

Cooper Claims He Saved Shuttle Via Alien's Message

This passage from the book describes how Cooper saved the shuttle program from disaster due to a design flaw, by relaying a telepathic warning from space aliens. I asked around the shuttle engineering directorate, and nobody remembered any such flaw or any such design modifications. Cooper's book does not provide the alleged drawing. And if the aliens were sending design flaw warnings, why didn't they mention the O-rings?

LEAP OF FAITH: An Astronaut's Journey into the Unknown,
by Gordon Cooper, with Bruce Henderson
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Chapter 15 -- The Space Shuttle Transmission (pp. 227- 232)

"There could be trouble with the space shuttle".

It was December 1978.

"What kind of trouble?" I asked her [Valerie Ransone] over the phone. Valerie was at her office in Washington; I was at mine in California.

"Technical flaws," she said. "Something to do with the heating or cooling system. It's pretty sketchy."

The warning had come during one of her 'transmissions'. She had no idea when they would arrive -- the telepathic messages she believed were from an extraterrestrial source of intelligence. . . . She made a point always to document the details as soon as possible, usually typing up the complete messages.

... Four months after mentioning the vague possibility of a problem with the space shuttle, Valerie was in Los Angeles and came to my office. She was worried about new and more detailed information she had received. She showed me a single typewritten page of notes she'd made after receiving the transmission.

This time the warning was quite specific.

In terms worthy of any graduate engineering class, "serious technical faults" were outlined in detail, specifying what could happen during reentry to the system that provided cooling to the cabin and sensitive electronics. The source of the problem seemed to be the electromagnetic effects during space flight on the iron rods used in the cooling system.

At the top of the page was a detailed drawing of a tube of some type, showing its iron-rod center and a chamber that held a liquid substance.

"Who drew this?" I asked.

"I did," Valerie said. "What is it?"

"I don't know."

"What does this all mean, Gordon?"

I didn't have the faintest idea; neither, apparently, did she.

The key was the ventilation system, according to the message. If it wasn't at the proper temperature during reentry, the result could be a toxic release that would fill the lungs of the crew and quickly render them unconscious. No doubt was left that an urgent design change in the space shuttle was called for before another mission.

The transmission warned of the danger that premature launches of experimental components would set up in-flight difficulties that could not be handled by the crew, the result being a catastrophic event that would lose public support for the program. The source of the information professed to being concerned that the future of manned space travel not be jeopardized by such events.

I'd been around Valerie long enough to find her knowledgeable and trustworthy, and I wasn't about to discount her transmissions. In addition, her telepathic powers had been proved time and time again. . . . I felt certain she was getting good information from -somewhere-; from where and whom I couldn't say for sure.

And now this: a possible catastrophic design flaw in the space shuttle.

For me, this was the moment of truth.

Dare I ignore the transmission, origin unknown? On the other hand, did I march into NASA with the information in hand? Would they consider me some sort of fool -- retired from NASA for nearly a decade, coming in with detailed technical information about a spacecraft I had never flown?

Looking at the intricate drawing of the coil, I knew I had no choice.

. . . .

Placing the space shuttle transmission into my well-worn briefcase, I flew to Houston to see Bennett "Ben" James, an experienced engineer and supervisor in NASA's Flight Operations whom I knew from Mercury and trusted like a wingman. . . .

We sat alone in his office, and I told him the "whole six yards," as we used to say in Oklahoma, where fertilizer trucks carried six cubic yards of material.

. . . . I now told him it was possible that my business partner was in contact with "higher powers somewhere who may have better information than we do."

Ben, a trooper in every sense of the word, didn't flinch.

"The bottom line for me is who cares where this comes from?" I said. "If it's valid -- if it's accurate of the scenario is possible in any way -- well, maybe someone should do some double-checking just to make sure things are all right."

"Say no more, Gordo. I agree."

I volunteered to help Ben brief several NASA managers. "But I'm not sure we should tell them the source," I smiled.

"I agree."

NASA engineers immediately went to work examining the space shuttle's cooling system, looking at the detailed scenario I laid out for them. They quickly identified and, within days, fixed the potential problem with the cooling system -- just as outlined in the transmission I carried in my briefcase.

I was relieved that they found and fixed the problem on the space shuttle. Was I surprised that the cooling system flaw existed? Not really. With Valerie Ransone, I had moved beyond surprise. But the experience gave me another shot of confidence that the source we were getting technological assistance from was for real.

. . . . If this vital and very detailed information hadn't come from a source of higher intelligence that for some reason was monitoring the U.S. space program, then where did it come from?