

What Happens When an Earth Man Taps His Memory to Build Again the Machine with Which He Once Conquered Space? A Factual Report...

By Volney G. Mathison

GALAXY T-8 PATROL BLOCKS DEATH RAY

FOR QUITE awhile, there have been garbled and conflicting reports about a radioactive explosion that allegedly occurred in my laboratories while I was experimenting with a "Facsimile One" machine. To put an end, once and for all, to these rumors and tales, I am here-with giving you the lowdown--a true, factual report on what actually took place.

Yes, there was an explosion. I can now, at last, calmly face this strange event as a consequence of recently having had the shocking effects thereof run out.

This adventure began in Phoenix during the June, 1952, sciencology conference. Ron audited me one afternoon, and through his remarkable methods of interrogation, caused me to disclose--theta-wise--both to him and to myself, that I am one of the principal inventors of a weapon allegedly styled as a "Facsimile One" machine, which I first developed in the T-8 Galaxy 42 trillion years ago, and which, as a member of the Eighth Invader Corps, I used 20 trillion, two and

and the tybe being across the terminals of a pyranoil condenser of extremely high voltage and capacity, so that the mercury-borne jet pulse, impelled by a power-potential blast of millions of microsecond kilowatts, would launch a lethal bolt through the positive tube, thereby generating a "killer ray". My data was that this ray, in striking a person, would cause a strange and deadly disintegration of certain brain cells, whereby the victim would eventually become inoperative because of myriads of fantastic delusionary images of all colors and dimensions dancing around constantly in his mind. (One of these cases can be detected easily on the electro-psychometer.)

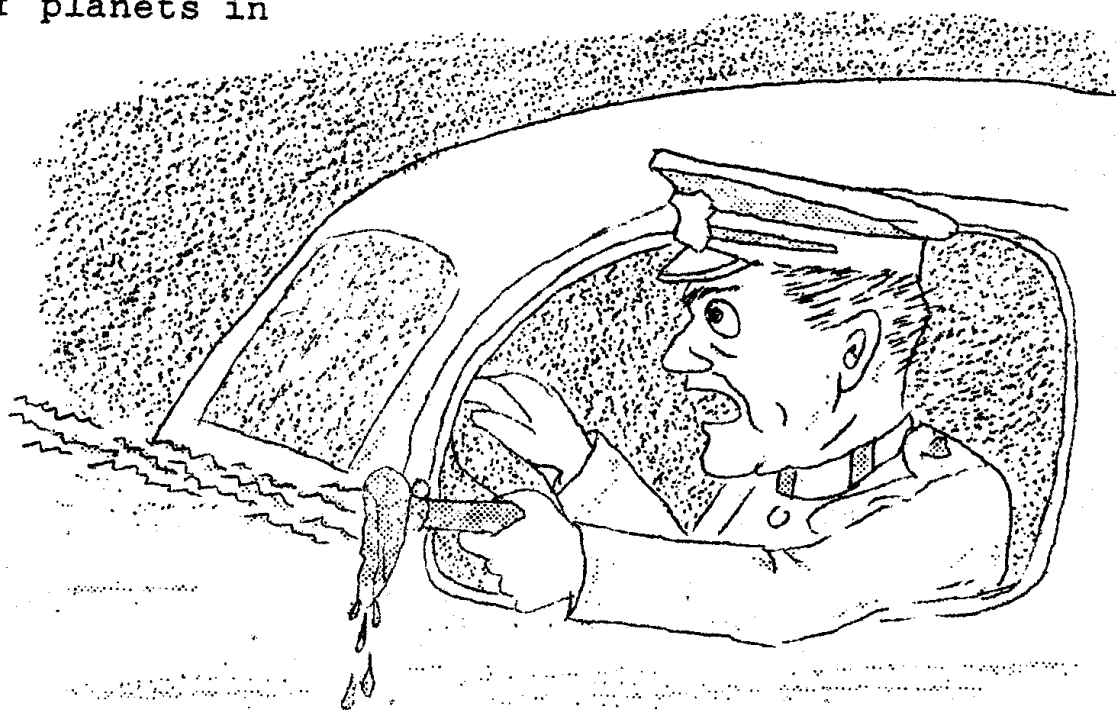
Although interested in making the experiment, I computed that the discharge of such a mercury jet might cause a dangerous "back splatter" of radioactivity. I advised Ron accordingly by letter.

