

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday

In Support Of George Adamski (Part One)

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

The Foreword hereafter, is the introduction to a new series of articles by our columnist and good friend, Ragnvald Anders Carlsen, who was responsible for the 'Half a Century Long UFO Conspiracy' account. These new episodes should be treating specific events as they were revealed in the newly (in 1966) created international "UFO CONTACT" magazine. Ragnvald's good friend, Ronald Caswell would be the British editor of it, and make good use of their relation and their knowledge of the UFO scene at that time. *The Editor - Gensing Gardens News*

FOREWORD.

The cover of the book was blue; the title was black on white. The title read: "Report From Europe." It was the English version. The line drawings, black on blue, depicted the Adamski scout-craft and the mother-ship, and a globe of the world criss-crossed by the passage of flying saucers. It was edited by Hans C. Petersen. In excerpt, the introduction read: "In the year 1952, human beings from another world contacted the American, George Adamski. It was the first occasion in our time that a being from Earth made contact with beings from other planets.

"George Adamski is the only now-living person who, from the first contact and until this moment, has stood as the space-people's spokesman in a special program. - - - In the something over ten years that have elapsed since George Adamski's firsts contact, he has written a number of books. these are: "Flying Saucers Have Landed." - "Inside The Space-ships." and "Flying Saucers Farewell." - - -

"THE WHOLE WORLD must make an attempt through the few helpers whom George Adamski, by his own experience and acting on the space-people's information, has found suitable for the work. In this work the few helpers in whom he has trust are people who have both feet on the ground, who are modern, progress minded and happy, and who have learned to control their egos to that extend, that the result of their endeavours is more important to them, than the position they have in the program."

FREDERICA, THE FIFTH OF MAY, 1963

Opening speech by H.C. Petersen.

"I should like to bid you all a heartfelt welcome to *The Sufoi Congress*. Welcome to all from far and near. A special welcome to Professor Marcel Homét, who came the long way from South America, to tell about his field of science today, here with us.

Welcome to Mr. George Adamski, who came from California to make a speech here today, this being the first station on a journey that will take him to Finland, where among other things he will be received in audience of the Finnish president, - furthermore to Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy.

There are two other guests I would like to mention, because they have travelled a long way in order to be with us. One of them left England last Monday —hitchhiking— and arrived here Thursday, that is Mr. Ronald Caswell - - -" *Unquote.*

Ronald Caswell and Hans Petersen had been in correspondence and association with each other for the previous five years, ever since a surprised Hans had received a letter from Canada, written in Danish by an Englishman, requesting information about "flying saucers." Ronald had read about Hans' UFO-related activity from a New Zealand publication in 1958, and decided to contact this serving officer in the Royal Danish Air Force, whose affiliation to the cause of the Polish-American, George Adamski, had awakened his interest. Why? Because Ronald was also a supporter of George Adamski! Apart from his contact with Adamski through correspondence, he was also associated with Canadian Government scientist, Wilbert Smith, whose writings and ideas on alien, human, contact, were so close to the concepts and beliefs of George Adamski ...

An Englishman writing in Danish! How could that be? Having studied at High School and worked in Denmark for some years, and being married to a Dane, and having written a number of articles for a Copenhagen newspaper, the language was no problem. Ronald had also worked in the Swedish arctic area of Lapland and travelled widely in Norway and Finland, both under the Midnight Sun period of perpetual daylight and during the months-long darkness of mid-winter. And another surprise for me over the years, as I got to know him better, was that Ronald Caswell had *also* been a long-time member of the elite Special Air Service! What else did we have in common?! Apart from a strong and enduring belief in George Adamski;;;

Whilst at the SUFOI Congress, with about 720 in attendance of Hans Petersen's 3000-odd membership, Ronald had a confidential discussion with G.A., as we affectionately called Adamski, and was engrossed in the day's activities either in the debates from the platform or the private talks behind the scenes. Subsequently, he was to become G.A.'s English Co-worker, as leader of IGAP-GB. During the following period of years, after my move to England from my Copenhagen origins, and in my association with him as friend and confidant, I made long mental diary entries of Ronald's activities, both personal and UFO group-wise. I got to know his family and friends, particularly those associated with him in his 'flying saucer' work. Some research we did together, visiting "contact" sites and following up on "sighting" reports in various parts of the country. He travelled to venues about the country, meeting Ufologist friends and giving lectures to interested groups among the general public.

In October 1966, after long discussions and much preparatory work, and with the help and staunch of the international co-workers and fellow researchers world-wide, Hans and Ronald launched the IGAP International Journal: "UFO CONTACT", with Ronald as English editor and Hans as editor responsible for its publication and printing in Denmark and subscription and delivery world-wide. Its aim was to make possible an

information programme publicising the evidence of visitations to Earth by extraterrestrials; in the main, friendly and well-disposed human beings like ourselves, who have already passed through the phases of warfare and self-destruction. The IGAP Information Service, under its heading: "Purpose and Scope", stated that:

"This magazine has been dedicated to: **MR. George Adamski.**

Mr. Adamski launched the IGAP - International Get Acquainted Program - in 1959, based on the philosophy that people in all parts of the world should be given the opportunity of knowing what is going on everywhere in the field of flying saucers. His hope was that as many as possible would discover the truth of the present age and turn to face the time to come—to learn to accept, through conviction, the fact that we are all citizens of the Cosmos and children of the Cosmic Power whose Laws run through the entire Cosmos. These Laws we can learn to comprehend through study and understanding of the "Science of Life" brought to our attention by the presence of friendly visitors from other worlds.

This magazine is sent to civil and military authorities all over the world, to leaders in the United Nations, in the Vatican, in scientific circles, and to Press, radio and TV authorities. The purpose of this magazine is to bring to everyone, everywhere, news of events from all quarters of the globe, in all its varied aspects. This means any news that can possibly be of value in our endeavour to bring to mankind an understanding of what is going on in our world all the time. We shall try to detect any and every move in the direction of that truth which we have accepted, but which is not yet officially accepted or recognized in broader circles:

1. People from other worlds in our system are visiting our planet.
2. People from other worlds are in contact with certain political and scientific circles in East and West.
3. People from all walks of life, official and unofficial, all over the world, have been contacted by people from other worlds; such contacts have been kept secret so far.
4. The philosophy brought to the world by Mr. George Adamski is considered an aid helping to uncover the truth of our origin and our future destiny.

The magazine will make no attempt whatsoever to fight anyone, in spite of any action which might be launched against it. Only the truth, whatever its guise, will be brought to bear, to allow each to decide for himself what he can and will accept in this wonderful world on his march forward to new experiences.

This magazine is non-political, non-religious, non-sectarian and non-profit making. We hope that you may profit from reading it, and that you will tell as many as possible about it, - especially if you find it of value. Please write to us if you find it without value or if you have any suggestions or comments to make.

Sincerely yours, **The editors.**

This account, in its various parts, is not *all* or *just* or *in the main*, about the journal "UFO Contact". The UFO contact element in the title of the series is concerned with the concept of meetings with human extraterrestrials generally, and particularly in relation to the friendly and helpful human alien contacts made with George Adamski and his associates over a number of years, particularly through the 1950s and 1960s, both in America and on the European continent and elsewhere. It gives details of meetings and rendezvous with, and messages and information from these kindly humans from other planets, and it offers photographic evidence in support of these claims of rendezvous. You will meet with individuals and researchers engaged in assembling this ufological jigsaw puzzle; and you will also meet with the doubters and the mockers and, perhaps, with the redoubtable "men in black" who have clouded the UFO case in obfuscation and derision, and who are real persons with a murky agenda of their own. You may occasionally "meet" with a VIP, who, in his or her own individual way, has made efforts towards bringing the UFO case to the fore, in public and official recognition.

Ronald Caswell and the regional UFO Study group working with him, as a part of the nation-wide IGAP-GB organisation, was involved with a set of circumstances that could only be described as "non-coincidental", being a number of events following each other chronologically, with pre-determined action taken as the situation unfolded, leading to an end result which gave strong evidence of truth and actuality. This account, with photographs, will be described later in the series, along with newspaper coverage of the original event and the circumstances surrounding this very real "extraterrestrial rendezvous."

Hans C. Petersen's "Report From Europe", records the illustrated lecture programme of the explorer-scientist, Professor Marcel Homét's journeys in south America, with its extraordinary description of tentative "landing platforms" and carvings on rock-faces with centuries-old hieroglyphic inscription remarkably like those on the "famous" foot-prints of Adamski's Venusian contact "Orthon". The Professor makes mention of the work of Canadian Government scientist, Wilbert B. Smith and also many other scientists, anthropologists and ethnographers like himself, who have found convincing evidence of earlier civilizations which had knowledge of extraterrestrial visitations, such as that provided by the Nazca Lines in Peru. Surprisingly, he exhibited a UFO report of his own, consisting of a sketch of the unidentified object in relation to Orion and three stars; a sighting shared with approximately 200 other passengers and crew, whilst on his way to Europe, only a few weeks before. Hans Petersen then introduced George Adamski, the Polish-American with the broad grin, who told of his meeting with "Orthon" near Desert Center, California, on November 20th, 1952.

Hans Petersen then asked for questions from the audience. For several hours, he had the onerous task of interpreting questions in Danish for Adamski, and replies in English for the relatively few number of Danes who could not understand English, or the Amercanese of George Adamski. These sessions were conducted with a great deal of humour, and the repartee between G.A. and Hans was much appreciated by the several hundred Danes and other Scandinavians present. The Danish "sans for humør" is entirely synonymous with the British in many ways, and there was often loud laughter and applause when one or the other of the speakers made a gaffe or a droll comment concerning the other. The meeting was followed by interviews with the Press, who were most complimentary about the American's sprightly bearing and straightforward replies to their questions. One reply from Adamski, published next day, the 6th of May, by the Jutland newspaper "Fredericia Dagblad", made large headlines on the local bill-boards. It stated the following:

"ADAMSKI: Venus-mand advarede mig om Cuba-krisen"

("Adamski: A Venusian warned me of the Cuba crisis.")

- Unquote.

Some years ago, Ronald Caswell wrote a précis of events following on from the receipt of the "Silver Spring Scout-ship" film from Madeleine Rodeffer, and a review of articles published in the IGAP journal, *UFO Contact*. Copies of the first issue were sent to, among others, the President of Austria, and President Nasser of Egypt ...

"It was during the summer of 1965 that I was invited to a rather special afternoon tea at the London flat of the Honourable Bainsley le Poer Trench —later Earl of Clancarty—to discuss matters of some import to both of us: namely, the subject of the enigmatic "flying saucer". As we chatted over a slice of Marks & Spencer's fruit cake

apiece (- one of my favourites, Ron!) - it was to continue the debate then raging in all quarters of the lounge by such as Charles Bowen and Gordon Creighton, directors and one-time editors of "Flying Saucer Review, Charles Gibbs-Smith, aviation expert, and others of that genre.

The occasion: to view for the first time in the U.K. a film photographed some months previously in the United States, a film that was to become one of the most controversial UFO documents in the world for years to come.

As Timothy Good, co-author with Lou Zinsstag of the book: "George Adamski: The Untold Story" (1983) wrote: "On the afternoon of Friday 26 February 1965 the most impressive close-up colour movie-film of a UFO that I have ever seen was taken at Silver Spring, Maryland, by Madeleine Rodeffer and George Adamski, a few months prior to his death. The full story is published here for the first time.

"My first viewing of the film was in December 1965, when I went to Brussels with Ronald Caswell, Adamski's principal co-worker in the U.K. at the time, together with the Belgian co-worker May Morlet and her son Patrick, to show this and other Adamski films at the university there. I was initially disappointed with what I saw on the screen at the preview: a dark, almost one-dimensional Adamski 'scout-craft' performing a series of repeated manoeuvres and appearing to change shape as it did so. It did not look nearly as convincing as I had anticipated." Timothy Good went on:

"The reason for this, I learned later, was that the film was a copy, and with duplication the degree of contrast is increased. Compounding this, the original film had been stolen and replaced with a copy, with many important frames missing and even some fake footage added by person or persons unknown. Since what was left of the film was of brief duration it had been necessary to lengthen it by splicing on another copy. All this naturally gave rise to considerable speculation as to its authenticity, and if I had serious misgivings then what would the public's reaction be?"

As Tim went on: "In a letter referring to the occasion Gordon Creighton explained to me: 'I don't think that either Charles Bowen or I ever thought the pictures were fakes by her. Brian Winder and Charles Gibbs-Smith are sure they are. I simply think that Bowen and I felt they looked like the usual "transmogrifications" ... fakes by "them", not by humans.'" Unquote.

My own opinion, listening to Charles Gibbs-Smith's views, was that his insight on "earthly" aviators and the performance of heavier-than-air machines had clouded his conceptions as to the infinite possibilities of "manoeuvring" by aeroforms alien to our forward-pointing, stream-lined craft. And he was a bit pompous about it, too!

Tim Good continues by explaining how, unlike many who, without attempting any analysis or investigation of the film or those who took it, condemned it out of hand, there were photographic experts who, after technical analysis of the film, frame by frame, considered it to be authentic, showing "full size" aerial objects in flight.

"I too felt certain, after lengthy consideration," he wrote, "that the film was genuine for a number of reasons." His subsequent meetings with Madeleine Rodeffer, an acquaintance and friendship that has continued for over thirty years, was summed up in his own words some 15 years ago, in 1983. "There was no doubting Madeleine's obvious sincerity from the moment we met at the airport, and we established an immediate rapport." Unquote.

That I can concur with, as evidenced by the genuine pleasure I felt in her voice as we spoke together across the Atlantic Ocean a few days before this time of writing. Then 75 years of age, she had the fresh and open voice of a young girl, with the excited telling of the latest events in her life, what had happened since I last phoned her, how she still has a "few good friends."

She had a bit of a coughing fit and went to fetch a drink of water, whilst my mid-night Transatlantic pennies continued flowing over the air-waves; (or bounced off some anonymous satellite in space undreamed of in Charles Gibbs-Smith's honourable predecessors' philosophy!). She didn't have the energy she had as a young woman, she said, but she had determination in her voice, a determination that stood out

against her earlier persecutors, anonymous and otherwise, as indeed she showed before disbelieving Senators way back in the Sixties, when she told them: "I would not like to be in your shoes when all the people find out just what is being hidden from the people of the world."

"My father passed away one month after George," she wrote to me years ago. But despite the loss of a good friend and her father, her fighting spirit lived on, unbeaten, determined, despite the physical and mental harassment and downright persecution from an earlier breed of "The Men In Black." —(Madeleine died, aged 86, on 26th May, 2009.)

UFO CONTACT, the journal of the International Get Acquainted Program, ended its short but eventful life after twenty-eight months of service, October 1966 to December 1968. It was not just an account of UFO incidents, though it contained numerous and varied news reports from all parts of the world; translated in many cases from the original languages by dedicated co-workers.

Representing the IGAP Information Service, the magazine was sent on a regular basis, gratis, to over 200 personages eminent in their field, in all walks of life, throughout the world; scientists, politicians, Church leaders, including the Pope, (also the Secretary of State at the Vatican and to the editor of the official organ of the Vatican, *L'Osservatore Romano*). Each issue was sent to sixty representatives of member states of the United Nations in New York, including the Office of the Secretary-General. It was sent to journalists on various leading newspapers and other media, anyone of whom might feasibly take a stand for an acceptance of the reality of the "flying saucers".

Its contributors numbered among others, scientists and other commentators; articles written and authorized for publication by such as Canadian Government scientist, Wilbert B. Smith, whose views on the visitations to Earth by humans from other planets, and articles explaining their philosophy and technology which paralleled precisely those of George Adamski, were amplified in personal letters to me and others, i.e.: 23 February 1959. Quote: "For your information every nation on this planet has been officially informed of the existence of the space craft and their occupants from elsewhere, and as nations they must accept responsibility for any lack of action or for any official position which they may take ..." Unquote.

He wrote to enlighten me as to the nature of the efforts I was making in UFO research and publicising of the facts in the Northern Ontario backwoods town where I then lived.

It was somewhat before this, forty-odd years ago, that I had contacted Major (then Captain) Hans Petersen of the Royal Danish Air Force. Having studied and worked in Sweden and Denmark, attending high schools in the latter country, I could converse freely with him and was also able to assimilate literature in the three main Nordic languages. It was the beginning of years of fruitful research together. I had also previously corresponded with George Adamski, and Hans Petersen and I found that we had a lot in common concerning our views on G.A.'s experiences. Later, we were to become part of the world-wide I.G.A.P., George Adamski's Get Acquainted Program.

Among the important articles written for UFO Contact was an Account of activity by so-called "telemetre discs". Amazingly, the properties and manoeuvring capabilities of these remote-controlled "mini-saucers" or globes were described first, in detail, in Adamski's *Inside The Space Ships*. Major Petersen, at that time working with NATO, was officer in charge of air traffic control from 1949-76. I recall one occasion that I was permitted, as an ex-military man, to accompany him on a tour of his control-point at an air-field in Jutland. Major Petersen has, on a number of occasions, despatched interceptors to lock-on to radar sightings of UFOs over-flying Danish sovereign territory. He has himself seen Adamski-type "scout-ships" and others overhead, as well as the tiny telemetre "reconnaissance" craft. Major Petersen writes with authority on the subject, showing also photographic sequence of one such in action.

Many people have seen them, either as large "soap-bubbles" or discs. Wilbert Smith, head of the world's first official —later to be denied, a story in itself— flying saucer sighting station, at Shirley Bay, ten miles east of Ottawa, - Project Magnet - described an incident in which he

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the *Gensing Gardens News* team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

himself was involved. It was whilst giving a lecture in March 1961, speaking of the peculiarities of a newly-discovered force which was apparently associated with the UFOs. This he called "the tempic field". He came onto the subject of the telemetre discs.

"- We had very good reason to believe that a certain conversation we were having with a friend of mine was being monitored by one of these little fellows. So when we came out of the house, we made a definite effort to locate it... It was down in a ditch just in front of the house, and as soon as we spotted it, apparently the people who were controlling it became aware of the fact. As soon as we spotted it we saw what appeared to be just like a heat-wave, something like a foot in diameter. Popped out of the centre of this appeared a little disc about so big, and it just took off like that and disappeared into the great blue yonder. I think the whole operation probably occurred in less than, maybe, two seconds, but we were looking right at it, and there were three of us, and we all saw the same thing. And knowing this trick about the field, we figured that that was how it was done."

Another contributor was Dr. James E. McDonald, Senior Physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics, University of Arizona, Tucson. Our last issue bore a letter from Dr. McDonald to the Editors of UFO Contact, following our publication of a number of his articles, in which he expressed his "considerable distress at the extent to which you accept and even venerate the writings and statements of the American, George Adamski."

We replied to his comments in the magazine's last Open Letter, pointing to our reasons why we did *not*, in fact, venerate George Adamski, and expressed a number of reasons why we published what we did. We pointed to another area of debate wherein we differed.

Quote: "On the other hand, Dr. McDonald, in taking a stand for the 'grand foul-up' theory"—as against the 'conspiracy' theory advocated by UFO Contact—"you are, by inference, suggesting that the U.S. Government, the U.S. Intelligence agencies, and all those similar bodies throughout the world who have purportedly used the pronouncements of Project Bluebook as a front for their apparent lack of action in the UFO question, are stupid, or at least not as knowledgeable as yourself and a few others." *Unquote.*

We concluded our letter: *Quote:* "Dr. McDonald, we realise that, by virtue of the fact that you have continued to send us your articles and also by the sentiments expressed in your letter—your distress at our acceptance of Adamski's claims—you consider us and our work not as fools or villains pandering to a sensation-seeking public, but as genuine, misguided persons pursuing their ideals."

"Let us leave it there. Leave us with our peculiar brand of exegesis and our cosmic truth. We can assure you that we do what we do with our eyes wide open, not venerating, but just remembering, Adamski. Our proofs of his sincerity are not your proofs. For one thing, you did not know him."

"Yes, let us leave it there, each going his chosen way in this field.- Time will show who has been mis-guided. Sincere best wishes." *Unquote*

It was a sad moment when we learned that, 33 months after his letter of October 13, 1968, was penned to the Editors of UFO Contact, on June 13, 1971, Dr. McDonald was found with a bullet in his head in the Arizona Desert. One wondered if, before he "committed suicide", this lively and brave contender for the truth discovered, too late, who had been mis-guided in his views vis-a-vis the "foul-up" versus the "conspiracy" theory.

Von Braun's views, those of his mentor, Professor Hermann Oberth, —the sorrowful point of view expressed by U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, how he considered the UFO problem, the attempts made to inform the United Nations Assembly by, among others, ex-officer of the Hungarian General Staff, Major Colman VonKeviczky, are portrayed in detail; our own approach to Mr. Abdel-Ghani, chief of the Outer Space Affairs Group, in February 1968, and his official reply— Latest scientific discoveries in Space were reported, views pro and con the physical aspects of the planets following on probes to the Moon, Venus and Mars, etc., during the momentous Sixties.

Detailed for the first time at first hand, was George Adamski's audience with Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, the furore among disgruntled journalists who didn't go much on "a Court Jester on the green lawns of the Royal Palace."

"The Vatican Visit" and the lead-up to the Road to Rome, shows

how Adamski's preposterous claims" were investigated, unknown to him, by his friends and supporters in Denmark and other lands en route to his projected audience with the dying Pope John.

"George Adamski insisted that the Pope did not look like a dying man. His skin had a fine texture and, although he seemed weak, G.A. was almost sure that the Pope would pull through."

The Evidence of the Quite Contacts" introduced the modest associates of George Adamski who carried on his work of "getting the world acquainted" with the facts of alien visitations, and in doing so filmed an armada of UFOs over Germany, 23 feet of moving pictures which were shown, on invitation, to 22 officials at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, (Greenbelt Maryland 20771) at Building A.1. from 10.30 a.m. on February 27th 1967.

A letter from Department Of The Air Force, Washington 20330, Office of the Secretary, March 17 1967, read in part:

"The Air Force would be very interested in reviewing your film. If you will get in touch with me at the Pentagon, we will arrange a showing for any Monday which is convenient for you. My number is O or O . Thank you for offering to show your film; I am looking forward to hearing from you. Sincerely, George P. Freeman, Jr., Lt.Colonel, USAF, Chief, Civil Branch, Community Relations Division, Office of Information."

"Our Pentagon Visit was Monday March 20th at 2 p.m. at Colonel Freeman's office." wrote Fred Steckling. "Madeleine came along. - Several high commission officers reviewed the Sept. 7th film three times, and Colonel Freeman stated, 'This is the best film I've seen yet.' and 'I have never seen anything like this before.' - Madeleine's and G.A.'s films were already known to them—no comment was made on them. - The Colonel said: 'What about the scoutships we are supposed to have in Dayton?', so we answered 'What about and how about it?' They did not confirm it or otherwise. But here too we were treated respectfully, and returned the same to them."

Stills from the film and photo-copies of the invitations to NASA and the Pentagon, signed, came with the account of the visits.

In these days of "de-classification" of documents, never dreamed of in the Sixties; in these days of the "Greys", the "Men In Black", of the insidious manipulation of "disinformation", here is a unique opportunity to look back, to see what researchers of the day before yesterday, —50 and more years ago— attempted to do, break the deadlock of silence. It's a sober thought.

Was George Adamski, towards the end of his life, "disinformed" by those whose insidious presence is there in all aspects of UFO research.

Did the "Space Brothers" desert him at the end?

Or was the Silver Spring, Maryland, visit of his friends, just before he died, verified by one of the most controversial films of "flying saucers" ever put before the public and the experts at the Pentagon? - was it yet another way of saying: "Whatever your failings, George, you've done a good job. More than on your planet, you've brought the facts of our visits to Earth to the people. For that they *will* remember you."

UFO Contact: The Day Before Yesterday." is an important link in the history, the life and times, of a remarkable man.

This series is dedicated to George Adamski,
Who died fighting for the truth,
And, through his friends, FIGHTS ON ■

Ragnvald Anders Carlsen.

Below: Two stills from the 26 Feb 1965 Rodeffer film.



UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Two)

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

THE LANDING AT THEYDON BOIS

AS I LOOKED UP into the tall trees gently interchanging the shadowed pattern of their leaves by a cool easterly wind ruffling the high crowns, I could almost see in my mind's eye the scene that Ronald had had described to him by the still strangely-elated young man, Gary, less than twenty-four hours after the event that was to make a kind of history. That's how it felt to me, anyhow. I say a kind of history, because I knew that devious men had for years tried to conceal this sort of happening from the world for reasons that the rest of us can only guess at; so far they had succeeded, these devious men, but they couldn't go on doing it for ever. And when they are finally found out, the memory of their names will be that of pariahs of the human race.

So here was I, over thirty years later, trying to re-live the moments when that young man and his sweetheart felt their hearts leap into their mouths at a sight that Gary had described later as "out of this world." Events proved that to be a good choice of words.

I had passed through Theydon Bois on the odd occasion, though not very often, when driving to Abridge or on the way to Romford, one of the larger market towns of Essex.

"It's at the bottom of Piercing Hill," Ronald had said, "- just as it comes down to Coppice Row by St. Mary's Church. You can't miss it."

It was a somewhat cool mid-October day in 1998, intermittently bright with cloudy spells; a typically English autumn, Ronald would have said with a smile, knowing as he did that they had cool days with bright and cloudy spells in Denmark, too, at that time of the year. I had put on a pair of stout walking shoes; "Be prepared," he had warned, "It could be mud up to the eye-brows." I was prepared.

As it was, dodging the puddles beneath the trees wasn't the worst part; it was watching out that your eyes stayed in their sockets, with branches hanging low everywhere in the small area of woodland edging onto the road. It was fairly secluded here, despite its relatively close proximity to the crossroads at the bottom of the hill. Traffic was not all that frequent at this time of the day, - later morning - it would have been even less on a cold winter's evening with frost hanging in the air. That was the way it was on the evening of Monday, January 4th, 1965, - nearly 34 years before, Ronald had said.

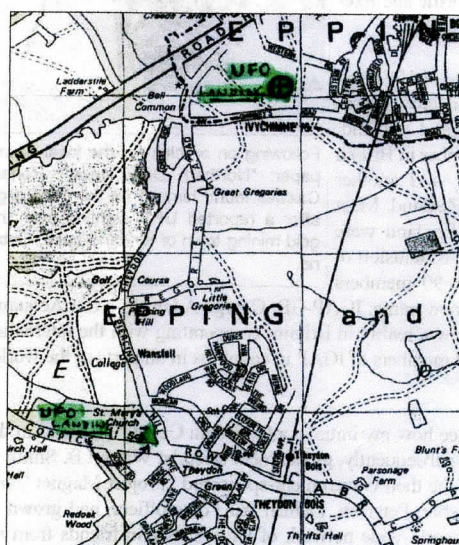
But now, because the overall story of these events is known only to very few people, I'll leave him to tell it in his own, English, way. This is how Ronald Caswell told it to me.

Gary, -we'll call him Gary Byers, although that isn't his real surname- Gary had joined our Harlow Ufo Study and Investigation Group, -HUSIG-, in late 1964, several months prior to the date in question. He was in his early twenties, a little naive in some ways, - which may or may not have lent itself to subsequent events, - but he was ready to laugh at himself when the older members of the study group got together to pull his leg on occasion. He was well-liked among our motley crowd, who came from various parts of Essex and London, even extending southward into Kent in the case of one of the group, Robert Erskine, who came from Sidcup. They varied in age from the twenties to sixty-odd; my own father, who had just become a pensioner, sometimes regaled us with stories from his four years in North Africa and Italy as a Desert Rat, which he told with action re-play to bring out the highlights. Gary and he got on well together, despite the difference in their ages.

"Don't take any notice of them, son!" Albert would say, when the others were teasing Gary. "They don't mean any harm. They're not a bad lot! - Just tease 'em back!"

Of course, the evening's main discussion, - or the day's main discussion, if it was on a week-end, - was about flying saucers, recent reports, news-clippings that they had collected, etc.; it also included science, religion and the troubles of the world in general. It was an enlightening session, at times, when photos and articles about space probes and landings organised by NASA or the Soviet space agencies were published in the media, or shown on television. The sixties were prime time for the efforts to "get there first" by the two Power blocs, East and West, and the claims they each made about Venus and the Moon were debated with an open mind, - an open mind, that is, to the fact that they could be completely wrong, or even deliberately misleading the population of the world with their claims. After all, if they were blatantly denying that

UFOs were vehicles from Outer Space, then they were not going to verify that there was oxygen on Venus that could or might sustain life, human or otherwise. One had to read between the lines. And what was most interesting was the fact that scientists blatantly contradicted each other concerning the "findings". And this was highly entertaining to "thick-heads" like us, who were not supposed to have an opinion on scientific issues!



Gary Byers' UFO landing took place at the junction of Piercing Hill and Coppice Row on the evening of Monday, January 4th, 1965, near to St. Mary's Church. The Ivy Chimney landings, one and a quarter miles away, took place in respectively, June/July 1958 and December, 1963. In both instances there were multiple witnesses.

Gary lived with his parents in Hackney, East London, near to Dalston Junction, in a quiet back street of terraced houses within a stone's throw of a large area of greenery called London Fields. He was fairly tall and slim, with dark, wavy hair which tended to get out of hand on occasion. When he complained about this, I would chide him and suggest that he could donate some of his brown locks to me, as I had almost reached forty and was going a little thin on top. I blamed this onto wearing a helmet, working underground at Northern Ontario gold-mine. The others said it was my age! We all got teased!

I knew that Gary had a girl-friend living not far from Harlow, at Theydon Bois, a small village on cleared land within the encroaching arms of Epping Forest. With a name like that, it could well have been 'left-over' from Norman times, "bois" meaning "wood" in French. In fact, just a few miles west of Theydon Bois lies Waltham Abbey, traditionally understood to be the burial site of King Harold, defeated by

William the Conqueror in 1066.

It was perhaps once a week that Gary would visit his Julie, (not her real name); he would drive up from London to the A11, turned off at the "Wakes Arms" roundabout, then through a well-forested area along Coppice Row to Theydon. Like everyone else, he had to earn a living, and a 35-40 mile round trip from Hackney on a week-night was not conducive to early rising next morning to go to work!

An Article published in a local Newspaper

The Harlow group had started from small beginnings, much as had the group at Kirkland Lake in the backwoods of northern Canada; I had an article published in a local newspaper that had generated interest among the townsfolk; in the one instance, in Ontario, within a polyglot group of miners from many countries, especially Eastern Europe, who had fled some dictator or another, Stalin or Hitler, to start hard-rock mining in the relative peace of Canada. In the other instance, it had been by means of a nearly full-page article on "flying saucers" and the eminent persons associated with or interested in Ufology as a whole.

This was in Harlow, in December 1963. I had formed a study group of interested persons 20 strong, from as far as Newcastle and Exeter.

During the course of 1964 and 1965 the group had grown, reaching to Scotland and Finland. Soon, we had a member in British Columbia, Canada, and another in Plymouth, New Zealand. Most of the counties of England were represented. By the conclusion of 1965, we had over 90 members and had adopted a new name: IGAP-GB. George Adamski's Get Acquainted Program was now a reality in Britain, co-operating with the international Co-workers and members of IGAP in countries in all parts of the world.

It was good to see how my initial contacts with George Adamski in the United States, and, subsequently, government scientist Wilbert B. Smith in Ottawa, founder of the then Government-sponsored "Project Magnet", and Captain Hans Christian Petersen, Danish Air Force officer, had grown to become part of a world-wide network of Ufologists and friends from all walks of life throughout the world.

But, of course, it meant a voluminous correspondence; it represented study and investigation of UFO reports and sightings, and newsletters and lectures and meetings on an ever-growing scale. It meant more and more work. It meant that my meetings with G.A. and Hans Petersen in Denmark in May 1963, and the encouragement they gave me, was beginning to bear fruit.

Gary had become interested in UFOs as a result of discussions with Paul Webb, an acquaintance of his, who worked in Theydon Bois. Paul had joined BUFORA, a London and Essex-based UFO research group. He had been involved in a number of investigations during the previous couple of years, mainly in the Epping area, including a very interesting one, apparently the landing of an object at Ivy Chimneys, a small village just off the A11, Epping to London road, in December 1963. He later checked out a report of a Major Collins, from June-July 1958, of another object being seen within 150 yards of the later (1963) landing spot, with physical evidence remaining on the ground.

Paul, too, later joined the local, Harlow group when it took over duties as the British member of IGAP, the International Get Acquainted Program found by contactee George Adamski in 1959.

The Harlow UFO Study and Investigation Group, despite its somewhat



parochial-sounding name, did not limit itself to the immediate environs of New Town Harlow or Old Harlow with its Stone Age and later Roman ancestry; even in the days before IGAP-GB was formed, its members, then small in number, made field trips, (in one instance, literally a field,) to the well-known Charlton Crater at Roy Blanchard's farm in Wiltshire, and other reported locations a little nearer home. A few days after the Manor Farm incident of 16th July 1963, a few of us drove through the night for an early start at surveying the spot which seems to be as mysterious today as in the days of Army bomb disposal units and senior RAF inquiries and questions in Parliament which followed the discovery of the crater in the early morning hours; and subsequent reports of explosions heard and bright aerial lights seen might well have compared with another Parliamentary inquiry conducted several hundreds of years earlier into the activities of a fellow with the name of Guy Fawkes, that claimed Roman Catholic conspirator whose early demise at the age of 36, in 1606, led to quite a few more explosions and bright aerial lights of more mundane origin over subsequent epochs.

There was even talk of conspiracy after the Charlton incident, but that is the subject of another story. Hoaxers are one thing, but official denials are another. And there have certainly been a fair quota of those over the past fifty-odd years.

It was in the early evening of Tuesday, January 5th 1965, that Gary rang the bell at my front door, and, as if on tenterhooks to get something off his chest, brushed his shoes and stepped quickly into the hallway and living-room. My wife and young children were out at the time, which was a blessing in disguise, as I felt that this young man was fit to burst. He refused a cup of tea at that moment, which meant that Gary was ill or sickening for something. I calmed him down and he told me his story. His face was a little tense still; his eyes looked straight into mine, willing me to believe.

The previous evening, Monday, January 4th, Gary, who had been spending a few hours with Julie, his girl-friend, was saying good-night just prior to his drive back to London. He and Julie were sitting in his car, which he had driven just off the road onto a small area of grass by the woods near St. Mary's Church, on the corner of Piercing Hill and Coppice Row.

It was cold outside, probably turning to frost later, Gary surmised. However, they had been out driving, the heating had been on and the car was still warm. Gary had been smoking a cigarette while they talked, so he stubbed it out in the ashtray and lowered the window a fraction to clear the air, at the same time rubbing some of the steam from the window.

He had been wearing a raincoat on the drive back so he stepped out of the car to take it off, when he stopped suddenly at the sight of a bright object in the sky. It wasn't very large and it appeared to be moving slowly in his direction. Shrugging it off as a satellite or something of meteoric origin, he might have watched a little longer, but Julie commented on the door being left open, interjecting a comment that included: "like all men!", so he speedily stepped inside the car, closed the door, and returned the comment with a: "What was that you were saying about 'all men'?"

An Object shaped like a Dome.

A half-hour or so later, around a quarter to ten, they were startled by a light that burst through the trees overhead, glaring through all the car's windows, a blinding light that made his eyes close involuntarily against the glare as Julie covered against him, frightened and quivering at the suddenness of it all. For a few seconds Gary, too, froze. Strangely, there was no sound. Then, for some reason unknown to him, he opened the car door and stepped out onto the crisp grass, leaning back against the car to stare behind him, an arm shielding his eyes. Julie tried to call him back into the car, but to no avail.

Some distance behind the car, - perhaps some scores of yards away, he wasn't sure of the distance, it had all happened so suddenly, - was an object shaped like a dome, he said, it reminded him of an Eskimo igloo, shining bright and white across the grass in between as bright as an electric light bulb without a shade, up against your eyes.

He had been thinking since, he said, that it might have been the size of his car, a little bigger perhaps, and a little higher, - perhaps it wasn't

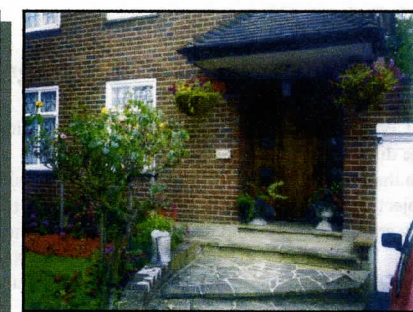
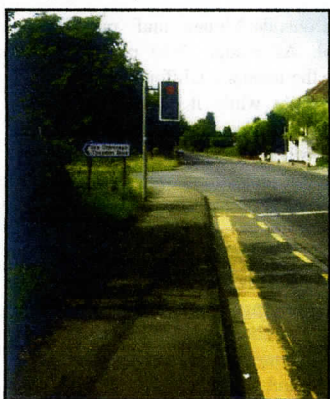
standing on the ground, he added; - it could have been bigger, depending on how far away it was. He tried to get Julie to step out of the car to view the object, but she wouldn't even look back. As he turned again, the glaring light had gone, vanished literally into the air. It was that sudden.

Gary was sure of what he saw, but Julie just wanted to leave. Then, on the short distance to her home, they saw a bright object in the sky moving to the south-west over Epping Forest. Ten minutes later, Gary, having seen his girl to her front door, was on his way back along Coppice Row, still not quite believing what he'd seen, but nevertheless knowing that it was true.

He had seen a Flying Saucer.

Because of the lateness of the hour and not feeling adequate to describe it over the telephone, he had waited throughout Tuesday for the moment when he could dash off from work, reach home, wash and change into clean clothes and make for the front door, chewing a sandwich whilst he did so. When his mother asked him where he was off to, he just said: "I'm going to see Ron," and disappeared out of the door, while his mother asked: "What about your dinner?"

Next evening, as arranged, he arrived at my home in Harlow, and we drove through Epping the three-four miles to Theydon Bois. It was eerie enough, standing there among the trees. What we expected to see, we had no idea. I had taken Gary at his word, that an aerial object had landed in Epping Forest and he had seen it. There had, over the course of some years, been sightings reported over the area by individuals and groups of people. It would seem a natural enough occurrence for one to land. In fact, just such an incident had taken place, according to reports, just over a year before, and not much more than a mile away. That was Paul Webb's case, a "landing" at Ivy Chimneys.



◀ Following on from a newspaper report, I interviewed Mrs Wendy Cannon of "Midhill", Coppice Row, who confirmed her sighting, whilst together with her two children, of a light in the sky hovering aimlessly about, which: " - shot off at great speed."

R. Caswell

◀◀ Epping leading to Theydon Bois and Ivy Chimneys.

Epping Forest was a favourite area for UFO sightings in the Sixties.

◀ The secluded spot among the trees of the first sighting on January 4th, 1965

We'd brought a torch along, perhaps to serve a double purpose; as a precaution against incurring a broken ankle or walking into a quagmire, but also, hopefully, for signalling to the occupants of any flying saucer that felt inclined to hover our way.

However, as it was not to be, - and we didn't really expect it, anyway, - we decided to do a bit of canvassing along the stretch of Coppice Row opposite to St. Mary's Church. Although dark, the hour was not late and so, with our torch at the ready, we started knocking on doors and ringing bells on Gary's first ever UFO investigation.

Of course, we didn't quite approach it like that. One needed to be a little more circumspect. We would just ask each individual who came to the door if he or she had seen a bright light in the sky in the course of the last two evenings or so.

There were no answers to our first couple of calls along Coppice Row, opposite the church. Then there were one or two who replied that they usually watched television in the evenings and had seen nothing outside. We crossed Sidney Road, a little turning to the left, and continued slowly along the main highway out of the village centre, deciding to do a few more calls before giving up.

It was a middle-aged lady who answered the next door. Yes, she had seen a light. She had been sitting, knitting, in her living-room, while her husband was reading the newspaper. As she went upstairs to the front bed-room to fetch something or another, a strong light was shining onto her

bed-room curtains, an unusually strong light, she thought. She was about to open the curtains when the light turned off as with a switch. It was very sudden.

It was probably the head-lamps of a car, she surmised, although she had heard no sound of a car passing. Yes, she said, that was the evening before last; Monday evening. She couldn't be sure of the time, as she had been reading a novel before she picked up her knitting bag.

Gary's UFO had an unsuspecting Witness

We thanked her and walked back down the short pathway, carefully closed the gate between the neat hedges on either side and stepped onto the pavement. As we walked away, back along the hundred yards or so towards the village, we glanced back at Mrs M's upstairs bedroom windows and then across the road towards the copse of trees around St. Mary's Church. Gary looked at me in the dim light from a street lamp and I shook my head. He shook his head in agreement.

There was no possibility at all that a car's head-lamps, however bright, could have cast their beams onto Mrs M's upstairs or downstairs windows from a road which ran parallel to the frontage of the house. There was no road opposite the house from which a car could shine its head-lights onto Mrs M's bedroom curtains. An unusually strong light, she had said.

It looked as if Gary's UFO had an unsuspecting witness to its presence in the night sky over Epping Forest after all.

A week or two afterwards, on our invitation, Gary brought his sweetheart, Julie, over for a visit and a cup of tea. She was slim and fair-haired and rather quiet; a pleasant girl who, however, seemed to have a mind of her own. My eight year-old daughter, Karen, took to her

straightaway. David, who was four, just sat there looking at her.

Julie wasn't sure she believed in flying saucers. Gary gave me an apologetic look. I grinned back.

Yes, she had been scared that evening, a couple of weeks back, but she seemed more concerned with the fact that Gary had put her on the spot, by saying that they were sitting in the back seat of his car when the light flashed on overhead. The possibility that a space craft from another world might have been paying her little village a visit took a "back seat" when it came to her English Rose modesty, apparently. Gary raised his eyes ceilingwards at that, and I turned to hide a smile.

It *could* have been a helicopter, she reasoned. They *are* more common than flying saucers! she said. Of course, she was right. Gary looked glum when I seemed to agree.

Anyone would have been frightened out of their lives with that sudden glaring light over their heads and the noise, I commented. What noise, she said. That was just it. There was no noise. Not a sound. Her boy-friend gave me a weak, relieved smile.

It looked as if Gary had Witness Number Two.

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the *Gensing Gardens News* team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

A report appearing in a local newspaper some time later offered the possibility that there were witnesses Three, Four and Five, to Gary's UFO over the Theydon Bois. A Mrs. Wendy Cannon of "Midhill", Coppice Row, - a house we had not called on in our house-to-house canvassing that day-along with her two children Wendy and Bruce, saw an unidentified object earlier that day as she was bringing them home from school. It was low in the sky, hovering and moving aimlessly about, and it made no sound. It looked like a large star. For a while it was stationary, then "it shot off at great speed." This happened at approximately 5.30 on that dark winter's afternoon.

For the next few days after the Theydon Bois affair, with Mrs "M" as the only extraneous "witness", those members of the group living in Harlow had things to discuss. With Gary, Ronald said, it was not a fear of the group being hoaxed. The young man appeared to be too straightforward to try to make fools of people who had befriended him. And, apart from that, what could he have hoped to gain by some trumped-up story of a UFO sighting and landing?



Gary Byers - 1966

The worry, in the minds of the Harlow group members, was that Gary might have let his imagination take over after his earlier sighting in the sky, or that he was suffering from hallucinations.

As it was, during the course of time, - quite a long time, - certain events were to overtake Gary in a most unpredictable way. His experience, put together with the experiences of others in IGAP's world-wide organisation, was to be yet another piece of a jigsaw, the entire pattern of which was still not to be seen as a whole within this second Millennium since Christ's Birth.

The Object was observed - on the edge of Epping Forest

Ten days later, Paul Webb saw a "star-like" object moving erratically beneath the clouds in the direction of Walthamstow.

At around 7.05 on the evening of March 1st, Mrs. A. Murray and her husband watched an object like a large star giving off a white glow in the sky. "It was moving very erratically," she said, "and seemingly in some set course. The alterations in its course were sudden, - at right-angles; - it moved with a sort of a jerk, and gave the impression of triangular movement whole continuing on the main course."

The object was observed for from then to twelve minutes from her home at Waltham Abbey, which is on the edge of Epping Forest.

In order to view the broader context of Gary Byers' first sighting in Epping Forest, Essex, which was to lead to significant events elsewhere, it will be necessary to see how other, earlier, claimed sighting reports in the proximity of Epping Forest and its environs might relate to the startling events which were to take place at Theydon Bois. because, singular though this incident in January 1965 was to be, it was still a small part of a whole, an intriguing saga that still has an ending in the future, perhaps years into the new Millennium.

