

Man TO Man

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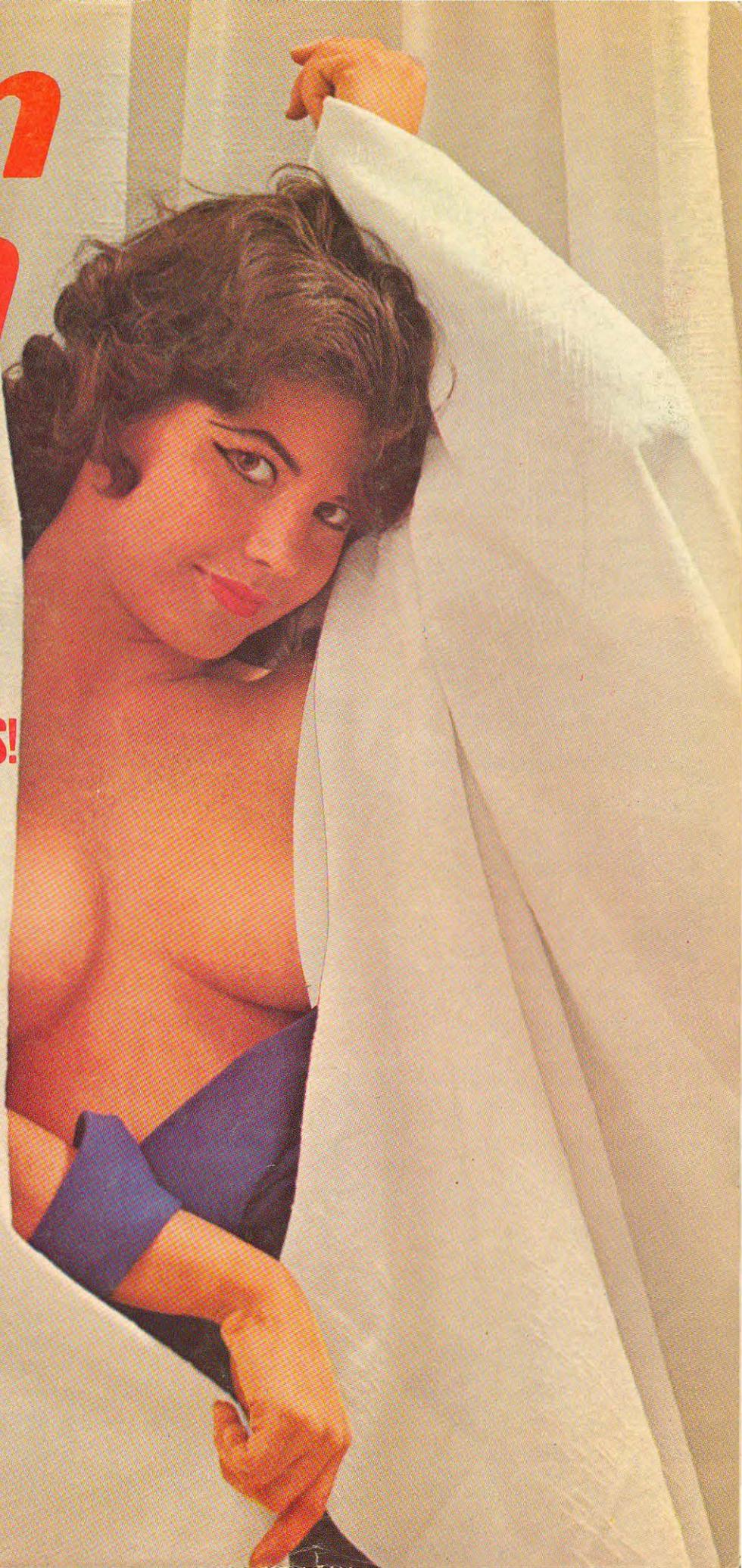
ADULT COMIC BREAKTHROUGH: ITALY'S ANSWER TO "BARBARELLA"

