



LITTLE MEN FROM OUTER SPACE

For too many years, scientists have ignored literally thousands of flying saucer occupant sightings. In fact, people who have reported seeing tiny humanoids have been harassed and mercilessly ridiculed. In an effort to prove that these creatures do exist, SAGA is publishing this rare photograph.

By John A. Keel

On Nov. 2, 1898, a young woman in Geneva, Switzerland, woke up at 6:15 a.m. to find herself enveloped in an eerie reddish light. Her name was Helene Smith and she had been suffering a series of strange experiences. Mysterious oriental gentlemen had been visiting her and had allegedly conducted her on trips to another planet—a planet where the people flew about in peculiar vehicles that had neither wheels nor horses. But on this particular morning Miss Smith was somehow transported to “a section of country peopled by men altogether different from those who inhabit our globe.” These men, she later told psychologist

Theodore Flournoy, were all about three feet tall, had small eyes and noses, and large hands with unusually long fingers.

Flournoy's bulky report on this early “contactee” was published in 1900 and had very little impact on a world that was unaware of the existence of the phenomenon even then taking place in our skies.

Thirty years before Miss Smith's controversial “visions” of alien worlds, an American in Massachusetts, William Denton, claimed contact with residents of Venus, described saucer-shaped flying machines made of aluminum, and swore that he was in telepathic communication with the Venusians.

That was in 1866. But we can go further back and find contactee reports from 1850, 1846, 1820, etc. While the descriptions of these contactees varied widely, it seems generally agreed that the majority of the aliens had bronzed or reddish complexions, high cheekbones, oriental eyes, and long fingers.

The Paiute Indians of the Far West, and some of the South American tribes, have ancient legends of the “Sky People” which disagree with the descriptions of Smith, Denton, and the others. The Indians thought the aliens were tall, fair-skinned, and had long blonde hair.

An enormous mass of documented "creature sightings" from all over the world is now available and is being closely studied by ufologists. It is becoming apparent that the Earth is divided into zones of some kind and that each of these zones is the "turf" for a specific kind of UFO occupant. The tall blonds, for example, seem to prefer the western U.S. and Argentina and Brazil. England has had sightings for years of strange beings with unusually high foreheads. Venezuela has had a number of baffling incidents involving tiny humanoids covered with hair. The northeastern U.S. seems to be favored by five-foot, six-inch, dark-skinned oriental types. There are now thousands of occupant reports, even though they are rarely mentioned in your local newspaper, and they cover a wide range of locales, types of witnesses, and types of descriptions.

Here, for example, is a UPI story from Mar Del Plata, Argentina:

"Police shot at three creatures aboard a flying saucer, according to a story in *El Popular*, a daily newspaper in the nearby city of Olavarria.

"The story said that early Wednesday a police corporal noted an area illuminated by a strong glare, while an 'intense and strange buzzing' was heard.

"The corporal, with four other witnesses and the police officer in charge left for the scene in a jeep, armed with machine guns.

"According to the story, they found an oval object, with short legs at the edges, and flashing multicolor beams. Standing by were beings "about seven feet tall, wearing silver uniforms."

"When the three started walking toward the policemen, the corporal shot at them with a machine gun, but did not hit them.

"The beings then showed a small lighted ball that apparently overwhelmed the policemen, sapping their strength. The beings returned to their saucer and took off."

It all sounds like a science-fiction nightmare, admittedly, yet too many such stories have been received in recent years. We can no longer discount such tales, nor can we find one simple explanation which would fit them all. Weird and frightening things seem to be happening all over this battered globe, and the general scarcity of publicity means that few of the reporting witnesses have ever even heard of distant incidents precisely similar to their own experiences.

Each new case raises uncomfortable new questions. Why do so many of these things seem to happen on Wednesdays? Are the ufonauts using our calendar? Why do so many "flaps" (outbreaks of flying saucer sightings) take place within the boundaries of certain states, going from border to border without lapsing over into the neighboring states? Are ufonauts using our maps, too? And in many, many of the controversial and little-publicized contact cases, the ufonauts have allegedly addressed the witness by name and said things to indicate that they knew everything about the person.

Ufologists are beginning to suspect that the elusive ufonauts are very aware of every aspect of our lives and that they may, indeed, be coming from somewhere on the Earth itself.

While all kinds of assorted monsters and

freaks have popped out of flying saucers, only one type has been seen universally. This is the amusing "little man" who brought so much ridicule to the subject of UFOs in the beginning but is now being taken seriously by scientists and lay researchers alike.