For that reason, Part Three will lead us into that broader context, where regional events become part of a national picture, and the national becomes international. The UFO-scene is planet-wide; it knows no frontiers, it observes no lines on a map or a globe of the world, it's visitors are visitors to *Earth*.

What happened, for example, to an associate of George Adamski in Germany, is found to relate to another event and another associate in the United States. What happened to an associate of George Adamski in Denmark was later confirmed by UFO reports in England.

In due time, we shall see how the events in which Gary Byers and his friends became involved in various parts of England in 1965-66 are very much a part of the George Adamski story.

Ragnvald A. Carlsen

Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen
Royal Danish Air Force

Historical UFO Encounters

Starship dogfight over Kenya

LOUIS BUJON, apparently a French professor of astrophysics, and an aviation expert, accounted a series of UFO witness reports to the *Weekly World News* dated July 30, 1985, after his arrival in Kenya with a team of researchers.

Villagers in the Rift Valley —south of Nairobi— observed an unusual light in the sky at about 9:20 p.m. that night. The white light descended rapidly, and was at first thought to be a shooting star or some other naturally occurring phenomenon. However, at a height of approximately 3,000 feet above ground, the light stopped in mid-air, and hovered there for about 15 minutes.

Then a second light appeared beside the first and both began a slow descent, watched by a crowd of between 200 and 300 people, who described the crafts as round, brightly lit objects. Then a third craft, much larger than the others, approached from the south. The witnesses told that the last craft fired beams of light at the other two crafts, which veered away in opposite direction.

The two smaller saucers circled around and returned fire with some kind of laser-like weaponry. At precisely 10:17 p.m. the three crafts disintegrated in a tremendous explosion.

Some scientists suggested that the villagers had observed a meteor shower, but Professor Bujon refused that theory, seen the identical witness accounts describing the obvious attacks, and, formal confirmation from Cairo (Egypt) that the three crafts appeared on military and civilian radar screens, from which they vanished simultaneously. ■

Close Encounter at Mutare, Zimbabwe

LA ROCHELLE - a large estate outside Mutare, and part of the Nyabara Forest Training School. At around 5:30 p.m., Clifford Muchane, saw a ball of light near the tearoom. Clifford worked at the estate, and he observed the big light while it rolled towards the observation tower from which it later rolled back down, leaving no marks of burning behind. The fireball moved across the lawns to the "Fantasy", an outhouse designed for the protection of orchids.

It was there that Clifford saw three men standing on the lawns. He believed it was a warden, Andrew Connoley and others. He called out Connoley's name, causing the men to turn completely towards him, not just their heads. They were wearing shiny silver suits, but Clifford couldn't see their faces as the light shining from them was so bright. They were only 10 feet away from him when he fell on his knees from fear or from a force emanating from the men.

Eunice Kachiti, recalled seeing the fireball on the lawns near a cassia tree in the centre of the lawn, and two strange men holding what seemed to be torches in their hands. She described the men as wearing something like blue jeans.

Both groups of men being different, it is probable that the witnesses described different encounters, be it at the same property and at the same time. Neither of the witnesses seemed to make a connection between the fireball and the men they saw on the lawns.

Suggestions were later made that the ball of light could have been ignited methane or swamp gas, or even, a ball lightning. ■

Alien Medics operate cancer in Brazil

PETROPOLIS, Brazil, Oct. 25, 1957 — Seven members of a wealthy family were present in the daughter's room, who was dying from cancer, when a beam of light outside appeared to be a saucer, from which two 4 ft alien medics emerged. They entered the room—they had shoulder-long yellowish-red hair, bright green 'Chinese' eyes—and one little man put his hand on the forehead of the girl's father, telepathically informing him details of the illness. The other surgeon shone a blue light on the girl's stomach, causing the rest of the family to see the inside where the cancerous tumour were visible then. The removal of the cancer took half an hour, and afterwards the small surgeon gave the father a metallic-looking 'hollow ball' containing 30 pellets, from which she had to take one daily.

In December 1957, the girl's doctor was able to verify that she was indeed cured of the cancer. ■

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday

In Support Of George Adamski (Part Three)

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

The Wing-Commander and the UFO

UFO RESEARCHERS, by the very nature of the word "research" would find it impossible to work in a vacuum. They need other researchers to spurt them on. When this story came to Ronald Caswell's ears, via this very intrusive editor, it brought a smile to his face and the remark: "I must say, I'd just about forgotten that one!"

In a recently-released book, *Cosmic Crashes: The Incredible Story Of The UFOs That Fell To Earth*, by Nicholas Redfern (1999 - Simon & Schuster), my attention was drawn to an incident which occurred in 1964, in Walthamstow, involving a UFO that "fell to earth".

Whilst researching his recent book at the Public Record Office at Kew, in London, Nick came upon a reference to an event that aroused his interest, in an Air Ministry (S4) file, a rather tatty newspaper clip which contained just enough information to whet this appetite and to want to take it further. He wrote: "The inclusion of this clipping in the file was itself curious, since there was no evidence that the department with whom the file originated (S4) conducted any form of investigation into the encounter. However, there was enough information contained within the article to convince me that the event was worth looking into."

It concerned a Walthamstow-based bus driver who was following his route that crossed the River Lea in Walthamstow on the evening of 13th April 1964. The incident occurred at 8.43 p.m. precisely, it appeared. An object of some size came flying through the air at speed, sloping downwards, just missed his bus, and disappeared into the depths of the river. It was quite unnerving to the passengers, as Bob Fall, the driver explained later:

"I just glanced into the sky and saw something coming towards me very, very fast. It flew straight across the road and, had I been a few yards further forward, it would have hit the top deck of the bus. At first I thought the back windows of the bus had come in and, as I turned around, I saw all the passengers looking out towards the river. There was a big splash in the water. I stopped as soon as I could to report it."

It seems that a police spokesman suggested it might be a flock of ducks taking a nocturnal dip. The driver pooh-poohed the thought.

"The thing was at least nine feet long, cigar-shaped and silver. If it had been a bird or birds," he replied to that, "I would have seen the wings. Besides, it was going too fast."

This, as Nick wrote, was all he needed to persuade him to look further into the case. It could have been part of an aircraft, he reasoned, or even a stray rocket or bomb, - unprimed, of course, - which had detached itself from an aircraft in the vicinity, and had almost decapitated a bus in the process.

But why should the Press clipping be stuck in a file at the Air Ministry's S4 division, a file devoted solely into the investigation of Unidentified Flying Objects, which the Walthamstow object most certainly was? It was then that Nick's detective nose started to twitch. Other files at the Public Record Office offered no clues about parts of downed aircraft, he explained. But then he felt he had found something.

"Digging into the event," he wrote in his chapter: *Accessing The Archives*, "I learned that the investigator Ronald Caswell of Harlow, Essex, had looked into the crash and had uncovered a phenomenal amount of data that had been almost completely forgotten by the UK's present-day UFO researchers. Caswell was undoubtedly onto something, and he made an intriguing move. Reviewing a letter that he had written to the Air Ministry

two weeks after the mystery object plunged into the River Lea, I noted that he had elected to inform the Air Ministry of the details of the investigation."

Nick then goes on to tell how, a couple of years before he began his research into his latest book, he had met a "budding writer" who was, in turn, researching material for a book, and had taken the course of telling the authorities that he was looking into a particular case — that of the crash of an atomic bomb-laden aircraft. Every time he approached someone with possible knowledge of the affair, this person had "recently received a visit" from someone in authority who had quoted the Official Secrets Act and pulled the shutters down. The book was never written, and probably the "budding writer" turned to flower-arranging or some such mundane occupation not likely to raise the ire of someone in the top echelons of Government.

"While Ronald Caswell's very open stance with the Air Ministry might have led to a similar clap-down," wrote Nick "his work did at least show me that the matter was indeed of significant interest."

As I was reading through Nick's remarks on Ronald's open approach to UFO inquiries, I was reminded of "a visit" some years later, with regard to material publicised through Ronald's group-work, where the Air Ministry (or was it the Air Ministry?) *did* step in, and material was expropriated as a result. But more of that another time.

Now back to events in 1964 and the near demise of a London bus. Nick goes back into his archives to further relate:

"Anxious to ensure that no stone was left unturned, Caswell mounted his own investigation of the Walthamstow crash and made a personal visit to the reported crash site. He informed the Air Ministry: 'From newspaper reports it appears that an object approximately 9 feet in length, shaped from the side like a cigar, silvery in colour, fell from the sky, skimmed past the front of a 123 bus, struck the bank and crashed into the River Lea, just missing the Ferry Lane Bridge.'

"He continued that he went to Ferry Lane to make enquiries and learned that the object had ploughed into a set of telephone wires. He informed the Ministry:

"I have a piece of one of the telephone wires broken by the object. A newspaper shows great coils of it on the tow-path. The police spokesman's suggestion that a duck, or even four ducks, could have broken those wires is ridiculous. Neither could a swan. The length of the wire across the river would have moved away at the pressure of a plummeting bird, and the bird would certainly have been badly injured, if not killed."

Nick Redfern continues the saga of the object which couldn't possibly have been a duckling, Ugly or otherwise, or even a Swan, and relates again the vicissitudes and ups-and-downs of a UFO researcher in a case where everyone, apparently, wants to lead you up the Swanee, or, more precisely, the River Lea.

"Caswell further added that while walking the length of the river, he had come across a 'river-policeman' working near to the lock-keeper's house. It transpired that the very talkative policeman had himself been present at 11 p.m. on 13 April 1964 and he assisted officers from Greenleaf Police Station in dragging the river.

"Curiously, however," goes on Redfern, "when Caswell indicated the area of river that he had been examining (the towpath on the main river

stretch), the river policeman revealed that he (Caswell) was looking in the wrong place. 'He took me across a private foot-bridge and around a grassy "island" to a spot overlooking a silted-up channel forking off the main river. This was certainly no more than 4-6 feet deep. The policeman said that this was where they had dragged, and nothing unusual had been found.'

"Caswell then reveals his hand: 'This differs from information I had earlier received to the effect that when it was late enough for the general public to have cleared off, heavy lifting equipment was brought in and a find was made in the early hours of the morning.'

"Caswell also offered the intriguing possibility that the river policeman knew far more than he was telling, and 'was himself misled, or he tried to mislead me, as to the area of the fall.' He continued: 'The driver, as he later confirmed, was on the larger of the two bridges when he slowed down to hear the bubbling and hissing, just where he saw the object dive in. And at this point, as the river policeman - who ought to know - kindly informed me, the river could be 30-40 feet deep.'

"Caswell then fired off a barrage of questions (to the Air Ministry. - Ed.): 'Why did the police talk of ducks breaking wires, and of water from 4-6 feet deep? How could all these points check with the driver's statement? Why the hissing and bubbling? Why did the police confine their search to a narrow, silted-up area of water, at least during the hours before midnight? Did they receive instructions from higher-up?'

"Caswell then closed his letter somewhat cryptically: 'Why did a wing-commander from the Air Ministry take all the trouble of driving to Walthamstow to interrogate the bus-driver on the 25th April, almost two weeks after the incident?'

"Commenting on the alleged 'duck vandalism,' Caswell signed off: 'Was "The Wing-Commander" perhaps, in private life, also an honorary member of the RSPCA?' (Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.-Ed.)"

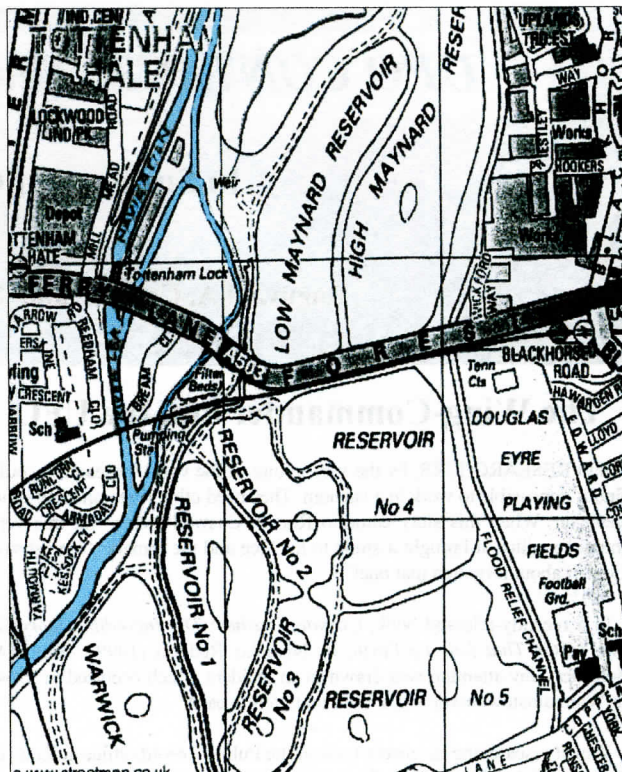
Redfern digs again into the archives, not satisfied that that is the end of the trail. He comes up with evidence pointing to a fascinating twist in the tail, with the possibility of intermexine warfare in the wings, or, at least, rivalry in the various departmental echelons of the Air Ministry, revealing a pretty invidious state of affairs in the corridors of power to say the least. He goes on:

"A further examination of the evidence showed me that on 14 May, Caswell received a reply from Mr. R.A. Langton of S4, who confirmed that he had no further reports on the Walthamstow incident. 'I hesitate to suggest any possible identification of the Walthamstow object' he added.

"Interestingly, Langton seemed far more intrigued by Caswell's assertion that Bob Fall had received a visit from an unidentified wing-commander: 'If a wing-commander from the Air Ministry took the trouble of driving to Walthamstow to interrogate the bus driver on 25 April, I should be most grateful for any further information you may have that would enable me to identify him.' " Unquote.

We shall go on in a moment with Nick Redfern's further analysis of events of the Walthamstow case. But perhaps here we can pose a few questions of our own, and also offer a few answers. From Ronald Caswell's further experience, there might well be another aspect of this case that Nick might not have considered. When Ronald was working on the UFO-case in the fifties and sixties, there was much talk of MIB. Initially and American phenomenon, it later spread to Britain and, no doubt, to other countries dealing with UFO investigation. It was almost always *three* men who appeared and made demands on those who had had a UFO-related experience. The UFO-case is crammed with incidents involving threats and coercion. Whatever the true facts of Roswell may turn out to be, there is overwhelming evidence, by many witnesses, of suffering at the hands of unidentified men. These Men In Black.

It appears, in the Walthamstow case, that the "wing-commander" called on Bob Fall in mufti. It would certainly be a case of neighbours snooping over the fence if a wing-commander in uniform, with rings on his sleeves and, no doubt, medal ribbons on his chest, turned up on Bob Fall's doorstep, requesting entry. So, it was a question of showing a card with suitable photograph and wording, and perhaps a rubber stamp. Not that Bob had anything for an "authorised" caller to expropriate, not even a duck



"George Adamski told me in 1958, that certain of these telemeter discs are so simple to manufacture that normally it is not considered worthwhile to bring them back to the craft from which they are despatched. He said that such objects are normally energised to a certain timed activity relative to the task in hand. When this time is passed, a chemical process begins which, in the first instance causes the object to make for the nearest water, and secondly, to disintegrate.

Major Hans C. Petersen, "The Telemeter Discs."

"UFO Contact." February 1967.

egg or a piece of telephone cable. so this visitor might not even be a Man In Blue, let alone Black. So, it was very doubtful, indeed, that Mr. Langton of S4 ever did discover who bus-driver Bob's unidentified caller was. But what about Nick Redfern and his further enquiries?

"I saw no further indication that Ronald Caswell had any additional dealings with the Ministry with respect to the Walthamstow crash," Nick went on, "but R.A. Langton's letter of 14 May certainly caught my attention. I knew from my previous research from "A Covert Agenda" that Langton's division, S4, was only one of at least five in the Ministry that received UFO reports in the 1960s; and I also uncovered several documents that showed that, in certain instances, UFO reports filed with the Air Ministry had bypassed S4 and gone direct to Air Intelligence —soon thereafter combined with the intelligence divisions of the Army and the Navy to create the Defence Intelligence Staff.

"Was Langton aware that he was not getting to see all the data that the Air Ministry had acquired on UFOs? I could not rule it out.

"A few other newspaper clippings aside, my search for addition information on the Walthamstow crash uncovered little else. Whatever the nature of the object retrieved under cover of darkness from the River Lea in the early hours of 14 April 1964, it had long since vanished."

The fact that this UFO "crash" had occurred so many years before did not diminish our interest in any way. As it had done with Nick Redfern it awakened the Sherlock Holmes instinct in us, the urge to dig deeper; The most significant fact of all, was that the report was hidden in a Ministry of Defence UFO file. No doubt another file with details of the large item covered with a tarpaulin, and dangling from a crane over the

deeper section of the River Lea at the Ferry Lane Bridge, was in a deeper vault at the MoD, far from prying eyes and Freedom of Information Acts. Leaning over to my book-case and pulling out a Master Atlas of London, Ronald made some relevant points regarding the site of the "Walthamstow Crash" and included what one might call a couple of educated guesses. Having possibly been the only UFO researcher to visit the site, certainly the first one to speak to the chief witness, I feel that his views are worthwhile considering. From Nick Redfern's account, it appears that the material he dug up from the archives was the only extant record of any kind available to the public.

If this aerial object was a mundane artefact, manufactured by human hands and let fall by human error, then it was only by a sheer miracle that it fell where it did, into the River Lea by the Ferry Lane Bridge. It could have killed a score of people if Bob Fall's description was an accurate one.

"There was a big splash," Bob said. It was cigar-shaped, viewed from the side, — perhaps circular in plan-view — it was at least nine feet long, and it was silver. Could have been aborted or otherwise displaced from a military aircraft, with a description like that. Maybe an accidental touch on a switch by some hapless Air Force type. So why think differently when the answer seems obvious? Perhaps because there were so many "obvious" — and inane — "answers" put out by other Air force types, be they British or American "experts" who had learned their expertise in pulling the wool over the public's eyes for many a year past. There was nothing straightforward on the UFO-scene.

To get the picture, a thing like that, say nine feet long - (or nine feet in diameter) - would fit into most people's front room. But the things that make it out of the ordinary are the suggestions made by a police spokesman that it could have been a duck or a flight of ducks. Given the area, a river, nearby reservoirs and marshland, it was a feasible idea. Although, in my young day I was taught by words from my elders and observation that a duck or ducks does or do not hit the back first before entering a pond or other watery surface, neither would a whole squadron of ducks bring down a whole section of telephone wire that was later there, for all to see, wound up and laid out on the nearby towpath. So it must have been the desk-sergeant sitting at his desk at the station, and not some perambulating bobby, who made the comment on the duck/ducks. Ducks are trained from ducklinghood not to slither down river banks and trampoline on telephone wires, — except by express permission from Walt Disney.

Another auspicious — and suspicious — side to this saga tells us that it does not take heavy lifting equipment to remove the inert bodies of a flight of ducks from the river, which for some reason, entered the element of their choice with much bubbling and hissing. "The driver, as he later confirmed, was on the larger of the two bridges when he slowed down to hear the bubbling and the hissing, just where he saw the object dive in. And at this point, as the river policeman — who ought to know — kindly informed me (Caswell), the river could be 30-40 feet deep." And why drag a silted-up channel 4-6 feet deep while in public view, and then, after dark, probe a 30-40 feet deep river "where a find was made in the early hours of the morning."

All to rest in an Air Ministry file devoted to UFOs, until dragged-up — to quote a phrase — 30-odd years later.

The larger of the two Ferry Lane Bridges, on its west side, is near to Tottenham Hale Railway Station and depot, which serves British Rail and

Reference: AIR 2/17526 9569

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

COPYRIGHT - NOT TO BE REPRODUCED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY WITHOUT PERMISSION

Suf 1200

Ronald Caswell.,

29th April 1964.

Harlow., ESSEX.

Officer i/c.,

Air Ministry, S.6.,

Whitehall., LONDON S.W.I.

Dear Sir,

I would be pleased if you could give me some information regarding the incident at the location River Lea - Ferry Lane, Walthamstow, E.17., on Monday, April 13th, at 8.43 p.m.

From newspaper reports it appears that an object approx. 9 feet in length, shaped from the side like a cigar, silvery in colour, fell from the sky, skimmed past the front of a I23 bus, struck the bank and crashed in the River Lea, just missing the Ferry Lane Bridge. The driver reported that there was such a terrific crack

the Victoria Tube line. The two bridges are constructed over a stretch of the river where it is divided by a spit of land, a long, narrow island, in fact.

Again, on the west side of the River Lea here is a densely-populated area of houses, schools and factories. Even an empty aviation petrol tank knocking a hole in someone's roof would have been a disaster. Interestingly, on the east side of the river, which flows roughly north-south at this point, there are a number of playing fields, reservoirs, and large expanses of rough grassland, such as the Walthamstow and Leyton Marshes.

The reservoirs are, in the main, several miles in length, situated between the London boroughs of Enfield, Haringey and Waltham Forest. A little further to the east again, is Epping Forest.

If we think of this object in terms of an aerial petrol tank, which some embarrassed and penitent Air Force types are having removed by the local heavy squad before the public sees it and raises merry hell and awkward questions in Parliament, then why a visit from a "wing-commander" two weeks after the event — unless it was to say sorry to Bob for nearly decapitating his bus? Which he didn't. So, fudge or fraud?

On the other hand, if we consider it as just another of those flying saucers from outer space, what are our reasons for doing so?

We can only make a few educated guesses. Which, at least, is more than the police spokesman at Ferry Lane Bridge appears to have done.

In "The Scoriton Mystery" by Eileen Buckle (Spearman - 1967), Miss Buckle, a colleague and friend of Ronald's at that time, wrote:

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the Gensing Gardens News team, and which are published in the Free Newsletter, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

"The Epping area would seem to be one of those particularly favoured with sightings; even at the time of writing a new spate of them is occurring. The *Harlow Citizen* of 14 October 1966, carried a letter from Ronald Caswell, co-worker of the International Get Acquainted Program (IGAP), in which these sightings were included.

"On Saturday, 24 September, a West Essex newspaper gave a detailed report of a sighting by two girls from a Harlow school. This was over Epping. At 5.30 p.m., two girls were walking along Lindsey Street - (a country road with some houses on one side and fields and an undulating terrain on the other — Ed.) — en route to meet their boy friends. Suddenly they heard a high-pitched whining sound which was very frightening. A mile or so towards Epping Upland, hovering above a water-tower, was an enormous silver and grey cigar-shaped object, more pointed at one end than the other, with a sort of fin. They watched it for about seven or eight minutes, afraid to walk on. In the end they returned to Epping, leaving their dates waiting in vain at home along Lindsey Street. Gradually the noise faded into the distance and the object disappeared.

"Jock Gibb, a Scotsman living at Fullers Mead, Harlow, unknowing, had meanwhile told his friends at work of the noise that had caused him to wake up in a fright on the night of Tuesday, 20 September. "It was no jet-plane!" he said. He woke up with his heart beating fast. "And ah'm not easily frightened!" he added. The night following, the same high-pitched noise tore across the sky overhead; Jock sprang out of bed and wrenched aside the curtains. Towards the east the sky was alight. A great, bright object vaguely egg-shaped, "though it was too bright to make out any real outline", came shooting across and passed over the house' - (which is situated on the eastern outskirts of Harlow. —Ed.) — in a westerly direction. "It made a helluva noise!" he said, "I don't know how it didn't wake the wife."


"On Friday, 23 September, a young Harlow factory worker tells how her younger brother complained of being awakened in the night by a loud whining noise overhead. "He came down to breakfasts and said that he thought the Martians had come! The two young people live with their parents at Matching Tye, due east of Harlow."

That Ronald had not thought of relating a rather amusing sequel to the events of that week to Eileen Buckle, not feeling it was very relevant to the subject as a whole, means that I can tell the story for the first time. Perhaps it might be amusing to others.

Epping Upland lies between Epping and Harlow. The water tower mentioned in the report can be reached by a minor road running south of Harlow. Immediately after hearing of the sighting by the two schoolgirls, Ronald collected his camera and walked the mile or two to the tower with the idea of getting a photographic record of the area in case it could be useful in subsequent investigations. As it happened, there was no sign of anything untoward, as is sometimes the case in an area over which a UFO has hovered; the seven or eight minutes of sighting claimed by the two girls left no visible trace of activity on the ground below the UFO's approximate position. So Ronald returned home.

It was quite late that same evening that Ronald decided to go for a walk. "I might be a couple of hours," he told his wife. "Don't wait up for me. It could be late." His wife had already guessed.

He reached Lindsey Street in Epping in something under an hour. Leaving the built-up area of the small town, he was soon walking again

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE										
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Reference: AIR 2/17526					9569					
COPYRIGHT - NOT TO BE REPRODUCED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY WITHOUT PERMISSION										
<p>AE.</p> <p></p> <p>From: Mr. R. A. Langton</p> <p>MINISTRY OF DEFENCE</p> <p>Main Building, Whitehall, LONDON S.W.1</p> <p>Telephone: Whitehall 7022, ext.</p> <p>Our reference: S4f(Air)/1200</p> <p>Your reference:</p> <p>14 May 1964</p> <p>Thank you for your letter of 29th April about an incident at the Ferry Lane Bridge over the River Lea, Walthamstow, E17 on Monday, April 13th at 8.43 p.m.</p> <p>I have received no other report of this occurrence and, if a Wing Commander from the Air Ministry took the trouble of driving to Walthamstow to interrogate the bus-driver on 25th April, I should be most grateful for any further information you may have that would enable me to identify him. Until I have all the evidence available I hesitate to suggest any possible identification for the Walthamstow object.</p> <p>So far as balloons drifting across from France are concerned, I attach a summary of the facts about some Cosmic Ray research balloons seen last summer and at first thought to be Meteorological balloons, in case these are the subject of your remarks. A photograph has been published in the press with a caption suggesting that at a height of at least 80,000 feet they would not be carried round in the earth's atmosphere. This is not so. The balloons were in fact at 110,000 feet and moved quite rapidly from time-to-time when caught by currents in the medium in which they were floating.</p>										

into the comparative darkness, a dim light here and there showing through an uncurtained window; to his right, looking west and north, there was the faint shadow of the rising landscape under a waning moon, with stars speckling the sky. Away to the north-west was a tiny black dot that must have been the water-tower. For a few moments he stood there, musing, thinking over what he would do if he saw the mother-ship in the sky, what he would do if it released a small ball of light that came speedily down towards him and hovered overhead, waiting for his reaction to this unearthly visitor.

He knew already what his reaction would be. He would go forward to meet it, to meet the pilot and the crew who had come from another planet to greet the people on Earth. That was how sure he was that George Adamski was telling the truth.

His eyes were long accustomed to the night sky; there was always something to see to guide you on your way. He had walked many miles in the darkness of an Arctic winter as a young man, trudging through the snow with a heavy rucksack on his back, eyes peering through the blackness for a pin-prick of light that meant a Laplander's dwelling-place and perhaps a reindeer-hide rug on the floor with birch twigs to insulate you from the coldness of the ground. Many hundreds of lonely miles beyond the Arctic Circle.

He would often recall those memories when he was on a long walk, he said. Darkness held no fears for him.

He kept walking, his eyes alert for an unusual light in the sky. To the south, towards London, Orion showed its lop-side beauty, with a star-spangled Belt to separate Betelgeuse from Rigel, the million candle-power stars that could swallow our Sun many times over, stars reaching out - if our Sun was at its centre, - to the orbit of Mars and beyond, massive balls of hydrogen and all the rest that would bring tears to the eyes and lumps in the throat to Patrick Moore and the rest of the star-gazers, not many of whom would give you tuppence for your theories on "flying saucers".

They would learn, these star-gazers, when they opened the eyes of

their minds as they opened the canopy of their telescopes to the stars.

He had long left the houses behind as he approached the top of the U-shape inverted towards the north-west. The road had been climbing steadily to about 150 feet; soon he would turn onto the southern leg that would take him to the south of Epping, near to where the road led off to Ivy Chimneys and Theydon Bois.

For the next couple of miles, eyes still alert to the night skies, he mused over the events of the past year, the events that followed Gary's second sighting over Theydon Bois, the incident near Harlow that had really started the ball rolling!

The moon was high now, throwing a clear light over the landscape, the trees into deep shadow. What seemed like a line of poplars rose from the road-side. What were those white things that appeared through the trees? Surely there wasn't a cemetery on the map here, was there? It did look rather spooky!

A car was parked at the side of the road a little way ahead, a white trailer attached behind. He would soon be approaching the Epping Road, then he would turn north on the straight run back to Harlow and a welcome bed. He looked at his watch. It was just coming up to two-thirty. There would be a good four-five miles walk from here. Hm, - not much sleep that night!

Suddenly, his heart missed several beats, then pounded like mad. A very large and angry dog hurled itself at the wall of the caravan he was just passing, barking and scrabbling against the furniture, leaping against the small, slightly-open window facing on to the road.

Realising that the dog, whatever its breed and size, was held captive within the trailer's four walls, he stood there for a few moments, adrenaline slowing to normal, contemplating the flimsy structure as if rocked and shook on its pinions.

It was obvious that White Fangs' owner was not on board, or sharp words would have followed. As it was, Ronald said, he uttered a few remonstrative words himself, which translated, could mean: "Aw, shut up, yah big mutt!"

Arriving a few minutes later at the Epping-London road, he turned left in the direction of Epping and Harlow; he couldn't help a wry smile, he confessed later.

"It frightened the life out of me!" he said.

The first Epping one finds in Webster's New Geographical Dictionary is, naturally enough in an American dictionary, in America. It's a manufacturing town in Rockingham County in SE New Hampshire, 15m. W of Portsmouth; pop.(1970c) 2356; shoes, bricks.

The Epping that Ronald was sitting in that night, resting his feet and sitting on a bench was: Urban district, Essex, SE England, 17m. NE of London; pop. (1971p) 11,681; on N edge of EPPING FOREST, a former royal forest of large extent, now a pleasure ground.

If Ronald had written the curriculum vitae of Epping, Essex, England, for the Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, he later observed, he would have specified: epicentre of extraterrestrial activity, with emphasis on large, cigar-shaped UFOs.

As he sat looking around him, at the empty market-stall places in the main street through town, the square-towered church rearing into the sky, the small, sometimes antiquated shops lining the thoroughfare, all dimly-lit by occasional street-lamps, it was natural enough that thoughts of Epping's past role in history should pass through his mind.

A main traffic route, despite its ancient narrowness, between the London of medieval times and the historic Bishops Stortford and Cambridge, one could see in the mind's eye horse-driven carriages bearing fine ladies and gentlemen halting at the local tavern for ale and solid refreshment, perhaps a slice or two of local venison if the 'royal' aspect of the Forest wasn't too strictly adhered to; one could see small and ragged urchins scampering around, looking to run errands of the gentry while the upper crust of English society bantered and made small talk, the gentlemen eyeing the ladies and vice-versa while the fresh horses champed at the bit and frolick-

ed, eager to take to the road to the north, the male passengers openly rubbing the sore points on their anatomy which worn and thinning upholstery did not fully protect against the hard-sprung woodwork, the leaping horses and the rambunctious whip of the coachman against their heaving flanks.

"Excuse me, sir, could you be good enough to tell me what you're contemplating, sitting there in the middle of the night?" The voice was civil but bearing that slight air of authority that a policeman's helmet gives to most mortals, small, medium or large. This policeman was slimish and tallish, and perhaps wouldn't be outstanding in a crowd without his blue uniform and London bobby-type helmet.

Ronald awoke from his reverie, the leaping horses and small, ragged urchins disappeared into the mists of time. He looked up at the inquiring face of the officer of the law.

"Well, officer," he replied after some thought, "I've been contemplating the sky for the past three hours or so. And now I've got a three mile walk back to Harlow."

He stood up suddenly and the officer took a step backwards in a slightly defensive stance, obviously on instant alert for trouble. As Ronald observed later, it was a little comical at the time, but one couldn't blame the officer for being on guard against a potential dangerous drunk or even a lunatic.

"Could you show me some form of identification, sir, if you please. If it's no trouble!"

Ronald reached into a pocket and produced a driving licence.

"No trouble at all, officer. You have to do your duty."

"Yes, sir," the officer of the law agreed. He scrutinised the document and handed it back. "Well, sir," he went on, "You still haven't answered my question. What business do you have out here at three o'clock in the morning, may I ask?"

Ronald replaced his wallet and looked at the man with an amused smile, wondering what his reaction would be.

"As a matter of fact, officer, - I've been out looking for 'flying saucers'."

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) H.C. Petersen.

MoD, the UFO 'X' Files and National Archives

Are the National Archives at Kew, who released the latest collection of previously classified files on UFO sightings, responsible for the 'loss' of some of the precious documents?

In fact, the question is interesting enough to reflect a moment on a few incidents, as there are only a few possible answers to it.

In the first place, if existing files are not classified among the thousands of documented sightings, where are they? Has the UFO-desk at the Ministry of Defence 'mis-laid' them, or destroyed them? If so, who decided to their destruction? If mis-laid, they have to be found. It's unthinkable that a file could pass into oblivion at such a level of security — imagine for a moment it would contain indications of serious threat to the nation! A second line of thought: Have the files been transferred to Kew, and been 'mis-laid' or 'lost' there? If so, lost or mis-laid where? In a more secret vault than where the already secret 'For Your Eyes Only' and other Intelligence classifications are placed?

As it seems, the UK's most famous UFO incident in 1980 at Rendlesham Forest, Suffolk, has been **destroyed**. The well documented sighting of (a) spaceship(s) in files covering 1980-82 were mysteriously pulped.

As it seems, another gap in the archives' records reveals that all evidence of a rumoured UFO sighting in 1998-99 on a navy ship, was 'lost' soon after the event.

Are we such a sloppy nation, or only when it is convenient? A.V.L.

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Four)

- UFO take-off from Ivy Chimneys -

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

A GLANCE BACK at history will show that the middle of the 20th century, the 40s, the 50s, and the sixties, was the advent of the modern incursion into Planet Earth's air space of the so-called UFO, the mother-ships, and their "flying saucer" contingents that have since criss-crossed the Earth. In the sixties particularly, a great number visited the area of Epping Forest, in Essex. Why Epping? The area houses no nuclear arsenals, no weapon testing-grounds. But it houses antiquity. Perhaps therein lies its secret...

An incomplete table lists:

Waltham Cross, Essex	Aug.	4th	1966
Tottenham, London, nr. Walthamstow	Aug.	15th	1966
Penge, Surrey, nr. Croydon	Sept.	---	1966
Penge, (second report)	Sept.	11th	1966
Epping, Essex	Sept.	13th	1966
Woolwich, London	Sept.	19th	1966
Kenton, Middlesex	Sept.	19th	1966
Harlow, Essex	Sept.	20th	1966
Harlow, Essex	Sept.	21st	1966
Harlow, Essex	Sept.	22nd	1966
Harlow, Essex	Sept.	23rd	1966
Epping, Essex	Sept.	24th	1966
Harlow, Essex	Oct.	11th	1966
Nr. Canterbury, Kent	Oct.	17th	1966
Epping, Essex	Oct.	17th	1966
Guildford, Surrey	Nov.	---	1966

From "Daily Telegraph, London, Monday June 26th 1967:

"A cigar-shaped object was seen over Essex on Saturday night - (Early hours of June 25th. - *Author*) - by observers in 15 different places, taking part in the 24-hour 1967 International Skywatch for flying saucers. They celebrated the 20th birthday of 'flying saucers'."

From the "Sun", London, Monday June 26th 1967:

"Dozens of flying saucer spotters yesterday reported that they had seen a large cigar-shaped object flying westwards over Epping Forest, Essex." (Towards Walthamstow. - *Author*)

A large cigar-shaped object seen hovering in, or travelling across, the sky, is traditionally considered by Ufologists to be the so-called "mother-ship", the craft that is a carrier for the smaller "scout-craft".

This "large cigar-shaped object" was photographed by members of the Harlow group and a photograph and the report of those present was published by the West Essex Gazette of Friday, June 30th 1967, and later, the whole account, complete with pictures, was presented in the August 1967 issue of UFO CONTACT. (There was a significant follow-up to this incident, but more of that later. - *Author*)

It will be of interest here to go back to Paul Webb's and BUFORA's investigation of the 1963 reported sightings at Ivy Chimneys, Essex, which uncovered also an incident in precisely the same area in mid-1958.

Paul Webb's inquiries point, chronologically, to a Major Collins's reported sighting of a UFO at Ivy Chimneys in the period June-July 1958. This object was on or just above the ground, about 150 yards from the position given by a witness to the 1963 event, both with residual, physical evidence of contact with the ground.

The first reported of the two 1963 sightings - one on Thursday 26th, the second on Friday 27th, December - was in the first instance of an aerial object seen at 8 a.m. when the conditions were dry but overcast. The object, as described by the two witnesses, of 18 and 13 respectively, and the occurrences were as follows:

"They were arriving at the stables - Mr. Banks's riding stables - at about 8 a.m. on 26 December; the day was overcast and dry. Passing across the sky they were surprised to see an unusual flying object. It was long and flat, the exact shape not defined as they seemed to be presented with a side elevation all the time it was in view. Towards the rear of the craft there was a dome-like protuberance without visible windows. It was silent.

Miss Foster (the older of the two witnesses) stated that her fist at arm's length just covered the object from end to end. It was silvery white and "bright"; as there was no sun they concluded that it was self-luminous. They took their eyes off the object as they sought for other witnesses; when they looked again it had vanished. Now if Carol Foster's arm was two feet long (that is, eye to fist) and her fist 2.4 inches across, at 1,000 feet the object would be 100 feet across. On the day in question, the clouds were "low" they agreed, "lower than today" (the clouds at this moment were about 1,000/2,000 feet, very difficult to estimate accurately); they may well have been down to 500 feet.

The object was below the cloud cover so we may make a rough estimate of 30 to 50 feet length — the object flew from NE through South to SW at about 45 degrees elevation."

The above report was made by Dr. G.G. Doel of BUFORA, as is the report submitted below.

"Miss Pauline Abbott then arrived. She is a trainee riding instructress, and also gave us her story.

Pauline had returned to Mr. Banks' stable at about 4 p.m. on Friday, 27 December (the day after the above sighting), and had ridden up to the gate into the field where the horse was to graze. The horse suddenly stood stock still and she could hear a squelching noise coming from the field ... she thought it must be a man walking about in the mud. The horse still stood rigidly and following its gaze she could see a peculiar object on the ground in the field ahead of her. Then - presumably remembering the previous day's sighting - she called out to Mr. Banks a UFO: more exactly, 'Mr. Banks, there is a ewe eff oh in the field!'"

"The object was about eight feet long, she thought, three feet or so high in the middle, tapering down to a point each end, and obligingly Miss Abbott sketched the object for me. The evening was misty but the object showed up well as it was bright and white. She concluded that it was glowing slightly. Towards the left of the object there was a feature which looked like a car windscreen seen nearly from the side. From this panel there was a definite glow brighter than the rest of the thing. When she called out, the UFO began to accelerate to her left, leaving the ground in a shallow climb. Unfortunately, a straw stack immediately to her left cut off the view of the object after 30 or so yards' flight and she did not see it again." *Unquote.*

Residual Evidence

Dr. Doel then goes on to relate details of residual evidence left by the object as told to him by the three witnesses.

"The next day the occupants of the riding stables examined the ground where the object had rested and according to the three witnesses already mentioned, the ground was slightly depressed over a circular area and marks like those made by a blunt knife, drawn across the muddy turf. There was a central circle about a yard across with four radiating marks equally distributed. At the outer end of these marks were impressions in the mud like three large finger prints pushed close together in the ground. Pauline sketched the marks, which the others agreed were at true representation. A fourth trefoil could not be found.

Placing the witnesses at the points where they estimated these marks had been I found them to be eight feet apart. This would make the shallow depression (which was not evident now) just over eleven feet in diameter."

Unquote.

(This investigation took place in March, about two and a half months after the UFO sightings took place. - Author-)

An investigation made before the above-mentioned witness report shows that the object seen on the ground became airborne, as stated. The BUFORA report goes on:

"Mr. Paul Webb, a Bufora member, who had previously investigated the sighting, stated that a fence post which could have been in the line of flight was leaning away from the point of take-off; on the top of the post there was some thick, silvery, slimy deposit. Similar material was found by him within the area where the object had rested. We did not find any of the substance and the post had been straightened up. Mr. Banks said that he was a sceptic and by the time he got to the field the marks not very clear.

He also said that there had been a previous incident in 1958 only about 150 yards from the spot, and that a Mr. Frank Collins had been there when it occurred. He phoned Mr. Collins and in a few minutes he appeared.

He kindly consented to record for us the incident in 1958, which he remembered vividly. It was in June or early July and he was in his garden in daylight hours when he heard a tearing, rending, screaming sound, 'like a jet plane out of control'. There was a brilliant green light which outlined the objects against the white wall of his sitting-room. A crash followed, and when he turned round he saw that bushes were alight and smouldering some little way off. When he arrived at the spot, many people were running out of their houses to see what had happened and later both the police and the fire brigade appeared on the scene. The bushes were black and smouldering for 'about thirty square yards' and the police were probing a hole in the centre of the area which was about seven inches in diameter and fourteen inches deep. When they had gone, Mr., or rather, Major Collins took a knife and scraped around the base of the hole. He retrieved pieces of a silvery material resembling fused plastic, photographs being taken of a Mrs. Hutton holding a few of the fragments. These fragments Major Collins is trying to recover from Mrs. Hutton." *Unquote.*

Earlier UFO Cases

After looking over the reports of Nick Redfern, Dr. Doel and Paul Webb once more, I decided to drive to the sites of these alleged happenings, the sightings, the landings, then sinkings, to gather in some of the atmosphere of these events of long ago, if that were possible, and to attempt to ascertain if there were points of similarity, some kind of common ground on which one could make some sort of, admittedly, belated judgement. A number of these earlier UFO cases were of a nature that fascinated me, and, for the expense of a couple of gallons of petrol, the time could be well spent in "dredging up" the past, as it were! Ronald had no objection to this at all, just observing cryptically: "Watch out for large dogs and angry swans!"

In fact, I did manage to avoid one large, and potentially angry dog, then, a few minutes later, I met up with a large and helpful dog, a magnificent Alsatian doing a very important and humanitarian job of work, (or perhaps that should read "canitarian" in this instance; this one was guide dog for the blind.)

As I drove along the London Road out of Epping, I was debating with myself as to what I was looking for and what I would find. After all, these cases were investigated 35 and 36 years ago; whatever trail left behind would have disintegrated long ago. But, of course, it was not a trail I was looking for or expecting; I was looking for pointers that could convince me, to my own satisfaction, that these objects were *probably* objects from Outer Space.

After a few minutes of winding and turning and climbing and descen-

ding, I turned into the small village of Ivy Chimneys, a place of old and new and sometimes grandiose-looking houses, which one could imagine to be the retreat of some London business-man or Yuppie who'd tired of the Surrey stockbrokers' belt and decided to seek pastures - or forests - new. Because the whole area around here reminded a man of his closeness to nature, of his proximity to the ancient and noble Epping Forest itself.

I coasted down the hill in the short main street, again mulling over possibilities. The names still fresh in my mind, I thought I would begin with that of a resident, past or present, Mr. Banks himself. How could I trace Mr. Banks, who might well be dead after all these years? Parking the car alongside others lining the road, I walked back up the hill to the small pub: "The Spotted Dog"- Country Restaurant and Inn, as it states on the publican's business card, along with a drawing of a small and amiable-looking Dalmatian pup.

The pub was not yet open; it was mid-morning, but in answer to my knock, a baying and barking ensued that led me to believe that the originator of the sound was something other than a small and amiable Dalmatian pup. Unless this one had grown up.

Mr. Henry Hollins came out, wiping his hands on a bar towel, and gave a questioning look.

Ah, well, - Mr. Banks didn't live in Ivy Chimneys anymore, he'd moved out to one of the Lavers about 15 years ago. Mr. Hollins didn't know which one. (The Lavers are various small hamlets situated in this part of Essex.) Was there something I wanted to see him about? He might be able to find out his address? Could *he* help?

Ah, well, - I thought, as I thanked him, anyway. How do I respond to that? Then I thought of the way that Ronald had approached the Air Ministry. I took the bull by the horns.

"I don't know if you have any interest, ... a lot of people feel that, ... well, ... it's a little silly, unbelievable, in fact! Er ..." —I grabbed the horns. — "Do you believe in flying saucers, by any chance?"

