

SPOTTED

IT SEEMS a coincidence after reading the Sunday Mirror article on flying saucers, but last Wednesday evening six boys in our garden called me outside.

In the air completely immobile was this thing changing colour — blue, orange and white, but there was no sound. Finally it went off at great speed towards the sea.

I know I was not seeing things because I was on a gun site during the war and I was trained in plane spotting.—*Margaret Davies, Neath, Glamorgan.*