"THE THING" THAT STALKED WARMINSTER

flying saucers as seen and described
by responsible English eyewitnesses

full color features on:

ANN BESSANT
BUNNY BACON
RANDY GLENN
CARIN CORNOYE



"THE THING" THAT STALKED WARMINSTER

"NO NEWSMAN IN HIS RIGHT SENSES WOULD DARE REFER TO WITNESSES SUCH AS A VICAR, A POSTMASTER AND ARMY MAJOR AS SCREWBALLS OR NUTS"

Edited by MERCATOR SATURNUS PLAYER

■What would you do if, on some dark and moonless night, you were walking down a lonely roadway and suddenly you felt yourself being slowly pressed toward the ground by some relentless force descending from above? Naturally, your first instinct would be to look toward the darkened sky. But what if you saw nothing, only the black void, while the pressure from your invisible attacker continued to push you downward until you were on your knees? The answer is fairly obvious. Unless you were a person gifted with an extraordinary sense of curiosity, you would get the hell away from there as fast as possible.

That's exactly what Eric Payne, a 19-year-old carpenter, tried to do one Sunday evening in March of 1965 when he was attacked by what was called, "The Thing," near the little town of Warminster in southern England. Only a few minutes before his weird experience began, young Payne had said good-night to his girl friend. Light-hearted was his mood as he walked his way homeward through the deserted countryside. But it was a rather spooky evening, as he recalled it, with patches of winter snow lingering along the roadside and shrouds of white mist drifting upwards into the black sky.

Suddenly, as he neared Drayton's School on a bend in the road, he heard what seemed to be a faint faraway buzzing in the sky. Then almost simultaneously with the strange noise, an unseen force began pressing his head and shoulders downward, just as though some cosmic monster of a wrestler were trying to pin him to the mat! Slowly his knees sank into the green grass that lined the roadway, and his upraised arms were bent backwards as he vainly tried to free himself from the clutches of his unknown assailant.

For a brief second, Payne thought he caught a glimpse of a disk-shaped object hovering above the surrounding marshland, but a fierce wind began lashing his face and he couldn't be sure of what he had seen. Perhaps it was only patches of fog, rising in the darkness. The terrific pressure on his shoulders continued unabated for more than three minutes until, finally, he summoned enough strength to wrest himself free and run the remaining distance to his home at Olympic speed. Choking and gasping,

he tried to give his frightened parents an account of what had happened, but it was weeks before a semblance of coherence returned to his voice.

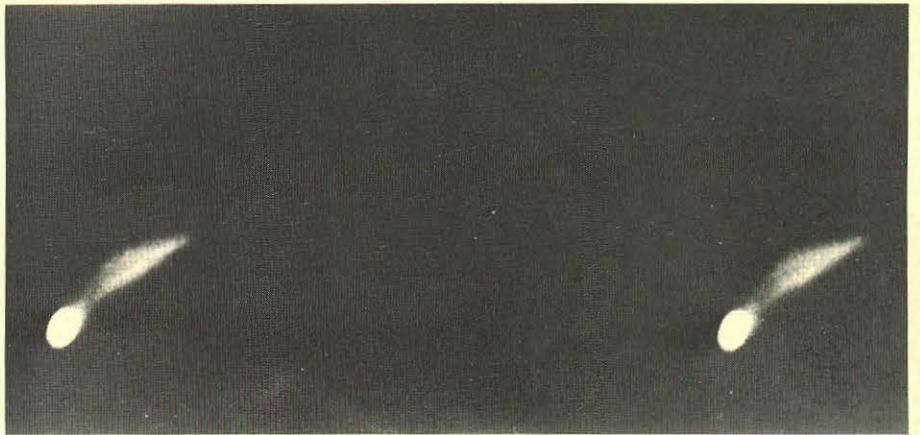
For at least three months, ever since the previous Christmas, the 11,000 residents of Warminster had been plagued by a whole series of mysterious visitations by "The Thing," but Eric Payne's experience was by far the weirdest and most terrifying of all. Located in Wiltshire about halfway between London and the Bristol Channel, Warminster was a typical English market town which offered little to detain the tourist—little, that is, until the strange succession of events that began on Christmas Eve, 1964:

First, the soldiers at nearby Camp Knock were roused from their beds by a deafening crash, which sounded as though a huge brick chimney had been ripped from a rooftop and scattered in solid chunks throughout the camp area. But a quick investigation revealed that nothing had been destroyed.