There was a distinct break in the twittering of nearby birds, and for a moment, I thought I felt a tiny chill in the air, which had been warmed up by the summer sun when I left home that morning.

Henry Hollins looked at me a trifle quizzically, I thought, just for a moment. Then he passed the ball right back into my court.

"Do you?" he asked. He didn't even wait for the answer.

"Do I believe in flying saucers? I'll say I do! The missus and I *saw* a flying saucer, ... ooh, ... twenty-odd years ago ..., what 1976 or thereabouts. Do I believe in flying saucers, ho ho!"

I was back on dry ground. Who would have imagined that the very first man I had ever met or spoken to in Ivy Chimneys had seen a UFO? or, perhaps, - a flying saucer!

"I was coming back home one night with the wife — we'd been into Waltham Abbey, — it was about half past ten or so. I think it was 1976 or thereabouts. Anyway, I'm sure they were doing something on the Motorway at the time, - the M25."

He pointed to the corner where the street disappeared up the hill in the general direction of the Epping Road.

"A bit further along on the London Road, - turning off to the right, takes you to Upshire and Waltham Abbey. We were coming back that way, - it was about half a mile to the Epping Road; we'd just passed Lodge Road on our right and the slip road to the Copped Hall Estates on our left, coming up Crown Hill."

I discovered later that this was deeply wooded on either side, truly within the depths of Epping Forest.

"Suddenly, we saw this light ahead up in the sky. Rather, it was a bunch of lights, like a string of them."

"Was the total length about the length of an airliner? I asked.

"Much more, much more, - I would say. And it was dead silent!"

"How did these lights move? I asked.

"They were coming straight towards the car at first; - I stopped the car on the hill for a moment and cut the motor. Eerie, it was. Then the lights stood still for a few moments, stood still in the air! Then, suddenly, this thing turned sharply away, sort of upward and backward at a steep angle, in a sort of a Vee to my right, then it zoomed back and made a sort of Zed, coming back to the right of me in the direction of Waltham Abbey at tremendous speed. And not a sound! It was all over in a couple of minutes, - as I was climbing the hill."

We were standing in the sunshine, a little way down the hill from his pub. It seemed almost unbelievable that he was talking about a flying saucer — or mother-ship? — doing zig-zags in the sky perhaps a mile or so down the road, when all around us the birds were twittering in the trees, and just down the street an elderly fellow had halted his down-hill bike-ride to chat to an acquaintance, removing his flat cap to scratch a white bald head the while. What would *he* have said if he had heard what Harry Hollins had just been telling me? You're mad! Or maybe he wouldn't. Maybe *he* had seen a flying saucer, too!

Mr. Hollins had been going to show me where Mr. Banks had lived, before he had moved out to one of the Lavers about fifteen years before. We continued about 30-40 paces down the hill, then stopped as he proudly pointed across the street to a house that he had built himself. Then he pointed to the house next door.

"It's been added to, - it's a lot bigger than when Mr. Banks lived there. Mind you, it's fifteen years ago."

If I had been walking alone down the road, I would have been tempted to guess that this was the house. On a decorative board by the ornate front gate was a sign: "BROADBANKS."

Next to it was children's playground and a pathway leading off to the left of the road and up a grassy slope towards some trees on the brow of the hill.

"That path will lead you up past where the stables used to be," said Mr. Hollins. "They're to the left, behind the trees."

The Zig-zagging UFO

Figuring that I would be taking a short walk up that grassy slope in a very short while, I asked the publican if I could kindly use his toilet, and would he kindly draw a sketch and make a couple of notes of the incident of the zig-zagging UFO. Of course he would, he said, but I'd have to hang about a bit until he'd locked up the dog.

Five minutes later, "Spotted Dog" UFO documentation in my camera-bag, I thanked the landlord, apologized for being teetotal, and wandered out to investigate the former "Banks' Riding Stables."

Walking over the tufty grass of the common ground leading up the slope to the brow of the hill, I saw a man with a large Alsatian walking in my direction. The man was blind, and his amiable canine chum was a guide-dog. So amiable was his chum that as his master and I conversed the large Alsatian sat itself on my foot, until I gently shoved him off, bearing in mind Ronald's admonition to watch out for large dogs and angry swans. He didn't mind; he just sat and looked out at the trees lining the riding stable grounds which separated it and the meadow beyond from the heath and the woods at the top of the hill.

It turned out that his blind master had been a soldier, a para-trooper; he had been blinded during an Army exercise where they had been operating in a smoke screen environment. Some idiot, possibly an officer, had added to the excitement by tossing in a phosphor bomb or magnesium flare; it had exploded in our friend's face.

I told him why I was up by the brow of hill overlooking Banks' former riding stables. He didn't scoff at "flying saucers" either; in his position, I imagine he would have been very pleased to have had the opportunity of seeing one for himself. Unfortunately, he said, like the publican of "The Spotted Dog", he wasn't living in Ivy Chimneys in 1963, and hadn't heard anything of a UFO incident reported in a local Epping newspaper. We

finished our little chat, we shook hands, and he wandered off, while I snooped between the trees with my camera, wondering if I might see a wooden post knocked to one side by an aerial object, a wooden post topped with a slimy, silvery substance that had formerly had its being in the meadow beyond.

In the meadow beyond, past the corral-like enclosure and the paddock adjoining, and about a hundred yards from my prying camera, were several horses, a white one and a number of chestnuts, grazing and chomping on the grass much as one of their predecessors would have done after Pauline Abbott had shooed off her "ewe eff oh" 36 years before.

I could see how Pauline's indisputable "flying saucer" would have been well concealed from the outside world; thick woods surrounded the paddock and the meadow on three sides; the heath beyond would have been bereft of humankind on that cold, dusky hour after Christmas 1963. It could well be imagined; an object glowing in the dark of late afternoon, an object which responded to Pauline's startled cry by lifting up, freeing itself from the churned-up mud of the meadow and heading off towards the anonymity of Epping Forest.

My next port of call, after a slight diversion, was to be the Ferry Lane Bridge over the River Lea at Walthamstow, less than 8 miles to the south-west of Ivy Chimneys as the duck flies.

And, too, I must be mindful of Ronald's admonition: to watch out for angry swans. And swans there were, aplenty.

The eight miles by the duck must become somewhat further by car, and while I was driving I was musing over the history of the once-royal Epping Forest, going back before William the Conqueror, before King Harold, before the Danish Kong Knud —Canute—, yes, before the Vikings and the Saxons and the Normans, and the Romans, to the Iceni, and the pre-historic tribes of the Stone age. The Glacial period ended about 10,000 BC, and the forests of the temperate zone began to flourish over the lowlands of England. Mesolithic flint tools have been dug up at High Beech, Waltham Abbey, Broxbourne; remains of a Stone Age settlement by a water-course in Harlow. The ancient wooden church at Greensted juxta Ongar, with its leper hole still in situ, was probably built by Danes in 1013, a half-century before Harold got a Norman arrow in his eye. Legend has it that a grave in the grounds of Waltham Abbey church held his remains for centuries, until this day. As for Queen Boadicea, her Iceni warriors burned part of London and Colchester to the ground, to deny them to the Roman armies. They would have been busy in Epping Forest, I thought to myself as I drove between the tall trees.

The River Lea Diversion

I overtook a large yellow double-decker bus driving in the red "bus lane" as I approached what I earnestly hoped was the Ferry Lane Bridge a hundred yards ahead. The bus was a Number 123. London Transport had obviously changed its colour scheme, on this route anyway, in the intervening 30-odd years.

Parking by a playing field in a quiet, residential side-turning, I locked the car and, with my copy of Nick Redfern's "Cosmic Crashes" and the "Master Atlas of Greater London" under my arm, I walked the couple of hundred yards back to the bridge crossing the River Lea.

It was obvious that its surroundings had changed greatly, but the river had not. There were blocks of high-rise flats in newish estates on either side of the river now; what on an older map was shown as Glendish Marsh was now Millmead Industrial Centre; a former sports ground was now Tottenham Hale Railway Depot.

Running northward from Ferry Lane are two channels, one the River Lea (or River Lee) Navigation, the other, the River Lea Diversion. The Navigation canal comes down to twin locks on the northern side, allowing passage for barge traffic and pleasure boats and "floating homes" whose owners might wish to meander along the river, or "emigrate" to pastures, or "water meadows, new.

On the south side of the Ferry Lane Bridge, where the waters are seven-

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the *Gensing Gardens News* team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

ral feet lower, is an area as calm as a village pond and, at present, the haven for a family of swans, the 30-40 feet deep channel where a "silvery object, 9 feet long" came out of the sky one day in April 1964 and plunged, with much "bubbling and hissing" into the quiet waters of the River Lea.

I went first to the lock-keeper's house, which is situated by the tow-path on the west side, north of the main bridge. River Lea (Navigation) flows beneath this main bridge and is spill into twin locks, Tottenham Lock, by a long "island" jetty, from which four iron-runged ladders descend to the water at its lower lever for barge traffic, enabling crews, if necessary, to climb out from between the high walls of either of the locks while emptying or filling.

As I stood near to the lock-keeper's house, watching a gaudily-painted barge, probably a travelling home, christened "RUSSIA", was settling into the water emptying from the upper reaches of the river into the lower, one of its crew handling the bar which operate the gears attached to the lock-gates. I took a seat on the bench nearby and re-read the passages in Nick Redfern's book, trying to visualize what happened back there in 1964, when an aerial object with the probable velocity of a falling bomb approached the bridge almost certainly over the spot where I now sat. It was strange to think that in that few cubic yards of air space immediately over my head, a visitor from another world might well have deposited his calling-card, unintentionally perhaps, a calling-card of a very visual and very solid nature, that *could* have brought death and destruction in its wake. But for one thing. And that *one thing* we are going to discuss at a later point in this debate.

I looked at the two notices in the lock-keeper's front garden. On the window, a notice read: "Off Day". Whether it was his dinner, his disposition or himself that was "Off", suffice to say, I was already put off by a board on a pole in his garden that said: "Beware Of The Dog", which I decided was very anti-social. What did you do if you had business to discuss or a lock to operate?

I knocked instead at the solitary neighbour's house and a handsome young woman of Indian appearance opened the window and quietly and kindly assured me that she didn't know where the lock-keeper was or when he would be back. I thanked her and walked away along the towpath, considering the possibility that the man might conceivably be visiting a supermarket or a small corner store somewhere, buying up tins of Chum or some such dog-meat which might spare potential callers at his abode the inconvenience of a few weeks in hospital having a piece of flesh grafted from his hip onto a hole in his leg. A Rottweiler, perhaps?

It's rather a pity really, that the appearance and habits of such a dog utterly derogate that charming little walled town, Rottweil, in Bavaria, near the Swiss border, where I spent a pleasant night's board with a large German ex-paratrooper and his family many years ago.

A man and his dog - not a Rottweiler - were standing on the jetty near the bridge looking down onto the slowly descending barge. I asked a question to initiate a conversation.

"Why is it in *this* lock? Don't they keep to the "drive on the left" rules on the river?"

The man, possibly in his late-fifties, pointed to the gates on the lock by the opposite bank.

"Well, normally this chap would be passing through *that* lock. It seems that something needs repairing, so they're using this one instead. It's as well that there isn't much traffic on the river." He asked conversationally: "Not local, are you?" He might have seen the London Atlas I had under my arm. He went on as I was about to answer: "There's the high flood tide marker on the wall over there." He pointed to the bridge support. "1967. Record tidal mark."

Seeing that the man was so talkative, I thought I might sound out his local knowledge.

"Were you here in 1967?" I asked.

The man shook his head. His dog, an unidentifiable cross-breed, was eyeing a pigeon nearby on a pole jutting out above the nearby jetty. Not

one of Ronald's "large dogs", thankfully.

"No, - I didn't live here then. Another part of London."

I decided to grab the bull by the horns again, as Ronald would have done. "In for a penny -" he would have said.

It was in the papers at the time

"I'm interested in something that happened here in 1964." I thought I'd give it a bit of authority. "It was in the papers at the time. - The other side of the bridge."

I told him about Bob Fall, the bus-driver, making a joke about the police-spokesman's "flight of ducks". He thought seriously about the 9 feet, silvery object crashing in the river. It was feasible, he said.

I don't see why not. - Who's to say that there's no-one else up there. It's not likely that we're the only human beings in the Universe. They've not proved it one way or another, have they?"

I decided once again to take the plunge. (Figuratively speaking.)

"I'm a UFO researcher, - flying saucers." I went on to tell him about Ronald's discussion with the river-policeman, and how he had been led along to a small private bridge across to a grassy island and a silted-up channel only a few feet deep, explaining that the real stretch of water was not investigated until the early hours of the morning.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "They can be a bit crafty when they want to, the police. - Did you ever find out what it was?"

I shook my head;

"Not really. Not for certain. But there are so many suspicious-sounding explanations, that it's hard to believe that this was an Air Force fuel tank or a missile that was released accidentally, when it was hidden in a UFO file for 30 years."

I asked him if he knew the lock-keeper, thinking that, if I could speak to the man, I might be able to trace back to the name of the lock-keeper of 1964, - if he was alive. He shook his head.

"No, not really."

Several yards behind him and above his head, an iron gantry attached to the side of the bridge just below the level of the road crossed over both narrow channels, with their lock-gates holding back the waters, until it reached the far side of the river where a notice reading: "PRIVATE" barred access. There was the private bridge.

But there was no grassy island.

We walked together under the bridge, along the towpath where, years before, Ronald had found his section of telephone wire cut down by a mystery flying object. Certainly no duck. The water here was almost without a ripple, the lock-gates behind me closed tight. The barge "RUSSIA" had moved off towards the east, which was perhaps the right direction for it to go, perestroika or no perestroika.

"Cheerio, chum," said my companion suddenly. "I'm taking the dog off home. Hope you find what you're after! Good luck!"

As he turned to leave, he chuckled and touched my arm.

"Hey, look! There!"

I turned and couldn't help a smile. The family of swans was sailing off down the river like a small naval flotilla, with Mum (or Dad) in the lead, five greyish-brown cygnets in dead line-astern, and Dad (or Mum) behind and to one side, taking up the rear. I quickly grabbed my camera and took a shot as they moved smoothly off into the distance, in the direction of "RUSSIA", leaving a tiny ripple of a wake on the quietly-running surface of the water.

There was not one angry swan in sight.

I saw my "Grassy Island"

Looking back towards the bridge, I saw my "grassy island". The two spans of the main bridge, the concrete facade in the process of receiving a coat of white paint, fronted the shadowed entry to the lock-gates, the centre support resting squatly on a concrete base edged round with heavy wooden fenders bearing numerous rubber tyres for extra protection for the barge traffic. On the far side of the main channel, a short length of quay-side lifted from the water, tufted on top with a straggling cover of rye grass, the tail-end of my "island". Ronald was right. On the further side of this short promontory of land projecting from the south side of Ferry Lane Bridge was another broad channel and another bridge.

My mystery was solved.

I strode up the ribbed, cobbled slope to the level of the road, once more surveying the land. Walking back over the bridge, I waited for the traffic to thin out and crossed the road. I could see the extensive development that had taken place on what was shown on the old map to be a bare area of land extending south between Glendish Marsh and the miles-long Lockwood Reservoir. Fifty yards or so to the east of the main bridge was the other bridge of the two mentioned in the "Walthamstow crash" report, the further bridge I had seen from the towpath. From *that* towpath there appeared to be nothing to choose between the two, just two main channels divided by the long, straggly island.

As I stood on the other bridge looking down, I knew I was on "a spot overlooking a silted-up channel forking off from the main river. This was certainly no more than 4-6 feet deep. The policeman said that this was where they had dragged, and nothing unusual had been found."

What on the opposite side of the bridge looked like a normal, deep stretch of the river, showed itself on this side to be a trickle of water where a couple of ten-year-old school-boys looking for tiddlers would come to no harm. A couple of wading birds poked their beaks into the muddy bottom through which a small rivulet meandered off between an overgrowth of bushes and on into the distance. There was a kind of muddy "sandbar" stretched across this channel, on the south side of which the water deepened, but only to the extent that one could see a crumpled sheet of white paper resting on the bottom. I enjoyed taken my pictures of this fraud of a river, knowing now how the trick had been done. This was on the north side of the tributary bridge. It was on the south side that, in the vernacular of a Cockney Londoner, there had been "dirty work at the cross-roads."

I sat back in an easy-chair, mulling over the observations I had been making on my Ivy Chimneys-Ferry Lane Bridge day-trip, which had given me much food for thought.

For one thing, the description of both objects reported from near at hand, - one, nine feet long, cigar-shaped and silvery; the other, eight feet long, cigar-shaped, white and glowing, - were so similar as to be other than a matter of coincidence. The likelihood of them being of a common manufacture, indicating the same or strikingly similar design, - and intelligent design at that, - was too close to explain away lightly. That they were both aerial objects of an unknown technology, the one witnessed to by its observed take-off and flight, the other inferred by the crude explanations given by "authority", the circumstances surrounding its alleged removal, and the maintained secrecy regarding its nature and origin in a Government UFO file, were indications that they were both probably extraterrestrial artefacts, detailed knowledge of which would be of inestimable military and scientific importance. The furore surrounding the Roswell incident assures us of that.

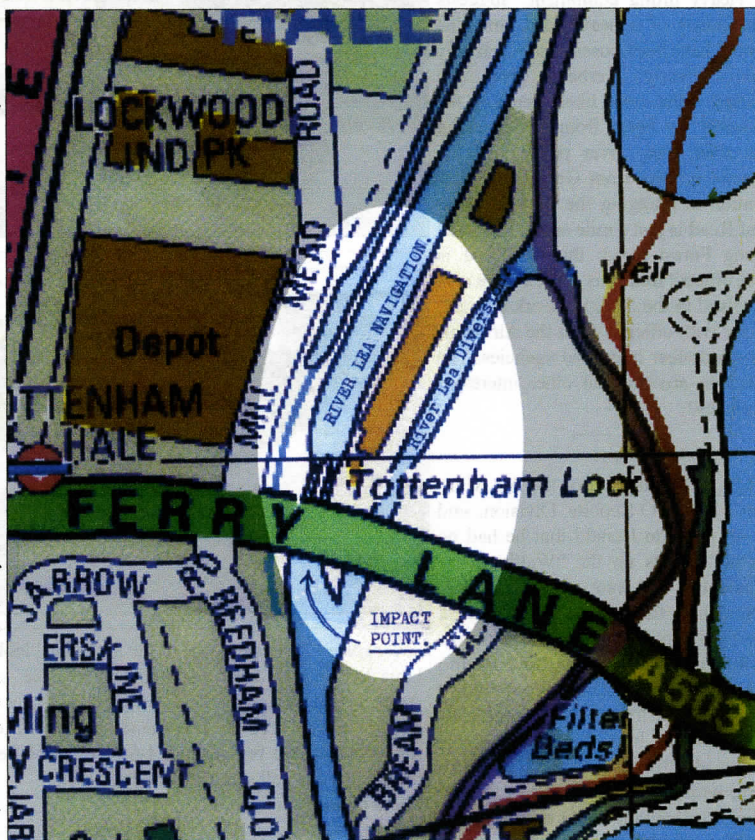
One point of significance with regard to the Ivy Chimneys sightings is the closeness in time of the two reports and that both objects were allegedly observed from the riding-stables. The fact that the smaller object landed in the exact area from where the larger object had been seen the day before points to the landing having been brought about by design. The larger object was of the nature and estimated size of the "average" scout-ship, the smaller, as we shall indicate later, was almost

certainly a probe.

For what purpose would the crew of a scout-ship land a probe in a small field in a village in Essex? It is impossible to know. For what purpose have there been so many appearances reported over the area of Epping Forest throughout the 1960s? Perhaps the crew of this one were interested in viewing the circumstances of a large earthly quadruped grazing or being ridden by a human in these domesticated surroundings? Perhaps they don't have horses up there!

Come to that, for what purpose would a "probe" be "probing" London?

again, I recalled the analysis of the "Walthamstow crash", both from Nick Redfern's summary of Ronald Caswell's letter to the Air Ministry and his talks with Bob Fall, the bus driver, and the points Ronald had recently made, - along with "educated guesses" as to what these aerial artefacts



could be interest in.

It Flew Straight Across The Road

The estimate of nine feet would have been guessed at when the object was at its closest point to Bob Fall's bus. As a bus-driver who has to be very experienced in estimating the width of a gap between the traffic he is approaching, the object would have been somewhat longer than the width of this bus, 7ft.6in. One would expect his estimate to be accurate to within one or two feet either way, say between seven and eleven feet in length. Moreover, if the object coming *towards* him was consistently "cigar-shaped", not pointing and not whirling out of control then, aerodynamically-speaking, it would probably be circular, like two hub cabs joined at the outer edges, i.e., disc-shaped *or* diamond-shaped, point-first, with rounded edges. "I saw something coming towards me very, very fast," said Bob.

"It flew **straight across** the road and, had I been a **few yards further forward**," (emphasis mine. - *Author*) "it would have hit the top deck of the bus." The London bus then was 13ft.6in. high, 27ft.6in. long.

The statements: "coming *towards me*" and "*across the road* in front of the bus" presenting this consistent "cigar-shaped" aspect, suggests strongly that the object was discoid in design.

"There was a big splash -" points to either visual evidence of water rising into the air in a spray, or an explosion of sound, or both. (That doesn't

sound like a duck, - more like a flying hippopotamus!)

"The driver, as he later confirmed," the report said, "was on the **larger** of the two bridges -" (in fact, Ronald added, and as I myself observed, it is the bridge spanning two channels of water divided by a section of concrete and brickwork on which the centre support rests), "- when he slowed down to hear the bubbling and hissing -."

So Bob was actually *on* the bridge when he applied his brakes and slowed down. Again, all this points very much to the object being immediately adjacent to the parapet of the bridge, because "when it was late enough for the general public to have cleared off, **heavy lifting equipment** was brought in - " (Emphasis mine. - Author)

"Heavy lifting equipment" suggests expectancy of a heavy load, and this would have been possible to reach only from directly overhead, from the bridge, - the most likely method, **or**, possibly, by barge from further along the river. The "river policeman" assisted "officers from Greenleaf Police Station in dragging the river." Greenleaf Road is just a mile and a half back along Forest Road; the likelihood is that officers from this station were also involved in the dredging work at night, along with officials from the Air Ministry and other interested agencies. The question arises; what other interested agencies?

Mr. R.A. Langton, of the Air Ministry's S4, UFO Reports, Division, said in his letter to Ronald that he had no further reports on the "Walthamstow incident." He went on: "If a wing-commander from the Air Ministry took the trouble of driving to Walthamstow to **interrogate** (emphasis mine. -Auth.) - the bus driver on 25 April, I should be most grateful for any further information you may have that would enable me to identify him." Nick Redfern in turn, wrote of *five* divisions of the Air Ministry receiving UFO reports in the 1960s, *and* of documents showing that some reports bypassed S4 and went directly to Air Intelligence itself. Was this Intelligence agency also involved with the now very mysterious "Walthamstow crash"? It could not be ruled out.

For this reason and other, I decided not to visit Greenleaf Police Station, as was my original intention. If the Air Ministry *had* been involved in the removal of the object from the river, it would seem highly possible that the Official Secrets Act would have been invoked and local police officers would be subject to discipline if the case was made public beyond the already publicly-known fact that something had fallen into the River Lea. If from no other source, the news would have spread like wildfire from the startled passengers on Bob Fall's bus. As the UFO-case is still very much under wraps officially, - despite "releases" of de-classified documents, - it would be reasonable to assume that inquirers at Greenleaf Police Station opening up the Ferry Lane incident, even after all these years, would also be "opening up a can of worms", using the highly-colourful American jargon which ably fits *this* case. "Official" callers on UFO researchers are *not* a thing of the past; whatever the term "MIB" alludes to, the 1990s also has its share, and more, of covert agencies poking their noses where they are not wanted.

After all, if, in S4's Mr. R.A. Langton's letter, the Air Ministry man wrote of a wing commander driving to Walthamstow "to interrogate the bus driver", - thumb-screws and all, - what chance do the rest of us have? Very little, probably!

Why did the Police confine their search?

The question was asked of the Air Ministry: "Why did the police confine their search to a narrow, silted-up area of water, at least during the hours before midnight? Did they receive instructions from higher up?" *Unquote*. Could this have been from Air Intelligence?

Perhaps we might suggest a little scenario of our own.

Bob Fall: " - There was a big splash in the water. I stopped as soon as I could to report it."

A message goes out to Greenleaf Police Station, who inform the relevant department at the Air Ministry. A great bustle ensues and a Minister is informed.

"UFO in the drink? Where, for Heaven's Sake? - Oh, - ha-ha! Did you get that, Cyril? Heaven? - UFO? - Oh, never mind. - Get the Super in charge of the Greenleaf Area; tell him to get to the Station sharpish and organize a diversion of some kind. - Yes, man, - a diversion!

There must be plenty of water there, - they've got bloody reservoirs all over the place! Don't let the public or the newspapers get wind of this or they'll be spreading stories all over the place about 'Flying bloody Saucers'! Do what? Yes, I know, - it probably *is* a bloody 'Flying Saucer', but we can't tell *them* that, or it'll frighten them out of their bloody lives! - Yes, Cyril, get the Super down there to create a diversion of some kind to put the papers off the scent. - Yes, old chap, - and give Cynthia my love, you sly one! - You watch out I don't tell you better half, you dog, you! - Love to Agatha? Wilco, old man. Roger and out. - Yes, tatta."

Superintendent in charge of Greenleaf Station area looks at map.

"Where the Hell can I place a 'diversion'? It either fell beside the bloody bridge, or it didn't fall beside the bloody bridge. The driver knows that and the passengers know that. And we're not

going to keep this out of the papers for a start."

A subordinate officer lays a finger a little to the right of the lock gates at the Ferry Lane Bridge and points to the name on the map. A smile appears on the Superintendent's face as he sees a way out of his dilemma. He turns to his colleague and pats his shoulder.

"Good thinking, George, - just the ticket! The man wants a diversion, we'll give him one! - Bloody good thinking, George!"

And so the plan was made; the dredging-party would be operating in the shallow water at the first bridge until the public, - or most of it, - was in bed. nothing big; people would know that this part of the river was not much more than a few feet deep, so why would they be using heavy stuff? - Then, later on, they'd bring in the heavy duty crane. They'd move along to the main bridge where the driver said it had dived in, and they would just hope that this "UFO", or whatever it was, didn't blow up in their faces. - Scenario end.

With regard to the source of Ronald's information; he could not reveal the person's name. It appeared that one of Bob Fall's colleagues driving a late bus back to the garage on the night of April 13th 1964 had to slow down to a halt as he came to the Ferry Lane Bridge. There were signs of unusual activity, according to this person. The police escorted his bus past where part of the main bridge was blocked off. He glimpsed a large crane jib operating in the near darkness and a sizeable covered object dangling from the cable. Then the policeman waved him on.



Top caption: The deep side of the River Lea, looking from Ferry Lane Bridge. Site of incident that took place, evening of 13th April, 1964.

Bottom caption: To the left, the river is 30-40 feet deep, to the right beneath the bridge, just 4-6 feet. The latter was the area dredged by the police during day-light hours. Photo taken from tow-path.

When it first came up, I thought Ronald was joking. Then he pointed to it on the map, just as the "Superintendent's" subordinate officer might well have done.

I smiled, just as the "Superintendent" might have done.

There on the map, just upstream from my muddy, meandering and silted-up waterway, where the wading birds picked at minutiae on the straggling vegetation, perhaps wondering where their next meal was coming from, were the illuminating words: River Lea Diversion.

★ ★ ★

Ragnvald A. Carlsen

Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen
Royal Danish Air Force

SPACE

continued from page 4

From Online Bookseller to Starship Entrepreneur

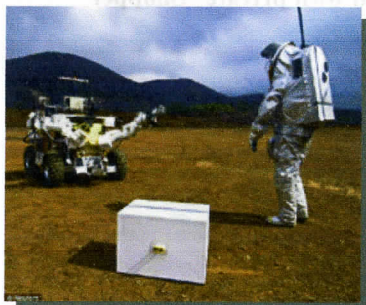
JEFF Bezos, the billionaire founder of *Amazon*, is developing a new generation of "space taxis" to replace the shuttle fleet that will come to an end this summer with space mission STS135.

Bezos, 47, has always been mad about rockets and space, although he previously kept his ambitions quiet and refused to confirm his building of a spaceport near the Texan town of Van Horn, until nearly finished.

After receiving a £13.4m Nasa grant to develop low-cost spacecraft capable of taking astronauts to the International Space Station by 2015, he can no longer avoid silence. At his Houston Office, the design for the new craft is shared by partners including Boeing.

He is already building a suborbital shuttle called New Shepard — named after Alan Shepard, the first American in Space — which will be able to transport seven people into suborbital space (at some 100km - 330,000ft altitude). Blue Origin, Bezo's private company, will compete with Sir Richard Branson's Virgin Galactic. ■

ESA's Dress Rehearsal For Mars



No, ESA has not yet put a man on Mars.

This barren desert terrain of Rio Tinto, Andalucia in sunny Spain, is the closest Earth's conditions get to Mars. Boffins were just testing out a prototype spacesuit and a £1.3million unmanned Rover named *Eurobot*.

The European Space

Agency called it a "dress rehearsal for the biggest journey our civilisation has taken". ■

Job Vacancy: Mars Pioneers on One-way Trip

THE astronomer royal, Lord Rees, has recently suggested that humans will only be able to set foot on Mars in the foreseeable future by cutting out the huge costs and technical complications of arranging a return journey.

The first astronauts heading for the red planet should be prepared to take a "one-way trip". He believes there would be plenty of volunteers willing to face the fate of leaving Earth to die in the new World. "Many could be found who would sacrifice themselves in a glorious and historic cause by forgoing the option of ever coming back home," he said.

Space scientists and astronomers are getting frustrated with the slowdown in space exploration in general. Last year, the U.S. cancelled Nasa's plans to send humans back to the moon. ESA has only limited plans to send astronauts into space, with the exception of the close by International Space Station.

"With the elimination of a return trip, the cost of a Mars mission would be cut by 80%," Rees said. ■

Having a Pint of Beer in space: Easier said than done

AUSTRALIAN engineers have developed a special brew for the weightless conditions.

Microbrewery, 4 Pines Brewing Company, designed a beer for the growing space tourism industry (!), called *Vostok 4 Pines Stout*. It is full-bodied and flavoursome, to counter the loss of taste that occurs when human tongues swell in space. Jason Held from Saber Astronautics Australia said that human faces puff out a little and tongues swell up a bit like having a bad cold. To overcome the loss of taste, the beer has been made strong enough.

A person testing the fluid on a zero-gravity flight over Florida, clearly liked the taste - he drank nearly a litre of it - but said he found it difficult to keep the bottle clamped to his mouth.

Since there is no gravity in space liquid will stay in a glass that is inverted. The test person had to shake the beer out of the bottle. Which means that the next task is to design a different kind of container. ■

In Search of: Extraterrestrial Neighbours ...

THE *New Scientist* issued mid-May, revealed in a leading article that our search for extraterrestrial life may be focused too narrowly.

The author said that there is an apparent lack of any other solar systems similar to our own, which we believe to have given rise to life. The diversity we are now seeing raises the possibility that planets quite unlike the ones we know might harbour life. If it does exist in such diverse environments, it is a reasonable assumption that it will differ from us in other fundamental ways.

Given our imperfect but rapidly growing store of knowledge, the idea that life can take many forms that to us will seem utterly exotic, looks increasingly plausible. (*Where and what have scientists then been looking for in the past?* - Ed.). ■

Believers should know:

'Heaven is a fairy story for people afraid of the dark'

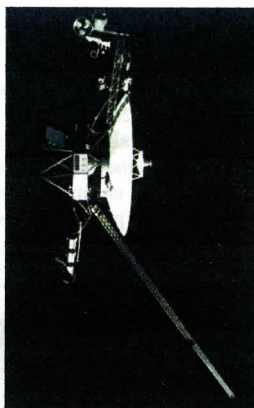
NOT immediately a subject that is related to Space, but since most religions point the finger to it when indicating the Divine Paradise, we thought it appropriate to classify it here.

Stephen Hawking, in an interview on May 16, has dismissed heaven as a "fairy story for people afraid of the dark". He insisted that, rather than advance to an afterlife, people's brains switch off like "broken-down computers" when they die.

Hawking, 69, admitted his views were partly influenced by his long battle with motor neurone disease, saying: "I have lived with the prospect of an early death for the last 49 years. I'm not afraid of death, but I'm in no hurry to die. I regard the brain as a computer that will stop working when its components fail. There is no heaven or after-life for broken-down computers."

The Cambridge based scientist sparked widespread outrage last year by claiming the universe was not created by God. No wonder religious groups condemned the professor's words. ■

Voyager 2: Speaking Alien since one year



ONE year ago, Unmanned craft Voyager 2 started sending "distorted" messages home from deepest space.

The probe, launched 34 years ago in a bid to contact extraterrestrial life, at the edge of our solar system [or, wherever it is now], stopped transmitting on 22 April 2010, then began to send 'gobbledegook'.

NASA engineers reckoned the glitch to be a data transmission fault they could repair. But so far, complete silence from the side of Nasa.

German Hausdorf claimed last year the signals could be alien transmissions. If so, would Nasa admit it? What did really happen? ■

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Five)

- This Matter Of "Proof" -

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

IF ONE WERE TO RELY solely on that branch of Ufology calling itself "scientific, rational, objective", then the world's summation of the UFO-case would amount to about half a million claimed sightings and not much else. By blinding themselves with their own science, these numbers researchers would have caused Ufology to die the death. Mainly through boredom, one might add.

So we won't look at "numbers Ufology" for an answer to the enigma of the "flying discs", because we won't find it. This group of quasi-scientific researchers and analysts have, to a great extent, sat with crossed legs - and, perhaps, crossed fingers, hoping, - examining its own collective navel for the past fifty years.

The only feasible and realistic way to look for solutions is to consider the claims of the so-called "contactees". Put them under a microscope, weed out the false and seek out the true. Don't throw out the baby with the bath-water. Don't cashier the lot because *some* might be fraudsters making a quick buck. There is a whole mountain of evidence to show that George Adamski, for a start, was not one of these.

So where can we find answers to our questions, possible solutions to our problems of understanding such cases as the Ivy Chimneys landing, the submersed aerial object at the Ferry Lane Bridge?

Part of an editorial in the UFO CONTACT journal of December 1968 considers the matter of "what is PROOF?" It deals first with a reply made by George Adamski to the request for artefacts from his claimed trips in space with "The Brothers" which could help his case when relating accounts to individuals or audiences or eminent authorities. His reply is something that modern sceptics do well to consider.

"Look what they have said about the space craft photos which show objects *entirely* different from any made on Earth - and which have been photographed by many people in different parts of the world! So, no matter how you look at it, unless the person himself has that something to recognize truth, it would make no difference what was presented as evidence, he still would want concrete proof *to suit his own understanding*, ignoring all the other minds in the world." *Unquote.*

These comments, taken from the Introduction to his book: "Inside the Space Ships", speak of "that knowing faith" and "the inner being of men", that recognizes truth in whatever form. He goes on:

"- Perhaps the Brothers from other planets are waiting until the inner being of men on Earth stirs ever so slightly towards a wakening stage, with desire for a better living amongst his fellow-man. Perhaps faith is of paramount importance; not blind faith, but that knowing faith which comes from within and cannot be swerved from what it *knows* to be true. The first book did contribute to such an awakening. The purpose of this book is to stimulate this activity into ever greater growth and understanding." *Unquote.*

Evidence offered by scientists.

The article goes on to speak of another kind of evidence, evidence that even today is pooh-pooed by arrogant men of letters as well as a great part of the general public.

"Science has, too, refused *scientific evidence*, evidence offered by scientists to the Establishment.

But, as the respected, now-deceased, Canadian Government scientist, Wilbert B. Smith, put it: 'It is truly said that one can lead a horse to water but one cannot make him drink.'

"If the only evidence we had was philosophical, we might justifiably suspect it," he wrote once. 'But when coupled with the reality of the observations, thousands of them, we cannot dismiss it so easily. This is especially true when we consider that the science which has been passed to us from these people from elsewhere explains in a manner which we have been quite unable to do, and how it is that they can do things which to us are virtually impossible. The science and the performance check perfectly!

'Again, we have been told where our scientific ideas are wrong, or inadequate, and experiments have been suggested and carried out, and in every case the alien science has been vindicated.'" *Unquote.*

The UFO CONTACT editorial continues:

"As events have shown over the years since all these things were written, the 'horse' just didn't want to drink. Scientific so-called 'studies' have studiously ignored the mass of evidence gathered by the world-wide civilian UFO-research groups throughout the past 20 years. Their investigations have taken in only the data collected and already sifted by the military Air Force agencies concerned, plus some isolated cases thrust upon their attention a short while after an incident took place, to be met with the complaint that they were not informed of it soon enough.

Where public anger has forced authority to take action, the —very expensive— 'action' has lengthened into a yawning lethargy and ended with recriminations and accusations of impropriety.

If scientists were to do as Wilbert Smith did in the Canadian study, they would examine *all* cases of alleged contact along with the sighting reports. Unfortunately, where examination of 'contactees' has taken place, other scientists have complained at the time wasted on 'kook' cases.

And so it goes. 'Contact' has become a dirty word in UFO-research; because of its exploitation by persons interested only in self-aggrandizement and money; the basic concept of meetings between saucer-crews and Earth-people, — which is a very logical concept, especially after 20 years of sightings, — has caused a deep rift to form within the ranks of that world minority of people interested in 'flying saucers' or UFOs.

The world masses generally, if they can be persuaded to comment on the subject, consider all 'saucer-believers' as strange, credulous creatures. Conveniently overlooking their own nomenclature, 'serious UFO researchers' consider 'contact-believers' or users of the term 'flying saucer' to be strange, credulous creatures;" The article continues by pointing to another serious hurdle.

'Serious investigators' cry 'evangelistic clap-trap.'

"If some 'contact-believers' look for Biblical, legendary or pre-historic links with the present-day visitations, in an attempt to find possible common philosophical or even technological ground on which to further their research or theories, 'serious investigators' cry 'evangelistic clap-trap', 'religious crank', 'crack-pot' and 'lunatic fringe'. They cannot see that they widen and deepen the abyss forming before their own feet.

Because, in the logical scheme of things, even if contact had not yet taken place, contact **must take place** at some time in the future. *When* and *at what point* will these 'serious researchers' accept contact?

If contact is proven to be made with alien human beings, who is to say that Adamski and others had not preceded this *proven* contact with their alleged meetings?

It is, then, the 'serious researchers', as they call themselves, who are splitting the ranks of those interested in the flying saucer problem as a whole; their own dogmatic assertions, standing in judgement as they do over those others who sincerely believe in contact, are equally as destructive as the dogmatic assertions of orthodox science which stands in judgement over all saucer believers." *Unquote.*

A greater part of any branch of research, be it etymology, history, astrophysics or whatever, is in checking through the written word. Of course, it's the same with UFOlogy. Along with sighting investigation, discussion, documentary video viewing and all the rest, it would all be pointless if one were to simply ignore what someone else has said or written on the subject, even if one disagrees in principle or with some specific issue in mind. However, the opposite was the case as I thumbed through a box-file containing the relevant copies of the UFO CONTACT JOURNAL with specific issues in mind with which I am in full agreement.

I had already settled in my mind that the Ferry Lane object, - and indeed, the one landed at Ivy Chimneys in Epping Forest, - were flying discs. For reasons already explained, the consistent "cigar-shape" of Bob Fall's UFO indicates to me that it was, in fact, disc-shaped. In the Pauline Abbott sighting, although "cigar-shaped", the object left a "shallow depression just over eleven feet in diameter. - four radiating marks - were found to be eight feet apart." It was impossible to think of anything but a circle.

I found the article I was looking for in the December 1967 issue. It was entitled: "Wired For Sound". Two questions formed the sub-titles. "Is There Another Kind Of Evidence Of Our Visitors' Presence On Or Above The Earth? Are 'They' Listening In To What We Say?" It was an article written by Ronald Caswell. But the section in which I was particularly interested at the moment was headed: "Telemeter Discs".

"Adamski has several times mentioned occasions when telemeter discs — small, remote-controlled recording devices — have been observed operating in the vicinity of his former home at Palomar Gardens. For a detailed explanation of the operation and apparent purposes of these tiny 'saucers' one can read the article by Major Hans Petersen in the February 1967 of the issue of UFO CONTACT.

Some telemeter discs are understood to be capable of receiving sound and pictures, much in the fashion of the television camera, but using a fanatically simple innovation in the science of physics that would put our transistorized electronics to shame. Other types of discs record atmospheric pressures, temperatures, etc., as well as registering the multitudinous phenomena in space itself. The tiny devices are guided by electromagnetic impulses beamed from the larger craft.

In this matter of recording information on 'magnetic' tape, which is becoming widely used in many fields, including the political, the military, the scientific, etc., it is feasible to suggest that these small devices could be made to 'lock-on' (though not physically) to the recording head of a particular machine which is being operated. Even copying of tapes, not requiring 'sound' or amplification, could be monitored in this way. The information could then be beamed back to the mother-craft from which it was sent.

From this, one could theorize that, on hearing 'confidential' or 'harmful' information being passed onto a tape recording, the operator of the disc could cause a magnetic pulse to be directed onto the tape, or the head itself, either to erase certain chosen portions, or even to completely de-sensitize the whole spool, or even, in extreme cases, to 'neutralize' the recording machine itself.

"If one considers the modern espionage methods of such bodies as the CIA, or the Soviet Intelligence, with their bugging devices and other electronic marvels, then one must perceive how simple it would be for a vastly superior technology to intercept any message, anywhere in the world, which is transmitted over radio and television frequencies, or passed through devices such as the everyday tape-recorder.

What kind of evidence is there for this assumption? Why should one attempt to connect tape-recorders with the elusive flying saucers?

Here, in excerpt, is the incident reported on Page 76 of the February 1976

issue of UFO CONTACT. Read it, digest it, and come to your own conclusions.

"In a lecture to members of the Vancouver Flying Saucer Club in March 1961, Mr Smith was speaking of the peculiarities of a newly discovered force which was apparently associated with the UFOs. This he called the "tempic field". He came onto the subject of the telemeter discs.

"- We had very good reason to believe that a certain conversation we were having with a friend of mine was being monitored by one of these little fellows. So when we came out of the house, we made a definite effort to locate it. It was down in a ditch just in front of the house, and as soon as we spotted it, apparently the people who were controlling it became aware of the fact. As soon as we spotted it we saw what appeared to be just like a heat-wave, something like a foot in diameter. Popped out of the centre of this was what appeared like a little disc about so big, and it just took off like that and disappeared into the great blue yonder.

"- I think the whole operation probably occurred in less than, maybe two seconds, but we were looking right at it, and there were three of us, and we all saw the same thing. And knowing this trick about the field, we figured that that was how it was done -"

"One may ask how they could have had "very good reason to believe" that they were being monitored? Wilbert Smith was an electronics specialist. One might assume that, in his years of investigation and research into the UFOs, he would have discovered a means of detecting, magnetically, the presence of "these little fellows".

"Perhaps he learned his lesson via a tape-recorder?" *Unquote.*

Perhaps we can go now from the personal experiences of George Adamski and Wilbert Smith, to another, military man, who has also had a number of personal encounters with these "little fellows". In the February 1967 issue, we come upon an article entitled: "The Telemeter Discs" by Major H.C. Petersen, who has seen these devices whilst on duty as Air Traffic Control Officer with the Danish Air Force from the 1940s to the 1970s, and also on a more personal basis, in the vicinity of his own home, and in company with his wife. In fact, Major Petersen has sighted all the types of extraterrestrial craft mentioned in his article with the exception of the submarine-type craft.

Because of the length of the article, we will take those excerpts which are, perhaps, more relevant to our present debate.

"Small, remote-controlled observation discs"

"WHEN Unidentified Flying Objects come under discussion most people think of flying saucers - that is to say, manned bell-shaped or saucer-shaped objects of varying sizes.

But we also have the mother-ship — the tremendous, cigar-shaped interplanetary carrier which brings all the other objects into, or within range of our atmosphere. We have the similarly-shaped submarine-type craft, which moves in the interplanetary 'sea', the sea of air, and the sea of water, without any apparent change taking place in the transition from one environment to the other. And we have the small, remote-controlled observation discs which, in some respects, might be considered the most interesting type of all, because it appears everywhere, and, as such, can be seen by anyone.

