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THE WEST VIRGINIA MONSTER

By **GEORGE SNITOWSKY** as told to **PAUL LIEB**
President, Flying Saucer Research Institute

EDITOR'S NOTE: In more than two years of checking and rechecking reports of rocket ships and fantastic beings from outer space, the Flying Saucer Research Institute has accumulated enough material to fill many volumes. Unlike many of these accounts, which collapse under scrutiny, the Sutton, West Virginia, story seems only to gather credence. For one thing, there is concrete evidence that there really was someone—or something in the hills. Second, it was reported by reliable, reputable individuals, strangers to each other, on several different occasions. Mr. George Snitowsky is one of these. His experience with the "thing" follows.

► About eight P.M. on the 13th of September, 1952, I was on the road with my wife and 18-month-old son, when my car suddenly went dead. We were driving back home to Queens, New York, after a three-week visit with my brother-in-law in Cincinnati, Ohio. According to the map we were in Braxton County, West Virginia—somewhere in the area around Frametown and Sutton. Since it was a long trip and we weren't in any hurry, we had been traveling off the highways, taking in some of the small towns. I hit the starter but the battery was dead. I couldn't understand it; it was a relatively new battery and there had been no indication that it was running down.

A faintly sickening odor, somewhat like a mixture of ether and burnt sulphur, trailed into the car. The baby, sleeping in the backseat crib, suddenly began wailing and coughing. My first thought was that something in the car was burning and I got out fast and raised the hood. There was nothing I could find wrong and I spent about 10 or 15 back-breaking minutes trying to get the car to start. The odor seemed to be getting stronger and I got inside the car and closed all the windows. The baby wouldn't stop crying and my wife was nervous. (Continued on page 78)

The West Virginia Monster

Continued from page 39

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"Probably a sulphur plant burning off waste," I commented, trying to ease her mind. "The wind ought to carry it off."

It was fairly dark and I didn't want to leave Edith and the baby on the deserted road and walk into the nearest town, which was Frametown, about 12 miles away. I thought we could relax and either wait for another car to give us a hand or sweat it out until morning.

It was then the dazzling flash of light flooded the car with a wavering, unsteady beam. Edith and I looked out and the light seemed to be coming from the woods bordering the road. A strange thing about it was that, although the light was a soft, violet hue, kind of diffused, it was blinding to the eyes. I turned open the dust-clogged window for a clearer look and the stink pumped in at us in a nauseating wave. I wound the window back up—fast. I felt the gall rise inside my stomach, and Edith began gagging—I didn't know what the hell was going on! But it was worse for the baby. He was choking and screaming. We doubled one of Edith's fine silk handkerchiefs and tied it lightly over the child's nose and mouth.

I stepped out of the car quickly and slammed the door shut. Edith called after me, but I waved to quiet her. I had to find out what was happening. But the smell almost stopped me before I'd taken 20 steps. It turled my insides and I doubled over against a tree and threw up all over the place.

The roadside dropped into a valley, and when I looked down between the trees, I was able to make out the outline of some kind of a luminescent spheroid. It was like a frosted street lamp a couple of hundred times enlarged. It wasn't solidly implanted upon the ground though. Instead, it seemed to float on one end, moving slightly back and forth.

I've always considered myself a very level-headed person, but the first thought that came to my mind was all the current talk and articles about flying saucers and other objects of mysterious origin. I never believed any of it—and even while I was looking at the sphere, I still felt there had to be some logical explanation. The object was 200 or 300 feet away, behind a few trees, and I started to move in closer, fighting back the nausea. About halfway to it a hot, tingling sensation struck at my body. It was the same feeling you get when your leg falls asleep, only this was all over me.

I still couldn't make out any details, mechanical or otherwise, on the surface of the object. I'd advanced about a dozen or more steps when thousands of the needle-like vibrations irritated my skin like a low-grade electric shock, and I jerked away and began stumbling back to the car.

My legs were numb and they collapsed under me several times. I staggered up to the trees bordering the road and I leaned against one to catch my breath.

Then a piercing scream from Edith

made my blood run cold. I made a wild rush for the car and I saw her white face jutting out of the window.

"Edith—for God's sake—what's the matter?" I shouted.

Her lips moved and her eyes were wide and staring at something beyond me.

I turned around, and when I saw it—I sagged against the car. The figure was standing immobile, on the fringe of the road about 30 feet off to my right. It was a good eight or nine feet tall and in the general shape of a man, with a head and shoulders and a bloated body. It was sharply silhouetted against the light beam from the spheroid and I couldn't make out any of its features.