In 1960, Russia's state newspaper *Pravda* went to astonishing lengths to ridicule the "little men" reports from inside the Soviet Union. In April of that year, a UFO reportedly crashed and exploded in East Africa and hundreds of amazed villagers said that a trio of "tiny little men" had leaped out of the things and run off just before it blew up. France had a rash of "little men" sightings in 1954, as did several other parts of Europe. In Ireland and Scandinavia there are "little men" tales going back many centuries, and some of these stories are surprisingly well-documented.

The "little-men" population has been burgeoning in North and South America for 20 years, according to hundreds of tabulated accounts. Often the creatures are surrounded by a greenish glow, or are dressed in green coveralls. (Incidentally, these reports produced the famous phrase "little green men.") In addition, some of these characters have been accompanied by unpleasant odors. Either they are using the wrong soap, or they are adding something putrid to our atmosphere during their brief visits.

The U.S. Air Force was weary of hearing about LGMs ("little green men") as far back as 1955. At a press conference that year, Capt. Robert White, then head of Project Blue Book, admitted that the "little, green, luminous, smelly types" were the kind of ufonaut most frequently reported to the Air Force. Naturally, he didn't believe in such things, he said, "But still, people keep insisting they've seen little green men."

Startling cases of LGMs halting motorists on deserted highways to speak to them in their own language are now emerging. These conversations have the UFO skeptics scoffing. How, they always ask, can we expect "Martians" to speak English? Actually there is no real evidence to lead us to think that these characters are from Mars, or from any other distant planet. In the incredible "Varo Document," which was taken so seriously by the Office of Naval Research (see *The Allende Letters* by Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour), the mysterious and knowledgeable notation writers frequently alluded to "SMS" who were supposedly based at the bottoms of our oceans. Perhaps "SM" meant "Small Men."

How many of these wild and improbable stories are really true? I have personally investigated over a dozen such cases around the country and have only uncovered one obvious hoax. Since I have been criticized for not writing about UFO hoaxes (few editors will publish hoax stories because the skeptics pounce on them as "typical frauds"), I will make amends and tell you briefly about the saga of Bagley, Minn.

Early in 1967, a man in Indiana wrote to the editor of a UFO magazine in Canada. It seems that a friend of the letter-writer was attending an auction when he *overheard* two farmers discussing something they *had heard* about Bagley, Minn., their hometown. According to their fourth-hand story, a flying saucer had swept down the Main Street of

Bagley, skipped over the top of a school bus filled with children (school was just being dismissed), and landed on the edge of town where it was seen by all the local inhabitants, including the police. Four small beings dismounted, made some repairs on their craft, and then flew off again.

This story was published in the Canadian publication and repeated in American UFO journals. (Making it sixth-hand.) Ordinarily I wouldn't bother with such a rumor-type account but I decided to write the the Bagley Chamber of Commerce and ask them if they'd seen the little men.

Here is the reply I received from Mr. Harpo Dexter of the Bagley Civic Commerce Association: "When I first read your request for information concerning a space craft sighted over our town I was tempted to take advantage of the opportunity to get Bagley some free publicity. I even considered taking a torch and burning a hole in one of the streets and telling you that the craft had not only flown over, that it had landed, and that we had a hole in our street to prove it.

"As far as I can learn, no space craft was sighted over our town. The Chief of Police, Almer Olson, can recall nothing about such an incident. Nobody I know can recall it, and the town is small enough so that if anyone saw anything everybody would know about it.

"But in my search I did find a lumberjack south of town who saw something last June. He says that toward evening of that day he watched a glowing something-or-other move back and forth above the highway that leads to Itasca State Park."

I believe Mr. Dexter, but there are undoubtedly many UFO buffs who have read the exaggerated tale of Bagley's incredible UFO landing who will just nod their heads knowingly and say, "The government silenced them—this Dexter is probably with the CIA."

Luckily, I didn't fly out to Bagley to investigate the panic in the streets firsthand. But I did go to Gaffney, S.C., to interview two police officers who have gone on record as having seen *and spoken to* a flying saucer occupant. Their strange experience was one of two extraordinary sightings which took place early on the morning of Nov. 17, 1966. This was a special day for me, too, because I was using it to test one of the popular theories of the UFO skeptics.

Throughout the night of November 16-17th, the Leonid meteor showers were visible across the U.S. The Air Force and the UFO critics had been telling us for years that most UFOs were really meteors and fireballs so this was a perfect opportunity to test that theory. Could the American public tell the difference between a meteor shower and a UFO invasion? I thought they could. And I was right. My clipping services failed to unearth a single published UFO report from that night, other than the story of the two policemen.

