

The following is a transcription of an 8/29/76 interview with Hartley Weston, 41, formerly a bush pilot and now an aircraft maintenance engineer for Ontario Central Airlines, based in Gimli, Manitoba, Canada. Weston was a pilot for 22 years and has over 12,000 hours of flying time. Around 2 p.m. on a clear, sunny day in late March 1971--while he was working as a pilot for Severin Enterprises, an air transport company based in Pickle Lake, Ontario--he was flying back to his base at Pickle Lake from a re-supply mission to a mineral exploration camp farther north. About 5 miles north of Pickle Lake, he encountered what he described as an enormous UFO that came up close to him and left him badly frightened. How long the encounter lasted, he doesn't know, but his impression is that his plane stopped in mid-air. When the UFO left, he realized his engine had cut out and he had lost some 500 feet of altitude.

No effort was made to check with company records or any possible witnesses to this incident.



Bob Pratt
NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Hartley Weston, 41, Aspen Park, Gimli, Manitoba, 204-642-8163, personal interview at his home on 8/29/76. Also present: Mrs. Weston and Grant Cameron, UFO researcher from Winnipeg. Weston was a bush pilot for 22 years and is now an aircraft maintenance engineer for small airline.

This happened 5 years ago (1971). We were working out of Pickle Lake in Ontario.

Mrs. Weston: That would be summer.

Weston: Pickle Lake is east of the border. It's very small.

Mrs. W: 1971 spring.

Q. Can you narrow it down to any closer than that?

Weston: It was late march, very warm out

Q. This was in the daytime?

A. Right. It was afternoon, about 2 o'clock.

Q. Were you by yourself?

A. All by myself.

Q. What were you flying?

A. It was a Beaver aircraft, on skis.

Q. OK, can you just start at the beginning and go all the way through and then I'll ask some questions.

A. It was just more or less of a routine flight coming in from the north and I was just going to call my wife. She was on the radio. She was the dispatcher for the company that we worked for. And I was just reaching for my microphone when off my left wing--I happened to look out--I seen a flash, a very, extremely bright flash, over to my left. It seemed to be quite a distance away. And I thought it was another aircraft turning toward me. Sometimes we did that, come in in formation. But as I watched it, this bright flash got increasingly bigger and larger and it got to some unbelievable proportions. I just watched it, and as it come toward me it seemed to take up the whole horizon. All I could see was this object getting bigger and bigger coming toward me and I was, I'd say, paralyzed with fright. I didn't know what--I just watched it come at me and I thought it was going to ram me. I don't remember doing anything. I just watched. I didn't know what to do. I was stunned. And as it come up to me, it seemed to stop. And this is when I got my full perspective of the sighting. It was unbelievably huge. And it wasn't shaped like a flying saucer at all. I can draw you a diagram of what it looked like, very very ~~xxxx~~ well out of memory (see attached drawing).

(Later) That's what it looked like sitting in front of me and it had, you could see the contrail, this is the flame that come out of the rear, and ~~x~~ it looked like a real short flame and it was very red-gray. It

seemed to go red and white on me in the daytime. The contrail was very short. I estimated as it went by maybe a 300-foot contrail. It was a very short contrail. And it gave off a nova. It would flash kind of blue light and then it would go down to silver gray and just, just hung there. I swear I hung there too. At the time I didn't realize it, but I don't think I was moving. I think everything stopped because it was such a queer sensation. And this thing seemed to--I watched it in front of me, but I had time to study this thing. Like I say, I notice^d a short rocket effect. It looked like a jet engine, a reaction of some sort. And this contrail, and in behind the contrail you could see these little sparkles. And I found out afterwards this is called ionization. And I noticed that behind it, the air was all being ionized. And at the same time it gave off this nova. How long we watched it, I don't know. I don't have any idea at all. Like I say, I was just stunned by all this. It ~~just~~ was just such a sudden appearance from nowhere, from the east, and as it crossed in front of me going west, I just sat and watched it, and all of a sudden it just seemed like it started to go again, and I watched it disappear off to the west, and it disappeared the same ~~way~~ way it came, just a sudden flash and it was gone.