"The description of the 'gun' is very intriguing and electronically enormously sound." Ron wrote.

one-eighth years later to take over an entire system of planets in the Arcturus Area.

At the end of the above mentioned Phoenix conference, Alpha Hart, on Ron's instruction, gave me a \$250 check for "research". The actual purpose was to build a small model "Fac. One" machine operating in the manner which I had disclosed during processing; namely comprising the release of a jet of high-pressure incandescent mercury vapor from a negatively polarized tungsten-carbide nozzle toward and through a positively-charged nickel-steel tube, the nozzle

"May I actually suggest that we



The radiant energy of the Ship came back down the beam and fused the spotlight into a little blob of potmetal. (Page 6)

build this weapon as legally as possible, sell it to the United States Army, and very seriously promote its public use during war. ...The destructive effects of the existence of such a weapon would ...do more to sell Dianetics to the U. S. Government and wake up this country than anything else of which I can think at this time..."

I continued on with the experiment, but now I was greatly hampered, since one of my most highly skilled mechanics had inadvertently gotten hold of and read my original notes warning of the back-flash danger, and he was very reluctant to follow my further instructions. Also he stole and buried out in the yard a very expensive high-temperature trigger valve necessary to release the hot mercury jet. In an effort to use a makeshift valve, we suffered a premature mercury blast into the energized positive collector barrel. The results were simply and completely indescribable! My mechanic has never been the same man since.

As for myself, I was so charged that when I reached for a pair of pliers to turn off the mercury heater, a blinding arc from my hand disintegrated the handles of the tool, and for weeks, if I sat down anywhere, an arc would burst from my posterior into the nearest metal elements of the chair, with

AUDIT, thumbed through it, and really became grim.

"I see," he said. "Leave it to a ----- Arslycan to keep getting himself from one morass into another. It's intolerable, the way those Arslycans go around disclosing things all over the planets. Pull the X-*2yl unit out of this rig of yours, and turn the rest of it over to the intelligence agents of your government. (This was done). As for those Arslycans..."

You can see what's happening. The Eighth Invader Corps patrols from Galaxy T-8 are perhaps operating very slowly, as they don't care to have anything occur that appears too "un-normal" or startling, but you can rest assured their operations are effective.

The geiger men nearly sealed up the labs., they're so radioactive; also, there is a circular radioactive area out in front of the lab. where that Eighth Corps machine landed.

I can let you in on something: that machine certainly did NOT look like a saucer at close range, but any further description of it is still considered classified information.

A police car spotted the thing, and cops thought somebody was illegally moving some sort of building or structure down the street without the proper red lights and

such a jolting effect that it would cause me to jump about a yard into the air.

Worse than all this, the night after the blast in the lab., at about 9:02 p.m., one of those so-called "flying saucer" interspatial patrol units landed in front of the lab. window, and the Commander, in green and gold uniform, and wearing the insignia of the carbotite ring with the plutonium center, stepped in and informed me that the accelerative effects of my abortive experiment were radiating all over space.

He said, "You know the penalty for disclosing this weapon on this planet at this time! Are you doing this by your own decision?"

I replied that I was.

"Impossible!" he interrupted. "YOU know better. Who is the CAUSE back of this?"

Then he spotted Ron's WHAT TO

permit. They flashed a spotlight on it, but the radiant energy of the ship came back down the light beam of the spotlight in a blinding flash and fused the spotlight into a little blob of potmetal at the end of the operating handle which was being held by the astonished patrol officer.

Further, it did something to him, and also to the lubricating oil in the motor of the car, as the engine completely froze solid and the car had to be towed away. The officer was charged with being intoxicated. Also, they accused him of having stolen a special antenna-elevating box-kite from my lab.--a kite with a fine silicon-bronze "string"--and, in flying the kite, the "string" touched a trolley wire, nearly incinerating himself and the police car.

That's THEIR theory!