I did, however, eventually come across one other extraordinary low-level sighting that took place that night in the little town of Cheshire, Ohio, hundreds of miles north of Gaffney. Mrs. Roy Grose, a music teacher in Cheshire, told me that she was awakened by the barking of her dog at 4:45 a.m. that morning. She got up to see what was wrong and sleepily looked out her kitchen window. The

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moon was out and was very bright, she noted, but there was something else in the air as well. It was a huge, brightly-colored object the size of a small house, she said, and it was hovering at treetop level just across from her home on Route 7. Mrs. Grose, a quiet, well-spoken woman, described it as being divided into sections or compartments of red and blue windows.

"It was the prettiest thing I've ever seen," she remarked. "I was stunned."

She was afraid to wake up the rest of her family so she just watched it in wonder for 30 or 40 seconds before it zigzagged and suddenly disappeared. She told no one about it, fearing ridicule, and her story was not published until I stumbled across her a few weeks later as I roamed up and down the Ohio Valley investigating the monumental but little-publicized UFO "flap" there.

At approximately the same time that Mrs. Grose was watching that eerie multi-colored object hovering over a field only 100 yards from her home, two police officers in Gaffney, S.C., were having an even more bizarre experience. They were meeting a "little man" face-to-face. Their story appeared in only a single local newspaper. In that account, the two men were quoted as having described a "little man" with "a greenish complexion."

A year later I passed through Gaffney and tracked down one of the witnesses, Patrolman Charles Hutchins. He turned out to be an ebullient man, stocky, about five-feet 10-inches tall, in his early 30s. He regarded me with some suspicion at first, asking me for reassurance that I was "not with the government."

He examined my press credentials and then we retired to an empty room in the Gaffney Police Station where he began our interview with a confession. The "little men" had not had a "green complexion" as was

reported in the local newspaper, he said. When he and officer A. G. Huskey had first told their story they had been subjected to so many jeers that they impishly added the "green complexion." Actually, he admitted, the creature's face seemed rather ordinary and human-like and neither man was able to tell whether his complexion was light or dark.

Hutchins had been on the Gaffney Police Force for about six months at the time, and Huskey had been a policeman for about five years. Sometime after four a.m. on the morning of Nov. 17, 1966, the two men were making a routine patrol along the isolated and unpopulated road through an outlying section of Gaffney known as the West Buford Extension when, as they neared a right-angle bend in the road, they suddenly saw a metallic object directly in front of them. This object was descending when they first saw it. There were no portholes or lights visible on it. It was completely dark, reflecting a dull gold color in the headlights of the police car. Their car did not stall.

As the object settled to within a few feet of the ground, both men got out of their car in a state of benumbed amazement. Later Hutchins estimated that the object must have been about 20 feet in diameter. A small door suddenly opened on the underside of the sphere, he said, and a short ladder, four to six feet long, dropped down. White light poured out of the opening but neither man could see anything in the interior. A figure appeared in the doorway, descended the ladder and walked slowly and deliberately toward the two police officers. When the figure reached a point about 15 or 20 feet from the two men it stopped.

"He didn't move stiffly," Officer Hutchins told me. "He moved just like anybody else, but kind of . . . like he was taking his time. He wasn't scared of us or anything like that."

In appearance "he was about the size of a 12-year-old boy . . . maybe four feet." He wore no helmet or headgear and was dressed in "a gold suit with no buttons or zippers." His costume was shiny, like metal, in the

reflection of the headlights. It was not self-luminous.

"We were both kind of shaky and scared," Hutchins admitted frankly. "So he did most of the talking. When we asked him questions, he wouldn't answer us. He just went right on talking."

He could not remember seeing the feet of the creature. It was standing in high grass and the feet must have been hidden. Unfortunately, since my interview took place a full year after the incident, both men had understandably forgotten small details. They could not even remember the full context of the "conversation."

"He talked real good . . . like a college graduate," Hutchins claimed. "Didn't have any accent or anything. He acted like he knew exactly what he was saying and doing . . . didn't make any quick moves or false moves. He just stood there and talked to us."

What exactly was said? Officer Hutchins recalls that he stammered out a question like, "What are you doing here?" The creature didn't reply, but asked a question of his own.

"He wanted to know why we were both dressed alike," Hutchins said. "So I guess we told him we were police officers. His speech was very, very precise. He pronounced each word very carefully. I can't remember everything he said now . . . but it wasn't anything very important. I asked him where he was from but he didn't answer. He just laughed. He had a funny kind of laugh."

The confrontation was brief, perhaps only two or three minutes. Then the creature announced, "I . . . will . . . return . . . in . . . two . . . days." He turned, walked slowly back to the ladder, climbed into the object, the door closed quietly and the craft began to whirr.