Mrs. Weston: May I add that you did mention that it was ~~at~~ 5 miles out of Pickle when it happened, right out of town, and you didn't notice when we talked about it in the afternoon that there was any difference in the time lapse, from 5 miles out of Pickle to the landing time which, you know, I recorded when the aircraft landed. But there wasn't--

Weston: But that was when I realized that I was coming down. A beaver aircraft, it floats like a glider. It suddenly dawned on me that things were very quiet. And the engine wasn't running. Now the propeller was going over with the windmilling effect. It ^{it} was turning over. And I was still kind of stunned by all this and then the engine seemed to start again all of a sudden. It started with a terrible roar. It will do that because when the engine starts by itself, the propeller overspeeds, and before the propeller catches up with the engine, it really overwinds. And I just about come out of my seat. I ^{was} was so frightened by this time I could hardly control the aircraft. So I called my wife on the radio and I says, 'Ellen, you're not going to believe this, but I seen something I don't know what it is. I guess it's best described as a flying saucer.' And I remember the interval of silence before she ~~me~~ answered me, and there was another pilot standing beside her. What did he say to you, John say to you?

Mrs. W: John?

W. John Ness (?) was standing there.

Mrs. W: I don't remember.

W. He said "it sounds ~~like~~ like your old man has gone off his feed" or something like that. Or "he's flipped" or something. Anyhow, I got back to Pickle and it seemed like a long time before I got back. I just wanted to get home so badly, that I couldn't walk I was so scared. They had to help me out of the plane. My knees were just like jelly. I was so frightened by this. You know, what was it? Just the damndest ~~experience~~ experience I ever had in my life.

Q. It was going from you left to your right?

A. That's right, east to west.

Q. And it was pointed like that (picture)?

A. That's right. Just shaped like there. There was no openings, no windows, nothing. It was a perfectly smooth appearance. Right in front of me.

Q. What color?

A. I would say a very bright silver.

Q. Was the sun off to your left or--oh, this was afternoon.

A. Oh, the sun was more or less right over the top of me. More to the right, yeah. But it just gave off this blue and white nova. You know, like it would just flash off and on. I could really see it, 'cause I know it hurt the eyes. I had sunglasses on. I can remember that so well. And it was, after that, well, I was considered a bit of a nut anyhow around that area, you know, to make up a story. Nobody sees these things sort of thing, you know the old story. But, it was that summer we strated to see these small ones.

Q. The same summer?

A. No, uh, yeah, but they were all disc shaped.

Mrs. W: There were reported hard sightings, not before you (Weston) reported them. They were reported in the camps. There was a camp about 180 miles north of Pickle, where the foreman of the job--and he was a highly intelligent--had problems with his men. His name was Bill Carron. I don't know where he is now, but he had problems with his men. They were all French and they were all afraid of the sightings, and he said they saw them fairly often, two or three times a week in that area. And, well, he couldn't say for sure, but it was nothing he had ever seen before.

W. He said they would just come over his camp and just hover.

Mrs. W: Fairly regularly, throughout the winter. This was the winter before (Weston's sighting).

Q. And where was he located?

W. He was 180 miles northwest of us. We used to fly in there pretty regular. It was an exploration camp. And he was telling me he had a lot of problems ~~keeping~~ ^{keeping} his men there because these objects were bothering them.

Mrs. W: That was fear. It was bothering them. They were afraid of what they were seeing.

W. That was Baruby Drilling.

Q. Where was that located?

A. Oh, that lake, uh, that was ~~Stull~~ ^{Stull} Lake. Right on the Manitoba border.

Q. Going back to your experience, how high were you?

A. I was ~~where~~ ^{where} flying about 1500 feet.

Q. ~~Where~~ were you flying from?

A. It was uh, I can't remember, it wasn't very far.

Mrs. W: I can't remember either.

A. There were so many places we used to go.

Mrs. W: You were coming in from the north, northwest.