Let us look a little, then, at this anywhere and everywhere observational device, and hear something of its comings and goings since the year 1944.

Whereas the other types — the mother-ship, the saucer (or scout-craft, as it is sometimes called), and the under-water or sub-marine-type craft — have not undergone any great change, as far as their appearance is concerned, it is wholly otherwise with the *Telemeter Disc*, as we have chosen to call this small, remote-controlled object."

Unquote.

Major Petersen then goes on to describe the so-called 'foo-fighters', the tiny, often green tele-discs that operated in many theatres of war, Europe and the Far East in the main, and both sides thought that they were a secret weapon of the enemy, though, strangely, these tiny devices showed no hostility to any side, but were truly what they later were

shown to be, - observation discs quite unlike anything seen before. And they were quite neutral. He goes on:

"Now they were the size of a hand-ball."

"They came again during the latter part of the fifties, our mysterious visitors; but now with a somewhat altered appearance. Now they were the size of a hand-ball, 'fog-coloured' by day, self-illuminating by night, without, however, 'throwing out' any light. And now, one notes with interest, they took on a wholly discernible operation pattern. They made their appearance primarily in the vicinity of areas where many people or large number of animals suffered a violent death, i.e. by some natural catastrophe, railway accidents, ship-wrecks, air crashes; - they could even be seen at times at sites of lesser incidents, such as traffic accidents, suicides, fires and the like.

However, they are more often observed in the vicinity of military establishments and scientific test areas and installations. Even the actions of these objects in these circumstances were very varied, but most often they just stood there in the air - difficult to discern against the sky background, or at a low height, perhaps behind some trees or bushes, but seldom dominating.

Some years later, in the second half of the 1950s, this type was replaced - or rather, supplemented - by a larger type, 1.25 metres (approx. 4 feet) in diameter, and at the same time the operation area was widened to include near approaches to such everyday things as airliners, cars, motor-cycles, motor-scooters, etc., without apparent cause or untoward incident to attract them to the above-mentioned means of transportation. In some instances, car engines were stopped, but otherwise, generally speaking, it seems that action was limited to observation only.

"George Adamski told me in 1958 -" goes on Major Petersen, " - that certain of these telemeter discs are so simple to manufacture, that, normally it is not considered worthwhile to bring them back to the craft from which they are despatched. He said that such objects are normally energized to a certain timed activity relative to the task in hand. When this time has passed, a chemical process begins which, in the first instance, causes the object to *make for the nearest water* - (my emphasis - Author.) - and secondly, to disintegrate. Depending on circumstances the object changes to a jelly-like substance or to a kind of slag. The jelly-like substance is produced after a fall into water, whilst the slag is forthcoming when the water-bearing layer at the point of impact lies so deep that it cannot be reached, and the residue therefore remains on or in the dry earth.

"During the first half of the '60s a new variant came onto the scene, and although the three other types were seen once in a while, here and there, the new variety is most decidedly the one which more often puts in an appearance. It is seen everywhere, in all areas, - every single day.

The newest member of the UFO family is like nothing so much as a soap-bubble — yes, simply a soap-bubble, — and this is more likely than not one of the main reasons why people generally overlook them, because one just does not get excited over a soap-bubble.

However, **this** soap-bubble can move against the wind; it can go through bushes and hedges; just as it can react to an observer's attempt to make contact with it. So, you see, in reality, it has only its appearance in common with a soap-bubble.

And with this we have reached the point where everyone can join in - and can see that, though modest in size, this small, silent fellow is an emissary from our visitors' larger craft, - our visitors, who come from planets in our solar system which the science of today can 'prove' cannot support human life!" *Unquote.*

"They are intelligently-guided, these soap-bubbles -"

Major Petersen goes on to give instances of actual sightings of these telemeter discs in action, as well as providing three photographs in sequence of a bubble-like UFO the size of a baseball moving around at will in a factory car park. When one recalls the incident at Ivy Chimneys when Miss

Pauline Abbott called out and the UFO lifted off the ground at her voice, then one will read with some interest - and astonishment - the following account as related by Hans Petersen.

"They are obviously intelligently-guided, these soap-bubbles, because they can react on the thoughts of people who try to contact them. To illustrate clearly what I mean, and so as to remove immediately any thought of the supernatural, I shall give you an example of such an incident.

Krimilaassistent (detective-inspector) E. Sleij was walking along a busy main street in Copenhagen one day in 1965. Suddenly he caught sight of a soap-bubble which moved in and out between the cars driving along the road." (It should be mentioned here that Ensio Sleij was a member of Major Petersen's UFO study group, along with a number of Danish Air Force pilots and other personnel.)

"He stopped and said to himself, though addressed to the soap-bubble: 'If you are not a soap-bubble, but a telemeter disc, - then just you come over to me.'

The soap-bubble immediately left the heavy traffic, came over and laid itself at Mr. Sleij's feet. A moment later it rose slowly to the level of this face, stayed still in the air for some seconds, and then disappeared once again into the traffic.

There are many other instances which prove that the soap-bubbles react to 'transmitted' thought." (And also could "understand", - either the spoken language of just five million people, *or* the essence of the transmission from the mind, which needs no words but takes in a pattern of thought-waves which convey an idea - Ed.)

"Discs in action just above a military air-field."

Major Petersen goes on to give an account of an instance when both Petersen and his wife were together and saw such telemeter discs in action just above a military airfield. This account is recorded more fully at a later stage, along with many other personal experiences related by Major Petersen which occurred over many years of service in the Danish Air Force and many years, too, in UFO investigation and research.

In order to allay the thought that only officials in UFO-study groups see such phenomena, therefore they are entirely subjective, let us see how the Telemeter Disc article concludes:

"Comment by Ronald Caswell."

When asked by Major Petersen to translate the article above, I immediately sat down to go through my own files on the subject. Because the article struck a bell in my memory. The items which I am going to quote here have never been seen by Major Petersen; however, one thing is sure. His article is going to ring quite a few bells before long.

Correspondence between readers of the London newspaper, *Daily Mirror*, and the letters column of that newspaper were pretty-well on track for a short time some months ago. It started this way:

'Daily Mirror, Monday, December 20th 1965.

Trying to keep her feet on the ground, busy Mrs. Sheila Hadley of High Street, Hampton, Middlesex, has a job to keep her thoughts from Outer Space...

"I HAVE JUST witnessed a mysterious thing hovering over the road at roof-top level. In a few seconds it whisked away out of sight gaining height steadily, not as a bubble would on a gust of wind, but travelling at tremendous speed for such a small object.

It was approximately the size of a tennis-ball and closely resembled a bubble when I first glanced out of the window. When in motion it was more like a saucer.

I had taken my sixteen month-old daughter to the window to comfort her as she had knocked her arm which had recently been vaccinated as we are emigrating to Australia this month.

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the Gensing Gardens News team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

"Surely I cannot be suffering from hallucinations at this time, when my mind is on practical things like preparing lunch and packing. I can assure you this is genuine, as I have no time to waste inventing things."

I feel sad to think how I have scoffed at flying saucer stories." *Unquote.*

❖
"Despite the gale, not moving an inch."

Daily Mirror, Monday, January 3rd 1966.

Reports of unidentified flying tennis balls and bubbles are still coming in ... Mrs. S. Onions, of Ash Tree Road, Redditch, Worcester, writes:

"HOW pleased I was to read the Hampton reader's account of a mysterious flying tennis ball because everyone laughed when I told them about the 'bubble' I saw some year ago. We were then living in a second-storey flat.

I was looking out at the blizzard, the snow racing past the window, when I saw this tennis ball-sized bubble. It was as clear as glass and, despite the gale, not moving an inch. It just hung there and I couldn't believe my eye.

Then it moved across the wind and over the house-tops at an uncannily slow speed."

❖
And C. O'Neill, of Mead Road, Edgware, Middlesex, adds:

"I SAW an object which looked like a cross between a bubble and a saucer - at Hendon, some months ago.

At first I thought it was a balloon, but then it moved off at tremendous speed."

❖
Daily Mirror, Friday, January 7th 1966.

Now you're all seeing things! Following letters about mysterious flying bubbles, many other readers have reported sightings of unearthly phenomena. Mrs. E. Colville, of Horndon-on-the-Hill, Essex, writes:

"A FEW weeks ago I saw a tennis ball-sized object speeding at roof-top height over the field behind our house. It glowed a beautiful green and then suddenly vanished as if a light had been switched off, or it had entered a waiting larger vehicle. My husband saw the same thing the next day."

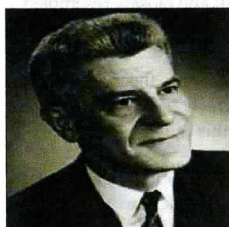
While Mrs. G. Wheatley, of Hornchurch, Essex, reports:

"I SAW a transparent object, the shape of a large saucer, going up and down in the sky and moving away from me. I am a very down-to-earth person, but I can't help thinking this was something out of this world." *Unquote.*

The comment concluded by relating the account of Wilbert Smith's personal experience, as told to the Vancouver Flying Saucer Club in March 1961.

Mr. Smith, until the time of his death from cancer in December 1962, was Superintendent Radio Regulations Engineering at the Department of Transport in Ottawa, and, as a Government scientist, led the flying saucer investigation "Project Magnet", originally sponsored by the Canadian Government until, owing to adverse publicity, it was 'discontinued'. Mr Smith, along with other scientists, carried on the project on a private basis, and was allowed to use the facilities at Shirley's Bay, near Ottawa, until the time of his death. Readers will in later articles be given a great deal of insight into the work of this dedicated and courageous man■

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen - ©



← Wilbert B. Smith

Hans C. Petersen (1962)



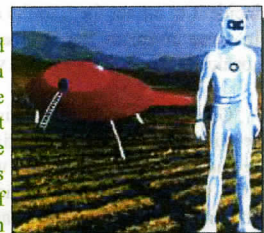
The 1957 Alien Abduction case of Antonio Villas Boas

An incident, often called controversial, that happened more than fifty years ago. The careful reader with an open mind, nevertheless, can find details in it that are rather 'common' throughout the years. There is the colour of the landed craft, described by Mr Boas to be red; and there is the landing gear: three 'legs'. Both these details can be found in very recent observations made this year, made by serious witnesses. As for the occupants of the craft, apart from the colour of their outfits, and helmets, it were human-like personages, as is what others have encountered, even not longer than last year, here in the U.K. by members of the Police...

ANTONIO Villas Boas was a Brazilian farmer claimed to have been abducted by extraterrestrials in 1957. His claims were among the first alien abduction stories to receive world wide attention.

On October 16, 1957, 23-year-old Boas was plowing his farm with a tractor at night to avoid the hot temperatures of the day. He saw what he described as a "red star" in the night sky. This "star" approached him, growing in size, until he recognized it as an egg-shaped craft with a red light at its front and a rotating cupola on top. The craft landed in the field on three "legs". Boas then decided to run from the scene.

He first attempted to leave on his tractor but its lights and engine died so he decided to run on foot. However, he was seized by a five-foot humanoid wearing grey coveralls and a helmet. Its eyes were small and blue. It made noises like barks or yelps of a small dog. Suddenly, three similar beings joined the first humanoid in restraining Boas, dragging him inside their craft.



Rendition of craft & Alien

Inside the craft, Boas was stripped naked then covered from head-to-toe with a strange gel. He was then led into a large semicircular room, through a doorway that had strange red symbols written over it. He was later able to recall them. Inside this room, the humanoid beings took samples of Boas' blood from his chin. He was then taken to a third room while some kind of gas was pumped into the room, making Boas become violently ill.

Boas claims he was soon joined in the room by a female humanoid. She was very attractive, and naked, the same height as the other beings, had a small, pointed chin and large, blue catlike eyes. The hair on her head was long and platinum blonde but Boas noticed her underarm and pubic hair were bright red. Boas said he was strongly attracted to the woman, and the two had sexual intercourse. During this act, Boas noted that the female did not kiss him but instead nipped him on the chin.



After having intercourse, the female humanoid smiled and rubbed her belly while gesturing upwards. Boas (left) understood this to mean that she was going to raise their child in "up there" in space. Boas said that he felt angered after the encounter. He felt as though he had been used and was little more than "a good stallion" for the humanoids.

He was then given his clothing back and taken on a tour of the ship. He attempted to steal a small clock-like object as a souvenir of his encounter, but was caught by the humanoids. He was then escorted off the ship and watched as it took off. When he returned home, Boas discovered that four hours had passed.

Following his abduction, Boas suffered from nausea, weakness, headaches and lesions on the skin. Dr. Olavo Fontes of National School of Medicine of Brazil examined the farmer and concluded that he had been exposed to a large dose of radiation from some source and was now suffering from mild radiation sickness.

Antonio Villas Boas later became a lawyer, married and had four children. He died in 1992, and stuck to the story of his alleged abduction for his entire life.

The aliens who abducted Boas were 5 feet tall, had small eyes and wore grey coveralls and a helmet. The female humanoid had human features except her eyes were blue and shaped like a cat. She also had a pointed chin. These clearly are not the features of the "zeta." In fact, Boas never asked or was told where these beings came from.■ — L.K.

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski

(Part Six)

The "Fire-Flies" That Won't Go Away

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

"ON THIS SIDE of the ship we were taken into a large room which proved to be the laboratory."

With these these words, George Adamski takes his readers to the very threshold of an entirely alien technology. Should some of those readers scoff at the idea then they need to look to themselves for explanations. This would most probably not be the first UFO publication they have read. In this instance the 'U' stands for 'Unidentified'. The technology speaks for itself. If one of our readers has identified that technology then he need read no further into the pages of this article. He will know it all. If he is not a know-all then he must be ready to be informed, either by George Adamski or by someone who, in the distant future, is finally accepted as having met these aliens and shown their technology. If that man cannot accept the logic of this, then one must feel pity for that man, for he has a closed mind. If it must, in the scheme of things, happen to an earthman of the future, then it could have happened to an earthman of the past. It did. It happened to George Adamski.

We shall not here go into details of the individuals whom Adamski met "Inside the Space Ships"; that is already on record to accept or reject. We shall, instead, go to areas in this chapter which give indications of the technology used by these aerial visitors, the devices used, and the use to which these devices are put. Here we trace back the science which put flying "soap-bubbles" into earth's atmosphere, smaller or larger unmanned probe-discs that have for years "telemetered" information of all kinds back to the monitor screens of aliens who are interested not only in our welfare but also their own. Atomic explosions do not delineate the geographical limits of their destructive forces, as "Science" has found to its cost. They now know, belatedly, that the very environs of space around Earth is threatened by man's innate seeking for one-up-manship, a rivalry that brings the human race to the brink of self-destruction.

For those who mockingly reject that our visitors might conceivably be here to offer a helping hand, then that is their loss. May any potential great-grandchildren of theirs who might be around in the Third Millennium be in a position to say anything, let's hope it will be: "We're glad they changed their minds."

"Never had I seen anything like this room, packed with the most amazing array of instruments imaginable. It seemed to me that every one of these strange instruments I was viewing for the first time was equipped with its own large control console. Six were already in action, and the six men who had accompanied us from the lounge immediately took their places at six more."

He was told: "All operators of these instruments are what you call advanced scientists. This is where we test the densities of the atmosphere around the Earth. Or of any planet or body which we approach. We study carefully the combinations of the elements of the atmosphere surrounding each body, as well as the elemental combinations of outer space. Although these are in a constant state of change, there is a pattern of behaviour according to universal laws. This causes certain combinations to remain for longer periods of time than others. In observing the activities of space, we are able, among other things, to detect the formation of any new body in outer space and determine its speed of growth."

He was taken to other areas of the ship.

"It seemed that wonders would never cease. Each new step brought fresh marvels until I began to fear that I could not retain half of them in my memory. But my friends assured me that when the time came to write, they would help me to recall an accurate picture of the night's events in every detail. I doubt if many men have spent a night so full of surprises, beauty

and vastly instructive sights, sounds and conversation.

Now, to my great excitement, I saw here twelve small discs lined up in two rows on opposite sides of the ship. I guessed immediately that these were the registering discs or small, remotely controlled devices sent out by the mother ships for close observation. They were about three feet in diameter, of shiny, smooth material, and shaped like two shallow plates, or hub-caps, turned upside down and joined at the rims so that the central part was a few inches thick. I learned, however, that such discs varied in size from about ten inches to twelve feet in diameter, depending on the amount of equipment carried. As I have stated elsewhere, they contained highly sensitive apparatus which not only guide each little Saucer perfectly in its desired path of flight, but also transmitted back to the mother ship full information on every kind of vibration taking in the area under observation.

"Vibrations cover a large field of waves pertaining to sound, radio, light and even thought waves; all of these could be monitored back to the parent craft for recording and analysis. Technically, perhaps, these small discs were the fine feats of interplanetary engineering I had yet seen. For in addition to the functions I have listed, they could also be disintegrated if out of control and in danger of falling to Earth, either rapidly by a kind of explosion or, if life or property on the ground were in danger, by a gradual disintegration process. These little aerial wonders were lined up on a wide table on each side of the room, resting in a kind of groove. In the ship's wall directly behind each disc was an opening like a port or trap door large enough for them to pass through. However, at the time we entered, all were closed." - *Unquote.*

Elsewhere in this account, instances of such cautionary disintegration processes have been described. In later articles personal experiences of this phenomenon will be presented by Major Hans Petersen regarding occurrences witnessed by himself and his wife near their home. First published in 1955, Adamski's "Inside The Space Ships" was the very first book to inform the world of this peculiar action of cautionary disintegration of these tiny craft; again, we see a "First" by George Adamski. We shall shortly be provided with another such "first" by this "fraud and charlatan", a "first" which has already startled a world of sceptics and offered much food for thought.

Adamski goes on::

"When we came into the room, no seats had been visible, but as the six women took their places before the control panels, small, stool-like seats rose silently from the floor, possibly due to pressure on a foot pedal.

These control panels differed slightly from others I had seen, and I cannot be certain whether small buttons were recessed into the panels, or whether they were operated by means of keys like an organ. Once seated, the women worked very quickly, their nimble fingers darting above the instruments as they fed instructions and flight data to the waiting discs. I remember noting the resemblance to six women playing in pantomime, a silent concerto. It was fascinating to see how, when a disc had received full 'instructions', one of the trap doors would open and the disc would slide smoothly into the orifice, passing through air-locks before hurtling away into outer space on its mission."

He was told: "Let us return to the laboratory where we can follow their flight on the instrument panels."

"Back in the laboratory, all the men were still operating the instruments in front of them. I noticed on one of the screens varying lines shaping, disappearing and reappearing in new formations. The lines would then be replaced by round dots and long dashes, which would quickly form into various geometrical figures." (How like a *modern-day* computer! Adamski was a veritable Jules Verne, wasn't he! And no-one laughed at him! - Ed.) - "At the same time, other screens were showing different colours of changing intensities, some in flashes and others in waves. Figures would form on them from time to time. These, too, changed rapidly in size and shape. Everything was a vast mystery to me."

It was explained to him: "The men are registering with their instruments what is taking place on the screens, all of which will later be made into educational records."

Curiosity prompted me to ask what had become of the two discs which we had watched leave the ship.

The pilot explained: "The discs are now hovering above a certain inhabited spot on Earth and registering the sounds emanating from that spot. This is what you are seeing on the screen as shown by the lines, dots and dashes. The other machines are assembling this information and interpreting it by producing pictures of the meanings of the signals, together with the original sounds."

Not understanding these processes too well, he was told: "Everything in the Universe has its own particular pattern. For example, if someone speaks the word 'house' the mental image of a dwelling of one kind or another is in his mind. Many things, including human emotions, are registered in the same way." —(Lie-detectors? - Ed.) -

"By the use of these machines, we know even what your people are thinking, and whether or not they are hostile towards us. For if there are harsh, frightening words, or even thoughts, these will picture themselves in that manner and our recorders will pick them up accurately. In the same way, we know who amongst you will prove friendly and receptive. Everything in the entire Universe moves by 'vibration', as you call it on Earth - or, more recently 'frequencies'. It is by these frequencies or vibrations that we learn the languages of other worlds."

During his explanation, I watched the screens and the everchanging patterns. I thought it all looked comparatively simple, and wondered why our scientists had not stumbled upon this same procedure long ago. As I fathered this thought, without expressing it in words, my companion answered, 'They have to some extent. This is not very different from your tape and other kind of recordings. The principle is the same, only we have carried it further. Instead of stopping with the gathering together of the many frequencies for sound reproduction alone, we are now able to translate them into picture form as well. You do this in a small way in the entertainment which you call TV. But in this, too, you are still bound by your limited knowledge.'" - *Unquote*.

What was it that Canadian scientist Wilbert Smith said? "If the only evidence we had was philosophical, we might justifiably suspect it. But when coupled with the observations, thousands of them, we cannot dismiss it so easily. This is especially true when we consider that the science which has been passed to us from these people from elsewhere explains in a manner which we have been quite unable to do, why the saucers behave as they do, and how it is that they can do things which to us are virtually impossible. The science and the performance check perfectly!

"Again, we have been told where our scientific ideas are wrong, or inadequate, and experiments have been suggested and carried out, and in every case the alien science has been vindicated."

— From: *"The Philosophy of the Saucers."* - by Wilbert B. Smith.

Smith goes on:

"Having located what seemed to be channels of communication between ourselves and these extraterrestrial intelligences, the next and obvious step was to try and get as much information as possible. As may be expected, this effort was at first directed towards science and technology, but it soon became apparent that there was a very real and quite large gap between this alien science and that in which I had been trained. Certain crucial experi-

ments were suggested and carried out, and in each case the results confirmed the validity of the alien science. Beyond this point the alien science just seemed to be incomprehensible.

There followed a period of soul searching during which many doubts were raised. We felt that we had established the reality of the craft from elsewhere, and of the intelligences associated with them, and while we were able to establish that these people all told the same story, was the story the truth? There existed some pretty good evidence to support their statements, and precious little with which to disprove them, but we did not overlook the possibility that there might be some other more conventional explanation. We looked carefully at every conventional explanation we could find, but they all fell quite short of the mark. If the whole thing were a delusion, then quite a large number of people must be suffering from the same delusion, and an externalized delusion into the bargain. If it were a hoax, then it was by far the most gigantic hoax the world had ever known, and to what end, and by whom perpetrated, and who was putting up the money because some of the 'evidence' must have cost a pretty penny to produce.

"The inevitable conclusion was that it was all real enough, and that these people from elsewhere were probably what they claimed to be. The science however was definitely alien and possibly forever beyond our comprehension. So another approach was tried, the philosophical, and here the answer was found in all its grandeur! I will not go into detail on the many revisions in ideas and basic thinking which had to be undergone, beyond stating that there were indeed, many. The people from 'elsewhere' displayed great patience and understanding in helping me to overcome many of the prejudices and stores of misinformation which I had spent many years accumulating. I began for the first time in my life to realize the basic 'oneness' of the Universe and all that is in it. Science, philosophy, religion, substance, and energy are all facets of the same jewel, and before any one facet of the jewel can really be appreciated the form of the jewel itself must be perceived.

One of the most important things I had to realize was that we are not alone. The human race in the form of MAN extends throughout the Universe, and is incredibly ancient. Also, its appearance in physical form is but one of its many manifestations along the path of progress. Our civilization here on this earth is only one of many that have come and gone. This planet has been colonized many times by people from elsewhere, and our present human race are blood brothers of these people. Is it any wonder that they are interested in us? To orthodox thinkers this may seem strange, but not nearly so strange as our ideas on evolution!"

—From: *"Why I Believe in the Reality of Space Craft"* by W.B. Smith.

— The above are excerpts from a series of articles sent to Ronald Caswell by Wilbert Smith, founder of the Canadian "Project Magnet" in 1958, and reproduced in the journal UFO CONTACT of December 1968.

But in this, too, you are still bound by your limited knowledge," Adamski was told by "these people from elsewhere."

"During the time that he was explaining this to me, he had been intently watching the many screens. As he finished his explanations, he suggested that we go to the disc room to watch the return of these little messengers.

We had no more than reached the other room when the same two trap doors, looking much like large portholes in the wall of the ship, opened to receive each returning small disc. They settled into place as though quietly set down by some unseen hand." - *Unquote* -

" - We had very good reason to believe that a certain conversation we were having with a friend of mine was being monitored by one of these little fellows. So when we came out of the house, we made a definite effort to locate it. It was down in a ditch just in front of the house, and as soon as we spotted it, apparently the people who were controlling it became aware of the fact. As soon as we spotted it we saw what appeared to be just like a heat-wave, something like a foot in diameter. Popped out of the centre of this was what appeared a little

disc about so big, and it just took off like that and disappeared into the great blue yonder."

—Wilbert Smith, speaking to members of the Vancouver Flying Saucer Club in March 1961.—

Adamski was told: "It was means of discs like these that we first became alerted to the abnormal condition building up on the fringe of your atmosphere — a condition constantly increasing with every atomic or hydrogen bomb that is exploded on Earth. And since these instruments are in operation at all times, they tell us what we can expect as we move through space." - *Unquote*

"Some years ago, following some rather bad aeroplane crashes for which there was no satisfactory explanation, the people from 'elsewhere' were asked through 'contacts' if these crashes were possibly due to our craft flying too close to their craft. We were informed that while a very few of our craft had suffered in this manner, much greater care was now being exercised by the saucer pilots so that this cause was virtually eliminated. We were informed however that our pilots flew around in complete disregard of the regions of reduced binding with which this planet is afflicted, and very often their craft were not designed with a sufficient factor of safety and came apart.

When we countered by saying that we knew nothing of such regions, we were informed that means for detecting them were easily within our technology and that we should build suitable instruments and then pay attention to what they registered. They also passed a few uncomplimentary remarks about our propensity for shooting off atom bombs which actually created a pair of such 'vortices' with each explosion."

—From: *Binding Forces*. By Wilbert B. Smith —

"The abnormal condition - constantly increasing with every atomic or hydrogen bomb that is exploded on Earth." - Adamski.

"Our propensity for shooting off atom bombs which actually created a pair of such 'vortices' with each explosion." - Smith.

"As we stood talking in the laboratory, my attention was drawn to a particular screen by the pilot. 'You see there' he said, 'visual images of the dust which you call "space debris". These are now being flashed back by two of the discs.'

It was fascinating to watch the behaviour of these tiny particles of matter on the screen. There was a constant swirling activity. Sometimes the fine matter would seem to condense into the semblance of a solid body, only to disappear and revert to practical invisibility. Occasionally, these formations became so rarefied and fine that they seemed to have been transmuted into pure gases. In a way, it reminded me of little white clouds suddenly forming in a clear sky, perhaps to grow larger, then as quickly to disappear into nothingness. This, at least, is the best analogy I can draw in describing the activity I witnessed on these screens.

"Yet, with each formation of particle bodies, certain quantities of energy seemed actually to take visible, solid form, then immediately again be dissipated by what seemed an explosion or sudden disintegration, plainly visible on the screens. Other instruments recorded intensity and composition. Sometimes these accretions formed with great intensity and the ensuing 'explosion' was equally violent. At other times they were very mild and barely detectable. But the cycle was ceaseless; whirling energy, solidification, disintegration; a perpetual motion of energy and fine matter ever seeking to combine or react with other particles in space. I use the term 'energy' because I can think of no other word for what I was observing. It

seemed to contain great power, and I noticed that when gathering into a sheetlike formation or cloudlike body, it appeared to disturb everything near it in space.

I believe that I actually witnessed the very force that pervades all space, from which planets, suns and galaxies are formed; the same force that is the supporter and sustainer of all activity and life throughout the Universe." - *Unquote*.

One of the regular features of the journal *Ufo Contact* was an ongoing series of articles with the general heading: "What Adamski Said." The first of these was published in the December 1966 issue. The article had as its theme a very significant item of evidence which even today, after five decades and more have passed in the UFO saga, is indisputable proof that Adamski, seven years before the first American went into orbit around Earth, had spoken of an unknown phenomenon in Space. He not only wrote of it, he had seen it for himself. It became a talking-point among Ufologists 30-odd years ago; it is still a matter of serious debate today. Those newly interested in the study of "flying saucers" need to give this article serious consideration.

WHAT ADAMSKI SAID: -

We shall from time to time introduce excerpts from George Adamski's writings and recorded public lectures under the above title: Such was the nature of Adamski's utterances that he continually rubbed against the tender spots of scientific theory, causing derisive response from the watchful keepers of this 'holy cow' which seems to graze in every field of Science. In these articles we shall seek to show how near to the mark Adamski was, sometimes months, sometimes years before scientific corroboration arrived to back up his words. The trouble with this man was, that he conveyed something over to the ordinary layman which was impossible for the orthodox scientist with his starchy vocabulary. This and something else indefinable, was George Adamski's great weapon against scepticism and ridicule. This, and a strength of purpose, coupled with a fantastic energy, was the power which directed the eyes of countless thousands towards the stars.

Radio listeners in all parts of the world sat with their attention glued to the broadcast of the orbiting American astronaut, John Glenn, as he cruised around the Earth a hundred and more miles up. It was February 20th 1962, less than four and a half years after the first satellite was thrown up into Space.

It was on this mission that the world first heard of John Glenn's 'fire-flies'.

A complete account of his encounter with this phenomenon, and a subsequent mention of it by his fellow astronaut, Scott Carpenter, is contained in the book compiled by the seven astronauts of Project Mercury, *'Into Orbit'*. (Cassell Company)

Page 201 —

'An hour and thirteen minutes after launch I had left Australia behind and was in touch with the Canton Island tracking-station, half-way across the Pacific. I decided to have the first of two planned meals here. I pulled a squeeze-tube of apple-saus out of its receptacle and parked it the air in front of me. Weightless, it stayed put while I opened up the visor on my helmet. Then I squeezed the apple-sause into my mouth, swallowed it without spilling a drop and closed up the visor again. There was no problem. I could see the brilliant blue horizon coming up behind me now; the sun-rise was approaching.

The strangest sight of the entire flight came a few seconds later. I was watching the sun-rise, which suddenly filled the scope with a brilliant red, and had put a filter onto the scope to cut down the glare. Then I glanced out of the window and looked back towards the dark

□ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the *Gensing Gardens News* team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

western horizon. It was a startling sight. All around me, as far as I could see, were thousands and thousands of small, luminous particles. I thought for a minute that I must have drifted upsidedown and was looking at a new field of stars. Then I looked again. I was in contact with the Canton Island tracking-station at the time, and I tried to tell the Cap Com (Capsule Communication) there what it was like.

"This is *FRIENDSHIP 7*" I began. 'I'll try to describe what I'm in here. I am in a big mass of very small particles, that are brilliantly lit-up like they're luminescent. I never saw anything like it. They're coming by the capsule, and they look like little stars. A whole shower of them coming by. They swirl around the capsule and go in front of the window and they're all brilliantly lighted. They're probably average seven or eight feet apart, but I can see them all down below me, also.'"

'The Canton Island Cap Com came on the air and asked if I could hear any impact between the particles and the capsule.

"Negative," I reported. "They're very slow; they're not going away from me more than maybe three of four miles per hour. They're going at the same speed I am approximately. They're only slightly under my speed. They do have a different motion, though, from me, because they swirl around the capsule and then depart back the way I am looking."

'The particles seemed to disappear in the glare as soon as the sun came up. But I saw them again under the same conditions on the next orbit. This time, although I was having a few troubles with the capsule, I turned it around 180 degrees in order to look at the particles from another direction. I wanted to see if perhaps they were emanating from the capsule itself. They did not appear to be, however. They were not centred around the capsule but were stretched out as far as I could see. I saw fewer of them this time, because I was looking against the sun. But some of them still came drifting towards me, just as they had done when I first saw them. They were yellowish-green in colour, and they appeared to vary in size from a pin-head to perhaps three-eighths of an inch. They had the same colour, luminous quality and approximate intensity of light as fireflies, and the sensation as I slowly rode through them was like walking backwards through a pasture where someone had made all the fireflies stop right where they were and glow steadily.'

'I saw the particles once more on the third orbit, again just as the first rays of the sun appeared over the horizon. They stayed in sight for about four minutes, some of them turning dark as they went into the shadow of the capsule, other swirling on past the window and changing direction as I moved through them. It was a fascinating spectacle, and though various scientists have assumed since that the particles were undoubtedly emanating from the capsule itself, I find this hard to believe. I thought at first that they might be a layer of tiny needles that the Air Force had sent into space on a communications experiment and had lost them. But needles would not be luminescent - nor was I at the proper altitude. I also thought that they might be tiny snowflakes formed by the condensation of water vapour from the control nozzles. I intentionally blipped the thrusters to see if they gave off particles. They gave off steam, but no particles that I could see. The particles were a mystery at the time, and they have remained one as far as I'm concerned. Our staff psychiatrist, Dr. George Ruff, heard me describe them at one of the debriefings after the flight, and he had only one question: "What did they say, John?" I guess they were as speechless as I was.

—Page 207

'As I passed over Canton Island on the second orbit I saw the particles again. I tried to photograph them, but apparently there was not enough light for the colour film and none of the pictures turned out.

—Page 209

'The Cap Com asked me, as I passed over the Canton Islands station for the last time if I was still seeing those particles I had talked about. Apparently everyone was fascinated by this phenomenon. I told him that I had seen a few after I left Canaveral, and that I knew they were not coming from the capsule because they were moving toward me.

—Page 231. Scott Carpenter's flight. 24th May 1962.

'Then, as the sun rose ahead of me, I got my first look at John Glenn's 'fire-flies'. As they drifted around the capsule near the window they looked more like snow-flakes to me, whitish in colour and varying in size from one-sixteenth to half-inch in diameter.'

—Page 234. Scott Carpenter continued.

'I was trying to stow equipment away so that it could'nd bounce around during re-entry; and I was talking to the Hawaii tracking station about my retro-fire procedures. And then, suddenly, one of John's fireflies came by the window again. It was a particularly bright one, and I reached out to grab a light meter to take a reading on its intensity. As I did this, I hit my hand against the wall of the cabin and a whole cloud of particles flew off past the window. I was fascinated by this surprise, and I started thumping the wall all around me. Every time I hit it, more particles popped away. Surely, I thought to myself, they must have been clinging like frost to the capsule and were coming from the capsule after all, not, as John had thought, from some other source. There wasn't time to think about it any longer, for I had to get ready for retro-fire and the long return to earth. But I believe that I had solved the mystery; they were bits of frost that had collected on the cold outer surface of the capsule.'

"Into Orbit." — *Unquote.*

Ronald Caswell goes on in the *Ufo Contact* Article to analyse the "Into Orbit" account and the opposing views of the two astronauts concerned. Scott Carpenter's explanation seemed far too simplistic, and, given the circumstances, perhaps, much too convenient. The time factor between the two flights — February 20th and May 24th 1962 — could have given some "science fiction" buffs on the NASA team who might have read the comic series by George Adamski food for thought.

The UFO CONTACT article goes on:

"In Glenn's account we can understand that here is a man who is not clear as to the phenomenon he is observing. Nevertheless, to this man with many experiences behind him, the 'fire-flies' are 'the strangest sight of the entire flight'. He uses the expression 'it was a startling sight', 'all around me as far as I could see', and 'I never saw anything like it.' - 'They were not centred around the capsule.' and 'they stayed in sight for about four minutes.' - 'It was a fascinating spectacle.'

'The particles were a mystery at the time, and they have remained one as far as I'm concerned.'

Yet Scott Carpenter, no doubt requested to clear up the mystery, knocked against the capsule and the mystery was solved.

'Surely, I thought to myself, they must have been clinging like frost to the capsule and were coming from the capsule after all, not, as John thought, from some other source.' — *Unquote.*

"If I were driving a car through a snow-storm and I happened to start thumping like mad on the side of the car, would I then have the right to say that the particles that popped off did not emanate from some other source, - i.e. the sky, - but from the car itself?" went on Caswell.

"One thing that is worth noting in Glenn's account, apart from his own insistence that the fireflies did not originate from the capsule, is the fact that he noticed the particles for the first time just as he was passing over the Canton Island tracking station. His very next mention of the particles says: "As I passed over Canton Island on the the second orbit I saw the particles again."

Did John Glenn insist on banging on the wall of the capsule **only** on the Canton Island section of his round-the-world tour?

It would appear, then, that the phenomenon was at that time situated locally over an area in space relating to the Canton Island station. These points seem to indicate that the fireflies were not a part of the "capsule equipment".

What has all this to do with George Adamski?

In July 1955, a book was published in the U.S. which was subsequently translated into many foreign languages. It became a bestseller. Written over two years before the first Sputnik circled the Earth, almost **seven** years before Glenn went into space, the book, "*Inside the Space Ships*", is George Adamski's account of his meetings with and later trips with human beings from other planets, on board their space craft.

We would like to remind you that these are now excerpts from George Adamski's story, not that of John Glenn.

Adamski has met with people from other planets in this system - namely, Venus, Mars, Saturn and others. Taken by a scout-craft, (the saucer-shape with a dome), to a mother-ship high up above Earth, Adamski is carried out into space.

—Page 76 (American edition).

"We are now about fifty thousand miles from your Earth."

Firkon motioned me to come to one of the port-holes as he said, 'Perhaps you would like to see what space really looks like.'

I was amazed to see that the background of space is totally dark. Yet there were manifestations taking place all around us, as though billions upon billions of fireflies were flickering everywhere, moving in all directions, as fireflies do. However, these were of many colours, a gigantic celestial fireworks display that was beautiful to the point of being awesome.

As I exclaimed at this vast splendour, Firkon suggested that I now look back to Earth and see what our own little globe looks like from that distance out.

I did. And to my surprise, our planet was giving off a white light, very similar to that from the Moon, only not so pure as moonlight in a clear night on Earth. The white glow surrounding the Earth's body was hazy, and its size was comparable to the Sun as we watch this body rise above the horizon in the early morning. There were no identifying markings whatsoever to be seen on our planet. It looked merely like a large ball of light beneath us. From here, one could never have guessed that it was swarming with myriad forms of life.

Page 77

'The entire floor in this section of the room was composed of magnifying glass like that in the floor of the Scout. But the angle of the ship at this particular moment was such that I would have had to kneel to look through it.'

Space and its activity held me transfixed as I strained my eyes in an attempt to see everything that was going on out there. Apart from the firefly effects, I saw a good many large luminous objects passing through space. The larger bodies, so far as I could tell, were not burning, but merely glowing.' - *Unquote*.

Adamski has more experiences. On a later occasion, he is taken aboard, not a Venusian mother-ship this time, but one from Saturn."

Caswell's article goes on with the account in the laboratory of the Saturnian mother-ship, with special reference to the telemeter disc activity and "the behaviour of these tiny particles of matter on the screen. There was a constant swirling activity" - ("They swirl around the capsule" reported John Glenn. —Ed.)

The article concluded with the following commentary:

"Many people have argued about these 'fire-flies' of Adamski and those of John Glenn. Many have said that it was just coincidence and that Adamski could easily have guessed how space looked.

But would a writer of science fiction have taken so much trouble describing a minor detail, when he could have thrilled his readers with 'anti-diothermic devices', or whatever names they choose to invent for their space fantasies? Three times Adamski makes reference to these fire-flies, in one case nearly **eighty** pages further on in his book.

Why would he impress his readers with a relatively unimportant

detail, unless this detail did, in fact, impress itself so deeply onto Adamski himself *in his own experience*? - (And indeed, impressed John Glenn equally so apparently! — Ed.)

These fireflies have certainly been around. They have also been written of at some length in the August pages of the Encyclopedia Americana, in an article on Space Flight.

But wherever they are discussed, and in whatever voluminous tomes they may be contained, the fact remains that these 'fire-flies' are precisely What Adamski Said. - *Unquote*.

Having now read an account of the technology of other worlds described by George Adamski and Wilbert Smith as indicated by their widely-separated but uniquely-similar experiences, their diverse but nevertheless supportive contacts with the "Space Brothers" and the "Boys Topside", the "people from elsewhere", we find a possible and, in many ways, extremely plausible explanation of what those objects were which, on their separate "missions", paid visits to Ivy Chimneys in rural Epping Forest and the Ferry Lane Bridge in urban Walthamstow.

Whatever their objectives, - among those widely-diversified "targets" outlined by Major Petersen, and with the brilliant alien technology described by George Adamski and Wilbert Smith, - these telemeter discs of varying shapes and sizes give evidence of intelligence and purpose. The positioning of the object which "crashed" into the River Lea, just short of the extensive reservoirs adjacent to it, but also just clear of the sprawl of dwellings and factories housing many thousands, indicates a deliberate effort to save human life in a last resort plunge of a malfunctioning aerial device, into water, as described by Adamski and Major Petersen, in the same manner that a human pilot might well react, - and, as shown in many an account of human heroism, *has* reacted, - in an hour of extreme danger to his fellow-man.

That the incident at Ivy Chimneys may well have been part of a reconnaissance flight by the crew of a visiting space craft must now be seriously considered, not only on the basis of the multiple sightings over the Epping Forest area, but more particularly in the light of the fact that more significant events were to take place over the course of months just one and a quarter miles away in the nearby village of Theydon Bois, beginning in the winter of 1965. ■

**Ragnvald A. Carlsen and
Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen (Royal Danish Air Force).**



... Incoming Fax Message...

White House: No evidence of aliens

The White House says it has no evidence that extraterrestrial creatures exist.

The Obama administration made the unusual declaration in response to a feature on its website that allows people to submit petitions that administration officials must respond to if enough people sign on.

In this case, more than 5,000 people signed a petition demanding that the White House disclose the government's knowledge of extraterrestrial beings. More than 12,000 signed another petition seeking formal acknowledgement of an extraterrestrial presence engaging the human race.

In response, Phil Larson, of the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy, wrote that the US government has no evidence that life exists outside Earth, or that an extraterrestrial presence has contacted any member of the human race. "In addition, there is no credible information to suggest that any evidence is being hidden from the public's eye," Mr Larson wrote. He did not close the door entirely, however, on a close encounter of an alien kind, noting that many scientists and mathematicians believe that, statistically speaking, odds are high that there is life somewhere among the "trillions and trillions of stars in the universe" - although odds that humans might make contact with non-humans are remote.

It is not the first petition to force the White House to engage on an offbeat topic since the "We the People" web page was inaugurated in September. The White House has been forced to explain why it cannot comment in response to a petition demanding "Try Casey Anthony in Federal Court for Lying to the FBI Investigators" - because it is a law enforcement matter. ■

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Seven)

ADAMSKI : BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

NOW THAT WE have reviewed the accounts of people who by no stretch of the imagination can be called "frauds" or "charlatans", let us consider the evidences emanating from the mouth and the pen of the so-called "fraud and charlatan" himself, George Adamski.

It would be impossible to give other than educated guesses as to the reasons for such sophisticated devices as the telemeter (or tele-metre) disc to be operating in Earth's atmosphere if George Adamski had not first enlightened the world through his second UFO publication: *"Inside The Space Ships"*. The means of operation, the type of information transmitted to their operators, how the information could be of practical use to the operators, is only made clear in the detailed account given by Adamski, relayed to him in the first instance by the extraterrestrials whom he called "the Space Brothers".

That account and that account alone gives answers to unanswerable questions, explains the reasons for the use of these long-range, remote-controlled instruments seen in all parts of the world, - yes, even by "humble" housewives.

Canadian Government Scientist, Wilbert B. Smith.

"Telemetry", of course, is not the sole prerogative of alien nations visiting Earth. A useful definition is to be found in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, i.e. "An electrical apparatus for measuring a quantity (as pressure, speed or temperature), transmitting the result esp. by radio to a distant station, and there indicating or recording the quantity measured."

What was it that "Project Magnet" 's founder, Canadian Government scientist Wilbert B. Smith, emphasized?

"If the only evidence we had was philosophical, we might justifiably suspect it. But when coupled with the reality of the observations, thousands of them, we cannot dismiss it so easily. This is especially true when we consider that the science which has been passed to us from these people from elsewhere explains in a manner which we have been quite unable to do, why the saucers behave as they do, and how it is that they can do things which to us are virtually impossible. The science and the performance check perfectly.

Again, we have been told where our scientific ideas are wrong, or inadequate, and experiments have been suggested and carried out, and in every case the alien science has been vindicated." - *Unquote*.

It must surely be a very brave, and confident and humble scientist who tells his peers that *he* and they had got it wrong in so many ways, that their holy cow was not what they had made it out to be, indisputable, invincible, an ivory tower that couldn't be demolished.

When Smith and his scientist colleagues working on "Project Magnet" showed that it *could* be demolished, his recommendations and the documentation and the physical evidence were pigeon-holed, set aside and anesthetized by the lethargy of an "orthodox science" which was too high and mighty to be questioned.