I fumbled with the handle of the car door, climbed inside the car and slammed the door. There were some cooking utensils in the glove compartment and I grabbed for a knife and gripped it in my shaking hand. I slid down the seat and crouched on the floor, pulling Edith and the baby down beside me. The baby was still crying.

"Try to quiet him! Muffle his mouth!" I said to my wife. She was whimpering in sheer terror.

We remained huddled up on the floor for several minutes. My chest was hammering like a sledge. I poked my head up slightly, and got a closeup of whatever it was out there. Reaching across the windshield from above, a long, spindly arm was forked into two soft ends. It seemed to be examining the surface of the car. If I ever prayed in my life, I was praying then.

Then, a few seconds after, without making any hostile or aggressive moves toward us, the creature started back toward the woods. It wasn't walking and I could not make out anything that might be called legs. The lower torso was a single solid mass that seemed to glide across the uneven road surface.

The smell was as sickening as before, but to tell the truth I was hardly aware of it then. I was too scared. The figure vanished among the trees and I waited another several minutes before I even dared breathe. Then I drew Edith and the baby up from the floor.

My wife became hysterical and I put the baby in the car crib and tried to calm her.

Then my eye caught sight of the ascending iridescent globe over the trees and I watched it, my eyes glued to it in terrible fascination. I almost forgot Edith.

It rose slowly and made intermittent stops, hanging in mid-air for a split second before continuing upward. And then, at about 3,000 feet I guess, it swung back and forth like a pendulum gathering momentum. Suddenly it swooped up in an elliptical arc and with a dazzling trail of light, shot completely out of sight!

I don't know what made me try to get the car started again, but when I worked the starter, it caught without any trouble. I had to steady my hand on the wheel

as we took off down the road. Edith and I didn't say a thing until we came to a night diner on this road with several trailer trucks parked outside. We wondered how to tell the people inside; whether they'd even believe us.

Then we decided to keep quiet about the whole thing. It was something neither of us felt we could talk about then. We didn't want to be regarded as another couple of crackpots—as most of the people who had previously reported sighting saucers and mysterious floating objects are regarded. All we wanted to do was to get home quickly. We were both shaken up too badly.

We stopped at a motel later that night and in the morning when we climbed into the car, I noticed something odd. Along the hood, where the creature had examined the car, a dark discoloration was browned into the paint as though the metal had been singed.

The outline was fork-shaped. ***

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Sutton Story broke that same morning, September 14, 1952, shortly after the Snitowskys awakened, but the Snitowskys didn't break it. They still hadn't told anyone.

It was a Mrs. Kathleen May of nearby Flatwoods, West Virginia, who related the details later, on the UP and AP news wires. In the company of six boys, one a 17-year-old National Guardsman, she climbed a hill near Sutton to check the claim of her two young sons who said, "We saw a flying saucer."

According to Mrs. May and the others, they came upon a "monster 10 feet tall with a bright green body and a blood-red face." It moved toward them with a "sliding, floating" motion. On a nationwide hookup, Mrs. May told a television

sudience that the monster "looked worse than Frankenstein and it couldn't have been human." All of the witnesses mentioned a noxious odor on the scene that brought on violent choking spasms and vomiting.

The first outsider on the scene was A. Lee Stewart, Jr., co-editor of the Braxton Democrat. He knelt close to the ground and smelled the sickening odor described by the others. Mr. Stewart, a former Air Force member who is familiar with chemical warfare gases, said he had never smelled that type before. He also found "skid marks" where the monster supposedly had been standing.

I found these skid marks myself when I flew to the scene three days later. Also, there were burnt and broken branches where the flying object carrying the creature had allegedly landed.

Other nearby Braxton County residents reported sighting a "bright orange object something like a big ball," and not long after, people in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland described strange objects in the sky.

Mr. Snitowsky's story came to light a little later, and is one of the many sides to this story which we have been checking since it happened, without finding any weak spots.

The Flying Saucer Research Institute has members throughout the globe. It is our interest and purpose to investigate sightings of flying saucers and any other mysterious UFOs (unidentified flying objects) to eliminate hysterical facts of the jumatic fringe and arrive at the facts about flying saucers.

Many skeptics vehemently argue that there is no such thing as a flying saucer.

They say there is a logical explanation someplace for the saucer stories. We agree, and when they find it, we hope they also find an explanation for the fork-shaped brown stain on Mr. Snitowsky's car. —Paul Lieb



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