A. I would say it wasn't very far. Maybe 100 miles.

Q. And you were working for a company then?

A. Severin Enterprises. That's at Pickle Lake. That was an air transport business.

Q. What were you doing on this flight?

A. I was coming back from a re-supplying mission for one of the exploration camps.

Q. Exploration for uh--

A. Mineral exploration camps.

Q. And you were ~~coming~~ ^{coming} back in to Pickle Lake?

A. That's right.

Q. And about 1500 feet up about 5 miles out of Pickle?

A. 5 miles north of Pickle.

Q. And you had skis on--

A. Ski-equipped.

Q. So there was still snow on the ground?

A. Well, we had a lot of ice and snow, yes.

Q. How big was that thing (the object)?

A. It, well, there is something I could never tell somebody, how big it was. It was so big it was unbelievable.

Q. Did it blot out the horizon?

A. Like I say, all I could see was thing in front of me. And when it was coming toward me, I thought it was ~~was~~ going to ram me because there was no way I could go to get out of its way. I mean, which way would you go? Wherever you looked all you could see was ~~things~~ this thing coming at you. And it ~~came~~ then seemed to come in front of me and stop. That's the last thing I can remember about it was stopping, or seemed to stop. Yeah, it seemed to stop.

Q. And you didn't get any closer to it?

A. No, I didn't seem to. That ^{was} the oddest thing about it. It was just like everything stopped.

Q. All right. What's the wingspan on a Beaver?

A. Oh, it'd be about 50 feet.

Q. Would the craft seem to extend out beyond the wingtips?

A. Oh, much beyond, Much beyond. Yeah. It was ~~big~~ big.

Q. How close do you think you were?

A. I couldn't ~~begin~~ begin to tell you.

Q. Did the thought go through your mind that you were going to ram it?

A. Well, I thought it was going to ram me. Yeah. It was big and it was coming at me and I had no way of getting out of its way.

Q. But it sat there?

A. It appeared to, I don't know. I mean, in my mind I don't know what happened.

Q. Were you conscious of moving forward at this time?

A. No. Nothing. I just, I was just being in awe of this thing. Just staring at it.

Q. And no idea how long you stared at it?

A. No idea at all.

Q. --or how long you sat there?

A. No idea.

Q. Did you lose altitude?

A. I couldn't tell you. I never realized I was losing altitude until this thing moved off to the west. And then I realized I was coming down and I was down to 1,000 feet then.

Q. And you were 1500 to start with.

A. Yeah.

Q. You weren't in any danger of crashing, were you?

A. No, none at all.

Mrs. W: Well, you thought you were, at the time.

A. Well, not from the glide I wasn't but, I was afraid of this thing here. I was deathly afraid of it. I'd heard so many stories about people disappearing and I was just absolutely frightened to death of it.

Q. And then it just disappeared off to the west.

A. It just seemed to move all of a sudden. It was just like ~~it~~ stopping a motion picture and starting up again. That's the way it seemed to me. It was gone as fast as it came, out of nowhere and it went nowhere. But it-

Q. You watched it go?

A. I watched it go. And it just seemed to travel so far and a very sharp flash and it was gone. A good, extremely sharp flash.

Q. And when were you aware of the motor cutting back in?

A. When I looked forward again. My senses started coming back to my present day situation and the motor wasn't running.

Q. Were you aware that it cut out?

A. No.

Q. Weren't aware of it until it came back on?

A. No. I think I went through the contrail.

Q. The sparkle, the ionization?

A. This is when I noticed the ionization. It seemed all over right in front of me, like little diamonds flashing in front of your eyes.

Q. Sparkle dust?

A. Oh, real sparkle. It was a very short contrail, though

Mrs. W: Now this thing seemed to, at the time I talked to you on the radio and it was the last radio contact I had until afternoon hours the next day. The radio was out for a good 12 hours, my base radio. It was an HF radio, and whether that had any connection or not, because signals do go out. But seldom do they go out at the time, in the afternoon. They don't go out--signals had been good, there were no conditions that should have caused it. So we did notice that it did go out for 10 to 12 hours.

Q. But you did get his transmission?

Mrs. W: I got his transmission but that was about the last one I got until the next afternoon, and we used radio exclusively for aircraft and bases and you had occasion at 7 in the morning to use the radio, so you always knew when signals were out.

