

PEOPLE WHO'VE SEEN THE LIGHTS

□ **ANDREW GRIMES** reviews a new book by Jenny Randles, *The Pennine UFO Mystery*

IF
flying saucers

ORANGE balls over Blackpool. Green balls over Buxton. Yellow balls over Uppermill. White balls over Derbyshire. The sky, it seems, is full of flying balls of every hue, huge, menacing and mysterious.

Jenny Randles' book, *The Pennine UFO Mystery* (Granada £1.50) is full of these flying balls and other phenomena.

Miss Randles is a dab hand at chronicling such sights, this being her fourth contribution to the UFO genre.

But her new book marks a change in attitude and objectivity. It opens on, and repeatedly returns to, the sad death of Mr Zigmund Adamski, Yorkshire miner of 56, who, 25 miles from his home, and five days after he had inexplicably disappeared, was found on a pile of coal with a slight burn on his head, neck and shoulders.

DISEASE

Mr Adamski was an ordinary working man with a lung deformity and arterial heart disease, troubled by the NCB's reluctance to grant him early retirement.

He set off to buy potatoes from his home

near Wakefield. He never returned, but was found wearing jacket, shoes, trousers, but no shirt, on a coal heap close to Todmorden railway station. It was established that he had been dead eight hours. The pathologist thought that the burn, which appeared to have been treated with a kind of ointment, was too slight to have killed him. Death was from natural causes; but because of the time lag before he was found dead in a very strange place the inquest jury returned an open verdict.

PURSUIT

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Miss Randles proceeds from this mystery to discuss a series of incredible, uncorroborated mishaps that some people claim to have befallen them elsewhere. "The connection may be entirely spurious," she comments, but only several pages after she has planted in the mind the possibility that the luckless Zigmund was dropped on that coal stack from a great height.

When Miss Randles abandons setting up and pursuing pseudo clues, she can be interesting. She is good on the case of Pc

Alan Godrey who, while in pursuit of straying cattle in Todmorden on a November morning three years ago, believes he drove up to a windowed dome, 20ft across, 14ft high, and hovering five feet above the road. The object disappeared before he could finish sketching it.

Subsequently, he was regressed by two hypnotherapists — assigned to this task by Miss Randles' team — and under hypnosis described being transported inside the dome and examined against his will by a bearded, skullcapped man, assisted by robotic pygmies.

One suspects that Pc Godrey, a healthy young man suffering from no psychosis, was the victim of a waking hallucination, brought on perhaps by exhaustion, of a sort many have experienced. The clincher, for me is an unpleasant detail he added to his description of the dome's interior. There were not only repugnant midgets in there; there was also a horrible black dog. It is impossible to envision an extra-terrestrial civilisation travelling the cosmos with black dogs, but no bad dream would be complete without at least one snarling brute, snapping at one's pinioned ankles.

