still had good parts but it was a mess. Rodeffer said that Adamski re-edited the disappointing footage into a shape where it could avoid instant ridicule.

*Addendum to 1<sup>st</sup> Edition:*

Glenn Steckling has a different version on the aftermath to the filming at Silver Spring. He and his mother are firmly of the view that the original Silver Spring film was not tampered with by opposing interests but had a short segment removed by Adamski on the instructions of his space contacts. In September 2010 Glenn advised me as follows:

“George called us to the house within the hour of the film being taken and a very long conversation ensued about where to have it safely developed. My father personally took it that same night to Dynacolor in Rockville on a 24-hour service and he picked it up the very next day. That next evening six of us, Nelson (Madeleine’s husband), Madeleine, George, my Father, Mother and I viewed it for the first time and it was complete - nothing faked, nothing substituted - with segments of the ship directly overhead showing the revolving rings as it hovered just over the roof as it moved off....

That same week, George flew to Rochester, New York, to see Bill Sherwood at Kodak to make copies of the film. He called back to the house and told us the

CIA was all over the place and he had to guard the film closely. When he returned, the only thing that was different in the film was that he had removed the section with the saucer hovering overhead detailing the revolving rings. He had been approached by his space contacts and was told to return that portion because it detailed too much and they did not want the military to deduce any further leaps on the technology.”

Adamski was a new type of hero. He had redefined the borders of iconography.

## Chapter Eleven

# The Final Days



Adamski made a poignant comment after the dramatic filming at the Rodeffers. “Don’t tell anyone that I helped you,” he advised his hostess, “because they will pick on you. Don’t even tell people that I was here.” He knew only too well the controversial figure that he had become. Just a few months shy of his 74th birthday, Adamski was calm and philosophical about the notoriety that attached to his name. Probably he realised that much of the opprobrium was justified. Adamski had admitted to Carol Honey that for a while there he had been “off the beam.”

George was a tarnished hero but a hero nonetheless to thousands who had recognised his courage to speak out. “He believed that others, greater in the world’s esteem, had also been contacted and given the same mission,” Desmond Leslie wrote, “but that for various personal reasons had refused or failed. He saw himself as the ‘lame and the halt and the blind’ who were called to the king’s feast after the chosen guests had made excuses not to come. He felt he was a broken reed, but alas the only reed willing to try and play *their* tune.” Lucy McGinnis drew a similar conclusion. “I really think he was picked out because he had the courage to go out and speak,” she said in 1979. “There have been many others who have been picked out. But they’ve been afraid...” Adamski had not been afraid when destiny came calling that important day in 1952. He stepped forward from the rank and file and, with all his faults, took on his appalling burden. He had cracked under the strain, but in the end he seemed to be whole. Adamski was a new type of hero. He had redefined the borders of iconography; his role reached out beyond the earthly celebrity of achievement in war or politics, science or social endeavour to encompass the extraterrestrial. A new corridor in the pantheon had opened up.

Adamski voyaged into uncharted waters where none had gone before, and where shoals of derision and excoriation lay waiting in plain view. And he served until he dropped.

After some days at the Rodeffers the gutsy pensioner headed off on another round of lectures and interviews: Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, Worcester, Lowell, Rhode Island, New York, Boston. The weather was cold but people still turned out in good numbers to get a glimpse of the legendary figure. “I am willing to work as I do, that we may leave something good for the generations to follow, that they may not blunder as we have done,” he told people. His posture was still erect and he moved well, but his handwriting was starting to go. He wrote a letter, dated 24 March, 1965, to Bill Sherwood from a hotel in Buffalo, penned in a shaky hand:



**Madeleine Rodeffer**, photographed a few years after the Silver Spring incident.  
(Photograph courtesy of Timothy Good)

“Thanks for all you and yours have done for me. We had a full house – 800 on the 22nd, and tonight – we shall see.” Numbers still mattered to the old trouper; a professional to the end.

George had had an inkling that his days of public speaking were coming to an end. His oracular comrades had peered into the future and seen the shape of things to come. In July, 1964, he wrote a friend, “The Brothers told me recently that we are about to the end of public lectures.” His talks to be given on the East Coast in some months time “are perhaps final,” he added. And so it turned out. Adamski returned to the Rodeffers in mid-April looking exhausted and badly in need of rest. No one with the exception of the Stecklings was to know that he was in town. On 17 April he celebrated his 74th birthday with Fred and Ingrid and their son Glenn. During the quiet gathering he advised the parents that his time was drawing near. He handed Fred his briefcase that contained the precious movies. Fred had to continue the mission, George said. Steckling was shocked and tried to hand it back, but the birthday guest insisted. His mission was over.\*

Five days later on the 22nd, Adamski awoke complaining to Madeleine Rodeffer of a painful neck and shoulders as well as of difficulty in breathing. Over the next 24 hours he was in and out of the Washington Sanatorium receiving tests and treatment but refusing to stay. His heart was giving out, the doctors reported, but Adamski was deeply suspicious of what could be administered to him in a hospital. In the early evening of the 23rd, home-based treatment had clearly failed: his breath was coming in gasps. He was ordered to hospital in an ambulance. Madeleine traveled in the vehicle with her dying guest; Nelson was behind in a car. As the ambulance reached a corner near the Rodeffers a car parked at the kerb flicked its lights several times at the

convoy. “I don’t know if it was a space person,” Mrs Rodeffer said later, “but it was like a sign. I had a strange feeling about that car...”

