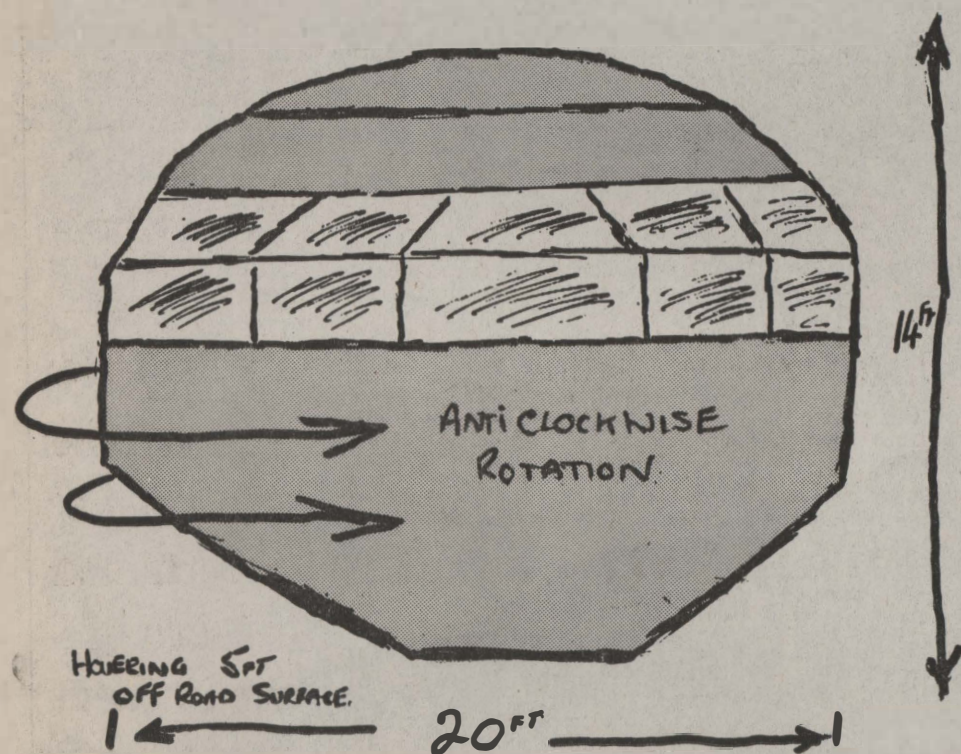


A SUNDAY EXPRESS INVESTIGATION INTO CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH U.F.O.s

over a country lane, suspicious object that baffled a policeman



A policeman's amazing evidence (left) . . . the sketch Alan Godfrey made in 1980 after observing a metallic, diamond-shaped U.F.O.

blue ball of light to the north. The time was 04.49. Pulsing in a slow rhythmic throb, it had grown in size and moved in arcs and zig-zags across the sky. It had eventually disappeared in the direction of . . . Todmorden.

Alan Godfrey reckoned he had first sighted it hovering over the Burnley Road, soon after 05.10.

The cows—they were bullocks—were found next morning across the road in Centre Vale Park. Animal distress, Godfrey was to discover, was typical of the U.F.O. phenomenon.

"Amazing encounter in Calder Valley," was the headline in the local paper a week after the sighting. Godfrey had been encouraged by his superiors to tell his story to the Press. If the intention was to end speculation, it only achieved the opposite.

His brief period of fame was succeeded by years of notoriety. The kindest thing the West Yorkshire force did for him was to grant him an invalid's

pension in 1984, for his injuries in that assault seven years before.