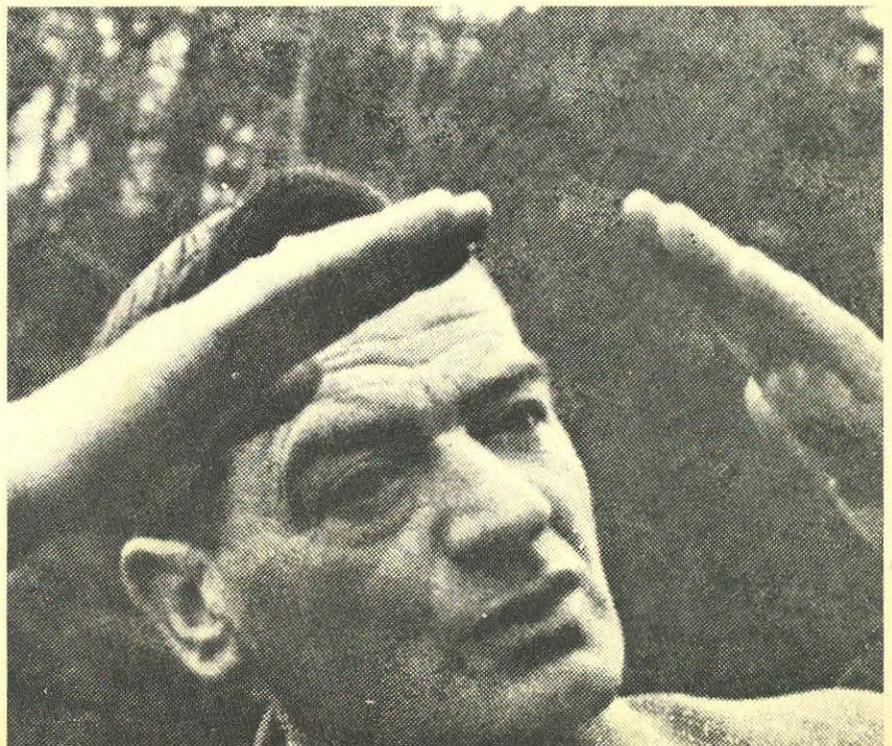
Then on that same evening the town postmaster, Mr. Roger Rump, was awakened from his slumber by an awful "aerial battering" that seemed to be trying to cave-in the roof above his bed. On that same night, UFOs were seen prowling the skies above Warminster, but instead of "flying saucers" the observers used such terms as "celestial sky-cars" and "aerial chariots" in describing what they had seen. With each appearance of these high-flying phenomena, the observers reported "feelers" from the same sound shock-waves and violent vibrations that eventually forced young Eric Payne to his knees in the roadway.

An Army veteran, Major William Hill, sweated through a similar paralyzing experience one evening while he was driving alone from Warminster to a nearby military post to review a weekly parade of the territorial army. The hour was 8:20 P.M. and he was traveling about 45 miles per hour when suddenly the engine cut out and the car shuddered violently to a stop. The headlights flickered slightly, yet the dashboard gauge showed the battery in good working order. Neither were there any signs that the engine had overheated.