Let’s take it as a given that this was a ‘farewell’ or a sign of solidarity from the “Boys.” Why didn’t they turn the car around and follow George to the hospital; stand vigil in the waiting room or beside his bed? They knew he was dying. Their mental percipience was that good. Their technology was certainly that good: their sensors could read the mind of a gnat at a hundred miles. Why didn’t they throw the rulebook away like they’d done on the day of the filming? Their man was dying; he had given them his heart and soul; it was time to discard the operations manual. It was a time for *duty*, not a time for policy. The Boys wouldn’t have been arrested at the hospital. Nor were their identities in danger – there were no closed-circuit TVs in those days recording the image of visitors. Flicking the car lights was worse than pathetic – it was *dysfunctional*. Joe Earthling would have known what to do – and did. God had sent George an angel in his greatest hour of need and her name was Madeleine Rodeffer. She held his hand in the emergency room while medical staff fussed about administering oxygen. When she returned after a spell outside, George said, “Where’ve you been, Madeleine?” She said, “George, they don’t want me to stay here with you – they say I’m in the way.” George spoke to the others in the room, “She’s not in the way.” Adamski added, “I know that I’m going.” Madeleine Rodeffer held his hand firmly. She had no children; she had plenty of love to give. Adamski had no children; a recent friend would do just fine. “...I kept thinking that some miracle was going to occur – that he’s not going to die,” she told Timothy Good. “I was just holding on to the thought that he wasn’t going to leave yet.” George’s laboured breathing was the only sound in the room, then a last, long exhalation. A hesitation, then they said, “He’s gone.” ~

God had sent  
George an angel  
in his greatest  
hour of need and  
her name was  
Madeleine Rodeffer

\* Fred Steckling carried on the Adamski mission until his death in 1991. See Snapshot on page 42 for an account of his own alleged contacts.

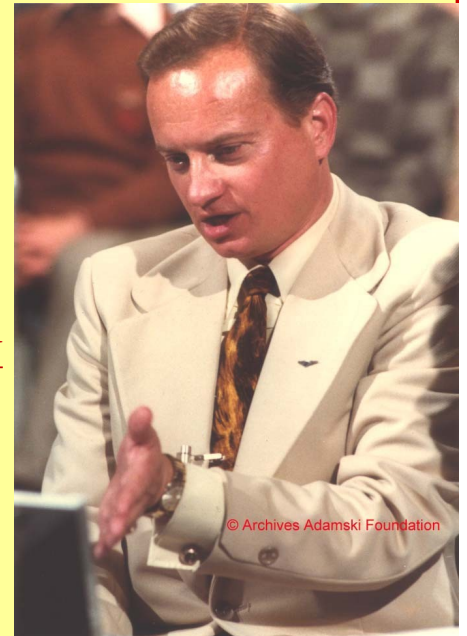




**SNAPSHOT: The End of Innocence.** Adamski's apparent breakdown in 1961-62 marked the passing of a *belle époque*. It was a time of shattered dreams. Many who had seen something bright and shining and heraldic in George's unique quest had to deal with bitter disappointment and reappraise the direction of their interests and even their lives. Nowhere was the end of innocence sadder than in New Zealand where his main followers, Henk and Brenda Hinfelaar, grappled with the disheartening signals that came out of California. McGinnis and Honey's resignation and the trip-to-Saturn fiasco were knives in the heart. George's dramatic fall was confirmed in a letter from their "inside source," a young Australian-Yugoslav emigré, Sonya Lyubicin, who had travelled to California especially to work in a secretarial capacity for George. She confirmed that he had "gone off the beam." When I met the Hinfelaars at their home in Auckland in 1964 they were still coming to terms with the recent split with their gallant standard bearer. They had organised George's New Zealand tour in 1959 and, together with Brenda's mother, Rimu Cathie, had formed the closest of bonds with their lovable guest. He dined with them, unwound with them, shared his raunchy jokes with them, confided in them. They were cut from similar cloth: they liked a smoke and a drink, a good time, but they also embraced the extraterrestrial and the metaphysical. Henk developed a spooky rapport with Adamski. One day, he rang Brenda from work and told her to book him an urgent air ticket to the capital of Wellington where Adamski was preparing for a lecture. No, he

hadn't been contacted by George, he said. Then why was he going? He had an overwhelming feeling that things weren't right. "George needs me," he insisted. Sure enough, Hinfelaar arrived to find that he had to take over as MC and pull the event together. When Adamski left New Zealand weeks later, the Hinfelaars (shown above farewelling George at Auckland Airport) were two of his most trusted confidantes. His role was almost paternal. It was more than mere friendship. Desmond Leslie would write of George, "Anyone who knew him grew to love him immensely." Henk and Brenda had grown to love the old codger immensely. In mid-1964 I began an unwitting debriefing of the two: they were still sorting out their confused emotions, and needed a sounding board. George was still carrying on his mission in distant California but had cut them off in bitter letters of reproach and self-justification. Henk was a voluble Dutchman with a penetrating intellect and immense courage. He had challenged Adamski directly on his recent claims. Now he needed to talk it through, talk it all out. Brenda was even more acute, as quick as a scimitar, but argumentative; she had her own take on George's self-destruction, her own theories on how it had all gone wrong. Flying saucers had brought the Hinfelaars together, then to the marriage altar, but they debated passionately. They needed someone to listen to them, challenge them, someone sympathetic and sceptical. Evenings in their home were caldrons of hot discussion. Rimu, in her seventies (see her in photo on page 6), went to bed early. In 1965 when Adamski died, Henk called me at the "New Zealand Herald," where I worked as a reporter. He was shell-shocked. There was grief and loss in his voice. He asked if I could get the news into the next edition (I couldn't). In the end, they worked it all through and moved on. Parenthood – the raising of a baby daughter – helped in the healing process. Adamski's international network split in two. McGinnis, Honey, Zinsstag, the Hinfelaars, Roy and Pearl Russell, Leslie in a way, and others left the fold but retained a belief in the original claims. The Silver Spring incident in 1965 confused and bewildered them. Surely it couldn't be true. How could Adamski have gone so far off the rails and still retained the loyalty of "the Brothers"? It was unfair: the angelic visitors had betrayed the virtuous. Others swore their fealty to Adamski to the end. Was their stubborn devotion vindicated by George's spectacular swansong that afternoon at the Rodfeffers? Had Wells, Petersen, Morlet, Bauer and the Stecklings somehow got it right? "Do you think I made a mistake...?" a bewildered Honey wrote to a friend. Loyalties died and loyalties lived on. It was like an ecclesiastical schism, and as with all such events the sundering was traumatic and the one true religion would never be the same again.