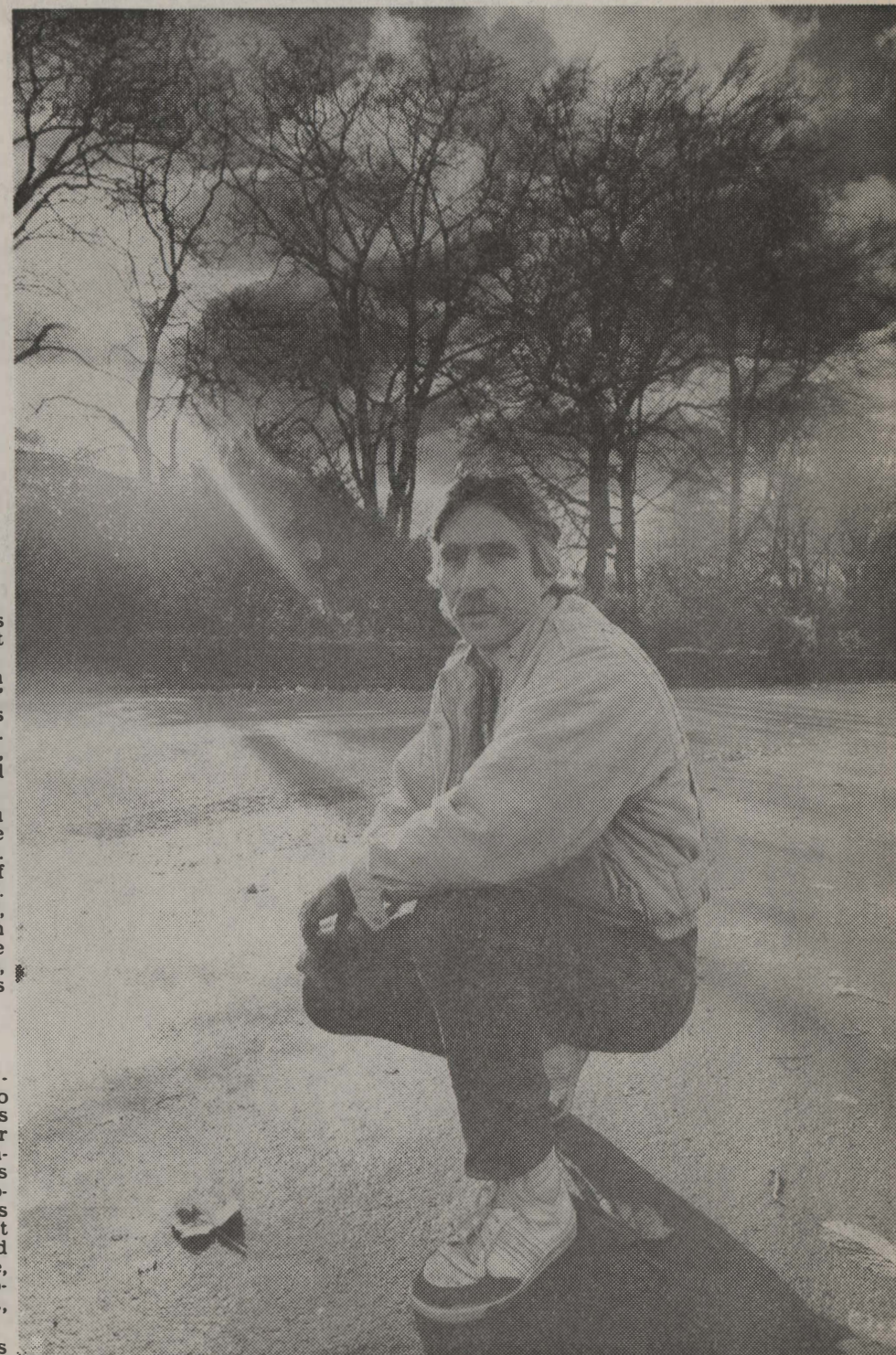
"When you've had an encounter such as I had," says Godfrey, "it changes your whole outlook on life. Not in a religious sense, but you're completely and utterly changed."

"Things happen to you that you wouldn't believe could happen beforehand. The whole structure of your life is undermined. All because of an incident, faithfully reported, which lasted in my case no more than two or three minutes, so far as my conscious memory recalls."

VIVID

What of his subconscious? Efforts to regress under hypnosis have aggravated rather than eliminated his confusion. His conscious memory, however, the moment when he changed his mind about turning right into Ferney Lee Road and drove on to investigate, stopping short of the object and sketching it, remains as vivid as ever.

"All I can say," he says today, happily installed in a congenial job in Todmorden, "is that I know what I saw."



Back at the scene . . . Alan Godfrey on the road where he saw the U.F.O.

Picture by STUART MASON

reckoned it was about 20 feet wide and 14 feet high. It had chosen a spot where a drive-in to the car park of the old Mons Mill—a massive seven-storey structure standing back from the road—provided an extended hardstanding.

If what he was looking at was some kind of hovercraft, it must have been manoeuvred over the mill and the engine-room chimney that towered above it, avoiding the hills and the trees, with extraordinary skill. All this in darkness apart from the street lights, on a night when it had been raining. The more he thought about it, the more mind-boggling it became.

MISSING

he suffered some sort of time-lapse, for which his memory was blank?

He expected his colleagues to be sceptical, but he was unprepared for their scoffing. Even when he took two of them back to the spot, and showed them how leaves and twigs under the object had swirled into a circle, they regarded him quizzically.

They were no more impressed when he pointed out that whereas the road either side was still glistening wet, the site itself was patchily dry. They looked up at the trees and attributed dry patches to them.

He did not resent their ribbing—he knew he would have reacted the same, and he laughed. But

he was chuffed by the off-going shift. He was not sorry when he was called in to see the inspector.

"Tell me what you saw," said the man.

Godfrey told him, and the Inspector's reaction surprised him. He didn't laugh.

STOLEN

"I want you to get on to Bradford," he said, "and make an abbreviated report. They'll telex it to the Ministry of Defence." This was the routine with U.F.O. sightings.

Godfrey went back to the outer office and rang Bradford. "I want to report an unidentified flying object I encountered in Todmorden last night."