Baffled by this unexpected behavior on the part of his usually dependable auto, Major Hill climbed out of the driver's seat to (Continued on page 57)



Immediately below, one of the objects sighted near English town of Warminster. Note resemblance to objects (r.) photographed by Astronaut M. Scott Carpenter from inside Aurora 7 spacecraft on May 24, 1962. Carpenter called them "ice crystals" but Astronaut John Glenn disagreed. At top are frames from a movie film taken by Astronaut James McDivitt in 1965 and never satisfactorily explained. At right below, Arthur Shuttlewood, reporter for the Warminster Journal, is shown describing one of his sightings. His book, "The Warminster Mystery," documents the whole strange story.



"THE THING"

(Continued from page 43)

investigate—and he walked straight into "The Thing." As he started to lift the hood, an eerie whining and jangling noise filled the air above him, and then he felt that frightful sensation of something pressing him inexorably downward. He endured the ordeal for nearly two minutes before the uncanny noise finally faded away into the distance and the pressure was mercifully lifted from his shoulders. Quickly jumping into the driver's seat, Major Hill switched on the ignition and the engine started up immediately. An inspection the following day showed it to be in perfect working condition.

There were reports, too, that a strange aircraft had landed near Warminster to discharge some rather weird passengers, if only for a brief period of time. Early on the morning of April 1st, only a few weeks after Eric Payne had been attacked in the marshlands, Mr. Charles Hudd reported for duty at the Central Car Park where he was employed by the Warminster Urban Council. Four other men were with Mr. Hudd, a stolid Wilshireman by the way, when suddenly at 4:45 A.M. they saw a huge, silvery cigar-shaped object sailing over the green hills just beyond the car park.

As they watched, speechless with astonishment, the soundless object began stretching itself into what appeared to be a long poker of white-hot fire as it slowly descended. But even before the ground was reached, a crimson glow flooded its entire length and then the UFO burst—splitting amidships as a glaring flash of light emitted from the breaking point. Fearing a deafening explosion at any moment, the five men put their hands to their ears—but there was no sound.

Even though the strange vehicle had split itself in two, the division had been accompanied by a silent detonation. But from between the riven halves of the "cigar," six small blobs of red could be seen slowly lowering themselves to the ground as they left the big craft's open belly. Were they UFO pilots and passengers? To this day Mr. Hudd keeps that an open question. "After twirling idly about in the air for a few seconds," he recalls, "the six red blobs, or whatever you want to call them, steadied themselves and stopped. Then they changed color from red to silver as they re-boarded the craft. The two halves closed into one again, and the ship raced away toward the northern horizon and out of sight."

At least one of the five eyewitnesses reported that, while the craft was descending, he had felt "The Thing"—that strange force that hammered down from the Warminster skies. But his experience was no longer considered unusual. In fact, by that time most residents of Warminster had resigned themselves to trying to live with the nameless, and perhaps unearthly force which had moved into their midst. Even so, some still believed the phenomenon could be explained by natural causes, while others pointed out the thin boundary line between the real and the unreal—the fact

that only a hundred years ago the ideas of satellites and television would have been laughed out of existence. Arthur Shuttlewood, chief features editor of the Warminster Journal, time and again has written articles verifying the credibility of those who believe in "The Thing."

"I could not reject such testimony," Shuttlewood wrote, "for much of it comes from persons of high character and reliability. No newsman in his right sense would dare refer to such witnesses as a vicar and his family, a head postmaster, an Army major and others as 'nut-cases' or 'screwballs.' Solid dependable citizens like these do not prosper on trees of imagination, or thrive in bushes of false value."

Nevertheless, some almost unbelievable reports have circulated in the Warminster vicinity since the unknown menace began stalking the town. The terror has been directed at animals, as well as human beings. A flock of pigeons reported killed en masse while surging into sound-beams thrown off by "The Thing." Two pheasants, flying above a big estate, forced violently earthwards by ultra-sonic waves of noise. House cats and dogs, running around in circles inside the homes, cuffing their ears with their paws while the roofs above were being battered.