**SNAPSHOT: Fred Steckling & The Boys.** After Adamski's death the torch passed to Siegfried ('Fred') Steckling, an executive chef at Washington's Mayflower Hotel, who had emigrated with his wife from Germany in 1960. Fred had had a long time interest in UFOs as well as a spectacular sighting or two to his name. He was anointed as the new message-bearer not only by George but also – it seems – by 'The Brothers'. Steckling (shown at right in 1977) wrote a book, "Why Are They Here?" published in 1969, which among other things described his meetings with the space people in the 1965-67 period. All the conversations with the visitors took place in and around Washington D.C. in everyday circumstances. Adamski's successor was never favored with a spin in space but in 1966, at the age of 30, he received a filming opportunity that nearly matched the best that the old master had been given. On 7 September, during a lecture tour in Europe, Fred, his wife Ingrid, and son Glenn, and a carriage full of fellow passengers on a train between Mannheim and Frankfurt were accompanied by an armada of 48 UFOs for a little over three minutes. Steckling shot 23ft of Kodak colour film while his young son held the window open. "One could read the questioning expressions on the faces of the others viewing the sight with us," Fred wrote. "But no one was frightened, I might add." The film shows rectangular formations of blurry white craft in the sky, with power lines and trees passing by. Steckling's meetings with the Boys in Washington occurred



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on an occasional basis with men who appeared to have regular jobs in the American capital. Often the encounters were brief because the visitors were squeezing the conversations between work commitments. On more than one occasion the talks were held standing up; there was no time for a leisurely sit-down and exchange. Steckling sometimes bumped into them in passing. "...I had seen the Brothers on several occasions while downtown, [but] we did not talk, but just greeted one another." Glenn Steckling reports that some of the visitors came to Fred in his office to help him in his book writing. Most of the Boys (and a few women) were gifted linguists speaking up to five or six languages perfectly. Adamski had been quoted by the press with his reckless claim that there were probably "millions" of space people living secretly in Earth society but Fred was much more circumspect. "In some larger cities, there may be as many as one hundred of them living and working undetected among us," he wrote. He said that they had lived on Earth in significant numbers since the early 1940s. Like Adamski, Steckling found that the visitors had special qualities. "Whenever I meet the people of other worlds, I feel very humble," he wrote. "Their knowledge and wisdom is outstanding. Yet they will never let us feel their superiority." The Stecklings moved to Mexico and then California where more extraordinary occurrences occurred. Ingrid recalled a remarkable episode in the 1980s. "We were sitting in the living room in the evening and the feeling of great love came over us....and with it the whole living room was lit up. And so we decided to go and take a look, and we went outside. There was this beautiful scout craft hanging...It was a most fantastic sight, and this feeling stayed with us for many, many weeks." Since Fred's passing Glenn has inherited

the mantle of Adamski lecturer. He has reported occasional meetings with the visitors. "They have occurred in many countries, locations and conditions, and are never arranged by us, but determined by them. It is always interesting to see these most unique individuals throughout the many decades who appear nearly exactly as they did 40 or 50 years ago," he wrote in 2010. "Where we have aged considerably, they hardly show any change."

*Left: Adamski and the Steckling family in 1964.*



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# References

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## Chapter One: Coarse Gatecrashers

20 Nov. 1952 Desert Center UFO meeting: "Flying Saucers Have Landed," Desmond Leslie & George Adamski, Werner Laurie, London, 1953; also extra witness comments and detail per same book 1970 edition, Neville Spearman, London, 'Commentary on George Adamski' pp. 239-278, by Leslie; "Inside the Space Ships," Adamski, Arco & Neville Spearman, London, 1956, foreword by Leslie, pp. 21-24; "Alien Base: Earth's Encounters with Extraterrestrials," Timothy Good, Century, London, 1998, p.108.

## Chapter Two: The Saintly Scamp

Biographical sketch by Blodgett: op cit. Inside the Space Ships, pp.228-232.

Adamski's account of domestic arrangements 1953-55: ibid, 'Days at Palomar Terraces,' pp. 192-198.

Mary Adamski as devout Catholic etc per "UFO...George Adamski: Their Man on Earth," Lou Zinsstag, publ. by UFO Photo Archives, Tucson AZ, 1990, p.18.

GA showing Mary's photo in wallet etc, per former Adamski co-worker, personal discussion with writer 2009.

Declassified FBI files on Adamski per "The FBI Files: The FBI's UFO Top Secrets Exposed," Nicholas Redfern, Pocket Books, London, 1998, 'The Adamski Connection,' pp. 289-317.

"Ashram" description, op cit. "Flying Saucers Have Landed" 1970 edition, p.154.

C.A.Honey complains to magazine, Flying Saucer Review, London, July-Aug. 1960, vol.6, no. 4, 'More News on Adamski, Honey, p.14.

Carol Honey's book on UFOs and Adamski, "Flying Saucers 50 Years Later," by C.A.Honey, Trafford, Victoria, Canada, 2002. (Honey died in 2010.)

Desmond Leslie's biographical details per several sources including his 2001 obituary on [www.telegraph.co.uk](http://www.telegraph.co.uk).

Leslie and Girvan contact Adamski re photos etc: per George Adamski obituary by Leslie, "Flying Saucer Review," vol. II, no. 4, July-Aug. 1965, pp. 18-19.