Smith summarized an article on a special project which produced an instrument that could have saved many lives from air accidents, based on suggestions made by his alien contacts and proven in tests, with the following succinct remarks.

"It would therefore appear that this business of reduced binding would stand quite a bit of further investigation. Unfortunately, because of the unorthodox source of this information, efforts so far to obtain official recognition have resulted only in more letters being added to the 'crank file'". - *Unquote*

It was for this reason that Wilbert Smith, after his death, was denigrated by lesser men, was labelled "spiritualist" and "dreamer", a man not worthy of that scientific "status" that sets scientists apart from other mortals. (Until they blow up the world and are shown to have the same imperfect bits and pieces as the rest of us.)

But more, much more, of Wilbert B. Smith later.

A Blessing - That We Are Not Alone In The Universe

When George Adamski wrote in his books about human extraterrestrials visiting Earth, to some it was a kind of blessing, this realization that we are not alone in the Universe. To others, jaded and emotionally and intellectually seared by the wickedness of a humankind bent on ethnic-cleansing, tribal genocide and nuclear self-annihilation, it was anathema, the cynical rejection of an idea that *anyone, anywhere*, could be so altruistic, so good, so self-sacrificing. The "Space Brothers" had said that, rather than bring about the death of a being on this planet, they would offer up their own lives. A Christ-like concept emulated by some Christians and others, one would say.

"How quaint!" said the cynics, "How 'goodie-goodie'!", and gave out a big, unbelieving belly-laugh, emulating other "Christians". They would rather accept the ubiquitous "Grey". Why? Because these menacing, bug-eyed entities give evidence also of a cynical disregard for humanity and Earth man's place in the Cosmos.

"Ah!" say the cynics, "The Cosmos! - What Cosmos?"

More than anyone in this field - Ufology - George Adamski went out on a limb for his convictions, for his claims of "contact".

He said *his* contacts were from this planetary system, the neighbours next door. "Science" and a surprising number of Ufologists pooh-pooh the idea. I say a surprising number, because these same "serious" researchers tell us that "science" is lying through its teeth when it insists that "flying saucers are pie in the sky". They don't exist. When the same scientists say that Venus, Mars and all the rest are uninhabitable, "serious" Ufologists believe them.

The same "science" says that the distance to even the nearest star system, and therefore possibly other planets, is so immense that a space-craft couldn't span the distance in a life-time. The "serious" Ufologists agree.

So, - where *do* they come from, these elusive Pimpernel-like entities from Outer Space, be they "Brothers" with their "evangelistic clap-trap", or the menacing "Greys", with their physical and psychological surgery, and their "Nordic" overseers? The centre of the Earth?

They Denigrate A man They Never Knew

Adamski and Smith and their associates and supporters are in a no-win situation. The fact is that Adamski had the courage of his

convictions and put his money where his mouth was, unlike some of the wimps of today who claim to be Ufologists and UFO writers. They are balanced on the edge of everyone else's convictions, afraid to step to one side or the other in case they put a Ufologic foot in it and gamble for the "wrong" side. What if Adamski got it right after all?

Instead, they denigrate a man they never knew.

To look closer, with an open mind, at Adamski's claims, is to see possible, tangible, believable solutions and answers to our questions. So let us consider what Adamski told us in his books. Don't let those new to the UFO-case and undecided, perhaps, in their beliefs, take as gospel the machinations of those who, in their ignorance and arrogance, derogue the reputations of these pioneers with scuttlebutt and below-stairs gossip. Read first-hand of their experiences, these men who saw in the dawn of the UFO-case and gave a hope of Cosmic brotherhood to a planet gasping for a return to sanity after two planetary wars, and a half-century of human blood-shedding.

Take no note of the muck-dredgers; these pioneers, worthy pioneers, deserve better than that.

In order to give context to the questions we have been debating regarding the operation of the telemeter discs and the type of information they are seeking and recording, we will follow George Adamski through the bowels of the mother-ship to which the scout-craft has brought him. We ask you to read this account with an open mind.

"As we were lowered below the level of the Scout, which was still where we had left it, I noticed a vast chamber in back of it extending far towards that end of the ship. Through the centre of this compartment and at right angles to the elevator shaft was a pair of rails. Resting on these were four other Scouts identical in size and design with the one which had brought us up from Earth."

Adamski goes on: "We passed two other balconies below the one over which we had entered the lounge, and I figured that each of these must lead to another deck in this gigantic carrier. At the third balcony below the one leading to the lounge, the elevator was stopped. Thus, looking up from the bottom of the great shaft I was able to count the seven decks on that side of the ship."

As the elevator came to a smooth stop, the railing swung open. On the way down, I had noticed a pair of rails continuing through the lower part of the ship. These formed a V-junction with the rails by which our Scout had entered, and I realized that these were the rails down which it would travel when we left the carrier for our return to Earth. This indicated that this whole section of the ship was taken up by arrival and departure tunnels, the main shaft, and the huge hangar deck for the Scouts. Somewhere in the same section, either adjoining or beyond the hangar deck, there was probably a maintenance hangar and repair shop, while beyond that again, at the far end of the ship, I knew there must be a control room and pilot's compartment. I had been told that there was one at each end of these colossal craft. On this side of the ship we were taken into a very large room which proved to be a laboratory." - *Unquote.*

Let us consider the pros and cons of what we have read so far; let us play both Devil's Advocate and Adamski devotee. Because these are the roles each reader will be called on to play if he is to remain fair and open-minded.

One could say that, so far, any hack science fiction writer could have done as well or better. That is perhaps true. It's also true that, despite claims that he wrote stories about Space People before his account in "*Flying Saucers Have Landed*", he is not a science fiction writer. Anyone could have done better, titillating the imaginations of his readers by introducing unpronounceable items of equipment undreamed of in the technology of man; (look at *Star Trek*.) The fact is that Adamski did not pen the wording of "*Inside The Space Ships*".

For those who have not read the book there is a comment on the dedication page which offers food for thought on a number of issues. Apart

from the words: "I Dedicate This Book To A Better World", which, without being blasphemous, reminds one of the greatest maligned person who ever lived, when he said: "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." It also states: "I wish to express my deep appreciation to Charlotte Blodget for framing my experiences in the written words of this book."

George Adamski." - *Unquote.*

We Should Learn Something About The Man

We will proceed with the account of Adamski's experiences in a while, but before we do this, there is something else we wish the reader to consider; that is, that we should learn something about the man, George Adamski, even before we read his story of journeys into space. To an extent we can learn something from his acknowledged "ghost writer", the one concerned with "the written words of this book".

Who was this "ghost writer", this unknown person who took on the onerous task of transmitting to a world readership a short and unique history of an Earthman's dealings with humans from other planets, of transmitting that "history" in a way which would do it justice, if justice was what it deserved?

What do we know about this person; did she believe what she was putting into acceptable literary phraseology; what did she think of the man; what did she know of the man, Adamski?

Perhaps as much to the point; what does our reader think of this woman who was the "pen-man" for Adamski's "*Inside The Space Ships*" as they consider part of the Introduction to this book?

Many who have never known the man, Adamski, including some who have never read his books—evidenced by many misquoted passages and errors in context—have vilified him on someone else's say-so. That is no way to arrive at the truth, Devil's Advocate or not.

"INTRODUCTION by Charlotte Blodget."

"In the introduction to this book I wish to begin by stating that while none can help but find the contents deeply fascinating, I am fully aware that incredulity in varying degrees is bound to follow. Some will accept that George Adamski's claims that his experiences inside the space ships were real and factual. Many, feeling the sincerity with which he tells his story, will brand him as an honest but self-deluded man and toss his adventures into the category of the mental or psychic. Still others, trained to reject anything not yet proven in the familiar three dimensions, will enjoy writing it all off as a clever hoax.

Although I myself have seen the space ships on several occasions, both here in the Bahamas where I live and at Palomar during the several weeks I stayed there this past summer, I have never been inside one. Nor, to my knowledge, have I ever met a space man. I have, however, met George Adamski. To know him leads to at least one certainty. He is a man of unquestionable integrity.

After reading "*Flying Saucers Have Landed*", and since in any case I was headed for California to spend the summer with members of my family, I wrote to Mr. Adamski describing my sightings here and asked if I might call on him. A cordial invitation to do so was the result.

I do not hesitate to state that I made my first visit to Palomar Terraces with heavily crossed fingers. I was quite prepared for anything from a brilliant lunatic to a harmlessly self-deluded man; or perhaps one more California cult conveniently and profitably hung on the horns of the current Saucer interest. What I found was man far removed from any of these and rather difficult to describe.

My first reaction was that a minor crime had been committed in allowing so inadequate and misleading a photograph to be used on the dust-jacket of "*Flying Saucers Have Landed*" (American version.-Ed.) Not only is Adamski a handsome man in a very individual way, but here was a fine face with integrity clearly written on it. It is also, as I discovered during my weeks there, a face from which an expression of kindness and patience never departs. This does not mean that Adamski has evolved beyond the point where the little irritants which raise the blood pressure of lesser beings have entirely

ceased to prick him. Far from it! For incidents such as a recalcitrant pipe when functioning as an amateur plumber, or inability to locate a pet hamster, he has a vocabulary as normal as any man's. But his irritation seldom extends to another fellow being. All who find their way to his door, be they bores, pests or bellicose challengers, meet with the same patient courtesy as the intelligent, the charming or the important in a worldly sense.

"He has, in short, true understanding and compassion. These attributes, coupled with an ever-ready sense of humour, make him entirely approachable in the broadest sense of the word. Nor does he demand that everyone agree with all that he believes or states. His is the true humility which precludes arrogance.

The fact that Adamski possesses more wisdom than formal education, is, in his case, an asset, leaving him free of the fetters which too often shackle the academic mind. At the same time, he is amazingly well informed on most subjects, including world events and the causes that lie behind them. Perhaps it is partly owing to this that he is something of a prophet. Apart from a almost total absence of any material acquisitiveness which sometimes leads others to take advantage of him, Adamski emerges as an unusually well balanced man."

"I am inclined to believe that the remarkable brand of patience manifested by Adamski must have played a large part in his selection as one of their important emissaries on Earth by our brothers from other planets. Adamski's is not the easy patience content to wait and dream beside a fire or under a shade tree, but patience backed by action. For instance, once he had become convinced of the extraterrestrial nature of the strange objects he had seen in the skies, he set about getting photographic evidence of their reality. That this was a project of major proportions should be obvious." — *Unquote*.

Showing The Same Type Ships

Charlotte Blodget goes on in her account to tell of the four years that elapsed, from 1949 through to 1952, and, in all kinds of weather and conditions, George Adamski was out taking photographs, and it was after hundreds of attempts that the Polish-American had obtained one or more successful pictures of each different type of "space ship" he'd seen. He could say "space ship" now, because these were not just blobs in a night sky but structured aerial objects of unknown origin hovering and manoeuvring in a manner no earthly craft could achieve, zooming away and out of sight at "impossible" speeds.

"Since then," she went on, "photographs taken in many parts of the world have been made public, showing the same type ships in corroboration of the Adamski photographs." — *Unquote*

She cites Leonard G. Cramp, M.S.I.A., who assisted in the design of Britain's Hovercraft, and who, in his book, "*Space, Gravity and the Flying Saucer*", proved the "Adamski-type" scoutcraft to be identical in structure and measurement to a craft photographed by thirteen year-old Stephen Darbishire, the "Coniston Saucer".

As quoted elsewhere in this book, Mrs. Blodget asked Adamski if he could give her some artefact from his trips into space which might convince the people to whom she would be speaking in the future, of the truth of his story. Adamski replied in a long letter, reasoning on the kind of argumentation she would face from critics, whatever "proof" she offered on his behalf.

"Indeed," he wrote, "Judging from anything I personally saw aboard the space craft, there is actually no more superficial difference between a Venusian goblet and ours than between the thousand and one widely varying types manufactured here on Earth!"

Then, in a single paragraph which, in essence, indicts the whole world and its bigotted, cynical attitude, he wrote:

"Look what they have said about the space craft photos which show objects *entirely* different from any made on Earth - and which have been photographed by many people in different parts of the world! So, no matter how you look at it, unless the person himself has that something necessary to recognize truth, it would make no difference what was presented as evidence, he still would want concrete proof *to suit his own understanding*, (Adamski's own emphasis. - Ed.) - ignoring all the other minds in the world." — *Unquote*.

What can one learn of the woman, Charlotte Blodget, and the man, George Adamski, in these few paragraphs? We ask this because you, the reader, will read enough in this series of the other kind of comment from those who, in one place or another, have written or expressed themselves in other ways in a diatribe against Adamski, a man they never knew. In this account too, you will read comments and expressions from people, ordinary people, who *did* know Adamski.

So there we have both the Devil's Advocate, - the "advocatus diaboli" of ancient times, - and the Adamski "devotee" and supporter.

Having Herself Seen The UFOs

Mrs. Blodget was not an acquaintance of many years, as were G.A.'s volunteer secretary, Lucy McGinnis, and Mrs. Alice K. Wells, a philosophy student of his and owner of the small cafeteria at the foot of Mount Palomar where Adamski sometimes helped out. (A fact that has been rammed into the public consciousness by his decriers. We won't go further into the nature and the mentality of that kind of person. More of that later.)

Charlotte Blodget is aware of the incredulity which will follow the publication of the book. It is also self-evident that she, personally, feels that Adamski's claims were true and factual, and that he spoke with sincerity. Having herself seen the UFOs over the Bahamas and California, she has probably experienced this scornful incredulity at first hand. This, it would seem, would spur a determined woman on to want to help a fellow believer, especially so, a man who has impressed her with his integrity and strength of purpose.

After arriving at Palomar Terraces "with heavily-crossed fingers", she finds a man of patience and long-suffering of bores, idiots and bigots, who can still use strong language like normal men when their designated task goes awry; so, no plaster saint there.

Despite finding Adamski "rather difficult to describe", she goes on to do just that, from which we deduce that Mrs. Blodget finds George Adamski to be a nice guy. Not a charlatan and not a fraud. Remember, though, she's only known him for a matter of weeks and she has only had *some* sightings of flying saucers. Not like those who have had no sightings, have never met him, have obviously never read one of his books, and *know* he's a charlatan and a fraud. There's a difference.

Charlotte Blodget was probably as observant as most people. Perhaps a little more than some. How has she summed up Adamski intellectually, apart from saying that he is "a handsome man in a very individual way"?

One might gather from these comments that Mrs. Blodget was a woman of some discernment. Regarding the matter of "concrete" evidence which she felt might help Adamski's case, she went on to say: "Although I understood Adamski's explanation as to why he felt such evidence would accomplish little, I was still interested in getting reactions to the lack of it from the widely assorted friends and acquaintances whom I would be seeing. These included prominent scientists, journalists, professors of various subjects and sophisticated laymen."

Would this lady with a circle of "sophisticated" persons undertake lightly, and on such relatively short acquaintanceship with this controversial man, to "ghost-write" a manuscript with such potential repercussions among her friends and the wider public? Would she become involved in such a task at the drop of a hat?

It would seem that this lady liked the character of the man she met in California, believed his story, and, perceiving the lack of literary expertise in this basically simple man, offered to help, using part of her family holiday in California to do so. What would the cynics make of that?

That seems to sum up the character of George Adamski, in one. You love him or you hate him. You trust him or you don't.

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the *Gensing Gardens News* team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

Adamski Was A Man's Man

Yes, Mrs. Blodgett, Lou Zinnstag, May Morlet in Belgium, Dora Bauer in Austria, and other lady national co-workers, and, no doubt, Lucy McGinnis and Mrs. Alice K. Wells, working at the Adamski "camp" back on the lower slopes of Mount Palomar, were all struck by the charm of this man. However, George Adamski was married to May Shimborsky for 37 years, a faithful and caring husband. She died in 1954.

Despite his apparent charm for women, Adamski was a man's man, as is borne out by the many down-to-earth male colleagues and friends and researchers with whom he associated, over the course of years in many cases. Even those who did not know him well, having met him briefly, spoke of him in respectful tones.

One of those persons of short acquaintance with Adamski was a well-known British journalist, Robert Chapman, whose newspaper was based in London's Fleet Street, among traditionally hard-necked newspapermen.

In a chapter of his book: "*UFO: Flying Saucers of Britain?*" (1968), entitled: "Inquiries at Scoriton", Chapman writes of George Adamski.

Chapman begins the chapter in this manner:

"The father of the UFO cult, if it be no more than a cult, was undoubtedly the late George Adamski, co-author of the book 'Flying Saucers Have landed', published in 1953. Adamski was the first man to claim that he had made contact with someone from another world." Chapman goes on to describe the meeting in the desert. He continued: "The sensational nature of 'Flying Saucers Have Landed' ensured that it would be a best-seller; Adamski became at once a hero and a villain, a madman and a saint. You took your choice according to what you wished to believe, because it soon became evident that nobody was going to prove one way or another whether the author was hallucinated, deliberately lying or telling the simple truth. By and large the supporting evidence of his companions did not amount to much. Although they testified to seeing the cigar-shaped object, the man in the distance and the footprints, somehow they did not seem convinced that it all added up to the arrival of a visitor from Venus. Well, they were a long way off, weren't they?"

When George Adamski came to London in 1964" - (the author has made an error here. It was in 1963 that Adamski made his second visit to this country. - Ed.) - "I telephoned him at the small hotel where he was staying and was courteously granted an interview in the time he had to spare before leaving to give a lecture.

I do not remember having any serious personal interest in the man, but I suppose I regarded him as a likely subject for a newspaper story. It would be something to say I talked to him and if I could trick him into an admission that the Venusian encounter was nothing more than a hoax I could depend on getting sizeable headlines out of it."

I did not know enough about him to have formed any clear impression of the sort of man I was going to meet but, if anything, I expected an individual of obvious wealth—he must have made a packet!— and of rather hectoring, go-to-blazes manner. One would have to be, surely, to have withstood all the publicity, criticism and abuse that had been hurled at George Adamski. In the event I found a modest, soft-spoken man with a gentle, patient face, who answered every question fully and politely, without the slightest attempt at evasion or the slightest show of hostility, and who was evidently prepared to go on answering as long as I cared to put the questions. Nor, as far as I could see, was this due to his having become accustomed to cross-examination although he must have had more of it than almost any man alive. - *Unquote.*

Regarding Chapman's reference to Adamski not showing the slightest hostility, the opposite might well have been the case. In 1959, on his earlier visits to Europe, after the tour Adamski made of Australasia, a newspaper columnist betrayed Adamski's trust in a manner that could have put off G.A.'s faith in British journalism for life. A full account of

this incident will be included in a later article.

Adamski - Responded Easily And Without Hesitation

"I could not quote any of the questions I put to him," went on Chapman, "but they were all aimed at getting him to repeat to me personally what he had written in his account of the Palomar experience in the hope that some embarrassing discrepancy would reveal itself. Adamski, a lean, weather-beaten man with thick, iron-grey hair, responded easily and without hesitation in support of his remarkable claim. It had happened and that was that. If anyone believed him he was glad; if they did not that was too bad but what could he do about it? Long before I left him I knew I was beaten as far as tripping him into any incautious admission was concerned. Adamski was so damnably normal and this, I think, was the overall impression of him that I carried away. He *believed* he had made contact with a man from Venus and he did not really see why anyone should disbelieve him.

I told myself that if he were deluded he was the most lucid and intelligent deluded man I had ever met. When some years later, I came to write his obituary, I found it a melancholy task." - *Unquote.*

A very well-known former editor of the esteemed "Flying Saucer Review", diplomat and linguist Gordon Creighton, wrote in 1981:

"One almost trembles at the thought of even mentioning Adamski, for to do so nowadays is considered very bad form in ufological circles 'because everyone *knows* he was a fraud.'"

The emotional heat generated by the slightest mention of George Adamski is curious because, if one troubles to reflect upon it, one will see that, since the days of his experiences and his photographs, which would have been principally around the period 1952-53, dozens and dozens of other folk, all over our planet, in various countries and civilizations, have claimed to have seen—and sometimes to have photographed—in these 29 years since 1952, precisely the same types of 'Mexican Hat discs' and large 'flying cigars' as Adamski claimed to have seen and to have photographed. I notice too that, all over the world, alleged UFO percipients have continued to tell 'contactee stories' that are far, far 'wilder' and far more fantastic than anything that Adamski ever said, and yet, on the whole, these percipients seem to be listened to with considerable respect by many researchers. Almost never do they seem to be greeted with the sort of obloquy that was heaped upon Adamski.

The fact of the matter, I suspect, is that we have all got used to the UFO contactee syndrome now. We even expect their accounts to be wildly absurd and illogical and full of lies and contradictions - as they usually are. Adamski is all old hat and tame stuff now. But he hasn't stopped being 'a liar and a hoaxer'. Others who tell the same story go off scot-free." - *Unquote.*

Although a great deal of this "obloquy" mentioned by Gordon Creighton -(obloquy: defined as "a strongly condemnatory utterance: abusive language") - "was heaped upon Adamski" during the post-Adamski period, i.e. 1965 to date, his stance taken for what he knew to be the truth concerning human visitors from Outer Space was very unpopular with the so-called "serious" researchers, who were very loud-mouthed in their opposition to "contact" claimants, also during his live-time.

Former Adamski co-worker, Swiss-born Lou Zinnstag, co-author with Timothy Good of: "*George Adamski: The Untold Story*", told of one of them, whom she appeared to view with a mixture of admiration and dismay.

"The most prominent and influential among the attackers, however, has always been Major Donald Keyhoe, the gallant crusader and foremost authority in the field, whose books I value highly."

She goes on: "But at the same time I must add that Keyhoe has done great harm to UFO research. Waveney Girvan, the late author and editor of Flying Saucer Review, felt the same when he wrote: 'We can admit that if Donald Keyhoe and others do finally succeed in ridding the subject

of Adamski and other contactees, then we are back in the dark days of the saucers and it is doubtful whether the truth would come out for a very, very long time ...!

This was a prophetic statement. Girvan continues:

'I wish (Adamski's) story to be true because without him and others, the subject of flying saucers might well collapse or at best slowly wither away. I think Donald Keyhoe is wrong, not because he disbelieves Adamski, but because he thinks the subject would be healthier without him ...'

Adamski's supporters well know that many people who condemn him have not even read those 55 pages in his first book, otherwise there would not be so many inaccuracies and false quotes continually cropping up in books and articles on the subject of UFOs." - *Unquote.*

G.A. Had Offered His Photographs - Completely Free

Waveney Girvan was the publisher of "Flying Saucers Have Landed", and he later stated that George Adamski had offered his famous photographs to be included in Desmond Leslie's book completely free, even refusing to go back on his word when later offers of large sums of money for the photos came his way.

Desmond Leslie totally backs up Girvan's statement of Adamski's free presentation of the most famous saucer photos in the world. In Leslie's Foreword to Adamski's "Inside The Space Ships", the English ex-World War Two fighter-pilot included this self-explanatory and succinct paragraph concerning the "scout ship" photographs.

"When I co-authored 'Flying Saucers Have Landed' with George Adamski, I had never met him. My publisher and I agreed that there was sufficient evidence, in his testimony that he had contacted a flying saucer on the ground, to warrant publishing his narrative. Later events proved we were justified. In November 1953, one month after our book had been published, an object almost identical to the one photographed by Adamski flew over Norwich, Norfolk, and was observed by seven members of the British Astronomical Association and the Norwich Astronomical Society, one of whom, Mr. Potter, made a drawing showing a Saucer with a dome and a ring of port-holes, almost identical in appearance to Adamski's photograph." - *Unquote.*

In the event that certain readers might comment at this point: "Ah, but Desmond Leslie was a friend of Adamski -", which was true but didn't make Leslie a liar, let us consider the account of a humble member of the public, a lady who probably never got to know that her story made it into print, a Mrs. Jane Priday of Stratford-upon-Avon, England. She wrote this letter to Ronald Caswell, after hearing about George Adamski's death in April 1965. The letter was published in UFO CONTACT of August 1968.

"May 18th 1965.

-- I am very sorry indeed that Mr. Adamski has left us.

I believed in him absolutely. Right deep inside me I felt his honesty, altho' to many people he must have sounded ridiculous. I am sure his books were true, and his philosophy appealed to me.

It is not easy to watch the skies. Neither is it easy to travel long distances, lecturing for weeks on end.

A few years ago I saw a magnificent saucer, exactly like the one photographed by G.A., altho' at that time I had not seen the Adamski photograph.

This saucer was just over our orchard, about 200 feet up, or less. It was 7 o'clock, one bright July morning. The saucer was quite a big one, being a lovely shade of amber, with three ball-bearings beneath it. Round the middle appeared to be a streak of light, while just above that was a row of port-holes. This craft pulsed up and down, for a full minute. Then suddenly it shot up into the air, where it streaked away at fantastic speed.

A man three-quarters of a mile away was feeding his hens, when he heard a slight swish. Looking up he saw this craft just above his head.

Since then I have seen several saucers, but none at such close range -."

- *Unquote.* -

It's strange, isn't it, - as Mrs. Jane Priday said, - "Right deep inside - one can feel a man's honesty".

This was an unsolicited letter; Ronald Caswell did not even know the lady. Would such a person, after hearing of the death of a person she obviously believed was telling the truth, then concoct a story of a saucer sighting of such detail that one could almost imagine the three-ball landing gear hovering over *your* back garden? Cannot one feel "right deep inside" this woman's honesty.

Or would the cynics just cast it aside with a "romantic clap-trap"?

There are others, of course, who knew George Adamski from close association and over a period of time. We shall read later of Madeleine Rodeffer and her husband, who were with him when he died, of Fred and Ingrid Steckling, of William And Rhoda Sherwood, of Major Hans Petersen, in whose home in Denmark Adamski stayed for a week under the close scrutiny of a man used to dealing with men and reading their characters.

These, too, will present their testimonies.

These are the ones who *knew* the man, Adamski.

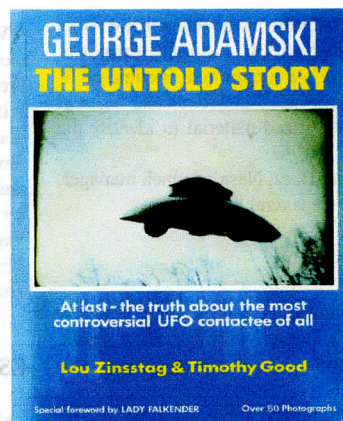
Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen.

Addendum:

FOREWORD

BY

LADY FALKENDER



This long overdue appraisal contains much that is exciting and new about the controversial claims of George Adamski. Something clearly of tremendous significance happened to this man and some of the information in the book is new, highly controversial and thought-provoking. The authors realise the scepticism they have to confront from all those who do not approach this highly sensitive but

fascinating subject with an open mind.

I, for one, am delighted with the book's publication and hope it will widen interest in the subject.

Lady Falkender
House of Lords
October 1982

The appraisal given here by Lady Falkender is not given by one who knew George Adamski personally, but by a person who, from 1966-1968, as personal and political Secretary to Prime Minister Harold Wilson (since 1956), received and opened, and no doubt perused his correspondence.

The P.M. and Downing Street were in regular receipt of gratis subscription copies of UFO CONTACT at this time. Hence her acquaintance with George Adamski ...

♦♦♦

— continued from page 2 — **Physicists hope to get glimpse of "God Particle"**

results is a sign that those bumps are not statistical anomalies. It is also cause for significant excitement among particle physicists many of whom, "fueled by coffee, dreams and Internet rumors of a breakthrough," gathered to watch a webcast of talks and a discussion of the results at CERN on Tuesday morning all over the world — and maybe they'll be doing the same some time next year, too. ■

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Eight)

Silver Spring and Epping Forest, Winter 1965

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

IN RONALD'S opinion, Gary Byers' UFO sighting in January 1965, and subsequent events connected with it, were part of a wider scenario which was to unfold during the months to come. My own view is the same. There is no doubt in my mind that that which followed shortly afterwards on the other side of the Atlantic and elsewhere in the world were as parts of a jigsaw forming, a mosaic of light and shade, with the different nuances of colour coalescing finally into a complete and clear picture which was, in itself, a small part of the UFO story being enacted above and on the overall surfaces of this planet.

On February 26th 1965, a few weeks after Gary's mysterious sighting in Epping Forest, Essex, England, Mrs Madeleine Rodeffer and her husband were host to George Adamski, at their home in Silver Spring, Maryland, U.S.A. Nelson Rodeffer had bought his wife a movie camera as a Christmas present, an 8mm Bell & Howell. She had shortly before broken her leg in a fall, and now she was hobbling around the house and garden in a plaster cast, fussing about their special visitor like a mother hen. The day before, Thursday 25th, had been her birthday, which she had celebrated with her husband and George, a German-born couple, Fred and Ingrid Steckling, and their young son, Glenn, and a few other close friends.

It was as well that her broken leg had not come about during the previous month, as that would have completely interfered with her projected activities. As it was, she had taken time off from her work as a Government-employed medical secretary. She had been phoning around Washington, trying to get Congressmen and Senators to view the recently-filmed sequences of UFO activity taken by G.A. She had called the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a mild interest had resulted. It was an eventful week on both sides of the Atlantic, as it transpired. Especially for Madeleine Rodeffer.

A Dozen or so UFOs Were Circling ...

On Monday, January 11th 1965, at 4.20 p.m., - about 168 hours, given the time difference, after Gary Byers' sighting at Theydon Bois, Epping Forest, England, - a dozen or so UFOs were circling in the area of the Washington Monument. News of the event was received by reporters on a local TV channel, WTOP, who interviewed some Government employees who had witnessed the UFOs manoeuvring in the sky. Madeleine used the opportunity on that programme to show part of a film G.A. had taken over Madeleine's house a few months before, in October 1964.

On January 13th, a week after Gary and Ronald had been canvassing the residents of Coppice Row, Theydon Bois, for UFO sightings, Madeleine Rodeffer had contacted the head of the Senate Committee on Science and Astronautics, Senator Clinton P. Anderson, and she was given an invitation to show G.A.'s film to a group of committee members.

The following day, the 14th, together with Ingrid Steckling and 5 years-old Glenn and a rented 16mm film projector, she was at the Senate building showing Adamski's film.

A report was later recorded.

"I have launched a campaign here in Washington which the officials did not expect from a woman. In the Space Committee room they sat with bowed heads, and would not look at me or Ingrid for some time after I showed them George's film in January.

"I took quite a verbal beating at the Senate in January. After about 45

minutes of that, I gave it right back to them, and among other things I asked them if they thought the public was blind. For many have seen the planes chasing the saucers. Even children. I also told them, I would not like to be in their shoes when all the people find out just what is being hidden from the people of the world.

My father passed away one month after George." - *Unquote.*

Now, five weeks later, Madeleine had far more than a bunch of Senators to contend with: she had a birthday party to organize! But it was the day after her birthday, that the most memorable day of her life presented her with a "gift" that was out of this world. Her husband, Nelson Rodeffer, was at his duties at the Walter Reed Hospital.

To see that day in full perspective, we can go forward 30 years in time, when, in an interview on film, Madeleine Rodeffer, now in her seventies, comes out of her front porch into the "front yard" of her house at Silver Spring, Maryland, and tells of how she and her husband met George Adamski, and of how, in one short year, she experienced something which was to remain with her for the rest of her life, which was to bring her, (unknown to her then) a great deal of grief and also a great deal of joy. These are her words, verbatim, transcribed from a video tape which shows the amazing sequence of film which has been debated and examined, frame by frame, by photographic experts, many of them in different parts of the world, and from whom no evidence of fraud has ever been forthcoming. Expert evidence has been forthcoming that the object filmed in the sky, hovering over Madeleine Rodeffer's front yard, was at least 27 feet in diameter and indicated a source of power now widely accepted as compatible with observed UFO movements within the experience of trained scientific and military analysts the world over. Despite serious harassment from unidentified sources believed to be connected with Governmental secret agencies, harassment that has continued for many years, Madeleine Rodeffer has loyally defended the integrity of a man whom, in generally-accepted terms, she hardly knew. The interview, on video, was recorded by Michael Hese-mann.

This is a vital part of her story:

"A Space Friend Contacted Mr. Adamski."

"We met him in March of 1964; I arranged a lecture at the civic centre, about ten miles away from here. We became friends. I knew him only one year and one month, the last year of his life, and he visited from California here about five times in that last year of his life, just intermittent; he didn't stay at this house all the time.

"But on February 26, at approximately 8 o'clock in the morning, a space friend contacted Mr. Adamski, came to this house, - I was still asleep; - but when I got up, he told me, he said, that he had been told that we should get cameras ready for filming later in the day; and, of course, I didn't - had never - seen one so close before, - or I didn't expect they were going to come, hovering that close in my yard; I would have rented a Polaroid, or prepared with more cameras. But, Mr. Adamski actually helped me to put film in the little 8mm Bell & Howell movie camera, and he had film in his Kodak camera, too, - and we waited.

"Now, they did not tell him what time they were coming, but, - this was early in the morning; - but this was middle of the afternoon, about 3.30, when we noticed them at a distance, - we were at the diningroom window, looking out, and, - they came in closer; - and by the way, three more space men came and knocked at the door just before the incident,

and Mr. Adamski..." - (here there was noise from the road outside for a second or two, and the words were unclear) - "...and they told him, 'get your cameras ready, they're coming, -'; and that was how close he was associated with those people from other planets, - and it's difficult to believe, they looked, just like Americans; one of them had brown hair, one had dark hair, one had slightly grey hair.

"They parked in a car, - and I believe it was an Oldsmobile, but I don't know the year, - down here at the street, when they came; and the space ship came and we went out; - I had a broken leg, I had fallen the month before in my living-room and I was in a walking cast, and so I was able to walk around, but with a little limping difficulty, but I did get around.

"And we came out on the porch, - up here..." - (she gestured to her house from the garden) - "...and started to film, - er, - he told me to film, and he was going to film, I said: 'George, I can't do this, I'm too wobbly!' - I had not had the camera for two months, my husband had given it to me for Christmas, just two months before, - so I handed him the camera, so he said: 'O.K., I'll do it,' - so I gave him my camera, and he laid his down, and we filmed on - he filmed it, - I started, you know, but I wasn't sure of myself, and I didn't want to miss it, so I gave the camera to him, and he finished filming it, - but I was - you know, - hopping around in the background able to walk, of course, without too much difficulty, with this cast on -

"But they only stayed about - approximately 10 minutes; - they did not land, they did not get out of the space craft; but there were glimpses of people through the round windows, and they manoeuvred, - they came in here with a low humming and a low swishing sound; and they came in, - when they got closer, - here ..." - (she pointed above her at the trees) - "...they came in very slowly and - it was round, and there were three of these, - well, about this size, I guess..." - (she motioned with her hands) - "...these landing gears underneath, - and they were going like this, - retracting in and out; - and they told George later, it was for stabilization; - if they put all of them out, they would have had to land, and they kept one retracted all the time, - and the other two were going in and out. But anyway, low swishing, low humming sound, and it wasn't real loud, but there was definitely a motor sound accompanied with it; and it was blue, a brilliant royal blue, - er- it was round, and as it moved, it looked crooked, - you know - lop-sided, and so on; - but they were moving and putting on this performance for Mr. Adamski, to back up, - you know - his efforts to get the world leaders to tell the truth about the visitors from other planets.

"They were demonstrating - they wanted him to capture this on film, - their abilities to do certain manoeuvres - and they wanted him to have this proof to show the people of the world, because, - our world governments have better films and they haven't shared any of them with us; and they wanted Mr. Adamski to have this piece of film to show, - you know - to the audiences where he was speaking, how they do these certain manoeuvres. They did this on purpose." - *Unquote.*

On April 23rd, 1965, George Adamski died ...

It was to be a "farewell" performance for the world's best-known, most-loved, most-hated UFO "contactee", George Adamski.

For several more weeks G.A. fulfilled a punishing schedule of engagements in the north-east United States, then, in April, he returned to the Rodeffers' home in Maryland. He became ill and a doctor was called. G.A. did not want to go into hospital. The situation seemed to ease for a while and he started to pick up his strength. It was to be of no avail. Around 10 p.m. on April 23rd 1965, George Adamski died, apparently from a heart attack, in the emergency room at the Washington Sanatorium, with Madeleine and Nelson Rodeffer in close attendance. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, where the 74 year-old Polish-American, as a former soldier in the U.S. 13th Cavalry Regiment, was perfectly entitled to be. George was a widower. His wife, Mary Shimbersky, to whom he was married for 37 years, died in 1954.

A short while after G.A.'s death, news of which was sent to his Co-workers around the world immediately and which was received with a great feeling of loss, Ronald received a copy of the Silver Spring "scout ship" film from his friend, Madeleine Rodeffer, whose own father had recently died. The double loss of a father and a good friend did not diminish her determination to carry on G.A.'s work. Her own experiences of space craft sightings was a guarantee for her that George's story was true. From then on, it became a vocation. She was, and continued to be, as the December 1966 issue of UFO CONTACT named her "A very Dedicated Woman." She died, at 86 years of age, on 26th May 2009.

Ronald made an appointment with the editor of the Flying Saucer Review, and later met him in London. A showing of the film was arranged; the venue was to be the South Kensington Apartment of the Honourable Brinsley le Poer Trench, (later Earl of Clancarty, founder of the House of Lords UFO Study Group.) Charles Bowen and Gordon Creighton, directors of FSR were present, along with Charles Gibbs-Smith, an aviation historian, and others. It appeared that there were mixed feelings about the authenticity of the film. Gibbs-Smith, for one, was outspoken in his criticism, insinuating that it was a crude fake, a film that any film technician could put together with no difficulty at all. If he had looked into the circumstances of the final making of the movie, as researcher Tim Good did, he might have been less forthcoming in his adverse judgement. And an aviation historian is, perhaps, not much more of an expert in photography than the average man in the street, as eventually transpired in this particular case.



Antwerp 1965:
Suzy Peeters, Ron Caswell, May Morlet

In December of 1965, researcher Timothy Good accompanied Ronald to Belgium to meet with the Belgian Co-worker, Madame May Morlet, and her group, based in Antwerp, and subsequently to attend the showing of the film to a 600-odd audience at Brussels University. Again, the immediate response was not favourable, owing to the lack of quality perceived in the film, a result of circumstances unknown to Ronald and Tim at that time, circumstances which included theft of the original movie and tampering with the sequences of the frames during outside processing in the U.S.

ing in the U.S.

Adamski and Madeleine, along with the reputable William Sherwood, a senior project development engineer with the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, New York, who checked the various joined parts of the film at various stages, realized that a great part of it had been replaced by some crude photographic overprints. These had to be removed from the sequence of frames, leaving a somewhat dis-jointed movie to present to the public.

Adamski - and Mrs. Rodeffer - were Under Surveillance...

It was known that Adamski, and, for that matter, Mrs. Rodeffer, were under surveillance much of the time. The recently de-classified FBI files on Adamski, and G.A.'s own account, prove that he was approached by Edgar Hoover's agents on a number of occasions, even being spied-on under night-time conditions with the use of infra-red photography. They were "always milling around", said George, whenever he was on his lecture tours, checking on his hotel and motel overnight stops, and hanging around in corridors, not very secretly, apparently. One can imagine G.A. giving them his famous cheeky grin as he passed them by. It was when the film was left with a recommended photo processing firm in Alexandria, Virginia, overnight, that the faking took place. When the movie was returned, all sorts of things had happened to it. Some of it appeared to have been re-photographed from a screen; other areas of film were a both-up of an old grey hat, or something similar, filmed and re-inserted into the missing parts of the original. Unfortunately, the proposed use of the recommended photographic firm had been suggested to them over the telephone. It had later been verified that the Rodeffers' telephone had been bugged, with no prizes offered as to whose door these infringements of the couple's rights to privacy might be laid. Recent evidence of CIA, as well as FBI, involvement in the UFO case, to say nothing of U.S. Air Force Intelligence, leaves no doubt at all in the minds of right-thinking people, that phone-tapping, mail interference, even physical harassment, were the hallmarks of the secret agencies in the sixties, even as they are today.

Yet once more, even after stringent attempts to preclude further interference with the film in its next stage of processing, alterations to some of the original frames were inserted, obviously at the laboratory end of the process. That any of the Silver Spring movie remained in its

original form at all, was a miracle.

"I Analysed the Film Frame by Frame"

With regard to both Adamski's earlier, telescopic photo-stills and the Silver Spring movie, there were those who knew Adamski better than did Charles Gibbs-Smith and other sceptics. One of these, William T. Sherwood, an optical physicist and senior project development engineer at arguably the leading photographic film and appliance firm in the world, Eastman Kodak, of Rochester, New York, had this to say about the Rodeffer-Adamski Silver Spring "scout craft" movie of February 26th 1965.

"I analysed the film frame by frame, - there were 182 frames. We made enlargements of the frames; we looked for such things as double-exposure, all the tell-tale things that you find where there's trick-photography. We found out all we could about the circumstances under which the pictures were made, the distance from the camera to the object, the size of the image, the focal length of the camera, the distance at which it was photographed. I could tell by the branch of the tree where the object hovered just *where* it was photographed.

"I went to Madeleine's house, I paced off the distance, I knew exactly what the parameters were. I derived a value of 27 feet for the size of the object. I remember just how well this formula worked out. It's a triangular formula; the focal length of the camera was 9mm, the distance was 90 feet, the size of the image was 2.7mm, therefore the size of the object had to be 27 feet. You'll find this in Timothy Good's book.

"There were other factors, - we brought them all to bear, - there were instruments we used, which we had available in the laboratories, projection devices of all sorts, electronic devices; everything that you could name that you could use, telephotometers, and so on. The electron microscope, I believe, was used by a man at Kodak Park.

"Everything pointed to the conclusion that the objects in the film were *true* objects, unknown objects, not model objects, and that it was taken by Madeleine *exactly* as she told us it was. People with experience; - to call upon the experience of those who had concentrated on the photographic film, and reproducing pictures, meant more than anything else; it is not just *my* opinion, it's the opinion of all of the experts." - *Unquote.*

How often did George Adamski go to the top men with his pictures; how often did Madeleine Rodeffer, and later, the Stecklings, go to the top men, NASA, the Air Force, and to the photographic industry and say: "Look at these photographs and call me a liar!"?

Perhaps a measure of the respect that Adamski earned from that photographic industry is shown by the fact that he was an invited guest at the Eastman Kodak Company a few weeks before he died, and he was warmly received by the Vice-President of that company, who was especially interested in the Silver Spring Film.

One would have liked Charles Gibbs-Smith to be present at that meeting, if only to watch the expression on his face!

The Idea - Met with Great Response.

There were many sighting reports over Britain publicized during 1965. On a number of occasions Ronald travelled to Warminster, in Wiltshire, usually with his younger brother, Dennis, and other members of the group. Reports from other parts of the country, too, were followed up by regional members of IGAP-GB.

Major Petersen had suggested to Ronald Caswell that they should look into the possibility of publishing an English-language international journal, based on the UFO subject in general and the work of IGAP in particular. So, material was sought from IGAP Co-workers, or national group leaders, all over the world. This was to be sent to Ronald, as the English language editor, in England, or to Hans, as publication and subscription editor, in Denmark.

The idea immediately met with great response from members in all parts of the world. Many who had read Adamski's story. But then, of course, why should it be so fantastic? Weren't there already moves by the two Super Powers to launch probes into space? Wasn't there already abundant evi-

dence that men of this world were capable of blowing up the planet? Wasn't this, then, a time when, if there were other intelligences out there, their presence would be made known?

There was however, another facet of human nature that tended to lift its head alongside the only too-evident, the in-built, Inhumanity To Man. That was the tendency to sneer at "do-gooders". The Space Brothers written of by Adamski, Wilbert Smith and others, became the target of a human Earthly race that had become seared intellectually, morally and mentally, by the terrible, self-inflicted acts of humankind, one group against another. Two World Wars in this century alone -(i.e.: the twentieth at the original time of writing - **Editor**)- had killed over 100,000,000 people, men, women and children, however guilty or innocent they may have been. A great part of the world were Have-nots, while a small part of the world were greedy, self-satisfied Haves, not willing to share even their food among the starving and hapless millions in the so-called Third World.

How could there be human beings "out there", aliens from other worlds who had passed our stage in development, who might conceivably be seeking our "partnership" in an interplanetary federation, who may, perhaps, be willing to show us a better way to live?

Many who had joined the International Get Acquainted Program in various parts of the world were willing to put their faith in such a story, told to them by a man such as George Adamski.