Q. What about the radio on the Beaver--was that affected at all?

Mrs. W: You see, there's no way of knowing with an HF radio, because the contact is with the base or with other aircraft. So if signals are out, it's definitely in the air somewhere--

W. You can't talk to anybody you don't know what's going on, eh? You assume--

Mrs. W: The radio itself wasn't out. It was the radio signals that were gone, so therefore you have no way of knowing--

Q. But you had no difficulty radioing that afternoon?

W. Not at the time, no.

Q. Or the next day?

A. Next day was nothing.

Q. You didn't fly out?

A. Well I don't think I flew that day. I was too shook up. I'd had enough for that day. As a matter of fact, I was very spooky for a while after that. I got quite a few bad frights after that. My imagination was kind of running loose on me, and so as I say, it was an experience one doesn't forget too easily.

Mrs. W: You flew the next day, all day, because we took the 180 out.

A. Yeah, we got a bad scare that day. It was kind of a foolish thing. We took the small aircraft and were going 30 miles west and I can remember this one cloud sitting there and the sun seemed to be descending into this cloud and it looked like it was rushing toward us cause I can remember her screaming--

Mrs. W: Because you were so terrified--

W. I was just terrified because I thought, Jesus Christ, not again!

Mrs. W: Yeah, 12,000 hours in the air and I wasn't afraid, but he got terrified. I've flown with him for hours and hours and I've never seen him get upset about anything and the day after this happened he was getting visions.

W. I was just an optical illusion but I took it to heart, very much.

Q. You've got 12,000 hours flying time?

A. Over 12.

Q. What would you have had in 1971, roughly?

A. Oh, I had over 10 then, about 10,500 flying hours. That's approximate but--

Q. How long have you been flying?

A. 22 years, all bush flying. First time I've ever seen something like that. Never want to see it again, either. I'll see it from here, looking up I don't mind too much. But he's got me in his power I don't like it.

Q. Did you have that feeling, that you had no control over the situation?

A. I had no control at all, just fear, just fear of the unknown. That's all it was, really. I just felt like the situation was out of my grasp. Like I was being observed. ~~For some reason~~ You just feel powerless, helpless to do anything. You just sit there and stare, that's all you can do.

Q. How big are you physically?

A. 5 foot 11.

Q. What do you weigh?

A. 185.

Q. Was there anything wrong with the airplane the next day?

A. Nothing at all. Nothing was affected. And ^{the} effects was right there ~~■~~ at the time. It seemed to be an electromagnetic ^{disturbance} disturbance somewhere.

Q. Anything else--the lights in your instrument panel go out?

A. I didn't ~~notice~~ notice anything. My mind was out the window.

Q. You didn't adjust the propeller or anything?

A. No, I didn't do anything. No. My first reaction was to look for a lake when I noticed the engine ~~■~~ was--~~■~~ my first reaction. You first ~~■~~ reaction is to look for a place to land.

Q. And you had started doing that?

A. I ~~■~~ had started turning towards a lake that was very, very close to me when the engine started again.

Q. I see. You were actually looking for a place to land?

A. Yeah. I didn't even question why, it just stopped. I didn't realize it had stopped. This was, the most frightening part was when it started again. You're kind of psyched up to land with a dead engine and when it started again, it really give me a bad start ~~■~~.

Q. It startled you?

A. Oh, it did. Badly.

Mrs W. You hadn't shut down or anything--

W. I hadn't done anything to it.

Q. You didn't increase the throttle or anything.

A. Never touched it. I had my hands on the wheel and that's where they were when I started turning and, oh boy!

Q. OK. You said something about little ones . . . ^{A.} (then, describing his sketch) There was a slight nova coming off it. You could see the light coming off it. It just seemed to be giving off ~~■~~ a nova, a blue and

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white no^vka--

Q. Like a halo or something?

A. Well, it was like a light coming off and on, like something was switching a light off and on. This thing seemed to radiate at you and, very, very light beautiful blue color, blue and white.

Q. This wipe out the whole horizon, did it?

A. That's all I could see in front of me, was this thing. And it must have been a fair distance away, in order to get the perspective like that.