"Snapshot: Lucy McGinnis, (1901-1982)": per many sources incl. discussion with former co-worker; op. cit. Zinsstag p. 67; six-page McGinnis/Adamski letter, ibid Zinsstag pp. 184-189.

## Chapter Three: Desmond Leslie Visits

Details of visit derived from several sources including op. cit "Inside the Space Ships," pp. 192-198; Leslie op cit. "Flying Saucers Have Landed," 1970, 'Commentary on George Adamski'; op. cit. [www.telegraph.co.uk](http://www.telegraph.co.uk); op cit. "UFO, GA: Their Man on Earth", Zinsstag, p. 68; op. cit "Alien Base," Good, p. 151; op cit. Adamski obituary, Leslie.

"Snapshot: Alice K.Wells, (1900-1980)": per many sources, including Wells article "S.P.Newsletter", Anaheim, California, July 1963, issue 19; Wells eulogy from "Book of Adamski," Gray Barker, Saucer-



ian Publications, Clarksburg, W.VA, undated, pp. 9-10; McGinnis quote from “George Adamski: The Untold Story,” Lou Zinsstag and Timothy Good, Ceti Publications, Beckenham, England, 1983, p. 199.

#### **Chapter Four: Worldly Mask and Otherwordly Visitations**

GA habits and tastes per writer discussions with former co-workers.

GA Prohibition era comment, per op. cit. Good p.148, quoting Jerome Clark article.

FBI dealings with GA per op. cit. “The FBI Files,” Redfern.

GA article ‘My Fight with the Silence Group,’ quoted op.cit. Zinsstag, p.98.

Pearson/Hinfelaar UFO sightings with GA, personal correspondence or comments to writer.

Miller UFO sighting at Taupo, per “Flying Saucers Farewell,” George Adamski, Abelard Schuman, New York, 1961, pp. 129-130.

Ingrid Steckling comment, per video documentary, “The UFO Contacts”, written & directed by Michael Heseman, 2000 Film Productions, Dusseldorf, Germany, 1996.

#### **Chapter Five: ‘The Boys’**

GA Australian arrival per 3-page reminiscence, ‘Some Memories of George Adamski,’ by Roy Russell, Brisbane, Nov. 1998. Also from this paper the quote on Adamski’s spiritual side included in Russell photo caption.

Adamski’s “inner exaltation” comment, per Adamski op. cit. “Flying Saucers Farewell,” p. 74; “Keep balanced in all ways...” ibid. p. 75.

Zinsstag on GA impersonal behaviour, per ‘On George Adamski,’ lecture at BUFORA meeting, London, June, 1967.

GA in Basel and café incident, op cit. “GA: Their Man on Earth,” Zinsstag, pp.40-41. Zinsstag uses the Swiss spelling of Basel and this is retained.

Airport experience with ‘the boys’ and committee meeting comment, advice to writer by former co-worker, Dec. 2001.

British shipping industry ref. op. cit, Russell.

Carol Honey experiences on lecture tour, per ‘Flying Saucer Review,’ vol. 5, no. 2, Mar-Apr., 1959, Honey letter to editor, p. 32.

Umno contact case per “UFO Contact from Planet Umno,” Antonio Ribera, publ. UFO Photo Archives, Tucson AZ, 1985.

Adamski’s “Boys” were disciplined and secretive. We know little about how they organized their risky operations. The best window we have into the worrisome world of an alien infiltrator is provided by the Umno contact case, and specifically by a breathless revelation penned by one of the visitors’ Spanish recruits in 1967. This account, drawn from op. cit. Ribera pp. 86-96, is reproduced as an addendum to this book.

“Snapshot: The Book in the Middle”: Many sources.

“Snapshot: George and the Egg”, per discussion with former co-worker, 2009. Adamski comment on New Zealand per Adamski, op cit. “Flying Saucers Farewell”, p. 133.

#### **Chapter Six: Exit The Boys**

GA channelling Orthon & use of crystal ball, op. cit. “Flying Saucers 50 Years Later,” Honey, p. 206,



314.

McGinnis farewell message, per op. cit. "GA: Their Man on Earth," Zinsstag, p.67.

GA 'trip to Saturn' mainly per op. cit. Honey pp.211-227; also op cit. Zinsstag, p.75-101.

"I was with Adamski part of the time..." op. cit. Honey, p. 201.

GA fortune-telling suggestion, op. cit. Honey, p. 202.

GA embarks on campaign of denigration, per op.cit. Honey, Zinsstag and personal discussion with former co-workers

Snapshot: George and the 'Gals': per correspondence and discussion with former co-workers.

### **Chapter Seven: 1963: Sense and Non-Sense**

GA audio tape archives and 4th book, held by George Adamski Foundation, advice to writer by Glenn Steckling, June, 2009.

GA visits with Zinsstag in Basel, 1963, per op.cit. Zinsstag, pp.67-74.

Last intimate talk with Zinsstag, per BUFORA talk, op. cit. p.5.

Last days with Desmond Leslie, per "Flying Saucers Have Landed," 1970, 'Commentary on George Adamski', p. 259.

GA letter to Canadian correspondent, per op. cit. Honey, p.203.

GA mail in late 1963 & early 1964, per op.cit. Honey pp. 300-317, op. cit. Zinsstag pp.80-94, and personal discussion with former co-workers.

"Snapshot: Lou Zinsstag" per many sources.

"Snapshot: George the Showman" per several sources. Adamski's "take off" comment per Adamski op. cit. "Flying Saucers Farewell," p. 138.

### **Chapter Eight: The Government Cottons On**

Honey's mail intercepted, files stolen etc, per op. cit. Honey, pp.88-90.

Steckling family visited by intelligence agents, advice to writer by Glenn Steckling, June 2009.