Little wonder, then, that the good people of Warminster have divided themselves into two camps—either their "Thing" is of this world, or it is NOT

EDITOR'S NOTE: The UFO Department of MAN TO MAN suggests that readers who wish to become better informed about Unidentified Flying Objects should read at least one of the following books: "Flying Saucers—Serious Business" by Frank Edwards; "Incident at Exeter" by John G. Fuller; "Flying Saucer Occupants" by Coral Lorenzen; "The Challenge of UFOs" by Prof. Charles A. Maney and Richard Hall; and "A Challenger to Science" by Jacques and Janine Vallee. ■

RIBALDRY

(Continued from page 45)

You'll see what a passionate greeting he'll try to give you. You can catch him red-handed!"

"Well," chuckled Egano. "I doubt that I'll look exactly like you. But I'll try." And thus saying, he slipped on the gown and veil and hastened from the dark room.

"Quickly!" called Beatrice to Anichino. As astonished as he'd been at all this, Anichino arose to the occasion and made it quick. He didn't have too much time to laugh about the little joke Beatrice had pulled on him. He wasn't exactly in the mood to laugh, anyway.

After their hasty performance, Beatrice said, "Now, do both of us a favor and take a cudgel and go to the garden. Pretend that you think Egano is me and start beating the hell out of him. Tell him the only reason you set up the rendezvous was to test your mistress' virtue, and that by coming there she's proven that she's a woman your good master can't trust. It should be good sport!"

Was there no limit to this woman's imagination? Laughing to himself, Ani-

chino took a stout stick and went out to the pine tree. As soon as he saw Egano standing there in his gown, he began laying on the stick. "You wicked, wicked woman," he shouted. "Shame on you. Do you think I'd betray my master, the one who's done so much for me? I'll teach you a lesson, I will."

Egano took to his heels, too embarrassed to cry out despite his wounds.

When he finally made it back to his bedroom, his wife asked, "Well, did Anichino meet you in the garden?"

"God, yes," replied Egano. "Worst luck. He almost killed me!"

He explained what had happened. "Oh, well," sighed Egano philosophically. "Good old Anichino meant well. He's sure looking after my interests, all right. I suppose he thought that since you're so nice to everybody, you might be an easy mark for some scoundrel. Imagine that!"

"Yes," said his wife. "Just imagine!"

So, convinced of his wife's great virtue and his manservant's undivided loyalty, Egano became even more careless in the days that followed. And, taking advantage of every opportunity offered them, Beatrice and Anichino had more and more chances to enjoy one another.

This lasted until Anichino resumed his name of Lodovico and left Bologna in search of other willing wives and trusting husbands. ■

BEST FRIEND

(Continued from page 25)

Instead she took me to a vet. in lower Manhattan. Agh! Talk about me being a physiological mess, that doctor was worse. I think he really got a charge out of laying me on that table and butterflying his hands through my nether hair. Dirty old man, and his conclusion was worse.

They put me out to stud. What could I do? I had to play along, and the sooner it was over the sooner I'd get back to Sensifina. And so I humped that gnarly haired bitch (that's not swearing) all over the kennels, but man, what a letdown after the soft peach and silk I'd been used to.

JEEZE! Will those pups have frustrations. Needless to say that for all her efforts Sen still hadn't contained my wanton desires, but then a circumstance occurred that demanded drastic measures.

I was sofa-lounging, reading parts of Miller one day, when a commotion in the hall sired working time. I put the book back in the case and wandered over to the door.

It was Sen of course, the familiar musk was Chanel to my nostrils but hark, an ominous and overwhelming odor silenced my tail. She was with a man!

Horrors of Eros! The key turned in the lock and I backed slowly, my teeth bared.

"Hi William." Sen brushed my ear with the back of her hand. "Come in Bruce."

My competition was tall, slender, too slender from my vantage and too completely male. He also reached down in a questioning gesture and tickled my ear.

Self control, I warned myself. It's the gas chamber for what you're thinking.