Q. But did you have to look off to your left to see this part here **L** (pointing to left side of sketch)?

A. No, No. I could see the whole thing just looking out--

Q. Looking straight ahead of you?

A. The Beaver's got a panorama windshield, all the way around. You could see right out at that thing with no sweat at all. That's the way I saw it, but I was amazed at this short flame come out of here (back end of craft) like a rocket engine of some sort. I never ^{thought} they had rocket engines. But this thing had a very, very--you could see that flame just ~~shooting~~ shooting out of there. Just crackling out like a jet engine at night.

Q. Really looked like flames?

A. Yes. Normally you can't see flames on a jet engine in daytime, but this thing you could. You could see it very clearly. I'm also an aircraft engineer, and I ~~always~~ always look for anything, anything at all. I've got to try to evaluate it. And subconsciously I noticed all these things. But there were no ports, nothing. Just absolutely smooth surface.

Q. You have a degree in engineering or--

A. Aircraft maintenance engineering. I'm a licensed engineer.

Q. And this contrail was very short?

A. Yes, I'd say maybe ^{300 feet}, it was a very short one. I remember that.

Q. So in comparison (looking at sketch) to the contrail this (the object itself) would have been a great deal larger?

A. Yeah, the reason I noticed the contrail was because any jet machine leaves a very long one. For 100 miles you can see the contrail, but this thing here was very short. And like I say this ionization effect, that is something I really noticed. You could just see the sparkles in the air. Now this is very odd to see that in the air. The only time you'll ever see something like that is behind a jet engine when he's really ~~shooting~~

winding up on the ground. You get the right set of everything, like all the right combination and you'll see it. but it's rare. It's very rare. This is particles of the air being burnt. It's ~~ionizing~~ ionizing the air. That is something I noticed right off the bat. But we think that was a mother ship that I saw. These discs were spotted so often. We watched them many times.

Q. Did you (Mrs. Weston) see them?

Mrs. W: I saw them only one time.

W: That's the time You, Bill Carron and I were standing on a hill.

Mrs. W: I saw them once, go across the end of the lake.

W. Where the base was there was a small hill and it went down to the lake, maybe a 200-foot drop--

Mrs W: I wouldn't swear to anything other than they were something I'd never seen before.

W. And this Bill Carron was describing to us what they looked like, and we were looking, and he said, "Holy Moses, there ~~they~~ they go now!" And there were three of them in formation but they were all wobbling. They were all wobbling and were deep red or blood red. You could see them and we figured they were no more than 500 or 600 feet high off the lake. And there were three of them going east to west again.

Q. Over the water?

A. Well, they were crossing the lake. The lake was very long, facing north, but they were crossing it. There were three of them and they looked very small. I could tell, there is an island 3 miles away and they were right over the island as close as I could tell, but who knows?

Mrs W: I didn't have any feeling on them at all except they looked fairly small and they were red and were moving.

W. Moving at a very high rate of speed.

Q. Was this the same year?

A. In summer, early summer.

Q. And did they just disappear?

A. They just seemed to follow the horizon. Just went across the lake and went behind the tree line, disappeared. But it seems a lot of people had seen them around there. We weren't the only ones. In fact, everybody was quite used to them around there then and watching them. A ~~lot~~ lot of the kids seen them. I believe our son and his friend seen one, up at the old dump there. They claimed they saw something, but who knows?

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It's kind of strange to see something up there in that area because there's nothing there, and there's really no reason for them to hang around there . . . They've been seen around here (Gimli) quite frequently.

. . .

Q. Did you see more than just that one time?

A. I seen just the three going across the lake, but at different times they were spotted again going across the lake. They seemed to cross the ~~same~~ ^{SAME} spot pretty much all the time. And they seemed to be going toward that, uh, there's a huge ore deposit on Lake St. Joe, which is 16 miles away from Pickle Lake and these seemed to be going in that direction all the time, exactly on a course for that.