Rodeffer's phone tapped and mail opened, per op. cit. "George Adamski: The Untold Story," Zinsstag and Good, p. 185.

GA meetings with Kennedy, advice to writer by Glenn Steckling, June 2009.

Major Hans Petersen's testimony on Adamski message, per op. cit. video documentary, "The UFO Contacts".

GA message on trip to Washington, per op.cit. Zinsstag, p.76.

Sherwood testimony on Ordnance pass, per op. cit. video documentary, "The UFO Contacts".

White House pass shown to Stecklings, advice to writer by Glenn Steckling, June 2009.

"Snapshot: Hans Petersen", Petersen quotation per Petersen speech notes for the 12th International UFO-Kongress, op. cit. Zinsstag, p. 143.

## Chapter Nine: Dents in the Legacy

Observations in this chapter were made, in large part, after listening to audiotapes of Adamski's talks. Desmond Leslie also described George's poor abilities as a public speaker in his Adamski obituary, op. cit. "Flying Saucer Review." "He was a bad speaker in a crowd," Leslie wrote. "He was nervous, mud-dly, and tried to say too much all at once... Those who have seen him only on the lecture platform must have gone away disappointed." While agreeing with Leslie's overall assessment of George as a poor speaker I would disagree that Adamski's voluble delivery was partly due to nervousness. His tapes rather suggest that he was more than confident addressing crowds. His problems seemed more the result of an overblown view of his own speaking abilities and the resultant disinclination to practice for public speaking.

War service as an air raid siren, per Blodget sketch, op.cit. Adamski, "Inside the Space Ships," p. 230. Leslie's comments on why George was singled out, per op. cit. Leslie's Adamski obituary.

The teenagers who were accidental listeners to George's café speech, per "Saucer Smear", 10 August, 2002, Karl Pflock column, quoting recollections of Neil Barton.

GA's comments about adhering strictly to his silence pact with the boys, per op. cit. Zinsstag, p. 42.

"Snapshot: George the Cameraman," many sources including discussion with former co-worker, 2009; contents of last movie reel in part per op. cit. Zinsstag & Good, p. 162. George's advice to audience, per audiotape of his talk at the Auckland Town Hall on 21 January, 1959.

"Snapshot: What George Saw in Space": Light patches above Earth's atmosphere Leslie op cit. "Flying Saucers Have Landed," 1970, 'Commentary on George Adamski', p.242; "night airglow" confirmation by later astronauts, "Final Report of the Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects," Dr E.U. Condon, scientific director, D.S. Gillmor, editor, Bantam Books, N.Y., 1968, pp.193-194; Adamski on the Earth's color from space, op.cit. "Inside the Space Ships" (ITSS), p. 68; Adamski on dry water courses on the Moon, ibid. p.144; Adamski shown the rear of the moon with city, rivers, wooded hills etc. ITSS pp.205-206; Adamski shown cities, lakes, plant and animal life on Venus, ITSS, pp. 212-215; 'Fireflies' seen in space, ITSS, p.67; Adamski speaks of radiation belts to Leslie, op. cit. Leslie, "Commentary on George Adamski", p. 242; claims in "Flying Saucers Farewell" that he wrote about them in ITSS, op.cit. FSF, p.68; mention of radiation from atomic explosions in ITSS, op.cit. p. 82.

## Chapter Ten: Silver Spring: The Most Extravagant Demonstration

Material in this section comes per "George Adamski: The Untold Story," Zinsstag & Good, pp. 160-170; personal interview (telephone) with Madeleine Rodeffer by writer, 23 May, 2009; Rodeffer comments on op. cit. video documentary, "The UFO Contacts". Glenn Steckling's version of the processing and editing of the film per personal communication 9 Sept. 2010.

## Chapter Eleven: The Final Days

Material in this section comes per op. cit. Zinsstag & Good, pp. 179-185; personal interview (telephone) with Madeleine Rodeffer by writer, 23 May, 2009; also advice re GA birthday at Stecklings per Glenn Steckling to writer, June 2009; Adamski comment and letter to Sherwood, quoted by Sherwood in 'UFO Understanding: An American Perspective, 17 July, 1983, quoted in op.cit. Zinsstag, p. 169. Letter to friend in July 1964 advising that public lectures were coming to an end, was to Sherwood, dated 25 July, reprinted op cit. Zinsstag p. 174.

"Snapshot: The End of Innocence": material mainly from discussions with the Hinfelaars 1964-2010; Henk died in 1998; also other written sources and documents; Honey quote per op. cit. Zinsstag, p. 94. Leslie quote from Adamski obituary, "Flying Saucer Review," 1965, op. cit. p.18.

"Snapshot: Fred Steckling & the Boys": Steckling's observations and experiences were mainly derived from his book "Why Are They Here?", Vantage Press, 1969, Chapters 6,7 & 8. Ingrid Steckling comment, per op. cit. video documentary, "The UFO Contacts". Other background and Glenn Steckling comment per personal communication between the writer and Glenn in March and August 2010.