"It wasn't like those whirring sounds in science-fiction movies . . . there was no screeching to it," Hutchins noted. "It was

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soft, like an engine with a muffler on it." The object rose slowly and vanished into the star-covered sky.

The two policemen said they stood there for a few minutes in stunned silence before they pulled themselves together and returned to the police station.

They went back to the site the next day with a local councilman named Hill and found several fresh footprints in the exact spot where the "little man" had stood.

"They looked like children's footprints," Hitchins remarked. No casts were made.

Hutchins appeared to be a straightforward, honest witness. There were many details he could not remember and he did not seem to attempt to embellish his story at all. His reputation in Gaffney is excellent. Careful cross-examination failed to uncover any discrepancies in his narrative. Later I spoke to A. G. Huskey on the phone (I didn't meet him). He confirmed Hutchin's story, but said he wanted to forget the whole thing. He had left the police force and now operates his own business in Gaffney, a town of about 10,000.

Neither Hutchins nor Huskey had read any UFO literature before that incident, nor do they seem very interested in such literature now. They were not aware of the numerous other far-flung contactee stories in which the witnesses also reported that the ufonauts declared they would return at a specific time. Many other contactee-claimants have mentioned to me that the ufonauts have an odd, hysterical or inhuman laugh.

Both men revisited the landing site nightly for two weeks after the incident without seeing anything unusual. However, they did see a large orange ball sailing across the sky a few mornings later.

"Anyway, we don't know how long *his* days are," Hutchins observed correctly.

Of course, we only have their word for it that this ever happened. But their word seems to carry a lot of weight in Gaffney, and they had nothing to gain by making up such a story. During a conversation with Jack Truelove, managing editor of the Gaffney *Ledger*, I asked him why he didn't publish more UFO reports.

"Well, those two men (Hutchins and Huskey) took such an awful ribbing with their story," Truelove said, "that we try to avoid such things."

I did uncover many other UFO sightings in that immediate area. A few miles to the north, the town of Gastonia, N.C., had been having an almost continuous "flap" for two years. Ray Jimison, editor of the *Gastonia Gazette*, said he received two or three UFO reports a day but only published two or three a month.

This alleged encounter of two police officers in a fairly obscure town may seem quite pointless to those who have not followed UFO incidents closely, but this case follows all the basic patterns. It may be part of the apparent campaign now going on to impress the general public with the reality of the UFO phenomenon. Similar "pointless" cases are turning up all over the country. It almost seems as if the witnesses are being carefully selected in some unfathomable manner. Police officers, doctors, newspapermen, and other reputable sorts are now going through these experiences. Not many of these people are willing to expose themselves to ridicule by permitting their names to be used with their stories, however.

In most "little men" cases, including those in France and South America, the creatures seem to behave in a taut, self-controlled manner. They reportedly deliver speeches in the local languages as if they had carefully memorized them, or as if they were playing back a recording. It may be that these entities are robots of some sort, or that they are a lower animal of some kind being rigidly controlled by some unseen intelligence. In many cases these creatures have behaved in a raw, animal-like way, clawing witnesses and playing childish pranks before leaping into saucers and whizzing off into the unknown. There is even a growing speculation that the saucers may have an intelligence and that the "little men" may be run by computers on board instead of the reverse. In any case, the mass of observational data now available does seem to disprove, at least partially, the popular theory that "flying saucers" are merely the product of "an advanced technology created by a superior extraterrestrial intelligence." Something far more complicated is involved here.

We can state flatly that some kind of "public relations" program seems to be underway. Exceptionally reputable witnesses are now being slyly approached in isolated, sparsely populated areas all over the world. In one remarkable incident, thoroughly investigated by trained researchers from the Aerial Phenomenon Research Organization in Tucson, Ariz., a little man less than four feet tall reportedly strolled into the office of Dr. Luis Sanches Vega in Caracas, Venezuela on Aug. 7, 1967. There was a big UFO flap in the area at the time and the doctor is said to have suffered from a heart attack after the "little man" addressed him in perfect Spanish and warned him about coming earthquakes.

Two weeks earlier an even more incredible case took place outside a small town in North Carolina. A "little man" not only put in a brief appearance but he posed for a photograph. That picture, the first anywhere, accompanies this article.

The witness in this case was not a policeman or a doctor. He was a 14-year-old boy. His name is Ronnie Hill, but his family has asked me not to publicize their location. I can only report that they live in a little, isolated community on the edge of a great swamp which covers many square miles. The area is much more bleak and isolated than Gaffney, S.C., or the forests of northern Michigan.