Q. What kind of ore is this?

A. Iron ore.

Q. Any military bases up in that area?

A. Nothing. Just Lake St. Joseph. It's a very huge lake. . . .

Q. You work for Ontario Central Airlines?

A. Yes.

Q. What are you flying now?

A. I'm not flying now. I just work as an engineer. . . . (later, again discussing 1971 experience) ~~It was quite an~~ It was quite an experience for anybody to go through and it left a deep impression. It makes one feel rather humble, you know, just how insignificant you are sitting in your iron bird there and this thing comes up and takes a peek at you. You know you've been had. There's nothing you can do about it. You feel like you're being observed. That's the feeling I had very strongly of being looked over. Just like you'd catch a butterfly and look at it, that's just what I felt was happening to me. And I felt very frightened about this, because I was helpless and couldn't do anything about it.

Q. Well, did it bother you, flying for very long after that?

A. It did for about a year. I was really spooky after that. And the memory fades but you're always looking around. You're really looking around and you're always watching for something.

Q. What was your attitude toward UFOs before this?

A. Curious. I sure was ~~astounded~~ ^{astounded} when I actually saw one.

Q. How did you come to believe in them, through reading or talking to people or what?

A. I read a lot and if you read enough you you get to believe things.

. . . and I had spoken to people who had seen queer things in the sky, and my wife and I had often discussed this, what it would be like to see one of these. You know, your chances of seeing one on earth are very, very small. So really I guess I count myself lucky, or fortunate to have this experience even though it was a bit of a shock to the system. And for a couple of months after that I didn't sleep well because I kept waking up all the time and scaring her half to death.

Q. Did you have nightmares?

A. Well, not really, just wake up all of a sudden and look around for something. I have no memory of ever having dreamed about it but you suddenly wake up and you look around and the next thing you know it'd be in your mind again, just like your mind was being probed or something. And this--I ~~didn't~~ didn't like the feeling . . .

Q. What about your eyesight--was that affected at all?

A. No. I had my sunglasses on, which I wear pretty well all the time. But I do know that thing was awful bright. It was very bright. The thing that mystified me the most was that it came out of nowhere and it went nowhere. Like it just went into another dimension. Like it was just capable of going into another dimension somehow. 'Cause when I saw it coming, I just seen this sudden flash of light, which I repeated before, and when it left it just disappeared the same way like somebody shutting a lightbulb off. And it was just so big it couldn't just disappear like that.

Q. What were the weather conditions that day?

A. Beautiful, clear day. * Couldn't be better.

Q. No clouds?

A. Not a one.

Q. All sunshine.

A. Just a beautiful, clear ~~day~~ sunshine day.

Q. Was it a warm day?

A. It was very warm.

Q. What does that mean up there?

■ Mrs/ W: Around freezing.

W. I wouldn't say it was melting or anything but it sure was a beautiful day for March. I was really enjoying myself tooling along at low altitude kind of looking around over the country.

Q. And your visibility was extremely--

A. Oh it was unlimited. I could see for miles all over the place.

Grant Cameron: Did the ionization go right through the flames, through the contrail?

A. It seemed to go right to the contrail or right to the flame that was ejected to the rear of this thing, or I say the rear because it must have been where the propulsion was.

GC: And the colors of the contrail were what?

A. The contrail had no color at all. It was just an ionization, but the flame coming out of the rear of this thing was the usual red and white like you'd see a flame flickering out of any engine, except it seemed to be ejected at a very, very high force.

Q. Did it appear to be very hot?

A. It seemed to be very hot. Extremely.

Q. Almost white--

A. It was white, very white, red and, kind of red and white flame. But sort of yellowish every so often. I ^{took} a good ^{look} at that. I thought it was a rocket engine of some sort.

Q. As it left you did you see any part of the back, more of the back than just a side view?

A. The time I seen it from the back was when it went away from me for a very short duration. That's when I got my best view of the rocket engines. I'll say rocket engines.

Q. Did they look like uh--

A. It was all round like rocket engines. It looked like a series of little engines, or little pipes together, like uh, like uh--like I say, (drawing circle with lot of small circles inside it) if you've got a disc like and then you had a series of like this (small circles), that's what it appeared like. That's what it looked like from where I could see it. This seemed like a series of small engines, but I only got a very, very slight glimpse of this. But it seemed to travel at such a high rate of speed--it came at such a high rate of speed and it left at a high rate of speed. How fast I couldn't tell you. But it was nothing like I was told to believe they would look like, not saucer shaped.

