

It was a fantastic story, and CLIVE MENADUE knew no-one would believe him. But he has decided to tell it and risk being called crazy...

WEEKEND 11/10/67

DO YOU believe in flying saucers? More to the point, do you believe people who believe in flying saucers?

Clive Menadue, a 35-year-old machine operator, who lives near Bridgend, Glamorgan, was a sceptic. Not now.

Something fantastic appeared in the sky above some wasteland behind his house, he claims. His wife saw it, too, and says:

"It was like a vision you see in a biblical film."

Both are normal, intelligent people. Here for the first time, Clive Menadue tells his story and how it has affected his life.

WHAT does a man do when he sees a flying saucer? I ask this because

I have seen one—and it has put me on the spot. It is the most fantastic thing that has happened to me. Yet, with few exceptions, I have had to keep quiet about it, because people would think me crazy.

But I feel I can no longer keep silent about what I saw. It is too important to hush up.

ROARING NOISE

So, whether I am classed as a crank or not, this is what happened on the night of July 20 at the back of my house in Beach road, Pyle, which is not far from Bridgend, Glamorgan. 1967

I was putting the cat out for the



Clive and Sylvia Menadue — he was putting their cat out when he saw the sparkling 'mist'

night. It was around midnight. My wife Sylvia was standing in the kitchen behind me as I opened the back door.

Then I heard a noise like the roar of a distant jet. I thought at first it might be one of the trains that pass our back garden. But no train was in sight.

Instead, I saw what looked like a patch of sparkling mist low on the horizon. It was a dark night. There are no lights in that direction. Nothing but an empty building site stands there.

I thought the mist looked a bit odd. I called Sylvia to look at it. She

said it was just a cloud, and went back inside. I stayed outside to watch. Then a red light suddenly appeared just to the left of the mist. It seemed to join it, and started blinking red and white.

I called Sylvia again, just as the mist began to glow as if there was some light inside. It seemed to pulse, brighter, then duller again.

At the same time the mist divided in two—one part smaller than the other—and began to spin.

Sylvia was scared. I stared at the thing in amazement.

Then I told her to run upstairs to fetch my binoculars.

She was still getting them when the smaller section of the spinning mist moved across and settled on top of the other—until the two became the shape of an inverted saucer or squashed bowler hat.

I don't know what size it was, or how near. At a guess I would say it was half a mile to a mile away. It looked several times the size of the moon as we see it.

The red light was no longer visible. But the "saucer" began to change shape after a few minutes.

The bottom began to glow with a brilliant assortment of the kind of red, blue and green lights you hang on a Christmas tree.

Then, just as Sylvia came back with the binoculars (which didn't help, as it happened), the lights seemed to crystallise until the saucer became a solid, metallic-looking form—broken only by a reddish glow at the bottom.

DISAPPEARED

The thing seemed to spin for a while, then the jet noise started again, and the hard outline faded into sparkling mist form once more.

The red light appeared at the left-hand corner, as it had done before, and blinked red and white a few times. Then the thing disappeared.

My wife and I were left to decide whether to talk about it to others, to

report it or to keep our mouths shut.

We did half and half. We said nothing to the neighbours, but I mentioned it to a chap at work and one or two relatives and friends.

The blokes at work sometimes pull my leg about it. They sing a chorus or two of *Two Little Men In A Flying Saucer*.

But some who know me well have open minds about what I said.

NO GAIN

That is all I hope from people who read this. For months I have been wanting to get it off my chest. Because, unless I'm mad, I have seen something fantastic—and real. It should go on record.

I have nothing to gain by telling this story. I am not being paid for it and I am not interested in converting people to the belief that there are "things" in outer space.

In fact, I suppose I have almost everything to lose. But despite this I feel that people ought to know about what I saw that fantastic night in July.