When I first received this picture in the mail I was naturally very suspicious and I did a considerable amount of checking. Ronnie Hill, it turns out, is a rather exceptional young man. He is president of his eighth grade class, president of the local 4-H club, and assistant Patrol Leader in the local Boy Scouts. I have obtained notarized affidavits from his parents, his schoolteachers, and the adult leader of his 4-H Club, all testifying that they have seen the photograph and that they believe his story is true. The editor of SAGA has examined this file but the affidavits are not being published here because of the family's request. This material may be examined by all qualified researchers, as is my usual policy.

In addition, I have shown this photograph to several professional photographers for their expert opinions. We have blown the original up to wall size, measured it and studied it minutely. The figure appears to be exactly as Ronnie described it and does not

seem to be a doll or other hoax. The measurements verify Ronnie's estimates of size and distance. While it is impossible to state categorically that this photograph is *absolutely* genuine, we do feel that it most probably is and that Ronnie's story should be taken seriously. We know that there has been extensive reported UFO activity in the region where the picture was taken, and we must also note Ronnie's description of the "strange odor" which may have prepared the local atmosphere for the creature's brief appearance.

On the afternoon of July 21, 1967, young Hill was working in the garden behind his family's home when the incident occurred. Here is how he tells it in his own words:

"I noticed a strange odor in the air which smelt like gas. Which caused my eyes to water. Also I noticed a sound . . . a sound of silence. Usually there are birds chattering and dogs barking. But that day I heard no such sound.

"After about 15 minutes I heard a buzzing sound and the increasing smell of gas. So when I turned my head I saw a strange thing in the sky. It looked like a black hat . . . Then my eyes caught a glimpse of something moving. It was a white ball about nine feet in diameter. It started to fly by itself . . . I fell to the ground . . . all sorts of things dashing through my mind . . . I knew no one would believe me about what I saw and I would have to have some proof so I ran to the house to get my camera (a Kodak 'Sabie 620'). When I came into the house I told no one of what I saw, there wasn't enough time.

"When I returned to the scene I saw the object (the white ball) on the ground. About five seconds later I heard a loud noise which hurt my ears. I was breathless, because a little man about three and one half to four feet tall came from behind the ball-shaped object, carrying with him a funnel-shaped black object in his right hand. Then quickly he put it near the ground. Then pulled it back up to his hip. Then he turned and went back behind the ball. The loud noise rang again. Then a bright blue flare burst from beneath the ship, then it took off into the air slowly. Then the big ship reappeared . . . the round ship connected itself to a rod and it pulled the round ship into a hole. Then the big one took off at tremendous speed and disappeared over the treetops.

Ronnie says the "little man's" skin-tight suit was silvery and metallic, and his head seemed to be a bluish green. The eyes were "tilting or slanting." He wore a silver helmet and there was a dark blue belt around the waist.

While all this was happening, Ronnie claims he heard a faint hissing sound and he doesn't know if it came from the object or from the creature. (Such hissing sounds are frequently reported in landing cases.) The little fellow is supposed to have moved "slowly and wobbly" and seemed to have trouble controlling his legs when he turned.

The distance between the young photographer and the creature was about 15 feet. The photo, the only one that came out, is bluish and marred by fogging on both edges. This is actually in Ronnie's favor since this same kind of fogging has turned up on many apparently authentic UFO photos. It may be caused by radiation or actinic rays of some kind coming from the object. The "little man"

appears to have puffed up or fleshy cheeks with high cheekbones and wears a helmet that is almost Germanic. The funnel-shaped object is visible in his hand. The spherical object is in the background.

The "loud noise" reported by Ronnie has been a regular feature in landing reports from all over the world. The "blue belts" have been described by witnesses in South America.

In several recent "little men" cases the ufonauts have apparently realized they were being watched but instead of approaching the witnesses they busied themselves with seemingly meaningless tasks . . . collecting rocks and plants from the ground or making some kind of measurements. In Ronnie's case, the creature deliberately stepped into view, poked a "black funnel" into the ground, then turned and reentered the object. Perhaps if he had attempted to approach the boy directly, the latter would have fled in panic. Maybe the creature was somehow aware of this.

The original negative is in a bank vault. No "Men in Black" have turned up to confiscate it, but Ronnie does claim to have received a couple of strange phone calls.

We can only speculate, but it does seem as if an ancient legend is now coming to life. "The little men" of folklore are now bidding for attention. They are taking deliberate steps to be noticed.

"Little men from Mars" were a big joke in the 1950s. But nobody is laughing anymore.

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