Q. You weren't on any particular schedule, were you? I mean, were you due back at the base at any particular time?

A. I didn't even think about time that day.

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Mrs W: No, everything in that business was estimate. You go on a flight from the base and they estimate, turn around the other end and estimate the time to the base.

Q. You were the dispatcher at the base (Mrs. Weston), what was your reaction when he told you that?

Mrs W: Well, I knew, I knew that he'd seen something because it's not normally--I'd worked then with you, what? 5 years I'd been a dispatcher and you'd flown with the same company, so it wasn't a normal thing to say. I just automatically assumed he'd seen something.

Q. Did you keep any records of transmissions?

Mrs W: We had, I had records, but we haven't been with that company for three years and I don't think they'd be there. You're only required by law to keep records 6 months of radio records, and I know they were destroyed every 6 months.

W: We didn't put any emphasis on it--

Mrs. W: No, well, we did but for the records we didn't. But I think the times were pretty close because I remember discussing how long the signals were out and I know it was afternoon, midafternoon sometime.

Q. Could other pilots in other planes hear your transmissions?

W. We don't know. we never heard.

Mrs W: Well, it would only be within the company because this was a company radio and it's HF radio. No one else reported hearing it. I'm sure--they would have teased you to death if they'd heard it on the radio.

Q. What did happen to you, anyway? You said they considered you a nut--

W. Oh, yeah. The usual crap, like "Drinking again?" hallucinations, the usual--

Mrs W: Not so much now, though

W. At first I never said too much. We kind of kept it to ourselves in and among the company and employes, just some of them. Like any company you've got your good and bad and we told some of them and they were all agog over this, but then the word got out and shortly I was sort of on display as some kind of a nut because I really got the razzmatazz then. So we just kind of let it drop. It's something I'll never forget as long as I live. It will be branded right in my mind. I'll see that thing the rest of my life. I saw it so clearly and so perfectly, every detail of it that even--

Q. Absolutely no features on this

A. No features--

Q. No rivets, no lines, no ~~antenna~~ antenna, no--

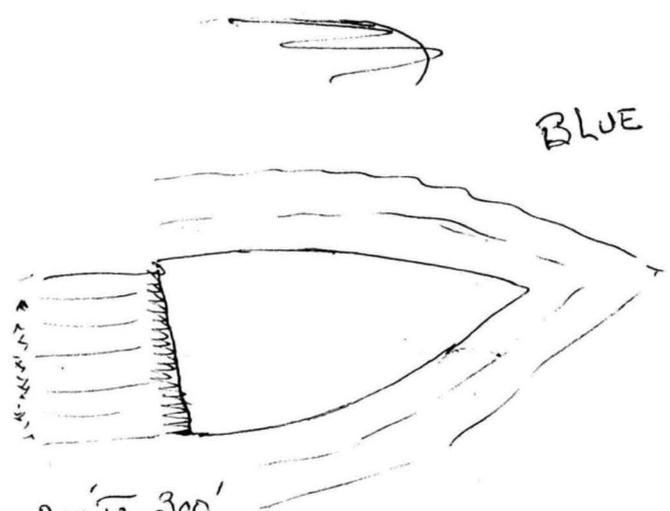
A. No, I looked for anything like that. That's the first thing I do when I look at something is to look for the detail. The thing I did notice was that it was absolutely smooth. And it seemed to be made out of aluminum type, I'd say aluminum, the ~~closest~~ closest I can bring it to. Alloy of some sort--

Q. And definitely shaped just like a big rocket?

A. Yeah. Like a big rocket. That's the first--all the books I've ever bought the descriptions, now there's hundreds of descriptions and there's not one that compares with that.

Mrs W: Yeah, we did see one. We saw a description of one over in France? It was described as rocket shaped. I^t wasn't. There was a photograph and it looked more like your conventional flying saucer should look, but again, your description was that of a rocket, so--

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