A number of names for the magazine were put forward. Ronald proposed the name: UFO CONTACT. It stuck.

Today, more than ever before, because of bias against Adamski, the last movie film he took, along with Madeleine Rodeffer, of the Scoutcraft over Silver Spring, Maryland, on February 26th, 1965, is regarded as a "crude fake".

But there are others, expert in their field, who have fine tooth-combed both the film and where it was photographed, and listened to the honest testimony of a fine, courageous woman.

These are the men who know.

U.N. and Nasa Experts Called in

Former Major Colman VonKeviczky was the founder of the Audio-Visual division of the Royal Hungarian General Staff, who later worked as a film expert at the United Nations Secretariat's Office of Public Information, Radio and Visual Department.

His comment is short and to the point. It is genuine.

"Madeleine Rodeffer showed an 8mm film sequence of a flying object in front of her house, above the trees. It is genuine. I was personally on the location, and I verified the distance where the UFO was flying and all the necessary environmental circumstances, which excluded any kind of faking of this movie film sequence.

Madeleine Rodeffer was a medical secretary for the United States Government's Air Force. Madeleine Rodeffer presented a movie film to the Air Force - Project Bluebook. If that was a fake, I don't believe that an employee of the Government would show a fake movie film to the really high Authorities of the United States' Air Force on Project Bluebook where there are real professional people, - you know, experts for the motion picture film, and especially with the amateur film." - *Unquote.*

Bob Oechsler, a robotics engineer and former mission specialist at the NASA Goddard Space Flight Center, Greenbelt, Maryland, is also convinced of the Adamski-Rodeffer film's authenticity. He believes that the flight pattern indicates an energy field which enables the disc to manoeuvre independently of terrestrial gravitation.

"The individual images as they came up are clearly showing something that you could not see with the naked eye and looking at the film, or even looking at the individual points under close scrutiny;

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the Gensing Gardens News team, and which are published in the Free Newsletter, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

- and that there was a haze, if you will, a very tight haze, almost like a fuzzy outline around the craft itself, or the image. Now this, of course, compared to the trees, that are visible in the film, which were crystal-clear and very well in focus, so as to get a very sharp contrast.

You immediately might be concerned about the possibility of the capabilities of double exposure, which is, of course, very difficult to do with film.

However, in this particular case, we found it very, very intriguing that the craft itself had very, very sharp, contrasting edges along where the port-hole areas are, and round the top of the cab; but especially in the bottom portion of the craft we began to see that there was light emitting from the craft, - but this was not a light such as a glow like a reflection you'd get if someone was projecting a light onto an object.

This was rather interesting, because it tended to suggest that there was some form of energy associated with the vehicle itself that was actually causing this sort of red glow in the undercarriage area; but that, along with the glow that we were getting, a sort of haze, a very, very distinct fine haze around and very, very close to the craft itself, though the images, suggested that there was an actual radiation effect, almost.

I guess you could liken it to a mirage effect people are very familiar with when you ride down the highway during the summer, when you can see the heat rising, and it tends to distort images that were behind the mirage. Well, this is very similar to the effect that we saw on this object, suggesting several things, - one, that you were actually looking at a three-dimensional object, at something that was superimposed on the film; that, again, suggested that there was technology associated with it; this was not just a trash can lid, or something that was just casually thrown up in the air while filming was going on.

"We're Probably Dealing With an Authentic Case." - Nasa Robotics Engineer.

"So, I began to become much more encouraged with what I was seeing, and the more I began to look into the individual segments of the film itself, - the motion, - we began to see things that you might liken to a distortion; in other words, the craft itself physically changed shape, - not the whole craft, - but it seemed that portions of the craft changed shape.

Now this was a product either of what you might call an optical illusion, as a result of the technology associated with the craft, - the method it used to maintain its levitated state, to violate gravity, - or, it was a mechanical apparatus associated with the craft itself. We noticed that the ball structure in the bottom of the craft, in concert with the receding of these individual structures, - that the one portion of the craft had an indentation that would go in every time this one ball would go out; then it would come back out into a round disc, - circular area.

"So I think that these features all collectively, more than anything else, - and even more than the testimony of Madeleine Rodeffer herself, and the historical testimony of George Adamski, prior to his death, regarding this particular event, - all tend to suggest that we're probably dealing with an authentic case; and I think that it's perhaps time that, perhaps, some researchers of historical value will probably want to go back and take a much closer look at the George Adamski case in its entirety." - *Unquote.*

Timothy Good Visited Silver Spring

One person initially disappointed with the film was Timothy Good, but, earnest researcher that he was, he wasn't thrown at the first hurdle, and he subsequently went to great pains to verify, one way or the other, the authenticity of this amazing film sequence.

Tim, in his book, co-authored with Lou Zinsstag, "*George Adamski: The Untold Story*", devoted a whole chapter to his research on the film. He even visited Silver Spring, to check the layout of the trees and to speak to those involved in subsequent analysis of the film itself.

*

Here is a short excerpt from: "Silver Spring - The Final Proof".

"ON the afternoon of Friday 26 February 1965 the most impressive close-up colour movie film of a UFO that I have ever seen was taken

at Silver Spring, Maryland, by Madeleine Rodeffer and George Adamski, a few months prior to his death. The full story is published here for the first time.

My first viewing of the film was in December 1965, when I went to Brussels with Ronald Caswell, Adamski's principal co-worker at the time, together with the Belgian co-worker May Morlet and her son Patrick, to show this and other Adamski films at the university there. I was initially disappointed with what I saw on the screen at the preview: a dark, almost one-dimensional Adamski scoutcraft performing a series of repeated manoeuvres and appearing to change shape as it did so. It did not look nearly as convincing as I had anticipated.

The reason for this, I learned later, was that the film was a copy, and with duplication the degree of contrast is increased. Compounding this, the original film had been stolen and replaced with a copy, with many important frames missing and even some fake footage added by person or persons unknown. Since what was left of the film was of brief duration it had been necessary to lengthen it by splicing on another copy. All this naturally gave rise to considerable speculation as to its authenticity, and if I had serious misgivings then what could the public's reaction be?

"The Film Has been Dismissed as a Crude Fake." Tim Good

"The reception at Brussels University was generally derisive, as indeed it had been at the British preview some months beforehand, when Ronald Caswell had shown it to the directors of Flying Saucer Review at Brinsley le Poer Trench's London flat. In a letter referring to the occasion Gordon Greighton explained to me: '... I don't think that either Charles Bowen or I ever thought the pictures were fakes by her. Brian Winder and Charles Gibb-Smith are sure they are. I simply think that Bowen and I felt they looked like the usual "transmogrifications" ... fakes by "them", not by humans.'

The majority of UFO researchers opted for a less abstruse interpretation, and by and large the film has been peremptorily dismissed as a crude fake. To the best of my knowledge none of these researchers has conducted any investigation or analysis of the film, since it is not available for study in the first place, as most copies have been stolen and only six selected frames have been published as stills.

One professionally-qualified researcher who is convinced that the film is authentic - as far as that is possible to judge - is William T. Sherwood, an optical physicist and a senior project development engineer for the Eastman-Kodak Company of Rochester, New York State. Sherwood analysed the 8mm film frame by frame as soon as it was developed, and I have had many discussions with him about it. He supplied me with technical data from his evaluations which I summarize later in this chapter.

"I Too Felt Certain That the Film Was Genuine."

"I too felt certain, after lengthy consideration, that the film was genuine for a number of reasons - not least being that the apparent distortion of the craft would have been exceptionally difficult to fake with 8mm equipment. To assess the validity of both film and witness I met Madeleine Rodeffer on my next trip to the United States in February 1967. I was in New York with the London Symphony Orchestra, and as soon as my schedule permitted I flew to Washington. There was no doubting Madeleine's obvious sincerity from the moment we met at the airport, and we established an immediate rapport.

On arrival at her home in Silver Spring I was introduced to Madeleine's husband Nelson and a number of friends involved in the subject, including Fred and Ingrid Steckling, who had both impressive 8mm film taken on a train in Germany in 1966, which together with Madeleine's film I was able to examine in slow motion, studying selected frames. Discussion continued far into the night, and I decided that a return visit to Silver Spring was necessary before returning home to the U.K."

Tim Good, whilst he was still on the subject of the Silver Spring movie, scotched another rumour, perpetrated by another critic of Adamski.

"At no time did the craft land, as Donald Keyhoe falsely stated in his book, "*Aliens From Space*".

'A woman at Silver Spring, Maryland, broadcast a story about spacemen who frequently landed near her home and dropped in for breakfast.'"

- *Unquote.*

"George Adamski Was Truth - 100%" Madeleine."

What of this lady, Madeleine Rodeffer, herself? What kind of woman was she? Ronald had written an article about the Silver Spring film in December 1966, entitled: "A Very Dedicated Woman." In it, he detailed the problems with which she had battled, facing up to Senators and critics alike, defended the integrity of Adamski, a man she hardly knew but with whom she had shared so much. Some years ago, Ronald received a letter from her, a letter which showed her steadfastness to the man at whose death-bed she had promised to carry on his work. In reply to a criticism from an acquaintance, she re-iterated her feelings to a man she knew she could trust, Ronald Caswell.

"Dear Ronald, - this is a hurried-up note to you. I do hope these photos from the 8mm movie will help.George Adamski did *not* elaborate facts, *nor brag - nor mislead anyone*. He was truth - 100%. Sincerest Wishes, - Madeleine."

*

She had sent the first copy of the Silver Spring movie to Ronald, as Co-worker for Great Britain. Apart from showing the film to audiences about the country, he had succeeded in obtaining a TV viewing on a commercial station in England. After the Brussels University showing, with the aforementioned response, he took the film to Denmark where he joined Major Hans Petersen and Major Colman VonKeviczky in a lecture and symposium circuit, where the film was shown to audiences numbering in the hundreds, - in fact, upwards of six hundred on occasion. With accompanying explanations now forthcoming, regarding the subversive actions taken against the film, the Danish audiences were sympathetic and attentive, just as the over 700 delegates to the 1963 Congress in Fredericia, Jutland, in May of that year, had been when Adamski himself was an honoured guest and speaker.

"Will Keep Trying - Madeleine."

In June 1966, Madeleine sent a photograph of herself to Ronald as a way of introducing herself. The face was a smiling face, yet a thoughtful face, with clear, honest eyes looking into the camera and a glimpse of white teeth showing, hair neat and a pendant at her throat. She was nothing if not modest. On the reverse side of the photo she had written: "To Ronald: With Sincere Thanks and Gratitude, Madeleine Rodeffer." She itemized her characteristics, from her birthday to her future - which she question-marked, and specified as 'Will keep trying'."



*

What was it that brought about this friendship between a woman in her forties and a man in his seventies? It did not start with the film that has now been debated on throughout the world. There was something else, intangible, impossible for many to understand. But it was, and is, understood, by those who knew George Adamski.

Then in her seventies, she expresses what she *knew* about Adamski, and she expresses also his *concerns*. Those concerns were stated in almost prophetic terms by this man who had leaned on the wisdom of others, much older and wiser than himself, his friends from Space.

*

"You could feel truth and human friendship; he was friendly and - he was not an actor of any kind, you know - he just wasn't. He was sincere and honest - and you could feel the honesty and the warmth from him. and he was enthusiastic and very happy about this film, because this would help to silence some of the critics. He was very happy about the film and he definitely - er - he had a sense of humour; - he definitely had a sense of humour, otherwise he wouldn't have been able to withstand all the barrage of questions - from people for hours and hours on end. And sometimes it got a little argumentative too, but he'd say: 'no, no, - none of this: I'm telling you the facts, and I'm sharing them with you, and, 'he said,' - it's up to you, to believe it or not, but, 'he said, ' - it is important that people of Earth know that these people are here, - and they've been coming for hundreds of thousands of years, but



now, because we are about to go into Space - ' that's what they told him, ' - and also that we're having difficulty with atmosphere here on Earth because of pollution that would continually get worse. - And remember, this was 1965. - And it has occurred, too, - we have many problems as you all know, with thicker and thicker pollution ..."

- Unquote. ■

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen.

Not Every Case Requires a Photograph

Film or video footage and analogue or digital photographs are apparently not always the right pieces of evidence required to prove a UFO incident. In the preceding lines, George Adamski had more problems not to be considered a charlatan with his photos and films than some others who have only their verbal reports to convince their audiences of their reliability. The following two accounts are examples of incidents that not even have a second witness to confirm the sighting.

The Bolton, Connecticut, U.S.A., sighting

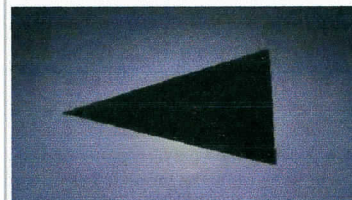
An anonymous person was driving along Route 85 at around 20:10 EST on February 1st, 1962, when he/she saw a three light tipped triangle cross the road over the tree tops. The witness was on the phone during the sighting, seeing the weird lights. The craft was enormous, certainly larger than any commercial large passenger plane if it was - as it seemed - within a hundred feet of the tree tops. There were no other visible lights other than the three bright white lights on each of the triangle's tips. The sky was clear, and as soon as the object was out of sight, some two seconds later a second identical craft passed along the same path. The witness drove eastbound and the craft passed from the left to the right. By the time he/she got home, there was no longer anything to see in the wide open skies. The triangles were enormous, had no blinking lights, and made no noise. This the witness knew for sure as, with the second



object flying over, the window of the car was lowered, and would it have been a commercial airliner, it would have been so close and so low there would have been audible noise. But it was completely silent.

Norwich, Vermont Triangle

On the same day as the previous report, but at 04:50 a.m., a witness was travelling in southern direction on the Interstate motorway 91, when he/she looked in the drivers side mirror and saw a black triangular object with large yellow lights flying some 50ft above the roof of a car in the fast lane. The witness then corrected from the breakdown lane back into the slow lane, looked into the mirror but the object had gone. The car that had the object directly above it, was still in the fast lane. Our witness kept an eye on both the side mirrors, looking into the sky for the object, but it didn't re-appear. After approximately a mile South on the interstate he/she noticed



what looked like a red shooting star with a streak in the sky directly in front of the car, lasting only for about two seconds. ■

(Both images are renderings - In both cases the witnesses are alone and driving. In the Bolton area there are a lot of lakes and reservoirs, while in Vermont

there is only the Connecticut river. - Ed.)

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Nine)

"G.A.'s Films Are Being Shown Widely"

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

GARY BEYERS' UFO sighting over Epping Forest had, by now, drifted a little into the background. There were increased sighting reports from all over the country and from abroad. They were exciting times, and busy. There were week-end lecture trips and investigations; Manchester, Newcastle, Devon, Wiltshire and elsewhere, up an down the country. One never knew when the next report would come in.

In mid-March, 1966, Ronald and his brother, Dennis, and their father, Albert, braved the wintry weather and travelled to Devon to meet Arthur Bryant, later to be the subject of Eileen Buckle's book: *"The Scorpion Mystery: Did Adamski Return?"* The "Yamski" affair was much debated for months to come, even after Arthur's untimely death from a brain tumour.

"Was 'Yamski' the reincarnation of George Adamski?" people were asking. The alleged teen-age extraterrestrial had made his appearance from a hovering scout-craft on the edge of Dartmoor, a very desolate area in the south-west of the British Isles, a few hours after the death in Washington of George Adamski at around 10 p.m. on April 23rd, 1965. That would be at approximately 3.45 a.m. on April 24th, on this side of the Atlantic. It was on the afternoon of that day, Bryant claimed, he made contact with the boy "Yamski" and his two older companions, out on the desolate moor, near to where he lived.

"As the contact story obviously involved Adamski -"

Ronald's participation in the "Yamski" investigation began as described by Eileen Buckle, who researched the story along with a fellow-member of BUFORA (British Unidentified Flying Objects Research Association, the London-based investigation and study group), Norman Oliver. In Chapter Eleven of her book she noted:

"In February, Norman and I decided to share the information we had obtained with Ronald Caswell, co-worker of the British branch of the IGAP (International Get Acquainted Program), the organization which was formed to promote Adamski's teachings. As the contact story obviously involved Adamski, we felt he would like to know about it; up to that time we had only revealed the story to a small number of people.

Caswell shortly visited Bryant with some of his colleagues and was very favourably impressed, particularly as they found him a much "deeper" person than they had anticipated. Bryant in his turn was most impressed with Caswell and his friends, so much so that he tended to compare Norman's and my attitude unfavourably with theirs. As he described to me, 'I became immediately conscious of the fact that we were as a band of men together, on a completely different plane; one that can only be described as I see it, as leaving a dark room and entering into the sunshine. We were as one indeed, true disciples. In each and every one of them was their feeling for the truth of the thing, which is not always backed up by solid evidence.' He felt that we, on the other hand, had what he called a 'no confidence attitude.' Unfortunately, Caswell became faced between the choice between supporting Bryant, whom he believed, and his friends in the Adamski Foundation, who he had known much longer, and thus the short association came to an end. Speaking of Caswell, Bryant said: 'I still regard him as a friend. He is a very nice man, sincere in his beliefs, and it is very unfortunate that my introduction to him ended in this manner'." — *Unquote.*

Previously, it appeared that Desmond Leslie had: "sent the photostat copy of Bryant's first letter and his drawings to Alice Wells, head of the Adamski Foundation, and I (Eileen Buckle) gather that she received the information coolly, to say the least." — *Unquote.*

As Ronald had stated, he believed that Arthur Bryant was genuine in his statements regarding the contact, and sincere in his wish to inform others. The contact, as such was not provable, and therefore needed to be approached with an open mind. If everyone had approached George Adamski's claims with an open mind, instead of a biased one, the whole UFO-case would have been less subject to recrimination today. To reject the claims on one letter and some drawings was not being objective. The nature of the person also had to be perceived.

It seemed possible that Bryant's comment: "I became immediately conscious of the fact that we were as a band of men together -" might have referred to the fact that Ronald and Dennis Caswell, as well as Albert Caswell, the father, were all ex-Servicemen, two of whom had served in the same war as Bryant himself. He would then perceive them as "comrades" together, people whom he could trust.

After describing the appearance of the scout-ship

In a later interview with Arthur Bryant on the 12th of November 1966, Eileen Buckle and three of her associates were permitted by Bryant to record the conversation on tape. After describing once again for Eileen's friends the appearance of the scout-ship and its three occupants, Bryant again referred to Ronald's visit.

"As a matter of fact quite a number of people have been down to see me. Ron Caswell, he's the organiser of IGAP, he came down to see me and he was particularly interested. I suppose he associated the meeting with Adamski, and he told me about it. He said, 'Do you think it could possibly have been Adamski?' Well, at that time I hadn't even heard of him. I had heard of flying saucers, of course. I had several letters from him. He came down with two people from Essex and I took them up on the site and I explained it to him. It was then, of course, that he showed me the first photograph that I'd never seen of Adamski, and he said, 'Do you think there is any resemblance?' And I said, 'Well, quite honestly, there could have been,' because there was similarity although being quite a young man compared to the man I saw in the photograph."

Eileen then said: "Yes, and everyone remarks how alike *you* are to Adamski."

Bryant: "Oh, yes. He said, 'You have been chosen.' You see, there is a part perhaps you don't know. You see, my mother was Romany. She was Spanish. I don't know whether you do know that. I have of course since learned that Adamski was Romany. Ron Caswell was particularly interested on this point. As a matter of fact, when he first arrived I really startled him, because he just leaned out of his car and stared at me as if I were an apparition."

Norman: "He did remark on it to us afterwards."

Bryant: "Yes, and I believe several other people have also."

Eileen: "I've never seen Adamski, but you have seen him, Colin."

Colin: "The facial resemblance is definitely there."

Bryant: "Incidentally, Ron did quite a lot to convince his higher-uppers, you know, give them the details, but I believe there was some trouble over it. I don't quite know the exact reason."

Later Eileen asked: "Have you seen Flying Saucer Review?"

Bryant: "I have heard of it. I believe it was Ron Caswell who mentioned it. I'm not so sure he didn't bring one down. He also brought some photographs down to show me, but we never got much chance to look at them - it was a horrible sort of day ... Oh, I did see one at the back of his car." (A Flying Saucer Review. —Author)

Asked in the interview about the appearance of a certain man who had visited him, Bryant gave an amazing amount of detail, including his light brown, suede shoes; "A light coloured suit - I should say it was a pin-stripe. - His face was a light brown colour." Not a great deal of hair. "No, he didn't have glasses."

Colin: "What were the colour of his eyes?"

Bryant: "Now I'm almost certain they were hazel. By the way, he had a heavy ring on his right finger, which looked as if it had some initials intertwined."

Norman: "Any sign of a moustache at all?"

Bryant: "No. The actual face itself looked as though he could have worn a moustache at one time. - Does this fit in with your man or not?"

Norman: "To a degree, but not entirely."

"Most impressed with the detail offered by Bryant."

A number of drawings accompany the account in Eileen Buckle's book, sketches made by John Cranson with the help and co-operation of Arthur Bryant, sketches of the three occupants of the Scoriton saucer. Cranson was most impressed with the detail offered by Bryant.

"It may well be considered by some that the amount of detail remembered by Bryant is unusual to normal observation, and I would agree, but for the following. I was given an instance of his extraordinary powers of observation by Ron Caswell some time ago which may give some measure for guidance. When Ron, his brother and father visited Scoriton in 1966, Bryant met them in their car and for convenience sat inside to talk. Ron tested Bryant's powers of observation after a few minutes by averting his eyes and asking Bryant what colour they were. Bryant laughed and said 'Hazel', and indicating the other two occupants of the car immediately and correctly described theirs. Test a similar situation yourself and see how wrong you can be!"

Eileen Buckle, in a reference to Desmond Leslie, quotes his views:

"Bryant sounds honest and is probably reporting an actual experience. The point is *What Experience?* Probably a physical saucer and crew - but *Who?*"

"The Adamski Foundation seem convinced it is nothing to do with G.A., and that these might be the mischievous space people of whom G.A. warned on several occasions. It seems corruption is not entirely confined to this planet - which is a shame - and for reasons best known to themselves there may be a group operating wish to deceive and confuse." —Unquote.

Eileen Buckle's book: "The Scoriton Mystery" was published in 1967 by Neville Spearman. Several years ago it was published in Japanese. Eileen kept faith with Arthur Bryant. She wrote to Ronald: "I don't know whether you know, but Bryant died of a brain tumour not long after it was published. Tim (Timothy Good) and I visited him in a hospice run by the Buckfastleigh monks, and he still maintained his story was true."

Bryant was prepared to risk the break-up of his home

"At first conversation was of a general nature, but as soon as the subject of Bryant's encounter with the saucer was brought up, his wife became obviously nervous. Colin put the question, 'How did you feel when you met Yamski?' and with that she suddenly got up and left the room. Realising how the situation stood, we suggested we continued the conversation in the local public house. Bryant was most apologetic, explaining that he had long been trying to win his wife round and allay her fears, but obviously he had not been completely successful. He had thought of renouncing the whole thing but the feeling that he had always had, that he would receive another contact, was stronger than ever before, so much so that he was prepared to risk the break up of his home than not go through with it.

"By now the whole village knew of the story, and probably for this

reason Bryant suggested we continued our talk at the inn in the village of Holne rather than at the Tradesman's Arms. We said we would meet him there after booking ourselves in at a guest house at Buckfastleigh. As soon as he was out of earshot, Colin turned to me and said, 'This man's genuine!' —Unquote.

"George's wife, Mary, being a devout Catholic, was often worried and unhappy about the risks her husband took, once begging him on her knees to discontinue his contacts and not to write about the subject anymore. He could not stop, he said, even for her sake." —Unquote. "George Adamski: The Untold Story." - by Lou Zinsstag and Timothy Good.

There was always plenty to do back at Harlow, where Ronald and his younger friend and companion, Clifford Poole, IGAP-GB's secretary and general factotum, were engaged in correlating and itemizing material sent by members and Co-workers from all parts of the world, to be used in the prospective journal, UFO CONTACT.

Cliff replied to much of the correspondence, as well as mimeographing newsletters to the growing membership of IGAP-GB. The "Report From Europe", dealing in part with George Adamski's tour of Europe in 1963 and published by Major Petersen in Denmark in 1964, was requested by hundreds of UFO-interested persons worldwide, and these items too had to be packed and despatched. Names of many well-known Ufologists of today were on the list: William T. Sherwood, optical physicist of Eastman Kodak; Jacques Vallée, author and researcher; Honourable Brinsley le Poer Trench, author and researcher; Timothy Good, author and researcher; Karl Veit, publisher and leader of a German UFO organization; also in receipt of the book were W.H. Smith Ltd., Britain's leading book-sellers; the Anglo-American Book Company of Rome, and many more. All this entailed much work of a mundane nature and consumed a great deal of time.

"Ron, I've seen it again!"

But someone, somewhere, was planning something that was to lift events entirely out of the mundane, the everyday pattern of life into the fantastic the - almost - unbelievable. And now I feel that it is appropriate for Ronald Caswell to continue the account.

"It was mid-morning on Tuesday, April 26th 1966. I was at work at the local branch of a giant electrical components firm, EAI, on the industrial site at Templefields, Harlow. At that time, the firm was building a prototype microscope for medical and scientific research on non-living matter. I was processing parts of the astigmatic component for the large, non-optical lenses.

It so happened that I was working quite near to the entrance from the foyer on the ground floor, and so Gary Beyers saw me immediately as he came bursting through the swing-doors of the assembly shop-floor. The security man must have been elsewhere at the time for Gary to have gained immediate entrance.

His eyes were a little wild as he came over to me. One of my nearby colleagues, who, it so happened, was a member of our local UFO study group, greeted him effusively, if with a lack of tact.

"Hello, Gary, - you look as if you've seen a ghost!"

Garry stammered out a few words, and I had to ask him to calm down.

"Ron, you've got to come with me!" he said in a somewhat choked voice. "I've seen it again!"

I looked at him a little sharply at that.

"You've seen the UFO? I was leading him back towards the swingdoors of the foyer. He looked as though he had problems enough, without adding to them by being dragged out by a hefty security guard.

He was mumbling something about Theydon Bois.

"You've had a sighting at Theydon Bois?"

He nodded, grabbing my arm as if to pull me out of the entrance doorway. I calmed him down again.

"What happened?" I began to divest myself of my white nylon coat, directing him to a nearby seat. The security guard came through another door at that moment and looked at Gary with some surprise.

"It's alright, Bill," I said. "He's a friend of mine. Keep an eye on him for a minute, will you? He's out to pinch the million-volt microscope we've got planned!"

Bill grinned affably.

"He's welcome to it, if he can! What's he got, a push-bike? The ruddy thing will weigh about ten tons, with the gantry and all, won't it, when it's finished? - He'll need more than a push-bike!"

George Adamski would be there as guest speaker.

I knocked on Percy Bartell's door with a tongue in a tooth, as it were, already figuring out his reaction. I had come into the office some three years before to ask for an early holiday date. Come to think of it, it was at about this time of the year. I had taken the ferry to Ostend on the 27th April 1963, had crossed Belgium into Holland, then into Germany, and reached the Danish Frontier at Drusaa by the 29th, having slept in my sleeping-bag in a damp field, and spent the next night in the back of an empty fish lorry making a return journey to Kiel, on the Baltic Sea.

I had hitch-hiked across half of Europe to get to the Scandinavian UFO Congress in Denmark. Hans Petersen had sent me an invitation. George Adamski would be there as guest speaker.

I had visited Major Petersen again since then, in August 1964, but that was by a more regular route, by ferry and car, with my wife and three young children.

And now it was only about six weeks before, the week-end of 12th-13th of March, that I had asked Percy to excuse me from Saturday morning overtime, as I was going to Devon! I didn't think I should mention Arthur Bryant and "Yamski", though. That would have put the cat among the pigeons, to use an often worked phrase!

I looked through the clear glass window into his office. My supervisor had a nick-name, "The White Tornado." He had a habit of speeding very breezily along the extensive shop-floor, his open white nylon overall flying behind him. I was hoping I wouldn't raise the wind on this occasion, - even a minor tornado, - as Percy's temper could be a little erratic. He liked people to know who was the boss!

"You're not going to Devon, are you, - or Jutland?"

"Perce," I said, as he beckoned me in. "A friend of mine has just turned up, quite upset about something. He needs some help. Alright if I pop off for a couple of hours?"

He gave me a slightly cock-eyed look. We had known each other for years. I let him think he could read me like a book. I helped sometimes. It made him feel magnanimous.

"You're not going to Devon, are you? - or to Jutland, or somewhere? - I mean, - you will be back by this afternoon's tea-break? Or else?"

"Thanks, Perce!" I said. I was halfway out of the door, when I turned and gave him a wink. "You know, you're not half as bad as they say!" I quickly closed the door. Glancing back through the window I just caught sight of the wry grin on his face.

Gary still appeared to be half in shock. Yet he pulled away from the kerb at speed along the small side-road, until he reached the traffic on Edinburgh Way and had to slow down.

As we reached the outskirts of Harlow on the Epping Road, I quietly suggested that we pull into a layby and switch off the engine.

"It would be good if we're all in one piece when we reach Epping, Gary," I said. "Now, let's hear what it's all about."

He had been over at this girl-friend's again, yesterday; that was Monday. At Theydon Bois, of course.

I interrupted. He was still somewhat agitated, looking now and again at his watch.

"Not another 'good-night kiss'?" I asked jokingly, trying to get a smile out of him. His slim face did crack a little.

"Hmm! see what you mean! No, as a matter of fact, we don't talk about that evening much anymore. Julie's not really interested. - I mean, I often go to Theydon Bois. Mostly on the week-end, of course. I don't think about that *all* the time." He stopped and looked at his watch again. "Then - last night -"

I didn't push him, just waited for it to come out in its own way, in its own time.

"I was back home, - back at Blackstone Road, that is. Mum and Dad had gone to bed. They never know what time I'm likely to be back from Julie's -" He reached towards his pocket. "D'you mind if I smoke, Ron? We can open a window." He knew I was a non-smoker and he always asked when he was in my presence. He was a considerate young man in many ways. I nodded.

"Help yourself" I said.

I sat waiting while he lit up and puffed smoke through the top of the open window. It seemed to help a bit. He grew calmer, half-closing his eyes, looking ahead through the windscreen in thought.

"It was last night, after I got home. I made a pot of tea and took a cup up to my bedroom." He glanced across at my inquiring face. "then - it happened. - I was just puffing away at a last cigarette, - this -" he hesitated, took a deep breath of smoke and exhaled slowly, closed his mouth and swallowed. "This voice - or whatever it was, - not a voice, - something strong in my mind, - something just said: 'Go to the green in the morning. - Go to the green in the morning.'"

He stopped, staring rigidly ahead through the windscreen for a long ten seconds or so. "go to the green in the morning -"

He paused and turned his head to face me. His eyes were troubled again. He let out a sigh.

"I've hardly slept since then. I don't know how I got through the night. - I'll probably get the sack for not phoning in. - I decided to come and see you as soon as I could." he added: "You always seem to know what to do."

The 'Voice' knew the 'Green'? What else did it know?

"Go to the green in the morning." It suddenly dawned on me. "Go to 'The Green'! - You mean 'The Green' at Theydon Bois! The High Street just along from Coppice Row!" I frowned. "The 'Voice' *knew* 'The Green'? - What else did it know?"

He nodded. There was more to come.

"That's only the beginning. - Just before I came to find you, - Aase told me where you worked, otherwise I don't know what I would have done, - I went to 'The Green'". Quite irrelevantly, he added: "Mum thinks I'm at work, because I left home the same time as usual -," he took another puff then threw the unfinished cigarette through the opened window. "It came again. The U.F.O. - I parked the car just across the road from where we were that night last year. I walked along the road to 'The plain'; - it overlooks 'The Green' where Coppice Row meets Piercing Hill. - I looked across at the trees, - I wondered what I was supposed to do, what I was supposed to see. I looked back at the road. There didn't seem to be much traffic, even at that time in the morning. Then - I had this strange feeling. I looked up. I suppose it was a few hundred feet up. It was silver and black, though it might have been shadow on it. It was about half-past nine." Gary paused, remembering

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the Gensing Gardens News team, and which are published in the Free Newsletter, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

his recent amazing experience. "It was an egg-shaped thing, darkish with a bright side to it, glinting in the sun."

I was listening intently now.

"There was this ... voice, again, - a flat-toned man's voice. No accent or dialect, as far as I could make out. It told me not to worry; I can remember the exact words."

Gary was looking into my eyes, and I saw the sincerity there.

"We have brought you here to reassure you. We know that G.A.'s films are being shown widely, and that people are taking interest."

I could hardly believe my ears.

I wanted to believe, that was sure.

We parked the car at the side of "The Green", at a diagonal from St. Mary's Church, just opposite Avenue Road. The first thing I did was to glance back the way we had come, down Piercing Hill from the north, from Epping. The tall trees on the corner gave nothing away. It looked very much the way it had in January of the previous year, except that now I could see things plainly, whereas before it was by the dimly-lit lamps glowing at the side of the roadway and one not very adequate torch-light beam.

We walked across the grass verge into the copse of trees, warily stepping over fallen branches from the previous winter's storms, weaving our way around the puddles and the squishy mud on either side, the inevitable outcome of the April showers which always preceded the summer sunshine in this part of the world. An occasional boot-print conveyed the message that someone had gone before.

I looked at Gary as we stood beneath the tall trees, whose foliage was somewhat more dense than it had been a year or so before, in a mid-winter dusk.

"Think, Gary, " I said, "- Think hard. Concentrate!"

He looked at me, opened his mouth to speak, then got the message. He half-turned away, closed his eyes, and lifted his face skyward. As I watched his youthful face, eye-lids pressed earnestly closed, I couldn't be sure *what* I believed. I *wanted* to believe, that was sure. Julie and Mrs. M. had seen the light, as it were. I *wanted* to see the light, in that entirely different context. I wanted to believe Gary, or, that is to say, I believed Gary but wanted it to be more than a fevered imagination built up on a diet of flying saucer stories. Who could know what was going on in that young man's head?

He certainly hadn't been putting it on when he burst into my workplace that morning. He was shaking still and his eyes were wild.

Nothing happened, of course. No magical scout ship hovered into view. Perhaps they had been put off by my presence. Although one would have thought that me being an old friend of G.A. might have worked the trick. It was obvious that things didn't work that way.

Gary was quiet as we drove up Piercing Hill, along Theydon Road and back onto the A11 and into Epping.

Gary hadn't even given a second glance at the road off to Ivy Chimneys on our right as we drove along the winding Theydon Road. Yet it had been the UFO sighting and landing at Ivy Chimneys in December of 1963 that had sparked off his interest in "flying saucers." He had been on his way to look at the claimed landing site, after reading about it in the local press, when he met Paul Webb. It had been Paul who later introduced Gary to our group in Harlow, in the autumn of 1964. It seemed that the Ivy Chimneys incident had receded into the background of Gary's consciousness. He had heard a voice from another world. It was almost as if he, himself, was on another planet.

At least, you got a message that makes sense.

"Perhaps you'll drive me back to the firm, Gary, if you don't mind." My young driver had absent-mindedly turned off towards my home. He made an apologetic nod of his head and proceeded in the new direction.

"Maybe if you turn up for work this afternoon, your boss will forgive you for not phoning in. - He can't be any worse than the 'White Tornado'!" He gave me a blank stare. "My supervisor! We call him 'The White Tornado'!" I let it rest. Gary seemed too pre-occupied to take note of unwitty jokes.

I knew what was on his mind. This whole thing was so real to him.

"They said not to worry, Gary. Your 'Voice'. Maybe they'll get through another time, when you're on your own. Perhaps they have a reason for it. At least, you got a message that makes sense. - You don't need to prove anything to me. - It'll work out, you'll see."

It started to work out just three days later, on Friday, April 29th, when the story was printed on the front page of the local newspaper, the Epping and Ongar edition of the "West Essex Gazette".

How they got the story is not clear. It may have been that local resident, Paul Webb, mentioned it to someone who passed the account on. Gary had not been too keen, at first, to make the story public, but was persuaded by others. He had had the good sense to use his mother's maiden name in the account, which pictured a somewhat apprehensive-looking Gary Byers eyeing the photographer, and another of Gary seated on a log on "The Plain" gazing over the trees in the distance, the copse of woodland where he had sighted the hovering UFO on Tuesday morning. The headline could not have been more eye-catching.

An Appointment with a 'Flying Saucer'

"A YOUNG man kept an appointment with a flying saucer at Theydon Bois on Tuesday morning.

The man, 21-year-old Garry Beyers, of Hackney, says a mystery voice spoke to him on Monday night, telling him to go to The Green, near the church on Coppice-row, the following morning.

He went. And at 9.30 a.m., he claims, as he had expected, a silver-black egg-shaped disc hovered a few hundred feet overhead.

The spot he was 'directed' to was the same as that from which he observed a 'dazzling white object' 15 months ago.

That was on January 4th last year. On that occasion, while parked on the green, he saw a bright white object passing over the trees. He assumed it was a meteorite.

But half an hour later, he says, he had the fright of his life. He got out of his car - and there, not 100 yards away, was the object, either on, or hovering just above, the ground.

The next day he called at local houses, asking if anyone else had seen it. No one had.

But this week, Mrs. Wendy Cannon, of 'Midhill', Coppice-row, told the GAZETTE that she, too, had seen the shining object earlier in the day on January 4th - at dusk.

"I was bringing Bruce and Wendy, the children, back from school when we saw it," she said. "We stopped the car and watched. It was stationary, and low in the sky ... quite dazzling. After about a minute it shot off at great speed. The children were quite excited about it."

Mr. Byers described it as 'like having a shining light bulb three inches in front of your face.'

"Since that day he has been actively interested in the study of U.F.O.s (Unidentified Flying Objects) and has been in touch with several experts. But nothing else unusual happened ... until Monday.

Then, he says, as he was having a quiet smoke in his bedroom before turning in, he heard a voice urging him to go to the green the following morning. 'It was speaking in a flat tone ... a man's voice, and it was so insistent that I just had to go there on Tuesday morning.

I left home as if going to work, and then drove to Theydon Bois. There I sat on a log near where I had seen the bright light, and watched a man walking a dog, and some girls on horseback.

"Then, he says, the object appeared and he felt a strong insistent voice inside his head. The voice spoke:

"We have brought you here to reassure you. We know that G.A.'s films are being shown widely, and that people are taking interest."

—Here, in brackets and italics, the reporter comments: — (Ed.)

"(G.A. refers to George Adamski, copies of whose films on flying saucers are at present being shown to interested parties by Mr. Ron Caswell, of Harlow, an expert on U.F.O.s)"

"I wanted to ask the voice questions, but I just couldn't gather my wits to phrase them," he explained. "It was as if I was just on the fringe of discovering something tremendous, but couldn't grasp it in time."

Mr. Byers was worried at first that by telling his story he would be laughed at, but then he decided that the story demanded an official explanation - and he hopes someone have seen what he saw."
—Unquote.

R. A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) H. C. Petersen, Royal Danish Air Force

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Ten)

"Go To Everleigh - That's West"

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

AS RONALD expressed it, having accepted Adamski's claims and consolidated that belief over the years, did not mean that all contact claims were acceptable as a result. Far from it.

Both Arthur Bryant and Gary Byers appeared to be sincere people; whether their claimed experiences were real, imaginary or hoax would only be evidenced in the course of time. Questions would have to be asked and questions would need to be answered.

For one thing, for either of these two claimed "contacts" to have meaning or purpose there would have to be an end result to justify such "contacts". The result in the case of George Adamski was that the whole world had been given notice of forthcoming weather patterns; of the effect of nuclear explosions above the Earth's atmosphere, allowing for dangerous radiation belts, such as those "discovered" by Van Allen in 1958, two years after they had been described by Adamski in "Inside The Space Ships." Another end result of George Adamski's stand against covert intelligence agencies all over the world is that now people know of the conspiracy of silence, a conspiracy that is now being revealed by the tardy de-classification of *some* Intelligence and Governmental documentation.

In the separate, though indirectly connected cases of Bryant and Byers, end results were yet to come. In the meantime, one needed to keep an open mind. Adamski's experiences, along with a great deal of photographic evidence for their validity, were amazing enough; one could not accept those and heavily-handedly reject the possibility of like amazing experiences of others. But to accept them willy-nilly would be foolish. As in all kinds of reported UFO sightings, the integrity of the observer would come into the equation. The integrity would also show itself, but in the course of time.

With regard to Gary's latest contact, an intriguing question posed itself; how did the "Visitors" know of "The Green" at Theydon Bois? The name was posted on a small board along by the short road running through the village; it was not emblazoned like the Wiltshire "White Horse" across the open countryside. Did it mean that the alien visitor had reconnoitred the area, - perhaps using a "probe" or a telemetre disc, perhaps at night, - to evaluate the area in question? Perhaps similar to a vehicle of unusual form that had landed - and taken off - a short mile up the road at Ivy Chimneys, just over a year before? Did Theydon Bois have an historic connection, perhaps? With a name like that it most certainly dated back to Norman times. Nearby Waltham Abbey housed a grim reminder of those times, the dust relic of Harold the Second's grave, a most grievous French connection, a well-aimed or luck French arrow and good King Harold's eye. These timeless flying saucers might well have been at Theydon Bois before.

Perhaps Our Alien Friends Tag Earthly Humans?

And this domed or igloo-shaped shining apparition that might well have marked the type and registration of Gary's car at that first awesome meeting; did it also get a fix on its young driver, an electro-magnetic fix on this young Englishman as it had no doubt done on a Polish-American some years before on the other side of the Atlantic, the historical home of another ancient race, a race that believed in a type of fiery Thunderbird that had brought its ancestors down from the heavens?

Earthly humans tag dogs and pigeons and much else; perhaps our alien friends tag Earthly humans?

Events were soon to prove that this, indeed, was the case with the young Englishman, Gary Byers.

Perhaps this young man was being groomed for bigger things, and this was his emergence from the chrysalis. Was he to be a minor link, or, perhaps in time, a major link between IGAP and the Space Brothers? Events had proved that to be the case with Madeleine Rodeffer, with the Stecklings. They had had amazing experiences; they had obtained amazing film footage of alien space craft; they had offered it to the Authorities and photographic experts for evaluation. Was that to be the task set before Gary Byers? Was there a kind of naïveté about Gary - perhaps a lack of prejudice or scepticism that was conducive to telepathic contact and all that went with it?

One thing was sure; one had to use judgement in the acceptance of any claimed sightings of the now ubiquitous "flying saucer". And that judgement must, as has been said, rest to a great extent on the character, - the integrity of the character, - of the witness to the claimed event. So, faith is involved. Intuition, too, must play a part.

Ronald Caswell had to draw on all the faith and all the intuition he could muster in the weeks ahead.

The spring weather was temptingly approaching summer, - "Shirt-sleeve weather", as the English tend to call it. It was Friday, May 20th, some three and half weeks since Gary had been startled by a voice in his head telling him to "Go to 'The Green' in the morning", and subsequently drag Ronald off to that small village in a clearing in Epping Forest where his beloved Julie lived.

It was three and a half weeks since a purported message from Space visitors made the connection between George Adamski's work in the United States and Ronald Caswell's work in Europe.

"We have brought you here to reassure you. We know that G.A.'s films are being shown widely, and that people are taking interest."

Ronald related what happened next.

Unknown to me at the time, *this* Friday was to test my credulity and my "faith" to a previously untried extent, at least with regard to Gary Byers. I have since wondered if I was the one being contacted in this subtle manner, and perhaps Gary was being used to test my own reaction in some way.

Gary had been doing some work on his car and decided to take it out on a test run to Harlow. It was late afternoon, one of those warm May afternoons when it was a pleasure to be out for a spin.

The Epping-Harlow road enters Harlow New Town quite near to where I live, not too far from Harlow Common; (subsequently an area that was to have a significant UFO visit the following year, though not directly connected to Gary Byers. This later event, with photographs, was featured in the August 1967 issue of UFO CONTACT. — *Author.*) A medieval road once ran from here to historic Bishops Stortford. "Old" Harlow dates back, one might say, to Roman times; in fact, there are remains of a Roman temple on the northern outskirts, near to the River Stort.

An interesting fact concerning the historicity of Harlow in a broader framework is evidenced by the former existence of a Stone Age camp-site on the western outskirts of the town, as well as an underground chapel and tunnel, which I have visited, discovered some thirty odd years ago and since filled in, attached to a now non-existent manor house in the centre of Harlow, near to a Norman church, where

Cavaliers would conceal themselves and their horses when the manor was approached by Roundheads of Oliver Cromwell's forces. One wonders if the Romans, the Cavaliers, or our Stone Age ancestors had occasion to observe circular shining objects cavorting in the skies over Epping Forest, as their Anglo-Saxon descendants were prone to do in the 20th Century!