## ADDENDUM: The Stenographer's Letter

In the extraordinary body of UFO arcana, the sub-genre dealing with human-looking ET's allegedly living under cover in Earth society has no more fascinating account than a letter of 4 June, 1967, written by an anonymous Madrid stenographer. This letter has appeared only once before in English translation in a limited circulation, privately published book in 1985, and more is the pity because it is one of the most delightful narratives of weird witnessing ever written. Stenographers are a much reduced breed in these days of word processing and home printers but decades ago these workers, who took dictation in shorthand, typed letters and offered general secretarial services were quite common. For one such freelancer offering his services in Madrid in the 1960s stenography delivered not ink-stained routine but rather "the greatest experience of my life," as he called it. The first sensation occurred when he was employed by the Ummo observers under the strictest oath of confidentiality – and at a generous rate of payment – to take their dictation and mail out (mainly anonymous) letters to a network of correspondents. But then came an even more extraordinary turn of events a few days before the Arab-Israeli "Six Day War" of 1967: a cloak-and-dagger operation that spilled over into his home and removed all lingering doubts about the identity of his employers. The Middle East crisis frightened the "Ummites" into a hurried evacuation of the planet in a pick-up that occurred on the edge of a large public estate in the Madrid suburbs of San Jose de Valderas and Santa Monica. Sightings and photographs by picnickers who saw the cruising disc reconnoitering the area on 1 June resulted in front page coverage in the Madrid daily press. But in the days before the evacuation, the astonished secretary and his wife found their humble city apartment being used as a staging post for the escapees in an irresistible

aventura that has cinematic potential – James Bond and Queen Amidala meet Julia Child. As our marvelous scribe has never been identified we are able to quote from his letter, (written to Senor D. Enrique Villagrasa-Novoa, of Madrid), without fear of copyright infringement.

"Dear Sir:

A few months ago I wrote you a letter about a meeting that we had planned but which, as I'll explain farther on, could not be held. I am the gentleman who up to now has been typing what the gentlemen from the planet UMMO have been dictating to me.

You have surely heard about everything that has been happening these days, and I couldn't resist the temptation to be frank with you. I think what has happened exceeds anything that one can imagine.

You recall in my last letter I told you my story which, if it were told to many people, they would think I was crazy, but you know them and can understand me. Even my wife, who up to a few days ago was quite sceptical and thought they were spies (you know already that when a woman gets something into her head, she doesn't reason and there is no one who can convince her with arguments), has had to give in before the evidence and what has been happening, because now maybe people who don't know anything about this are right in not believing it, but we who have lived it, and I think I have lived through more of it than you, would have to be crazy not to admit the facts....

On account of all this my brother-in-law, who had been told what was happening, had a quarrel with me because he thought the affair could get us into serious trouble, but when they don't give any reasons, I don't accept advice, so I answered by asking him to tell me what kind of trouble could happen to me. Because when I type things they dictate to me, I am not doing anything

against the law. The truth is that he was more scared than I was because he finally became convinced that they were telling the truth in saying they came from UMMO.

But having dealt with them I am convinced there are the best people I have ever seen in my lifetime. We of Earth would like to be as free of malice as they are and so understanding and impartial in comprehending the most intimate things. Just to hear the gentleness and earnestness with which they represent and say things makes their portrait. And don't think they are fools; even when they glance at you, they seem to be looking through you....

But toward the close of last year they dictated some things to me in which they said to one of their correspondents that one of their interplanetary ships was going to come between January and May.

In fact, on a visit from two of them on Sunday, 14 May, I noticed that something was in the wind because they dictated a letter that amazed me because it was a commercial letter going to Australia, requesting information about thermacoustic insulating panels. They had never dictated anything like this. The most curious feature was that they brought some sheets and a stamped envelope with the name of a Madrid commercial firm specialising in the decorating of commercial premises. (Out of curiosity I went to that address and know that it is an architect we had never written before)....

On Corpus Christi Day they phoned for me at 11:00 in the morning. I was not in and my wife answered. They said they would call again at two. The gentleman in charge of them, DEI 98, came to the telephone and asked if he could talk with my "YIE" (they call wives YIE) and me at six in the afternoon about a matter that was important to them. I said yes, and worriedly consulted my wife on it because he insisted that there be no

one else in the house at that time besides us.

At that hour DEI 98 arrived with another gentleman I did not know and whom he introduced to me as IAUDU 3. This gentleman did not utter a word. We gathered in the dining room and DEI 98 told my wife and me they were expecting by 31 May or perhaps a bit sooner one of their ships which would land in Madrid and for this reason many of "their brothers" (they call each other brother although they are not blood relatives) had come to Madrid. They wanted from us what they called a great favour. He said that on the following day the lady who was the superior or chief of all the Ummites who were here on Earth would arrive in Madrid. He said she was coming from Singapore via London and that they had begun to study the matter of her lodging and preferred to spend the night in a private home rather than in a hotel, subject to acceptance of the plan by my wife and me, but begging us not to feel the slightest obligation and if we foresaw any inconvenience or feel any fear about it, to tell them in all frankness.

My wife hurried to say yes, but that she felt embarrassed because our house lacks the comforts of a hotel; however, she said she could sleep in our double bed and we would either make ourselves comfortable in the sofa-bed or else, if necessary, we would go to my mother-in-law's home. I for my part said the only preoccupation was finding an explanation in case the concierge found out, although it would really be no big problem because we could say, for example, that they were friends we met on our vacation in Malaga, of Swedish nationality. DEI 98 explained that the persons who would overnight would be two women, YU 1, daughter of AIN368, and another "sister" who, as I will explain, must have been at the same time her secretary and maid (I'll tell you shortly, because we had time to talk with her), and he also told us something that astounded us: That in no way would she



sleep in our bed while we lay down out here; that we should choose an available room for her and she would sleep on the floor! And that her companion could not be sleeping while her superior was doing so.

On 26 May at seven in the evening there came ASOO 3 son of AGU28 (whom I already knew because he had dictated things to me for various people) along with the same silent gentleman of the day before. They carried an average leather suitcase, very modern and of medium size, which we believed would be the things of the two ladies who were to come. They chatted with us after asking to look at all the rooms. They said they were waiting for nightfall in order to do something. Their Superior would arrive around ten-thirty. We also learned that in the street "several more brothers" were waiting. They did not want to accept anything but water.

It was getting dark when they asked us to turn off the light in the dining room and to open up the balcony wide. The one who did not speak Spanish remained seated motionless with his eyes closed as if hypnotised, and the other one took out what looked like a ball-point pen and this began to emit a continuous buzz that went higher and lower because something was being communicated to them. Meanwhile the other one awakened from time to time and spoke to him in their language.