...extended in landing.
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MISSING

His incredulity turned to alarm when he suddenly realised that somehow, his car was now a hundred yards further down the road, way past where the object had hovered. And when he got out and looked back...it was gone.

How had he got where he was? Had he been dreaming? He did not believe it. And there was his sketch-board to prove it. He drove back to the station, impatient to report what he'd seen.

He was surprised when he got there to find that the time was 05.30. He didn't realise he had been away so long. He began to wonder what had happened to the missing minutes. Had

to the spot, and showed them how leaves and twigs under the object had swirled into a circle, they regarded him quizzically.

They were no more impressed when he pointed out that whereas the road either side was still glistening wet, the site itself was patchily dry. They looked up at the trees and attributed dry patches to them.

He did not resent their ribbing—he knew he would have reacted the same, and he laughed. But rather than attract further ridicule, he went off duty without making a report.

When he took off his nearly-new boots he noticed that the left one was split open across the ball of the foot. On his left instep was a small burn, which the doctor later diagnosed as a skin infection, possibly brought on by shock. He had never had such an infection before. He was to learn that such marks were characteristic of U.F.O. encounters.

Back on duty that night,

surprised him. He didn't laugh.

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"This isn't the one at Halifax then."

"Halifax? Was there one at Halifax?"

"We sent a telex last night from three police officers based at Halifax who'd had an encounter. Is this something different?"

"This was at Todmorden." He was beginning to see why the inspector hadn't laughed.

Three Halifax officers, scouring the moors north-east of Todmorden looking for stolen goods after a tip-off, had seen a steel-

**NEXT WEEK: WITNESSES
TO A U.F.O. LANDING**

STARTS TODAY:

Hanging

■ Unidentified flying objects—U.F.O.s—have fascinated and baffled for hundreds of years, with reported sightings all over the world. But are they really fact or fantasy? The Sunday Express has been talking to eyewitnesses whose experiences are thrilling, compelling, disturbing—and hard to refute . . .



by **RALPH
BARKER**

THE first emergency call reached Todmorden police station at one o'clock on a Friday morning.

Nothing too alarming. One of the folk from the council estate that clung to the lower slopes of the Pennines which encircle this Calder Valley mill town. The caller said that a herd of cows was wandering down the hillside in a very distressed state.

More calls. All similar. A farm gate left open? Worrying by dogs? A spot of rustling? Police Constable Alan Godfrey and a colleague were detailed to take a Panda car and find out.

Maybe the duty sergeant thought Godfrey's Zapata moustache made him specially suitable for cowboy duty. The sergeant was wrong. Though Godfrey and his colleague cruised their white Escort along the Burnley Road and turned up the steep Ferney Lee Road into the estate, they could find no runaway herd to round up.

PATROL

Eventually, tired of squinting through the freezing rain—it was November 28, 1980—they returned to the station. Nothing more was heard of the cows.

Soon after five Godfrey headed out on Panda duty again. It was the night's last, routine patrol of the town, and he was alone.

Outside the Town Hall he spotted Constable John Allen. "I've already done the town patrol on foot," Allen told him. "Everything's okay."

"In that case," said Godfrey, "I'll see if there's any sign of those cows."

"Not long to go to the end of the night," he thought, heading back down the Burnley Road. Exactly how long he wasn't sure, for he hadn't worn a watch since it—and he—were badly damaged in a violent arrest three years before.

Slowing down to turn into Ferney Lee Road, something further along the Burnley Road caught his eye. The rain had stopped by now, and the air was clear.

SHREWD

What puzzled him was that the vehicle in the distance, whatever it was, appeared to be lying broadside on to the road. It looked like a bus, but there was something odd about it. He decided to investigate. The cows could wait.

He was driving along a trunk road, less than a mile from the town. There was still a row of terrace houses petering out on his right. Why then did he suddenly have this feeling of isolation?

At 33, married with two children, Godfrey was no

‘Your whole outlook on life changes—the whole structure is undermined because of one incident’

rookie cop but a balanced, genial yet shrewd professional, highly respected in the force. But now even the street light, reflecting off the rain-washed road, struck him as eerie.

Maybe that was why he stopped a good 30 yards short of the object he'd come to investigate.

Hovering in his headlights was a metallic, diamond-shaped thing that certainly wasn't a bus. Suspended as it was in mid-air he could almost have driven underneath it.

GLOW

The lower tier was rotating slowly. And from the upper tier a bank of panels or windows stared back at him opaquely. At the apex was a spherical crest. And there was no sound at all.

He switched on his Panda's blue flashing beacon. The object reflected the pulsating light. It also emitted a silvery, fluorescent glow.

He pressed the button on his personal radio. "Sowerby Bridge Control from 3961." Three times he called, but the receiver seemed dead.

These valleys were notorious for their radio black spots. But he would surely be able to make contact on his car VHF. For that he would have to go through Bradford Main.

"Alpha Bravo Three to XB Control. I have a message for Sowerby Bridge. Over." Again nothing. He reached for his clip-board and began sketching the object. He