So Gary was coming into the southern edge of the town, a couple of minutes' drive from my home. He was a very short distance from Harlow when it happened, and in broad daylight. The message was very clear this time. The voice was as human and clear as his own.

"Go to Everleigh. - That's West. Something is to happen there on the Sunday of Whitsun. Go with your friends. - Write it down."

"I know Everleigh," I said to Gary, when he reported his new contact. "It's in the West Country, for a start, - near Pewsey. And there's an East Everleigh and a West Everleigh."

"It was *West* Everleigh, then, Ron," said Gary, and now his eyes were shining and he was *very* sure of himself. This had been a very different contact. For one thing, it had a purpose. I could understand why Gary was so confident, in a way that he had never been before. If what he had told me was the truth. And I had no reason to think otherwise, because a pattern was beginning to emerge, something I could put my finger on. This was really special. It had to be true!

He was a little mystified by his car engine

On the map, Persey was about 75 miles from the centre of London. Tiny Everleigh was the same. I mulled over what Gary had told me. He hadn't stayed for the usual cup of tea; he was a little mystified by his car engine, which had cut out momentarily on the way to Harlow. He had opened up the bonnet shortly after arriving at my house, checking the plugs and the other electrics; all in perfect working order. His mother had cautioned him about driving as far as Harlow on his first trial run. Now he had decided to take a steady run home.

After Gary had left, I made a number of telephone calls to various parts of Essex, London and Kent. There were excited voices raised and I couldn't help smiling to myself. The enthusiasm over the phone seemed contagious, as if it was passing through the wire to our group members in the south-east. But when I finally laid the phone on its cradle I began to have misgivings. If it turned out to be a wild goose-chase then all this enthusiasm could turn sour, and the other members of the group might well start to give Gary the cold shoulder. After all, this was the third time he had made a claim about a contact. For what? Was it to build up his ego?

This time, however, Gary would need no excuse. That is, if what he had told me was true. And there were definite pointers to it being true. I was banking on it.

I knew that the others had accepted Gary's word so far because I had accepted it. It was as simple as that.

Much less likely to get me certified as a Lunatic!

A couple of days later I bought a post-card. After some thought, I addressed it to my father, who lived with my mother and elder sister in Leytonstone, and outer borough of the London suburbs. The message had to be simple but fool-proof. It was to bear the stamp of authority. One could go to a notary public and make a declaration that next week I was going to Everleigh, in Wiltshire, to try to meet a flying saucer. There was an easier way; it would be both cheap, clear-cut and much less likely to get me certified as a lunatic.

I took another look at the card before slipping it into the postbox. That should do the trick. It would provide clear and forensic evidence of premeditation that should even stand up in a court of law. Should it ever go that far! I grinned to myself as I walked back home. Forensic evidence, indeed!

I gave it a couple of days and went down to see dad. He expressed surprise, picking up the post-card from a side cabinet and running his eyes over the message on the back.

"What's this all about, son? 'Please keep intact, Ron'. Keep what intact?"

I took the card from his hand and looked carefully at the postmark. Perfect. He glanced at me curiously as I gave him a broad smile. I explained.

"The message doesn't matter, Dad," I said. "That was just to remind you not to stick it in the rubbish-bin. See, here. Large capital letters on the front. '23-5-66. Harlow. Please keep intact. Ron.'"

He looked puzzled. I showed him the real message.

At the top of the card, in large letters, I had printed the words "EVERLEIGH W.S." three times. I had placed a first class threepenny stamp over parts of all three "EVERLEIGH"s. The post-mark had neatly superimposed itself over another part of "Everleigh". It bore the seal of authority. "Harlow - Essex. 9.30 a.m. 24 May 1966."

They could check my saliva for DNA traces if they liked. That postage stamp was well and truly stuck. The stamp of authority. A post-office clerk was much cheaper than a notary public to put a seal on it. Now we could lay further plans for next week-end.

"Just a bit of insurance, Dad," I said, and left it at that. "By the way, do you fancy a trip to the West Country on Whitsun Sunday? If Mum will let you off the washing-up, that is!"

According to the photographs Ronald has in his files, there were five car-loads of would-be UFO investigators who drove out to Salisbury Plain to scour the Wiltshire skies in the early hours of Sunday 29th May that year. Some of them jokingly remarked that Gary's Spaceman was a decent type, making the rendezvous on that particular Sunday. The following day could be a Bank Holiday, of course, and they could all lie in! It seems that there were smiles all round!

Among those he could call to mind, apart from his father and his younger brother, Dennis, were Gary, Cliff Poole, IGAP-GB's secretary, and his fiancée, Kay Rowlands, Geoff Agness, a local member of the group, and Norman Oliver of the British Unidentified Flying Objects Association, (BUFORA), along with other members of IGAP-GB.

It had been agreed that picnic lunches and Thermos flasks should be the order of the day, as the local facilities were some distance away from their rendezvous point. It was almost 20 years since Ronald had last visited the place; nevertheless, he said, it was very unlikely that any tea and sandwich bars had been located there in the meantime. One was more likely to be run over by a tank than an ice-cream van. As he dryly remarked, during and after the war, tanks and other great lumbering vehicles did running-in trials in that area of Salisbury Plain, churning up mud or dust according to the season. So if one of the group's drivers should hear a vehicle's engine to the rear, it might be wise not to wave them on, as one might finish up with a large-calibre gun protruding through one's rear and front windscreens.

Seemed more than a co-incidence

A coincidence that seemed more than a coincidence, in hindsight, was the fact that Ronald knew the tiny village of Everleigh quite well. In years gone by, he would sometimes drive through it several times a week! As a young soldier in the Parachute Regiment he had spent months, including his 21st birthday, on detachment at Upavon Airfield, a couple of miles to the west of Everleigh, as driver to a General Staff officer, a Major on liaison duty with the Royal Air Force who was organizing the battalion parachuting exercises on various parts of Salisbury Plain.

As Dennis Caswell's white Ford Anglia, with his father and older brother on board, arrived at the edge of the village, Ronald stepped out of the car to set up his next "bit of insurance". He unrolled a large sheet of white foolscap bearing the title "RONALD CASWELL" in large letters and fastened it to the EVERLEIGH sign with a pair of bulldog clips. Stepping back, he set his Zeiss Ikon camera at 5 metres and shot his first picture on a new roll of film. From then on, the photographic record would show that whatever happened that day, happened at Everleigh. Others in the group did the same.

"If we have any pictures of UFOs by the end of the day," he had suggested to the group, "we'll get them developed professionally, at



the office of a newspaper or in the presence of an independent and recognized authority. There are too many people shouting 'fake!'. We need to take all the precautions we can to answer that accusations, if it comes. Who have to put on our thinking-caps!

The countryside around Everleigh gave indications of a number of possible secluded landing sites where a contact might be made. The undulating nature of the landscape which offered a panoramic view of hills and dales meant that some "sites" might be more advantageous than others, so it was decided that the cars, initially, should spread out with their various and assorted crew on board in order to cover more ground area. After some hours of this, however, Ronald despatched a car to round up the other groups to debate what they should next do.

The "rendezvous" was finally settled; the cars gathered in a field on a slope overlooking Lower Everleigh and about a mile to the north, with a downward view over many square miles of countryside. If a UFO appeared, there would be an excellent chance of spotting it from a place on the map designated: "Everleigh Barrows."

A small group of lonely tumuli situated in the middle of "West Everleigh Down" seemed to answer all the necessary criteria; it was "West Everleigh", it was an area, which, though lonely, by its very nature, i.e., by its tumuli, would be recognizable in photographs, yet solitary enough to be out of the public gaze. It seemed ideal.

Some of the Group baptized the Tumulus

One of the tumuli was chosen as "base camp". The ancient mound, preserved by its white, many-pointed "star" atop a post, seemed almost to identify with its timelessness the infinity suggested by some ufo-logists as associated with the visitations of these alien space craft, evidenced as they were by a technology so advanced above that of Earth science that the historic documentation suggests has been operating in Earth's atmosphere since time immemorial.

In time-honoured manner reminiscent of travellers of old, some of the group baptized the tumulus into their comradely association by draping it with their bodies in a recumbent but respectful posture, drinking in the warmth of the sun, and planting, not a flag of political sovereignty on its all of twelve feet high summit, but a tripod of scientific endeavour and cosmic brotherhood, which would accommodate either a camera or a pair of binoculars. As the sun rose ever higher overhead, some thoughtful person tossed a jacket over the binoculars to prevent the likelihood of one of his Earthly Cosmic Brothers from getting two black eyes from the overheated lenses, thus suggesting to a potential Space contact that there might be bug-eyed monsters on Earth, contrary to Earthly scientific thought. That would never do!

Wasn't there something about a curse on someone who opened up Tutankhamen's tomb back in 1922, somebody asked? Desecration and all that stuff. The thought of a curse being visited upon some Wiltshire burial-mound sky-watchers didn't prevent a couple of the young men in the party from divesting themselves of their clothes down to neat boxer shorts and stretching out in the sunshine, a sunshine that began to make itself increasingly manifest as the day wore on.

All the time, many pairs of eyes were elevated skyward in the hope and expectation of seeing one of Gary's "space friends" putting in an appearance.

Some took snap-shots of the surrounding countryside, south towards Everleigh, which could be plainly seen, crouching in the sun, the air shimmering in the unusual heat-wave; some were taken across the landscape of the Wet Everleigh Down and the fringe-line of threes across the pasture-land to the north-west. This was pastoral England at its magnificent best.

From the top of the tumulus one got a grand view northward over the tops of a tiny copse of trees dressed in blossom which encroached onto the tumulus from the northern side.

There was, of course, much talk of flying saucers. Would they get a sighting; photographs, perhaps? There should be enough photographic emulsion waiting to be exposed in that little patch of England to record a whole series of Test Matches, someone estimated.

Another piece of "Insurance".

As another piece of "insurance", the second rame on Ronald's film was a shot of the headlines and front page of the *Sunday Express* he had bought en route. This would indicate the date when the film was started, or, rather, the date before which it couldn't have been started. It could be a date that went down in Ufological history.

Sunday, 29th of May 1966.

All they needed now, he said, was a flying saucer!

The "Your Holiday Weather" map on the front page promised "sunny and dry", and sunny and dry it was. Ronald's daughter, Karen, claimed that Daddy's face was as red as a betroot when he came back home from his Whitsun Sunday trip to Salisbury Plain! And Granddad had worn his hat some of the time in case he got blisters on his bald head!

Lighting-up time was 9.34 p.m. Plenty of light and plenty of sun for photographs. As Ronald said: All they needed now was a flying saucer! By this time, someone had set up a small, two-man bivouac on top of the burial mound, hoping that some far-off ancestor (or Tutankhamen), wouldn't get in on the act...

A number of the group, most of those from Essex included, had seen the "Silver Spring" movie that Ronald kept safely put away at home. There were others, living in South London, Kent or Surrey, who had been to the lecture and film-show given by Ronald when he visited Croydon in late January, when the temperature was much nearer to freezing than it was on this glorious May day! A lively discussion went on into the various aspects of the "scout craft" technology exhibited over Madeleine Rodeffer's home that day in February, "only last year!"

Couldn't it be absolutely brilliant if the same thing happened today? was wishful thought in the minds of most of those present. Adamski and Mrs. Rodeffer had been warned just beforehand of the imminent arrival of the "scout". Perhaps Gary's "friend" was doing the same!

What where these aircraft doing up there, anyway?

Time wore slowly on. Occasionally a plane would fly overhead, and the click of the odd camera could be heard recording its passage across the azure blue sky.

Come to think of it: there seemed to be an unusual amount of activity going on upstairs, considering the fact that it was a Sunday, and a Bank Holiday Sunday at that. Ron Caswell had said that the R.A.F. - at least in peace-time, - like their week-ends off as much as people in Civvy-Street. He ought to know, he said. He'd been stationed just up the road at Upavon for some months a year or two after the war. A green field airdrome, he said. Nowhere large enough to take some of these big 'uns meandering around overhead.

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the Gensing Gardens News team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

Some of them sat up a bit at that. What were these aircraft doing up there, anyway? One of them appeared to be the same plane they had seen flying south not many minutes before, and now it was flying due north. It must have circled round for some reason. What reason?

After a while, a little apathy set in; probably that was due in part to the stifling hot weather. Despite the wide open spaces there was no cover from the blazing sun overhead. Sandwiches and flasks of beverages were taken out of cars and offered around. Someone suggested a game of cricket. Someone else pointed out that no-one had a bat and no-one had a ball. So that idea fell flat.

A little later, someone suggested that there might be a pub open in Everleigh. When they asked Ron, - he ought to know, - it turned out that he knew nothing about pubs in Everleigh. He was a teetotaler. But he would settle for a bottle of orange squash if anyone was going down there anyway. So the odd pair of bare-chested young men donned their shirts and flannels, and a car-load of would-be tipplers took off for the tiny, shimmering, village in the near-distance to seek out the hair of the dog that had, as yet, bitten no-one, and had probably fallen asleep in the heat, anyway.

Where was Gary? someone asked a little later in the afternoon. They looked around, lazily searching out the perimeter of the large field with binoculars. Come to think of it, no-one had seen him lately. He certainly hadn't been on the bing with the "Everleigh Hotel" party. To the south, there was an open view over the landscape; he didn't appear to have gone that way. To the west, there was a long line of short picket-fencing. It seemed unlikely that he had crossed that to wade through coarse, thigh-deep grass and prickly gorse bushes.

A voice suggested that perhaps he was hiding his face; after all, the only thing they'd seen in the air so far was the R.A.F. on manoeuvres, or whatever they were doing. One of the girls said, this was unfair. Just like men. - She liked Gary.

They had all taken pot-shots at suspicious objects in the sky; one of them seemed likely to have been a skylark, because, just after the excited photographer had snapped his shutter, it hovered down towards some cow-slips in a nearby field and hopped off to see its hidden nest. Of course, the others all laughed at his wasted effort.

Ronald suggested that they leave Gary to get on with it. If they felt bad about the whole thing, he must be feeling terrible. After all, no-one had been forced to come to Everleigh. In any case, it was early days yet. Lighting-up time was not due for hours; plenty of time to get photographs.

The pub party had returned with bottles of cool beverage, and, for a while, all seemed right with the world. Then, apathy set in again. It was all very well getting a bit of sun-bathing in, but Clacton or Southend or Ramsgate was a bit nearer to home, and one could have had a cooling swim into the bargain. It all seemed to be a bit of a waste of time. Someone told the moaner to pipe down. Someone else said, somewhat heroically, that all artists had to suffer for their art. Someone else asked what art had to do with sky-watching for flying saucers at Everleigh, and suggested that the fat-head should shut up.

It was almost like a signal

Meanwhile, Gary returned, apparently having been doing his own thing, wandering around looking at the sky as the others had been doing. At this stage, Ronald suggested to Gary that they might take a little walk together to get away from the rather frivolous presence of some of those in the group who were finding the waiting tedious.

It was almost like a signal to those who might be waiting above.

During the course of the past few months, Ronald had been in contact with Eileen Buckle and Norman Oliver over the Scoriton affair. It was natural that Gary Byers' experience should come under discussion. The case had evoked equal interest on Eileen's part and it was agreed that the account thus far could be used in her book to give a rounder picture to the Adamski story as it had affected those in Britain. Now, with Eileen's kind permission, we can round out parts of Gary's story in retrans, with accounts by others involved with Everleigh, accounts to which we would

not otherwise have access. Many parts of the detailed account of "Scoriton" show a likeness to events affecting Gary Byers. Apart from Arthur Bryant and his story about "Yamski", other, more sinister aspects of "contact" come in. Some of this will be discussed at a later time.

Excerpts from "The Scoriton Mystery", by Eileen Buckle.

"The story of the young man who witnessed the Theydon Bois landing goes not end there; I am giving him the pseudonym of Garry Myers, for whilst his girl friend has come to believe in flying saucers and now believes in his story, he still does not court publicity. His parents confirm how very excited he was on returning home. His mother remembers his interest in the Ivy Chimneys' landing reported in the local press a year earlier, but that apart, he had not discussed the subject of flying saucers. Since his experience he began to take serious interest, and got a touch with IGAP, whose headquarters in this country were in the nearby town of Harlow." (Gary was a member of IGAP before his own personal sighting, as has been shown. — Author.)

Ronald had later met Eileen and Norman Oliver in London to discuss the Gary Byers affair in more detail. Eileen relates:

"Ron told us that Garry's friend, Paul Webb, had also had some strange experiences but for some reason had dropped all contact with IGAP."

Eileen recounts an occurrence that took place, according to Paul Webb, on Christmas Eve, 1965. It involved "a voice". He resisted the call and did not turn up at the appointed time.

"Were you frightened? I asked.

"Well, I'm only human," he answered."

"The second time he had one of these experiences was a short time before the Everleigh incident. This time the rendezvous was to be the green at Theydon Bois where Garry had seen the landed saucer. He went on this occasion but an hour later. The third and last calling happened subsequent to the Everleigh incident, at the time a great deal of UFO activity was taking place around Harlow and the south of England as had actually been predicted by the spaceman in Garry's second contact.

The place given this time was the Wimpey Bar in Harlow, and again he did not go. We were surprised at this and asked him why. Did he have an impression of insistence or compulsion on his going which he resented? He said there had not been, but he preferred to choose his own time and place."

Converted Garry's Fiancée to a Belief in Saucers

"Meanwhile he had broken contact with both IGAP and BUFORA and was reading everything he could lay his hands on in an attempt to get to the bottom of the problem. He told us Garry had often dropped into the garage where he worked, for a chat, as his fiancée lived quite near. One day Garry had surprised him by asking if he had received any of these experiences and so he had felt obliged to tell him.

An interesting detail we learned from him was that Garry's fiancée and her family had seen a UFO display directly over his garage from a window of their house. This sighting converted Garry's fiancée to a belief in saucers, for until then she had been a sceptic. The display might have been deliberately staged to make life smoother for Garry and the fact that it took place over Paul Webb's garage indicates that there was a link between them as was afterwards shown."

Eileen here goes on to discuss Everleigh:

"Norman Oliver was one of those invited on the trip. I was not aware myself of these plans, but knew something was afoot owing to some large hints Norman had dropped to me in a telephone conversation, though I had not connected what Norman had told me with Ronald Caswell. I will leave him to tell of what happened that day."

"Ron Caswell had arranged for me to be driven down to Everleigh by Bob Erskine who belonged to both of our organisations. Bob duly called for me at about 11 o'clock on the Saturday night, and we set out, picking up on our way Margaret Holmes - a former secretary of LUFORO, the London Society which preceded BUFORA - and making a stop at Sidcup to join up with another car driven by John Cranston who possessed considerable clairvoyant and other psychic powers.

John had grave doubts as to whether he should start out at all; he felt very strongly that something somewhere was wrong, and this feeling reflected in his appearance - he certainly did not look at all well. However, as he was taking others in his car and did not want to disappoint them, he decided to set out, at the same time making the interesting prediction that we would be stopped on the way down to Everleigh. Now, I have driven a lot by night and cannot recall ever having been stopped by anything much other than traffic lights and major roads! On this occasion, though, we reached Farnham in Surrey at around 2 a.m. to find that the police were stopping each car and checking pretty thoroughly. It was shortly after this, when we arrived at the Hog's Back above Guildford, that John told us his feelings had become so strong that he really did not think he should go on and his car turned back.

We pressed on and eventually found ourselves at Everleigh at the unearthly hour of half-past four, to find that four other cars had already arrived - there were about eighteen or twenty people all together. Everleigh consisted of a church, a hotel, a small shop or two, a few houses and very little else. It was in the middle of some very charming countryside which I suppose one would describe as more undulating than hilly, though there were a number of vantage points from which good views of the surrounding terrain were to be obtained.

Ron Caswell decided that the best thing to do would be for us to spread out and so cover the area more effectively as we had no idea in what part of the country around Everleigh the 'something big' would happen.

We proceeded to spend an interesting four or five hours exploring around and about - it developed into quite a game of 'spot the other cars'. Around then o'clock, however, Ron sent a car down to round everyone up and all five cars joined forces about a mile away from the road into Everleigh at the end of a track through a number of fields, finishing up by a couple of tumuli and two small craters.

From then on until the afternoon, except for making two UFO detectors operative, very little else was done apart from watching the sky. It was a glorious day, and we all finished up with a marvellous sustant! Indeed, there was very little else one could do that might be of use. For part, I alternately dozed, sky-watched, strolled around, chatted and ate, until about 4.15 p.m., when, after having been reclining on the tumulus for some time, I decided to stretch my legs and walked down the side to the field.

Now, there was certainly nothing unusual about Garry apart from the fact that he had received these messages; he was a perfectly ordinary, likeable chap, he was with his friends, had a transistor radio going and was thoroughly enjoying himself. Ron Caswell had been thinking, however, that it might perhaps be a good idea to lead Garry away from the rest for a while to see whether, he would be mentally calmer should the voice decide to come through.

After walking some hundred yards, I noticed Garry and Ron in the field to my left, Garry apparently crouching on the ground; my first thought was that he had found something of interest in the field. At this point, Cliff Poole, a friend of Ron's, passed me half-running, calling out as he went by, 'Is something wrong with Garry?' he reached the two of them a few seconds later, but by the time I arrived at the spot, I could see that Garry was alright and did not butt in, in case something should have occurred.

After a lapse of a minute or so, Ron Caswell came over to me and told me of the message that Garry had just received - in the same voice as before; this was 'We are coming in over the Big Stones, give us a guiding light.'

This seemed a fairly obvious reference to Stonehenge, which was, I suppose, some fifteen or twenty miles to the South-East; [the actual distance and direction is 9 miles, South by South-West.—Author.] - moreover, this was in the general direction of the gentle slope which dropped down towards the Everleigh Road and beyond, resulting in a clear view for miles. The words 'give us a guiding light' were taken to indicate that nothing would occur before dusk at any rate, so when I returned to the top of the field, a group of us decided to go into Everleigh for refreshments.

The time at this point was a quarter to five; we were away for three-quarters of an hour, and on our return we found there was considerable excitement as two or three UFOs were believed to have been seen while we were away. One of these was described as 'a metal sphere or ball - white in colour', or 'saucer-shaped like a piece of flat whitish metal'. Another object sighted about the same time was seen to be the shape of a triangle, having what were described as 'cylinders underneath with the suggestion of a red spark', the general shape being most complex and difficult to describe. A few minutes after we had returned, some said a whitish disc was visible to the East or North-East. This I could not myself manage to locate before it disappeared.

Just before dusk, the five cars were arranged in a 'V' formation in the field, which attracted the attention of the farmer, for in our eagerness we hadn't noticed some crops were actually sown there. I was rather intrigued to know exactly what Ron would say to him. In point of fact, he told him the truth, and to this day I have never been quite sure whether the poor chap let us stay there because he was outnumbered, or whether he was so astonished he just didn't know what to do about it! As soon as it became dark enough, the lights of all the cars were periodically switched on and off for a few seconds at a time and they must indeed have been visible for miles. Nothing happened, however, and about 10.30 all of us experienced a rather flat feeling that nothing was likely to happen. At half-past eleven we decided to call it a day and left for home.

It really was most uncanny, but from noon onwards that day, my own feelings on the likelihood of anything materialising varied constantly roughly about every hour, from what I can only say was absolutely certain knowledge that something was going to occur, to the feeling that the whole thing was utterly impossible. There just seemed to be no 'in-between' feeling, and to say the least, this sudden veering of outlook was extremely weird, and impressed itself very vividly on my memory. One thing further, Ron later told me that at the time he received the message in the field, Garry had had a strong feeling of conflict between good and evil forces."

Eileen Buckle rounded off the Everleigh account thus:

"One evening shortly after, Norman told me of the Everleigh excursion and what had lead up to it. He was feeling very put out over the affair, not because Ron Caswell and Garry Myers had brought everyone down on a wild-goose chase. He was angry at whoever or whatever had caused the disappointment.

'I think they are playing with us,' he said crossly, 'They're playing a trick, making us run round in little circles; I'd like to play a trick on them.'

'Be careful,' I warned jokingly, 'They might be listening and might play another trick on you.' I never dreamed they really would - or did they?' - *Unquote.*



Ragnvald Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

'We can take ET Home...'

THESE were the exact words pronounced during a 1993 lecture by the late Ben Rich, former president of the Lockheed-Martin "Skunkworks" in Palmdale, California.

UCLA School of Engineering alumnus, Ben Rich (69†), is known as the 'Father of Stealth.' He was recognised as one of the best aircraft engineers in the world and led development of the F-117 stealth fighter.

During the 1993 lecture, Ben Rich stated that Lockheed-Martin then had the technology to travel to the stars, using an entirely new technology not dependent on rockets and chemical propellants. He stated that, "*It would not take years to travel to the stars, and some UFOs are theirs and that some of them are ours...*"

Followed then the projection of a series of slides, while going through the history of the Skunk Works, with the U2, F-104 and SR-71 and drones that no one had ever seen before. He also showed a black disk headed for space, stating, "*We now have the technology to take ET home.*"

During the following Q & A session, he stated, "*It's now possible to travel to the stars. There was an error in the equations which was corrected. The time of travel is fast.*" But he didn't say how fast.

Ben said he believed that security was too oppressive and that the time had come to develop this technology in the commercial world now that the cold war had ended. Months later, on his deathbed, he declared: "*Extraterrestrial UFO visitors are real and U.S. Military travel to stars,*" before dying of cancer...

These significant lines were revealed during an interview with Jan Harzan, the California assistant state director for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), during a *Web Talk Radio Network* in January of 2012. Harzan is an IBM Executive, and directed last year's 2011 annual MUFON conference.

The data should provide strong evidence that UFOs are real, that we have been helped by aliens, and that we have our technology to visit other planets, said the editor of the article.

Meanwhile, astronomers Paul Davies and Robert Wagner had proposed a sear for alien evidence on the surface of the moon in 2011. These astronomers had believed that a detailed study of thousands of photographs taken by NASA's Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter might reveal such evidence.

"If it cost little to scan data for signs of intelligent manipulation, little is lost in doing so, even though the probability of detecting alien technology at work may be exceedingly low," they said.

Both astronomers, Davies and Wagner, are affiliated with Arizona State University. *M24digital.com* on 12 May 2012, released a report from the astronomers stating that they captured five UFOs over the Moon in mid April 2012, disappearing into its dark side.

The astronomers now say that: "*the search for life beyond Earth should focus on the Moon.*"

-Right- Ben Rich and his F-117 stealth fighter



UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Eleven)

"We Are Coming In Over The Big Stones"

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

THE PERPLEXED look on Gary's face was understandable, said Ronald. In the space of a few moments the young man had experienced great joy and great fear. Joy at finally making "contact", and then this overwhelming pressure from something "really horrible!"

Ronald described Gary's subsequent reaction to what must have been some "negative force" trying to interfere with the message from his earlier "contact."

Overwhelmed by his experience, Gary had walked off and lain down in the warm grass, seemingly oblivious of what went on around him. Then there was his sudden striding off down the hill, pushing people to one side as they tried to calm him; the looks they gave each other and the voices which had been raised excitedly at his "message" tapering off into confused silence.

Then, worried, Ronald and some others following after him in the distance in a car, in case he came to some harm. Fortunately, on his return he seemed more relaxed, and, after a while, not a little ashamed and apologetic at his previous actions. The others in the group showed great understanding and tried to lighten his mood by telling him of the various-shaped objects they had seen in the sky. Then, a plan was laid by which those "Earthlings" on the ground could give their "Cosmic Brothers" above the necessary "guiding light."

Some of the group had been into Everleigh to seek extra sustenance; the next couple of hours seemed like waiting for ever. The cars' drivers were briefed and drove their vehicles into place, stepping out again to admire the effect. The local farmer appeared, then left again, shaking his head. Excited, the group looked expectantly at the view towards the low plain in the south-west, hoping any moment to see a fleet of tiny, shining discs in the distance, heading their way. This was well worth waiting for!

"What's This About Stone Henge?"

As drivers hastily took their seats, Ronald spoke to Gary.

"Did they say what time, Gary? Did they say anything else?"

He shook his head.

"No, nothing else. I don't think so. - I felt so bad, I wanted to be on my own? - I tried to empty my mind, first of all, and nothing happened. Then I tried to picture the dot in the sky over Theydon Bois. Still nothing happened." He made a wry mouth. "I thought I might as well come back and face the music. - Then it happened! Something came into my head so clearly! It made me jump!" His eyes shone again. "Then it said just that: 'We're coming in over the Big Stones! We're coming in over the Big Stones!' - Then there was this - the other voice."

He looked at Ronald with a question in his eyes.

"What's this about Stonehenge? Do you think they *mean* Stonehenge? Whereabouts *is* Stonehenge?"

Ronald said later that he did not know what to think. During and after the war he had been at a number of Army camps situated on Salisbury Plain. At one place, Larkhill Camp, the unit had lived under canvas within a mile or so from the circle of megaliths and could see them clearly through the open flap of the tent. He found it hard to believe that some one didn't know

where Stonehenge was. However, he had to dismiss that thought from the argument. It was purely a subjective reason that seemed to be acting as some kind of Devil's Advocate, finding points to pick on that could undermine Gary's story in order to be "objective". Like those people who had dreamed up the argument that the Loch Ness monster was a myth, therefore the flying saucers were a myth. His knowing the whereabouts of Stonehenge had nothing to do with Gary's *not* knowing the whereabouts of Stonehenge. He and Gary had moved in different circles in life; he was nearly twenty years Gary's senior. Gary had probably never been to Wiltshire in his life. Why should the young man know where the great stone circle was situated?

On the positive side, certainly, the age-old monument would be a magnificent land-mark from the air, and, - if one wished to stretch the imagination, - a land-mark which extraterrestrial pilots could have been using for thousands of years. - Like the Pyramids. One couldn't say the same about the Empire State Building...

He pointed across the panoramic landscape to the south-west, over the gently-sloping countryside between the western edge of Everleigh and the few dwellings that made up Lower Everleigh.

"It's about ten miles that way, Gary." He gave Gary another long look. "They could be here at any moment then, couldn't they?"

For forty-five minutes or so, on a given signal at one minute intervals, the drivers simultaneously flicked on their head-lights for a period of seconds, then flicked them off again. A quietness had descended over the countryside. The cars threw long, individual shadows to the eastward as the sun stood lower in the sky. It was after nine o'clock. Still some way to official lighting-up time, 9.34, but there could be no doubt that the battery of ten full head-lights could be seen as bright pin-pricks for miles against the sloping backdrop of field and trees. Probably at that moment, some person warling casually along the diminutive high street in Everleigh was wondering what on earth was happening up there, on the ground sloping away to the north. There was a distance of 90-100 feet between the two cars at the tips of the Vee-shaped formation, the Wolseley 1500 on the left, the Ford Popular on the right. In between were an Austin 1300, Dennis Caswell's Anglia 105E, and the white "Beetle", a VW 1300. Surely that was a sufficiently observable beacon for a sophisticated craft that could perambulate across millions of miles of space, albeit, probably tucked-up on board a cigar-shaped "mother-ship"?

The Whole Day Was "A Complete Wash-out"

It was not far-off midnight as the small convoy of cars edged its way down the narrow road towards Everleigh village. Ten minutes later they were driving over the downs and between the high hedges bordering the A342 to Ludgershall and on the way to Andover and London.

There was no doubting the great disappointment felt by every member of the party. The whole day, despite the brilliant weather and pleasant surroundings, was, in the words of some, "a complete wash-out."

In the leading car, Dennis Caswell's Anglia, the two tall sons stretched their long legs out in the front, while their father, 5 feet 4 inches tall, Albert Caswell, ex-Desert Rat and raconteur extraordinary, took his ease in the back seat. Questions there were, some unspoken, some the subject of deep debate.

"We're coming in over the big Stones!"

If one was an alien, from Venus or the environs of Tau Ceti, what would one call that collection of great grey slabs sticking up out of the middle of Salisbury Plain? Those megaliths that your 700 years-old grandfather had told you his great-grandfather had hovered over as a young man about three thousand years before. Would one call it Stonehenge? Or the "Big Stones"?

How would Gary reason? He hadn't given the impression of being "map-wise", as some people are. He was a young Londoner, born towards the end of the war; you didn't need survey maps to get around in London, you used Underground maps and the like, or bus time-tables. He'd never been called-up on National Service, as had been the case with Caswell senior and his two sons. *Would* he have been conversant with the lay-out of Salisbury Plain, with its many Army camps, airfields, and tank-training "W.D. Only" areas, off limits to the public? It seemed clear that he had never before heard of Everleigh earlier than a week ago, when he'd been given that specific instruction to go to "Everleigh, that's West". The first occasion on which he had met Ronald since the Friday afternoon of his claimed contact was nine days later, as they met in their cars on the outskirts of London to travel to the West Country. A map of "the West Country" would cover many counties; it would not be very helpful when it came to finding a pin-prick of a village called Everleigh. It was hard enough to find a world-famous place called Stonehenge, unless one knew in which county to look.

The odds were heavily in favour of Gary's "Big Stones" being the genuine article, and not something he had dreamed up to get himself out of a tight spot with a group of would-be "saucer spotters".

But they had seen no "flying saucers", and it was there that the crux of the matter lay. The "rendezvous" at Everleigh had failed.

Little Dots In The sky Mostly

It appeared that Dennis had taken a few snap-shots during the afternoon, little dots in the sky mostly, which could have been birds. A flash in the sky to the north; what looked like a plane with a large tail-fin; anything to pass the time which was becoming somewhat tedious.

Ronald couldn't remember Dennis taking photographic pot-shots, at birds or anything else come to that. Mind you after the sun-bathing session which some of them had enjoyed on top of the tumulus, the tripod had come down, overlooking the sweep of down hill landscape to the south. People were wandering all over the place, looking for cover from the sun, investigating rabbit burrows, and probably closing their eyes for forty winks when they thought their fellow sky-watchers were watching the sky. Orderly confusion appeared to reign.

Dennis had a friend who was a professional photographer; - Dennis himself was a commercial artist; he collected a few assorted used and part-used spools to be developed. As was pointed out, even the aircraft floating around in the sky, - and particularly the helicopter which appeared to be taking an unusual interest in the group, hovering overhead as if to indicate that they had no business to be there, - seemed to be there for a reason, so why not get the photos developed free! And perhaps some of the birds weren't birds after all!

As the somewhat rueful faces smiled their "good-byes" on the western outskirts of London, Gary sat back in his companion's car, withdrawn and quiet. Everyone felt sorry for him. His "big day" had turned out to be a "big flop". It seemed doubtful that Gary would have any more sightings to report.

It looked as if Gary's "contact", -if he'd ever had one, - had let him down badly. Poor Gary!

In the parlance of the Nineties, the expression: "Went there, did it, got the Tee-shirt" can be construed as being cocky, as having succeeded in an endeavour, as being "the bees' knees", (to back-track a couple of decades or so); it is an expression of ego.

In Gary's case, one might say he'd been there, he'd heard it, and he'd got a bad headache, and, what was more painful still, he had the distinct

feeling of letting the side down, losing the trust of people who had befriended him. Whatever value had been placed on his earlier claimed contacts had been made as naught. *His* ego was at rock-bottom.

However, it wasn't as simple as that. Other, covert elements were shown to be involved; elements and factors not governed by human dictates had been busy behind the scenes, if other witnesses are to be believed, others' experiences withing the Everleigh context to be accepted.



Part of the book written by Eileen Buckle, *The Scoriton Mystery: Did Adamski Return?*, dealt with experiences of a strange nature to which her UFO research colleague had been subjected for a period of some months.

Not only was Norman Oliver receiving superimposed messages and "instructions", both in Morse and in clear English, on his tape-recorder when the machine was not set either to record or play, but he, too, had been contacted by a "Voice" in his head. This had occurred on a number of occasions during the time that the investigation at Scoriton had been taking place.

To add further to the mystery, events before and after Everleigh seemed to be piecing themselves together like an animated jigsaw, - with more and more people becoming involved. One of these was John Cranson, a member of IGAP-GB living in Chislehurst, in Kent, somewhat south of the River Thames. He, too, had begun to take an interest in Arthur Bryant's "contact" at Scoriton, and in fact, with details provided by Arthur in correspondence, had made a series of drawings of the "Yamski saucer-crew" which agreed, after a number of suggested alterations, with Bryant's recollection of their likenesses.

Bryant's Description Of The Two Blond-Haired Men.

Eileen tells of John Cranson in her book:

"We were to meet yet another person having a connection with Garry and Everleigh who had met with some unusual experiences. Norman mentioned that one of the cars which had set off for Everleigh was driven by John Cranson, a person with a certain amount of clairvoyant powers, but that he turned back on the journey down. John got in touch with us primarily because of his interest in the Scoriton affair which he had learned of from Ronald Caswell. Bryant's description of the two blonde-haired men had haunted him and, having an artistic gift, he had tried to portray their actual likeness. After a series of postal consultations with Bryant, he achieved as near a likeness as he could get and which he has kindly given for inclusion in this book. We learned from him exactly why he felt impelled to turn back on the journey to Eveleigh, but there are some interesting sidelights to his story which are included in his written account which now follows:

EVERLEIGH.

...Immediately following the Whitsun holiday, probably all those in on the Everleigh trip must have felt acute disappointment. To have been in possession of pre-knowledge of a possible UFO event—the hope of some really solid evidence within our grasp—only to return apparently with nothing but doubts and even more questions, must certainly been one of the bitterest setbacks that we could have imagined.

Yet as time has gone by the analysis of the innumerable subtleties of the day, and of the happenings, too, both before and after the rip, seem to show that the evidence is there, though not perhaps in the anticipated form.

To complete the story as it is known today, my own experiences and those of my friends have to be added, as objectively as possible. It would perhaps be easier to start a little before Everleigh. For some time a small group of people had been meeting fairly regularly in Sidcup, drawn together by a mutual interest in UFO and George Adamski's work.

We had joined IGAP-GB, the English part of the American group dedicated to continue the work started by Adamski, which is

currently run from Harlow by Ron Caswell, the co-worker in this country, and we had begun to gather information to add to the common pool of knowledge. Just prior to the breaking of the Everleigh news we had heard of the story of Garry Myers' contact which was published in the West Essex Gazette, and also the reports from Devon concerning the Scoriton affair.

At about this time another member of our local group and I had begun to get strange feelings that there was something we had to do or somewhere we had to go, without the slightest knowing why. On our last meeting before Whitsun, held as usual in the house of Bill Cannon, who, with his wife Joyce, had always made us so welcome, Marion, the young girl who has shared my feelings over the previous week or so, was absent.

At this meeting I gave the members as much of the up-to-date news as I had received from Ron Caswell. I had also found by this time that I knew where I wanted to go — up into the Otford Hills area. Why, I did *not* know! (Otford lies some 9-10 miles south of Chislehurst, on the North Downs. - *Author.*) Anyway, we discussed the point for a while and then Don Stillman and his wife Chris told us of a sighting that they had in the Swanley area. (Swanley lies 5 miles north of Otford. - *Author.*) This meeting was held on 22nd May 1966, and the sighting reported by the Stillmans took place on the 10th, a Tuesday, at about 11.30 p.m., while they were travelling home along the A20 just outside Swanley. Both said that they experienced a strange tingling sensation and had a sense of 'presence'. Don pulled the car off the road and stopped, looking with Chris up into the sky to see an orange light which was moving backwards and forwards as if searching. The area was dark at the time, so Don flashed his headlights and they both then saw the orange light flash back with a whitish light. The object was in view for some minutes and then eventually went away South-East towards the Thames Estuary.

"It went from the conker tree to uncle Brian's"

Within a few days of this report I had another, probably the most enchanting ever, when an office colleague told me that his four year-old son came down to breakfast with the announcement that he had seen a 'big round thing' fly past his bedroom window and with the confirmation that it wasn't an aeroplane — and it wasn't the moon — it was round like a light and it flew past the window'. The following day my friend asked the question for me to see which direction the object took, to be told with some precision that 'it went from the conker tree to Uncle Brian's, from which we found it was near enough East-West! So, young Paul Frost goes into the record, too!

To return to the meeting. Joyce Cannon had been worried all evening about Marion not turning up. She felt that something was wrong as Marion usually rang Joyce's daughter Carol during the day and hadn't done so. I wondered if, in view of the strange things that were happening around us, Marion had perhaps had an experience or sighting that had disturbed her sufficiently to prevent her from joining us as usual. So, the following morning I rang and asked if anything of the kind had occurred. She then told me that she had the most unpleasant feelings of being watched, and a strong impression that she had to go to a particular place although she did not know where and, instead of coming to the meeting and trying to explain these problematical feelings, she had asked a friend to take her for a ride in a car to see if she could find some spot that felt right. They apparently travelled some distance during the evening, mostly towards Surrey, (towards the west. - *Author.*) - but she insisted on returning to Kent and they finished up in the Otford Hills area, Marion feeling that that was the right place but without finding any exact spot. I knew that, at this stage, she had no idea at all that I had felt compelled to go to the same place.

Later, on the strength of this joint feeling, the group made one or two sorties, combing parts of the area, but with only one 'possible' and somewhat vague sighting to show for it that was not really admissible

for the record.

All this seems to have little to do with Everleigh at this stage of the story but it has some bearing later on.

For the whole of the week preceding Whitsun I had been so involved with the preparations for the trip that I had little time to stop and analyse my feelings. Then, on the day itself, I knew that I didn't want to go at all! Considering our excitement at the news we had been given this was a most uncomfortable feeling. I had arranged to meet Bob Erskine at Bill Cannon's house late on the evening of departure so that we could drive during the night to arrive at the rendezvous at dawn. I went, having picked up Don and Chris Stillman on the way, spending some moments at their house trying desperately to rationalise my feelings, without success. Bill and Joyce Cannon were away on holiday, so I had also planned to take their daughter Caron to represent them and as company for Chris. Bob was taking Margaret Holmes and Norman Oliver, leaving one spare seat. Again I tried to sort out what it was that was disturbing me and tried to explain to the others, again without success, and we eventually set off a little behind time.

A Very Clear Picture Of A Hog's Head On A Plate

A day or so before, I had three precognitive symbols 'seen' inside my head, but had told no-one of them. This phenomenon had happened to me on several occasions over the years and had always been substantially accurate. The first of these impressions was as a picture of a white-barred gate opening into a field off a grit road, the field being on a lower level. The second was of a spacecraft similar to the illustrations of a Venusian scout in Adamski's books, and this I put down to a trick of the mind! The third was a very clear picture of a hog's head on a plate, cooked and glazed, with cream piped on in the traditional manner of serving in Elizabethan times. I also told Bob that I thought that we would be stopped on the way down.

Twice on the way we stopped because I had a strong feeling of pressure on me, as though it were a weight on my shoulders. On both occasions I only went on because I felt obliged to my passengers. Later on we were stopped at about two o'clock in the morning by police on a spot check, so it seemed that the premonition was right!

Eventually I slowed down on the other side of Guildford, pulled off the road and stopped. I had to explain to the others that the pressure was so great that I just *had* to turn back. Don and Chris said that although they were disappointed they understood and would come back with me. Carol Cannon transferred to Bob Erskine's car and at this point I gave Bob my ordnance map of the Everleigh area and wrote down for him the premonitions I have mentioned, just in case they turned out to be of relevance.

We parted, Bob to drive on and I to turn the car round and head back towards Guildford. I hadn't got into top gear when the most unusual sensation started to pervade me, starting at the nape of my neck and quickly spreading to the rest of my being, exactly like an electric shock, only much slower. I thought momentarily that it was some sort of nervous reaction, but as it persisted I turned my head to mention it to Don, who was in front with me, when Chris, before I could say a word, said, 'Don, I've got that queer feeling again!'

In seconds she was in tears. Don's eyes were watering and my own were tricking under the same effect. I remember saying, 'Shall I go on or stop?' or words to that effect, and Chris replied, 'Go on - if they want us to stop they'll stop us.'

We went on somehow and gradually the sensation went, leaving all three of us shaken right through. They then explained that this was the feeling that they had tried to describe at our last meeting

■ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the *Gensing Gardens News* team, and which are published in the *Free Newsletter*, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

before Whitsun which they had felt at the time of their sighting near Swanley.

We Continued In This Way, Being "Directed".