Night had now fallen. It was about twenty and they put the suitcase in front of the balcony and opened it. My wife and I were seated without saying a word, and very impressed. Since across the street from us there is a neon sign of an electric appliance shop, we saw all they were doing even though our lights were turned out. First they looked carefully to see if there was anyone on the balconies which, although not across from us in the other facade of the building, are not far away. Then they begin to take out of the suitcase things like metallic balls the size of a tennis ball and

other smaller ones. I had already seen one months before. It is something extraordinary. They stay in the air and go to all heights as if controlled by radio. In addition they took out two more things, although they couldn't be seen well, were shaped like this [diagram here]. In all they removed some twenty or more of different kinds. One by one they took them out on the balcony and, as if they were little bubbles or balloons, they disappeared toward the street. At least four more passed near the roof bordering the lamp and floated into the hallway of the house.

Then they asked our permission and went into the hallway and we heard the door to the street open. When they came back, the suitcase was empty. All this time the one who did not know Spanish was manipulating a metal rod with a disc in the centre. [diagram here].

At a quarter to eleven the doorbell rang. Most surprising was that, while chatting with us, ASOO 3 told us that they had arrived at the street door and, although I know that the gate does not close until later, they said it was not wise to go down to receive them.

Nervously we opened (the door) for them. Accompanied by DEI 98 were two young ladies. One of them was taller and the other much younger and petite; they wore very modern elk skin coats, the larger girl a maroon colour and the younger one a slight green, the one we now knew to be the "Superior". She carried a plastic flight bag with the airline acronym "DEA". They carried no other luggage. Both were blond and wore their hair loose. They were dressed in a modern but tasteful fashion.

The small one (who was the chief), with an English accent and speaking Spanish very badly although understandably, addressed my wife and said something to the effect that she thanked her from the heart for the hospitality of the "Country of Spain". We all went into the dining room after the two men who

had come earlier took leave. In my whole life I have never felt more at ease, for when Miss YU 1, my wife and I sat down, the larger girl, whose name was something like UUOO 120 or so, and DEI 98, who is the man who has most impressed me in my life with his infinite intelligence, remained standing, which was very unnatural, and that I criticize even if it was out of respect for their superior, because they ought to have realized that my wife and I felt very strained.

For example, since nothing escapes me, I noticed that every time she asked for something, they lowered their eyes when answering as if they did not dare to look at her. She is little more than a youngster; she can't be over nineteen so far as we know, but she looks sixteen. The other girl looked some twenty-three or twenty-five. Of course what most surprised my wife was that she, the youngest of all those here, was the one in command, so she blurted it out. The three of them laughed and the Superior said that we must not think that on UMMO the young girls are in command, that this depends on many factors.

We talked a great deal about Spanish customs. The only thing that disgusted them was the bulls. Nothing was said about the planet UMMO. She asked a lot of questions about the Spanish government; she knew about many things, the Referendum and even the Cortes. I told her that we did not want to mix in politics since the reds killed my father in the war. I was astounded by what she knew. My wife listened to her timidly without daring to say anything. She realised this and very gently began to talk about Spanish cooking, then remarked that she was saddened to learn that Spanish women read little and are not given an intellectual education as are the men, and she was sure their femininity is never lost with greater education. Then she looked at the other girl with a smile and the latter opened the travelling bag and handed my wife a marvel-

lous home encyclopaedia with colour plates in Spanish.

We had supper there; my wife was amazed because the two women forced her to let them help her. What surprised us more is that they ate like us but refused to take wine. They had already told us they wanted a sample meal, and my wife had prepared beforehand baked potatoes, boiled eggs, and for them fruit (oranges and bananas). Another absurd thing is that throughout the meal the Superior insisted so much on helping my wife that when it was over, she (the Superior) washed the pots while her secretary remained standing without helping, as my wife told me afterwards. Her timidity had left her by then and they chatted a great deal while they were drying the dishes. (I stayed at the table talking with DEI 98). Another thing that surprised us was that before starting to eat they requested permission to remove their shoes. The older girl knelt and with naturalness took off the shoes of their Superior, and then the two of them removed their own footwear. Seated during the supper, they did not speak unless she directed questions to them.

The most strained moment came now, for they very discreetly asked permission to retire. Again we begged them to use our bed or at least the sofa-bed, but it was useless.

DEI 98 went out on the street. I learned he was heading for a nearby hotel where they had set up a kind of temporary official centre for themselves. I believe this was with the sole mission of protecting Miss YU 1. Besides that I think there were several of them walking about in the area all night.

I say it was a very unnatural situation because she wouldn't even let my wife give her a blanket. She told us smilingly that she was simply going to sleep on the floor in the dining room itself. We did not know what to do or say. The older girl, who spoke much better Spanish than her superior, asked our permis-

sion to “throw something on the floor”, telling us not to worry because on the following day there would be nothing there nor would the floor tiles be damaged in any way. She took out what looked like a nickel-plated cylinder and an incredible quantity of yellow foam came out of it and left a big patch on the floor like varnish. We did not dare even to ask about it. Miss YU 1 stayed in it and we three went out. The other girl said she would not lie down but would stay all night in the hallway. When we went into our bedroom, we were so nervous and worried that we did not dare to undress. I don’t know why, but it occurred to my wife to make me more nervous by saying that maybe the police might come, as if we were committing a crime or doing something bad.

We sat on the bed without talking for twenty minutes, then my wife goes and says she wanted to knock in case they needed anything. Afterwards she told me about it. The older girl was walking up and down in the hallway with her arms crossed. In a low voice my wife asked if she could bid her good night and ask her if she needed anything. The other said that in fact it would be a courtesy and for her to go in without knocking; my wife had been about to rap on the door but the other one told her obligingly to just go in because she was sure she was not sleeping yet. The two of them went in. Our dining room has a large table and there is a little table in one corner near the balcony. The balcony was half open. The light was off, but my wife says that on the floor beside her and the little table there was something like a disc a bit larger than a fifty-peseta coin that was phosphorescing a great deal and she could be seen quite well. She sat up and my wife asked if she wanted anything, that she was nervous thinking she might be uncomfortable. My wife says she had on a big kind of bathrobe. As the light was tenuous, she could not distinguish the material. They spoke a few words and left again.

In the corridor she spoke with the other woman. They talked a long time in low voices. This “Senorita” turned out to be married, with a husband on UMMO, and she had been selected for our planet. There on UMMO she was, as we would say, a teacher of a specialty of mathematics and her mission on Earth my wife did not know how to explain very well, but apparently it was related to the study of the history of the physicists who were here in bygone ages. While in Mexico she had committed a disobedience and it seems she was being punished by having to serve her chief as a maid. In short, a long story.

We got up early. The two women were already chatting in the dining room. They requested permission to go into the bathroom. First the older of them bathed and YU stayed out talking with me. Then she went in too. A strange thing that my wife observed was that they had not used the towels or soap in spite of the fact that the bathtub had been used. The yellow patch on the floor was no longer there. Nothing could be found even with a magnifying glass! They wanted no breakfast but insisted that we have ours. Another thing occurred. While YU One was talking with us, the other woman stood looking closely at all the dining-room furniture. The younger one noticed it and this time in their language she said something in a tone that sounded gentle to us, but the older woman, UYO, blushed, her lips trembled and her eyes moistened. We pretended not to notice this and continued talking.

They left early and returned that night. We shall never forget the conversations we had with that young woman. My wife was so impressed that she confessed to me that now she truly believes they were from UMMO. Furthermore, that same day, the 27th, DEI 98 came and dictated several things to me, among them letters you would receive. One told of the arrival in Brazil, Bolivia and Spain of their interplanetary ships. He dictated more reports and said he

would continue doing so Sunday and Tuesday because he did not know if their Superior would give all of them orders to depart but he suspected she would because he knew no one would be coming back and he said he did not even know for sure if they were leaving. I asked him if she would know, or whether she was expecting orders on reaching the ships, and he said it was not necessary to wait for the ships in order to learn the orders... He said she knew but was not accustomed to giving explanations to her subordinates. He said that just in case, he himself would dictate a few more reports so that in case they left I could send them to certain people on definite dates. (In fact he gave me three more reports to type for three people living in Paris and Lyon, written in French.) The next day, Sunday, YU One returned in the afternoon without her companion but accompanied by ASOO 3 and another man unknown to me, very young, and who did not speak Spanish either (or did not wish to speak it). They gave me some little packages to mail and an envelope to me, asking that I not open it, although ASOO 3 asked me when we were alone to keep my identity secret whatever happened, for if they returned to Earth, I and another gentleman were their only contacts in Spain. YU 1 took leave of us Tuesday morning [30 May], saying that they would not be sleeping any more in our house, that they would spend the night on the outskirts of Madrid. DEI 98 came to pick her up and they entered a taxi whose number I wrote down. We hated to see them go. I haven't seen them since.

From newspapers I learned that the ship arrived. In one of the papers they even had photographs of it. All Wednesday night my wife and I were walking about in the area of the Casa de Campo y Arguelles because they told us the landing was most probable in Wednesday rather than Thursday.

On Thursday we were in University City (La Ciudad Universitaria) until

eleven at night and, since we weren't seeing anything, dead for sleep, we retired. The following afternoon we found out about it in the daily newspaper PUEBLO and bought all the afternoon papers to look for news. We also called ... by phone but there was no answer.

For some time now I had had no doubt about them, but this experience, in case any doubt were left, finally convinced me and my wife. I didn't know if I was dreaming. If it weren't for you who were receiving their letters, and also my wife, who has now met them, and my brother-in-law, and the news reports in the newspapers, I would have thought I was crazy. This was the greatest experience of my life, and if it weren't for their having asked me to use discretion, I wouldn't care if they took me for crazy and would shout it to the four winds.

Only one thing worries me now: why did they go that way, so suddenly, and furthermore all of them? Sunday night my wife and I had a long chat with her. She (YU 1) gave us marvellous tips about meals and about how to train the children. We talked about the space flights of the Americans to the Moon, and she told us things about astronomy that left us with our mouths open, to the point that I, who in the beginning had been bothered by the fact that she were no more than a lass, now felt dominated by her. I don't know how the scrap between Egypt and the Jews came up, but I asked her opinion and she said for us to be calm, that there would be no world war, but then she became pensive and the two of them looked at each other very significantly. Then, as if realising that we had caught that glance, she repeated in a steady voice that we should rest assured there would be no such war. But I have been thinking the matter over. Why did they all leave so suddenly? It's said that rats abandon ships about to sink. They have been making their studies, have been dictating scientific reports and other things to me, and suddenly ... Was she telling us there



would be no war in order to tranquillise us the way they lie to children in war-time before a bombardment? They are well informed about politics and economics. Before the explosion of the Chinese bomb, DEI 98 announced it to me with the exact time, and then the newspapers reported it (which made me think perhaps my wife was right and they were spies).

At last I've unburdened myself to you, because I had to. Tonight I intend to write another letter to another gentleman who has been receiving the reports.

I offer you my friendship, for you and I have been witnesses of this. Pardon me for not signing."

*The original article, 'George Adamski and the Toughest Job in the World' was posted on the UFOCUS NZ website in July 2009. This book is an expanded and revised version of that posting with photographs added. Tony Brunt is a writer living in Auckland. Email: [tony.brunt@xtra.co.nz](mailto:tony.brunt@xtra.co.nz)*