We scanned the sky through the car windows as we continued on our way but saw nothing. Further along the road I turned left and back came the feeling again, though this time not so strongly. Chris promptly told me to turn and go straight on, which I did and the sensation went. We continued in this way, being 'directed', with Chris giving directions from the back seat on the strength of it. In retrospect I must admit that this was probably the only occasion that I have ever submitted to a back-seat driver!

The process went on until we found ourselves back in the Otford Hills yet again at about six in the morning, and there at last the feelings went all together. We agreed to call it a night, and went home.

In the time that followed, firstly Bob Erskine came over to see me and tell me of all that had happened at Everleigh, and then he and I went in my car down to Otford to really comb the area to see what we could find. We found no UFOs but we did find a gate exactly as I had seen in impression, although the opposite hand, and it was very close to a spot called Hog's Wood. We also traced on a map the place where I had turned round, and we found that it was right in the middle of the Hog's Back, although we didn't realise it at the time. - (The Hog's Back is an elevation in Surrey, part of the North Downs. It is approximately 10 miles or so long and 500 feet high, stretching from Guildford to Farnham, with the road running along the top. -*Author*.)

There is a Hog's Down at Everleigh, and the name Everleigh means Hog's Wood, according to the Reader's Digest atlas. Perhaps there was something in the Hog's head impression after all!

There Are Photographs In Existence ...

All this seems to be very much ado about very little, but there are some cross-references which should be mentioned and a point or two to make, though perhaps it is unwise and untimely to draw any conclusions.

(1) Most UFO experiences on record have happened to people not connected with the subject and, as it were, by sheer chance. We were and are connected; we had been forewarned and were on a journey with the express purpose of making some contact with UFOs.

(2) Although something seemed to go wrong with the intended event, there are photographs in existence which on considerable enlargement show objects that are definitely not the grain of the paper and could not have been added to the negatives or the prints owing to their small size.

The cross-references are reports of similar sensations contained in Leonard Cramp's new book, *Piece For A Jigsaw*, and in *True* magazine of October 1965 in an article by Jacques Vallée. These are sighting reports which are on official record and in each of three cases describes a prickling, electrical sensation exactly similar to our experiences, including a sighting which seems to tie in with the Stillmans' first sighting at Swanley.

None of these reports were known to me at the time of our trip, although it must be stated that they were in existence in some form prior to that date. I have not, therefore, any valid claim to really positive documentary evidence, but if I needed any reassurance myself, then that much I certainly do have.

There have been many events in the UFO field to keep us all busy since Everleigh, and no doubt if we can have the necessary patience we shall in time learn a great deal more about this fascinating and too-often maligned subject." — (Unquote from John Cranson's contribution to the Everleigh story.)

— Eileen Buckle continues in her commentary:

"...The reason behind John Cranson's compulsion to retrace is anyone's guess. It might have been the 'goodies' anticipating trouble at Everleigh who used this method of contact to prevent him going on; they may have tried to get through to the others in the same way but only John was sensitive to their message.

On the other hand, it could have been the 'baddies' attempting to disrupt the party. There may be some significance in the fact that the sensation experienced by both John and his friends began in the region of the brachial plexus and at the nape of his neck; Garry also clapped his hands to the back of his neck when the harsh message, accompanied by intense pain, came through to him.

If the tape messages of Norman Oliver's had been an isolated phenomenon I would no doubt have been inclined to ascribe them to a quirk of the sub-conscious mind. However, as so many queer things have been happening to people associated with Everleigh or Garry Myers, I feel another explanation should be sought. Could it be that the 'forces manifesting as poltergeists' mentioned to Bryant by Yamski are those very forces manifesting on Norman's tapes and interfering with Garry and others? If this is so then it is ironical that we should be their victims. Bryant did, of course, report that they were abducting people for procreating experiments and I wonder whether Yamski was referring to the same entities. He might well have been talking of negative interference in general and Bryant became confused into thinking that they were all of the same kind." - *Unquote*.

Both "Contacts" Relate To Adamski's Dedicated Work

Ronald had spent many hours in telephone calls and visits concerned with the Scoriton inquiry, discussing the many aspects of an unusual UFO case with Eileen and her colleague, Norman Oliver; there were up-dates, too, on the Gary Beyers (AKA Garry Myers) experience. That there may have been a connection was uncertain in the minds of the three investigators. One obvious link was the strong attachment to the Adamski "theme" and both were of a posthumous nature, i.e., "reincarnation" of Adamski, and, in the case of Gary, the message: "G.A.'s films are being shown widely -". Both of these "contacts" relate to a furtherance of G.A.'s dedicated work, to inform the world of the presence of alien visitors in our skies and the by-product of that work, the invidious nature of the covert opposition to that revelation by unknown but transparently obvious intelligence agencies in various parts of the world.

In a review of "The Scoriton Mystery" written by Ronald in the August 1967 issue of UFO CONTACT, he commented that: "Eileen Buckle herself was brought deeper and deeper into the mystery, together with others working on the investigation of the three separate cases. Yet another man received 'telepathic' impressions to go 'somewhere'. — The 'messages' were confusing, though appearing to follow a pattern. And Eileen Buckle began to feel that possibly these tape 'contacts' were not as healthy as one might have hoped. Could it be that there were 'Baddies' up there as well as 'Goodies'? — The young man in Essex was forewarned of "sightings in the area" which actually came to pass during the period stated, verified from a number of sources. The contact goes on ... — Is *confusion* being deliberately spread among UFO researchers in a certain field - (the "contact" researchers. - *Author*) - by an opposition which could emanate from entities in space or certain agencies on Earth? Is this some kind of last-ditch stand against an impending revelation of the facts about flying saucers?" - *Unquote*.

Is Confusion Being Deliberately Spread Among UFO Researchers?

The review of the book was the only mention of the Gary Beyers incident in any of the IGAP-GB publications. "The young man from Essex" was not the subject of public debate for many very good reasons, as Eileen Buckle later recognized. That young man in Essex did not continue to publicise his story of contact in local or national newspaper. Not because of the "failure" at Everleigh; that was later explained. There are more threatening aspects to UFO disclosures than "entities in space". Much closer to home. Dr. Morris Jessup and Dr. James E. McDonald, (the latter a frequent contributor to the pages of UFO Contact in the 1960s), both eminent scientists and UFO researchers, found that out the hard way. Both "committed suicide".

The "impending revelation of the facts about flying saucers" spoken of in Ronald's book review did *not* come out in the Sixties, neither has it come about in the Nineties. The question asked: "Is Confusion being deliberately

spread among UFO researchers in a certain field -" was a prophetic prelude to the widespread dissemination of "dis-information" so apparent today, particularly in the most threatening section of the UFO spectrum, - threatening to the *Establishment*, that is, - those who bring the truth about *Contact* to a bewildered and confused world. There is, after all, nothing threatening to the establishment in a row of statistics, a dot sighted in the sky. The prevaricators and prognosticators of Project Bluebook showed us that. And one of those foremost in the science of "explanistics" was Dr. J. Allen Hynek. We shall later make reference to this leading light of Project Bluebook, who was to refer to a photograph of the "Adamski" scoutcraft as that of a "chicken feeder". The fact that *Adamski* did not call one of the most frequently-sighted UFOs in the world the "Adamski-type" scout, and the fact that the same type of craft has been seen all over the world is an indicator of one thing only; that the farmers' catalogue from which some have claimed Adamski took his "chicken-feeder" did a very good job, advertising its wares - all over the known world.

Eileen descended on his home in Hackney

In a recent letter to Eileen, now Eileen Lloyd, married to an ex-journalist and living in a little cottage near Leatherhead, Surrey - together with a three-legged cat, - I asked Eileen, now a free-lance editor, if I might have permission "to take a few 'slabs'" of the material from her book to round out the information on Everleigh that we had at this end. She gracefully wrote in her reply: "...The most important thing is to let you know that it's quite okay to take any 'slabs' of my material you like for your work." That is a *true* friend!

It was on the 2nd December 1966 that Eileen and Norman and two other researchers "descended on his home in Hackney" was how Eileen put it when they called on Gary, on his willing invitation, six months after Everleigh. Norman was the only one who had met Gary before; Eileen wrote of that first meeting, when she would need to use a woman's instinct and a probing mind to sum up this young man and his fantastic, yet plausible claim.

At this stage, I must add that I have left certain details for a later airing, for reasons that will become abundantly clear.

The four researchers took Norman's tapes with them to see if the "Voice" was in any way comparable to Gary's "Voice". With regard to the possibility of a message being superimposed onto Norman's tape-recorder, Colin McCarthy, a young Australian electronics engineer, who was with them on the visit to Gary's home, said that such a feat was possible. An electro-magnetic beam striking the tape at the recording head could produce the effect even if the recorder was on play-back.

(The reader might recall that this was the suggestion offered, with regard to "tape interference", in the article written by Ronald Caswell in the December 1967 issue of *UFO Contact*, "Wired For Sound".)

Gary agreed that the voice was similar, but that he wasn't sure.

"In the course of our conversation with him we all became convinced of his sincerity. He was an absolutely normal young man, well balanced and fully-integrated. In a natural, matter-of-fact manner he recounted what had happened to him from the very beginning."

After describing the events surrounding his initial contacts, Gary continued by relating what he had experienced at Everleigh.

"...Well, it was getting on a bit. The sun was getting pretty hot. Ron said to me: 'Fancy coming for a walk?' I said: 'Alright.' We went for a stroll and Ron said: 'Try and keep your mind open.' It was on our way back that a member of the party had come off the hill we had been sitting on and was walking towards us. All of a sudden I had a feeling that I shouldn't go near her, I should go away from her. I remember walking to my right trying to avoid her line of direction and I was beginning to lose the sense of things around. I sensed Ron was there, but I sensed I was losing contact with him, and with that, there was this terrific great - well, shall I say that it was like being hit on the head with a hammer - this splitting voice came through, and it was really horrible."

"Was it the same voice as the other?" I enquired.

"Well, that I can't be sure of because it was so sudden, so sharp. It was just a big maze. I heard what they said but afterwards I couldn't really determine in what tone, except that it was a harsh tone. It was really horrible. It came through as though they were just above me. They *pumped* it through. I put my hands to my head; I thought it would split. I lost complete balance. I had my hand over my eyes and I didn't know whether I was sitting there, laying there - I suppose I must have had a temporary black-out - I lost all sense of balance and finally fell over."

I laid there for a minute and remember opening my eyes. Ron was kneeling down beside me and he was trying to pump out of me what was going on. I wasn't in the mood. Anyway, I told him what they'd said. They said they would be coming in over the big stones, which was complete Hebrew to me. However, Ron decided they obviously meant they were coming from the direction of Stonehenge.

Well, with that, I felt completely rotten, I don't mind admitting. Right up to this point I felt I was onto something good and *this* made it horrible. As I say, I felt really rough; it gave me this terrific headache, and I suppose the heat didn't really help, and I must admit I went back and completely cut myself off. I laid down and sulked and nobody could do a thing with me. I lay in the sun, ashamed to show my face, I was so upset about it."

Somebody shouted out: "Leave him alone!"

"Well, I don't know how long I lay there, but it must have been a fair time. Then, suddenly, I had this impulse to get up and start walking. I got up and started off down the side of the hill. Somebody shouted out: 'Where's Garry going?' I think it was Cliff. Then his girl friend Kay came along, and I remember pushing her. She fell in some brambles. I was quite spiteful with everybody and then somebody shouted out: 'Leave him alone!' I remember the voices being shout out but I had the feeling, oh, I couldn't care less. I was going along and I was pushing everybody. Good thing there was no one bigger than me! I had this terrible sort of feeling to go somewhere, but where I didn't know. I kept walking (-I'll tell you: I'm not particularly fond of walking-), and I remember seeing something. It must have been miles away, glistening in the sun. I can't remember what it was."

"Well, I was sure this was somebody trying to attract me away from where everybody else was, and it was that which I was following. Now I would never had got to it, which I realised afterwards, but I was being compelled to walk towards this silvery glint."

Then I remember hearing a car, someone was coming after me. Then there was Mr. Caswell, Ron's father - I remember him saying they'd had some sightings. Ron joined him and slowly they were walking me round as they were talking. Directly I got out of the line of this thing I began to get my senses back, and I realised they were telling me the truth, they had seen something. At first I had believed they were kidding me to make me go back. When I reached the others they began patting me on the back, saying they had seen this, and they had seen that. I thought: *Great!* I hadn't seen a thing! Nobody to my knowledge at the time had taken any photographs, so I was quite disappointed, you might say." - *Unquote.*

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

UFO FILES Russian Roswell

Kapustin Yar was the former Soviet Union's most sensitive Air Base. It was created as the site for the development of the Soviet Union's space program after the end of World War II. It lies over 500 miles south of Moscow and about 60 miles east of Volgograd, the former Stalingrad. It was here that captured V2 rockets and the German scientists that created them were set to work with not only the single task of getting into space before the Americans, but also designing and testing new aircraft missiles and other weapons systems. The base was deemed so secret that the nearby town of Zhitkur was emptied of its population and levelled because it was too close. In 1948, less than a year after the Roswell Incident, the base's radar operators picked up an unidentified object. At the same time, a fighter pilot had a visual sighting of a silver, cigar-shaped object. Reporting that he was being blinded by rays from the UFO, the pilot was ordered to engage with it and, after a three minute dogfight, a missile successfully brought down the UFO. It seems that the UFO fired some sort of energy weapon at the MiG and both craft crashed to the ground. ■

Video available on:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3ekQK1Lsuu8&feature=player_embedded#t=92watch?v=3ekQK

UFO CONTACT: The Day Before Yesterday ©

In Support Of George Adamski
(Part Twelve)

"More Like A Heavy Glass Bell Than A Saucer"

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen

It is many years since George Adamski's account in *Flying Saucers Have Landed* went out of print. Perhaps some can be forgiven then, for taking as gospel false claims, by its detractors, as to its contents. It was a fantastic story, yes, but so was that of Gagarin, of Glenn and all the others. Let us remember that.

Yet many thousands were encouraged to accept the truth of the reality of visiting space ships by simple words such as this:

"The ship was hovering above the ground, about a foot or two at the far side of me, and very near to the bank of the hill. But the slope of the hill was such that the front, or that part of it closest to me, was a good six feet above the earth. The tree-ball landing gear was half lowered below the edge of the flange that covered them, and I had a feeling this was a precautionary act just in case they had definitely to land ... It was a beautiful small craft, shaped more like a heavy glass bell than a saucer"

The large, buff envelope marked "Do Not Bend - Photographs" that arrived a few days after Everleigh, was not from some distant part of the world; it was from Ronald's brother, Dennis. There was a large photographic print inside. It proved that Gary had been right, after all. In the centre of the frame - much enlarged, of course - was the tiny but clear shape of a bell-like scoutship, apparently hovering over the woodland to the north of the tumulus. Its location indicated that it might well have positioned itself deliberately to be photographed in an identifiable location, Everleigh Barrows. Indications were that it was fairly low in altitude, perhaps less than a thousand feet. But what was more amazing was the fact that the bright "corona" effect on one side was opposite to the sun beaming down from the west. This was shown plainly by the shadows on the foliage about the tumulus and on the picket-fence stakes by the adjoining fields, and principally by the sharp shadow on the short, wooden pole supporting the white "star" which indicated that this was a burial mound under preservation. The photograph, one of those taken by Dennis Caswell, had been snapped from the level field to the south of the "barrow" or tumulus, seemingly around mid-day or early afternoon.

Dennis had written a few explanatory words. It would seem that the large "tail-plane", which he had thought could be the rear appendage of an American B-29, turned out to be a flying saucer. It appeared to be hovering, or passing over, in the area of Hog Down.

A glance at the survey map showed an area of woodland to the north, variously itemized as *Everleigh Ashes*, *Cow Down*, *Hog Down*, *The Scrubs*, and a tumulus or burial mound, named *Oldhat Barrow*. Near to this, a little to the east, was an area of 639 feet elevation. Perhaps the saucer had come into sight from there.

Whatever purpose it served, Gary's claim had been vindicated after all. The UFO rendezvous had been honoured, as promised. It now remained to be seen if some further contact would be made, or any enlightenment on Everleigh would be forthcoming.

One thing was sure: Dennis Caswell had photographed a classic flying saucer. As events were to show, there was much, much more.

The Uncertainty Had Gone

Those who had been at Everleigh were informed that "the failure" had, after all, turned out to be a success. The local group began to view Gary as being, perhaps, a little more special than they had previously considered

him. Gary's big smile showed what he felt about the whole affair, but he wasn't one to crow. Instead, he just seemed pleased to have had the experience. The fact that he had not seen the saucer at Everleigh was a secondary thing with him. Ronald's opinion was that Gary had become more mature following on the Everleigh incident. The uncertainty had gone.

It seemed sensible at the time to keep the whole series of incidents at a low key. Publicity, in the context of UFO claims, and especially of "contact", had, on occasion, destroyed people's lives. It was hoped that Gary would have more contacts; publicity now could perhaps jeopardize future possibilities of receiving messages that could take this contact a stage further. The aliens had kept their word; they had provided evidence that telepathy had worked, that is, as far as Gary was concerned. They had also provided photographic evidence of their presence. That aspect of George Adamski's claims, at least, had proved itself to be a fact; telepathy worked.



Meanwhile, on Wednesday, 1st June, — a date between Everleigh and Ronald's receipt of the photograph of the bell-shaped saucer, — a Warminster housewife in the night, followed a little later by "a brilliant white light which lit up our bedroom bright as day".

Perhaps as bright as that which lit up Mrs. "M's" bedroom at Theydon Bois, Essex, one January evening a year and a half before.

Whether or not they impinged on the privacy of other people's bedrooms at the time, there was a whole mass of sightings reported over the United Kingdom in the next few months. One can be sure that there were many other reports than those recorded on Ronald's files for the rest of 1966.

Ronald phoned the Independent Television Network

The year 1966 was to continue with a generally busy schedule. Ronald had been assisting researchers Eileen Buckle and Norman Oliver in their inquiry into the Arthur Bryant (Yamski) affair, at Scoriton in Devon, south-west England, which was to result in the writing of Eileen's book: *The Scoriton Mystery*. Earlier, in May, he had sent, on request a report on the "Yamski" case to a U.S. newspaper, and received reciprocal help from that source.

Now, in July, aware that the October date for the publication of UFO CONTACT was drawing ever nearer, Ronald phoned the Independent Television Network in London for an interview regarding the showing of the Adamski-Rodeffer Silver Spring colour movie. Shortly afterwards he met the editor of one of their documentary programmes and the film was previewed in the studio. A prospective date for the TV viewing was arranged. Ronald groaned, he said, when the date was finally fixed for August 1st. He would be in Denmark from July 27th until well into August. Unfortunately, with the programme's tight schedule, it could not be arranged otherwise.

The film was shown, as scheduled, on August 1st, on the "Date-Line" programme, a prime time television slot. Meanwhile, in Denmark on August 2nd, a long interview with Major Petersen, complete with Adamski photographs, appeared in the large circulation family magazine "HJEMMET". On August 31st, a live interview with Mrs. Netty de Bruyn-Kops, IGAP-Netherlands, was filmed on Dutch TV, with a large "Adamski-type" saucer screened in the background.

On September 1st, Ronald flew to Brussels, and was at the airport later to welcome one of G.A.'s closest Co-workers in the States, Fred

Steckling, - who himself had a pilot's licence, - along with his wife, Ingrid, and young son, Glenn, to a meeting at the home of May Morlet, in Antwerp, where Fred would show a film and give a talk to BUFOL-IGAP members and reporters later in the evening. There were 50-60 present in the large lounge.

Among them, there was a rather special young woman.

With regard to whether Space People celebrate certain days, Fred told Ronald a story whilst they were driving from Brussels to Antwerp on the first day.



Madeleine Rodeffer had been at the airport as they left Washington, he said. There were two Brothers standing back a bit in the crowd. They weren't with Madeleine, but possibly she knew they were there.

Ingrid had broken in on the conversation.

"Oh, Ronald!" she exclaimed in her German-accented American. "If only you could meet them! There is this wonderful feeling of goodness that seems to reach out to you!"

"Ronald," Fred went on. They were tired after the hours of travelling. It cheered them up to be with George Adamski's friends again. Patrick Morlet, May's older son, was busy dodging the traffic on the outskirts of Brussels, but he, too, was listening carefully to the conversation. It was a good thing that he was an expert at the wheel!

"Ronald, - do you know, - it's just as if they have our frequency. I had a birthday a while back. - Ingrid and I were watching TV. I don't remember the show. - Suddenly, it went *doot-di-doot-doot* on the TV, just like that, - maybe ten or a dozen times. *Doot-di-doot-doot*! Ingrid and I just looked at each other, - and then we both *dashed* to the porch! There, over the house, was the saucer! It just swayed there back and forward. Then it seemed to swing down low as the light showed from the porch, and then it shot off over in the direction of Washington Airport at great speed."

Ingrid couldn't hold herself any longer.

"And do you know, Ronald!" she burst out, "Madeleine had the same thing happen on her birthday! Linda and some more friends were just being seen off from the house, and they called out to Madeleine to look. And there was this red, glaring light swaying over the house!"

"You can bet they've got our wavelengths! Fred said.

"Ron, I am wondering about that young woman"

After the lecture on the first evening, - when Co-workers and special friends sat talking into the small hours of the morning, - Hans Petersen and Ronald walked around the quiet, deserted avenues near to May Morlet's home to get some fresh air. It was the first opportunity they had had to talk alone together since their meeting in Denmark three or four weeks before.

Hans also wanted to tell Ronald something about the meeting that evening. About a young lady of rather special appearance who had, during the course of the evening, moved out of the audience of reporters and other guests and was sitting on a settee close to the speaker's table. Just before the guests left, - some of them were unknown to May Morlet - the young woman had spoken a few words to Hans.

"Ron," Hans had said, "I am wondering about that young woman."



On September 3rd and 4th, very good coverage was given to the meeting of Co-workers and the lecture in Antwerp's "Le Matin" and "La Metropole" newspapers. On the 4th, the Stecklings, the Morlets and Ronald Caswell drove to The Hague, in Holland, for a lecture by Fred Steckling, including a showing of G.A.'s films and the Silver Spring movie.

Later, the Co-workers received a letter from their Austrian colleague, Mrs. Dora Bauer, who told them of Fred's lectures in Vienna and Linz. She also wrote that he had told her of the Space People, a Brother and a Sister, who were at May Morlet's home on that first evening.

It was on September 7th that Fred Steckling filmed an "Armada", several formations following one after the other, forty-odd craft in number, while travelling by train between Mannheim and Frankfurt in West Germany, a sight witnessed by scores of fellow passengers as well as the Steckling family. Fred wrote, describing the incident and offering to show the film, to Major-General Thomas G. Corbin, Department of the Air Force. He also wrote to Senator Clinton P. Anderson, of the Senate Space and Aeronautics Committee, and to Dr. Paul D. Lowman JR. at NASA. Fred sent copies of the replies he received, along with colour stills from the film, to Ronald, and the story was printed in the June 1967 issue of UFO Contact.

The viewings took place at Goddard Space Flight Center, before 22 officials, at 10.30 a.m. February 27th 1967, in Building A.1. of NASA's Greenbelt, Maryland facility, and before three top-ranking Air Force officers on Monday March 20th, at the Pentagon.

The IGAP journal, *UFO CONTACT*, was published in its English-language version in October, 1966, as promised. On October 8th, a London broadsheet, the "SUN" newspaper, reported what was, in fact, the setting up of a ploy to rid the U.S. Air Force of its somewhat tarnished image in the form of Project Bluebook, although it was not phrased that way and it wasn't to happen for a couple of years yet, anyway. One of the fatuous and deceptive questions posed - by implication, by the Air Force, - was: "Do Flying Saucers really exist?" - As if the U.S.A.F. didn't already know the answer to that one.

Ronald had no idea that he was to appear on the front page of the SUN when two reporters called on him a couple of days beforehand and asked him to comment on the report

"£140,000 Hunt For Flying Saucers." ran the headline.

THE UNITED STATES Air Force have given 300,000 dollars - £140,000 - to promote a major investigation into flying saucers.

They want to know: Do flying saucers really exist? Are they flown by men from outer space? Or are they simply figments of the imagination?

The cash has been given to the University of Colorado for an independent investigation. The Air Force have finally bowed to public pressure after scoffing at claims that Unidentified Flying Objects -UFOs- are manned by beings from space.

The inquiry is the result of a call for more information about flying saucers by the U.S. Congress armed services committee.

PRESSURE.

So many saucer sightings have been reported that pressure built up for a Congressional investigation.

Airline pilots have reported being chased across the sky by flying saucers.

The Air Force's official position is that it does not deny the possibility of life on other planets, but, so far, has no evidence proving the existence of flights from space.

They had investigated 10,896 saucer sightings since 1947.

In Britain, Mr. Ronald Caswell, chairman of the British branch of the International Get Acquainted Programme, who are trying to persuade people to take flying saucers seriously, said:

'There should be a similar inquiry here. There have been hundreds of sightings in Britain this area'. - *Unquote.*



In November, Ronald and Dennis were at Warminster again

Also in October 1966, Mrs. Maria Christina de Rueda was named on a Mexican TV programme dealing with flying saucers. Information provided by her concerning Adamski, "Fire-flies" and other matters, was referred to by the TV commentator. Mrs. de Rueda was Mexico's Co-worker.

On October 6th, a French-language Belgian TV programme gave

extensive coverage, with documentation, of the story of George Adamski and contacts with Space Brothers and the Rodeffer-Adamski movie, and received a very favourable commentary. This followed a series of lectures given by BUFOI-IGAP, following the Brussels University film-lecture of December 1965, where, because of the impaired condition of the film due to tampering by unknown agencies, the reception had not been good.

Also on October 8th, a long article on George Adamski, with photos from the "Silver Spring" film, appeared in the Belgian magazine "ABC", accompanied by a very fair commentary. Then, on October 15, IGAP's journal, UFO CONTACT, in a German version, published by Dora Bauer, had arrived. On November 1st, a Danish version, produced by Co-worker Leif E. Pedersen, came out, followed on November 15th by a French version, by May Morlet.

In November, Ronald and Dennis were at Warminster again to inquire into the latest events over and above the Wiltshire township, to be followed by a visit to London again to aid inquiries into the Scoriton affair, which had awakened much interest.

During January 1967, Ronald was assisting the "National Enquirer" of New York with articles on the UFO scene. On January 21st he was again on the way to Warminster, and to Glastonbury, in Somerset, south-west England, for news on the latest developments in the flying saucer field. The name of the small Wiltshire town was now known all over the world. Warminster's apparent resident UFO was now called "The Thing".

On May 6th-8th, not quite a year after Everleigh, the brothers were again on a visit to the town 20 miles to the westward, Warminster; then followed a further venue in Kent, south-east England, following up a sighting.

Meanwhile, Gary Byers had had further "voice" contacts, though nothing more of a physical nature as yet. However, further UFO activity over Britain was indicated, but no dates or areas were specified. In June of that year, it came. With a vengeance!

In the August 1967 issue of UFO CONTACT, Ronald published an article headed: "UFO Flap Over England! - International Sky Watch night: IGAP 'Bags' a Saucer."

The first report was quoted by the highly-regarded broadsheet: "Daily Telegraph" of London, Monday June 26th.

"A cigar-shaped object was seen over Essex on Saturday night by observers in fifteen different places, taking part in the 24-hour 1967 International Sky Watch for flying saucers. The watch celebrated the twentieth anniversary of flying saucers."

So, these saucer pilots did go in for anniversaries, after all!

From the "Sun" newspaper, of London, Monday June 26th.

"Dozens of flying saucer spotters yesterday reported that they had seen a large cigar-shaped object flying westward over Epping Forest, Essex ..."

Then, on June 30th, the "Epping, West Essex Gazette" published a story, and photographs, of an experience on that same "Sky Watch" night, when three newly associated members of the Harlow group took pictures of an object over the forest area close to where Gary Byers had had his "Everleigh - that's West" contact the previous year. The photographs of one of the trio, an amateur photographer using a fast-acting Yashica Mat, were developed that night at the request of the newspaper reporter. The result was startling. The two best pictures showed the typical "falling leaf" pattern of an object of great brilliance, which was photographed over the brow of the forest just to the south of Harlow. It was an IGAP "scoop"! The full story and pictures were reproduced in the IGAP journal.

The story did not end there, however.

I Had a Visit from Three Men in Suits.

Quite some time afterwards, when it appeared that young Bob Brown, the 22 years-old amateur photographer, had lost interest in flying saucers, Ronald approached him and requested further copies of the published photographs, as the earlier ones had been sent to Denmark to use with the magazine story. Bob was somewhat apologetic and not a little aggrieved.

"I'm sorry, I can't oblige. I don't have them any more."

When Ronald asked what had happened to them, Bob hesitated.

"Well," he said finally, not long after the story was published and you had the newspaper coverage in your magazine, I had a visit from three men in suits. They said that they were from the Ministry of Defence, and that they had to take the photographs away for examination. They also took the negatives."

"What about the newspaper people? Didn't they have copies?" Ronald asked. Bob Brown sounded rather rebellious.

"The same thing happened to them. - Three men paid them a visit and confiscated the film and negatives. When I phoned the Ministry of Defence and asked for my property back, - the photos and the negs, - they said they didn't know what I was talking about."

That young man knew nothing about "three men in black" and not much more about George Adamski.

As Ronald remarked afterwards: now he could understand why the young man had lost his interest in "flying saucers".

Major Petersen - was also in Greenland at this time

June had, indeed, been a busy month for members of IGAP, both in England and abroad. Ronald, along with other members from Essex, met Lou Zinstag, G.A.'s Swiss Co-worker, at Heathrow Airport, and had had several hours of fruitful discussion at a handy pub around the corner from her London hotel. Later, she was to give a lecture in central London. Her talk was reported in September 1968's UFO CONTACT.

In Denmark, too, Major Petersen was giving a series of lectures to the public, which was quite an achievement for a serving Air Force officer. He was also in Greenland during this time, perhaps trying to prove that it was possible for a person to be in two places at the same time. Ronald, who was beginning to discover that it was sometimes difficult to be in one place at a time, had to regretfully decline an invitation to be a delegate at a UFO Congress in Italy.

Instead, he journeyed to Brixham, in Devon, south-west England, to cover a story described in the New York "National Inquirer" as "8 at Coast Guard Station see Flying Saucer". The story had earlier been reported on in the August 1967 UFO CONTACT, based on an account from the "Sunday Express" of May 21st 1967. The full story, with the usual official "explanations" was published in UFO Contact of October 1967. The hilarious "explanations" alone were worth every exhausting minute of the 24-hour, 650-mile round trip, which also took in Cornwall.

During this time, Ronald made an arrangement to visit Leonard G. Cramp, M.S.I.A.; A.R.Ae.S. at his home on the Isle of Wight, just off Portsmouth, on the south coast. Leonard had expressed an interest in viewing the Adamski-Rodeffer film for a very special reason.

In the June 1967 issue of UFO Contact, Ronald wrote a review of the book *Piece For A Jigsaw* which Cramp had worked for over ten years to produce, following on his previous work: *Space, Gravity And The Flying Saucer*."

Written in a style which is as open and as lacking in pomposity as the man himself," Ronald had commented, "one finds a pattern developing from each chapter to the next, as he takes us from his brief but concise

□ The contents of articles, copies, photographs or any other material received from authors not related to the Gensing Gardens News team, and which are published in the Free Newsletter, do not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion, who cannot be held responsible for any breach of possible copyrights, nor for the authenticity of the aforementioned publication(s). ■

"background material" of orthodox aerodynamics, curves into a high trajectory through the experimental X-15 and the family of rockets, and into the deep blue. One is almost shocked to find with what ease Cramp brings us down, - not in a capsule supported by great, billowing parachutes, but gently landing in a field, any field, ready for instant take-off to a far-off, hovering mother-ship."

"At least, the mother-ship is there by implication, because Mr. Cramp, as he says, having 'set myself the task of discovering the truth as an engineer,' arrives, after a volume full of investigation and experimentation, at the last chapter, which is entitled: 'Vindication of a Scoutship'."

"The last paragraph of the second from last chapter might well sum up a very large part of the UFO Story. It also sums up the author, a man who succeeded in forming a large group of UFO enthusiasts for a very hard core of technology, men who *knew* the principles involved in weight distribution and surface manipulation, i.e., expert engineers producing the revolutionary Hovercraft."

"Some of my readers," wrote Cramp, 'will have been way ahead of me in these past assessments, and no doubt will have anticipated my next intention. Yet others will be a trifle impatient that the following correlation should be made. But I must stress, I try very hard not to be biased; science is far more interesting left as it is. Therefore I am sincere in my next analysis' (i.e. "Vindication of a Scout ship." R.C.) - 'I trust the reader will be, too. I have purposely chosen the following title for the evidence which I hope may help shed some true light on one who may be a very maligned man.'"

"Yes," went on Ronald, 'the very maligned man' is George Adamski."

Welcomed heartily by Leonard Cramp and his technologist group members and friends, Ronald's commentary and the "Silver Spring" scoutship film were received with none of the remarks handed out in their time by such as aviation historian Charles Gibbs-Smith, at the home of The Honourable Brinsley le Poer Trench, or by some of the less mature students at Brussels University. Knowing of the activities of certain covert agencies in the United States, (with regard to hi-jacking and crudely faking arts of the original film, necessitating a large amount of pruning) the engineers debated the pros and cons of the hovering scoutship, commenting on the possible aspects of control of levitation and flight with a marked openness of mind which is the hallmark of pioneers in their chosen field.

Leonard was the ideal host, joining in a few "flying saucer" jokes, but generally showing himself to be the serious and objective person that comes out in his two highly-regarded works on the "possible technology behind the 'flying saucers'".

Bob Erskine, a Kent member of IGAP-GB, who had driven Ronald down to the Isle of Wight, was also suitably impressed by the objective analysis of the film by the group's erudite membership, in startling contrast to the sceptical and ill-mannered reception given to Madeleine Rodeffer by members of the U.S. Senate Committee on Science and Aeronautics in January 1965, when viewing an earlier film by George Adamski.

In November, Ronald was in Denmark

In November, Ronald was in Denmark to take part in a lecture tour, along with Major Petersen and a visiting guest, ex-Hungarian General Staff Major Colman VonKeviczky, former staff member of the U.N. Office of Public Information, until he was "retired" from the job because of his frequent representations made to the U.N. regarding the UFO case. As he was then a naturalized American citizen, there were to be no prizes offered as to what agency used its powers to have VonKeviczky "retired". However, he went on with his dedicated work until the time of his "ultimate retirement". He died in 1998.

The Denmark trip had a two-pronged purpose which is well-worth relating in full. Concerning the business undertaken on the tour, we refer here to the December 1967 IGAP-GB Newsletter sent out by Ronald Caswell on his return from Denmark. First the general business of UFO sightings and comment to inform the membership in Great Britain of the

national situation, and adding to the already well-reported scene of 1967 national sightings in the pages of UFO CONTACT.

"IGAP-GB

December 1967

Dear Friends,

It's time you were hearing from me once again.

Since our last newsletter things have really been happening, and I need hardly say where some of them have been happening, as most of you will already know. Britain had its biggest UFO flap ever, mostly concentrating during the week October 24th-31st.

Every national newspaper repeatedly told of UFO observations in all parts of the country, mingled with explanations ranging from our old faithful, Venus, to balloons and aircraft re-fuelling exercises. Well, no doubt Venus accounted for some reports, as the bright planet was in excellent shape that month, but the Ministry of Defence and other official bodies overdid it as usual, and the general public now seems to be wary of these "ready" explanations, which somehow rarely fit the evidence. Of added interest was the fact that a great many of the observers were trained men, members of various police forces scattered about the country.

However, a lull has apparently set in, and the tactics of official 'disinterest' have once more paid off. At least on the surface. Perhaps, however, those 'watch-dogs' of the British Public, our news editors, will now begin to see the light. Heaven knows, it's been flashing into their eyes long enough." - *Unquote.*

Well, of course, it's history now that the "saucer" flap over Britain in October 1967 no more opened the eyes of news editors generally, than it opened the eyes, ears and minds of the political, military or religious hierarchy of the Sixties. It's the same in the Nineties. Secrecy prevails. Even the release of once-classified documentation is a part of the game for the manipulators in their corridors of power. Are those "corridors" in the White House, in the Kremlin, at Whitehall? Who knows? It seems to go much deeper than the corridors of Government. Much deeper.

Incontrovertible Evidence of Artificial Installations on Moon

"Regarding my trip to Denmark, November 8th-18," Ronald went on. "At the request of Major Petersen, certain alterations were made to our original plan to suit our American colleague, Mr. Colman VonKeviczky."

I arrived in Copenhagen on the evening of November 9th, where I was met by my good friend and associate, Major Hans Petersen, and Colman VonKeviczky. CVK was very warm in his greeting and from the start we struck just the right note together. As we drove on to Major Petersen's home just outside of the city, I was given a brief rundown of events. CVK had been in Denmark prior to his trip to Germany, and after being met by a Danish TV team at the airport for a show later in the day, had spent almost a week at the Petersen's home, where plans were discussed concerning both the 7th International UFO Congress at Mainz, West Germany, where CVK was to be the principal speaker, and also the lectures which he was to give in Copenhagen and Jutland on his return. He had arrived back from Germany by air an hour or so before my own arrival on the boat-train 'Engländeren'.

We worked late into the night preparing for the first of the IGAP Congresses, to take place next day, Friday, November 10th.

During the following afternoon we collected a number of large blown-up prints of the Moon's surface, which Major Petersen had had processed at the air-base nearby. On one of these, an official NASA photograph, there is incontrovertible evidence of artificial installations on the Moon, a fact that was demonstrated on the screen at the subsequent lectures."

"The first IGAP Congress was held in a large modern school auditorium at Ballerup, near Copenhagen. Extra seats were brought in, but a number of people arrived too late to gain admittance, as the hall was completely crowded out. There were a number of 'gate-crashed', which probably swelled the final total to well in excess of the registered 650 persons present. It was an amazing show of interest on the part of the general public, as well as IGAP members, some of whom had travelled long distances to be present.

Along with Colman VonKeviczky's extensive documentation, over 140 slides were projected, giving an expert and balanced analysis of many of the known, but also many of the little-known 'saucer' photographs taken in

various parts of the world. The Adamski-Rodeffer 8mm film was shown to a hushed audience. Major Petersen dealt ably with the involved translation - partly in English for the benefit of VonKeviczky - and explanation of the material. I was myself privileged to speak for a while in support of our United Nations approach and other projected programmes."

"The next morning we left Copenhagen and drove across the country, via the 'Great Belt' ferry —my second trip across in 48 hours— to the town of Kolding, situated approximately mid-way on the eastern side of Jutland, the mainland of Denmark. There we were warmly welcomed by senior master Vagn Dybkær and his school-teacher wife, Else, who were to be our hosts during our two-day's stay. It is Vagn who organizes the listing of subscribers and distribution of UFO CONTACT."

There also I was personally very pleased to meet our own good friend and IGAP-GB member, Kay Rowlands, who, most of you will recall, is staying at the Dybkær's home to help the two boys, Bo and Dan, with their English. At a dinner party during the evening we were able to meet many of the Danish IGAP people who have been helping with the International and Danish versions of UFO CONTACT, and other group leaders from various parts of Jutland. Needless to say, we talked 'shop' all the time, half in English and half in Danish!"

The Adamski-Rodeffer Film

"The second Congress and film show was held the following afternoon, Sunday 12th, and despite the rain and that 'after-dinner' feeling, over 500 arrived at the hall."

As at the previous lecture, many good questions were asked after the talk, and it was quite a while before we were 'released' by the many inquirers and autograph and photograph hunters. A journalist present wrote a very good and positive article which appeared next day, and special mention was made of the Adamski-Rodeffer movie which I had escorted to Denmark. In interviewing members of the audience afterwards, the journalist noted that, of 'uncommitted persons he had spoken with, the majority were completely won over by the evidence which had been put before them and also by the hard work and sincerity of those who had presented the pictorial and written documentation."

I must add here that Colman VonKeviczky had among his material photographic analyses of George Adamski's scout and mothership photos; - part of his corroborative evidence for G.A.'s photos goes back several hundreds of years, from detailed etchings and prints preserved in certain museums in Europe. I hope to use some of this material in a future issue UFO CONTACT."

After the Sunday lecture, a further meeting took place at the Dybkær's home, where other IGAP people were invited to meet Mr VonKeviczky and myself. CVK was granted a most valuable insight on the Danish mentality, an experience from which I know he emerged a richer man." - *Unquote.*

It is suggested that a Global Project be set up

Apart from the important and all-inclusive lectures and film/slide shows conducted by Major Petersen and ex-Major VonKeviczky in Denmark, perhaps the primary purpose for CVK's visit to Europe at that time was, as has been mentioned, his appearance as principal speaker at the Mainz, West Germany, congress, with its U.N.-directed Resolution, part of a dedicated task of "awakening" this august body to the reality of UFO visitations which was to be his main purpose in life for many years. To achieve that end, he needed to call on other dedicated people to assist him, among them the Co-workers of the Get Acquainted Program."

The December 1967 IGAP-GB Newsletter went on:

"The three of us drove back to Copenhagen the following day, to continue our talks and to finalize the wording of the resolution which had been accepted, in effect, in the German version, at the Congress in Mainz."

This Resolution, in English, has since been sent out to all parts of the world, to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, U Thant, to leaders of 131 Governments, as well as to many individuals in Politics, Science, the Military, the Churches, etc., and various News media. The text will be presented in full in the December issue of UFO CONTACT."

Briefly, the Resolution proposes the founding of an Inter-Continental

UFO Research Institute based on ex-territorial ground donated by a member state, supported by, and working under the auspices of, the United Nations Organization."

It is suggested that a global project be set up, dividing the Earth's surface into 21 "UFO territories" - i.e. Scandinavia plus Iceland and Greenland as one area, Australasia as another etc., and representative UFO analysts and researchers from these areas be elected to work at the Institute, where scientists will be available to make specialist studies of material and photographic documentation and to help correlate and analyse UFO reports on a global scale."

Major Petersen and I have already sent a letter to the President of Mexico, informing him prior to the Resolution being made public, and impressing on him the urgency of the situation. We hope it may be possible for land to be granted in Mexico for the purpose of founding the Institute."

"Since my return from Denmark I have received word from Mr. VonKeviczky in New York that tentative arrangements are being made with the office of Mr. Narasimhan, Chief Cabinet Minister of the United Nations Secretariat, for a delegation to formally present the Resolution to the Secretary-General. Major Petersen and I have been proposed, as representatives of IGAP and UFO contact, but as it is not possible for me to fly to New York at the present time, Major Petersen is making himself available."

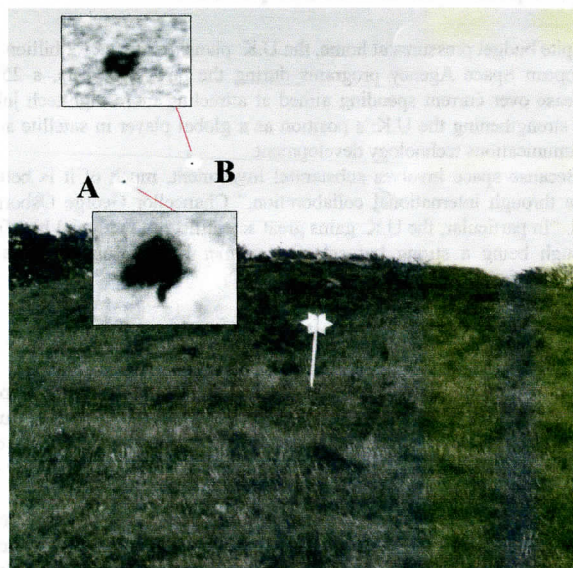
To conclude this letter, I have been asked my opinion of the recent Venus "findings". To those of you who have read our IGAP Journal from the first, I will say that my views have not changed in the slightest as a result of these Venus "probes". My comments are published, for the record, in the December issue of UFO Contact."

Sincerely, Ronald Caswell,
Co-worker."

Major Petersen's growing collection of NASA "moon-shots" was to be increased dramatically a year or two later, when, following on from a tip-off by a friend, a case-load of "moon material" arrived on his doorstep from Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland."

Details of this interesting event will be related in a later article. Could he have unknown friends in high places ...? ■

Ragnvald A. Carlsen and Major (ret.) Hans C. Petersen —
Royal Danish Air Force."



One of the Everleigh photographs shot during the 'rendezvous' that Sunday, 19th of May 1966, showing apparently 2 UFOs