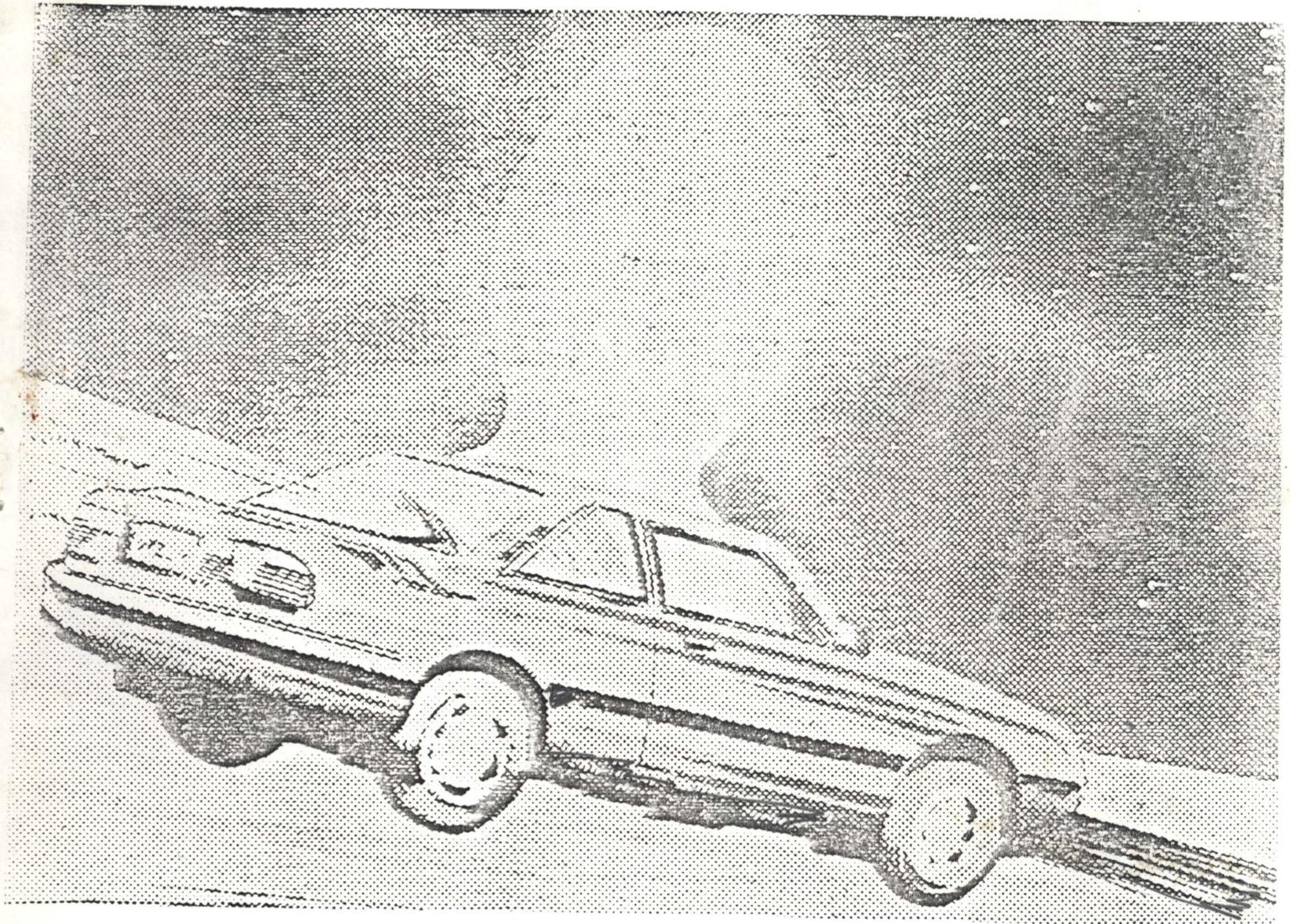


PEGASUS



FEBRUARY 1988



JOURNAL OF THE
SURREY INVESTIGATION GROUP
ON AERIAL PHENOMENA

Welcome to our first newsletter of 1988!

We include our usual round-up of press items taken from the local and national newspapers. These illustrate in startling fashion the high profile given by the media to reports of alien abductions.

Space and expense do not permit inclusion of all the material to hand, much of which is presented in a most sensational manner. Those who missed the STAR's feature of 23rd January should not miss being informed authoritatively that the aliens have very bad manners, NEVER carry ordinary guns - only ray guns, and if they speak at all, it is in a croaky and warbly voice. The article also includes an IDENTIKIT' description of a standard alien, a real life specimen of which has apparently been spotted taking its "first tentative steps on our planet" along an alleyway in Liverpool.

The newsletter concludes (as usual?) with a report of an object seen by Busty Taylor on the same evening as a similar report was made of an object in the Nottingham area.

A TIMELY reminder - Subscriptions to SIGAP are due for renewal. Please help us to maintain our group identity and interest by sending renewals of £4.50 to Paul Whitehead or Steve Brown (addresses below).

If you are not yet a reader of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW (FSR) the world's leading Ufological magazine, details of how to subscribe to it are available from the SIGAP organisers.

Paul Whitehead - 22 Pewley Way , Guildford

Stephen Brown - Top Flat, 65 Epsom Road, Guildford

A 16-year-old schoolboy plus a woman and her friend have joined the ranks of people who claim to have had a close encounter of the UFO-kind.

Andrew Findlay's sighting at Bagshot came just a day after eight policemen and a teenage girl reported seeing grey-green, pink-blobbed objects in the skies above Kensington, West London.

Andrew was in the garden of his home in Yaverland Drive on Wednesday at about 9.25 p.m. when he looked up and saw an object "like a flying saucer."

Nine days earlier, Mrs. Tricia Hodgson and a friend were travelling along the M3 at Lightwater towards London when they spotted unidentified flying objects in the night sky.

All three are convinced that what they saw were not aeroplanes.

Andrew, a pupil at Collingwood School, Camberley, said: "I was cleaning my rabbit's pen and looked up. There was a gap in the clouds and out of it came a flying saucer shaped thing. It was bright white with green lights in the middle of it.

"It hovered for about seven to eight seconds, making no sound whatsoever. Then after I had looked down and then up again it shot across the sky very quickly and disappeared through another gap in the clouds.

"I could see the glow from its underside as it tracked across the sky. I am convinced that what I saw was a spacecraft from another world."

a very large round area which was dark one minute then went pinky red, pulsating. It got brighter and brighter and then went dark again," she said.

Two of the objects were on the right hand side of the sky.

"After we had stopped to watch it, it started to move and we began to set off again. But as it went over the car I looked to my left and saw this very large, circular area of glowing pinky-red light. I asked David to stop and he stopped again.

"It was pulsating. It came from nothing, fading right out, then pinky red, then brighter — not really bright — then fading again. After about a second it began again."

Convinced

She could see a glow at the back of the third UFO.

"It could not have been an aeroplane. The glow at the back was the strangest thing. It was nothing like the rear of a jet aircraft. I couldn't hear any noise, but it was noisy by the motorway anyway," said Mrs. Hodgson, a mother of three.

The sighting was made on December 29. Mrs. Hodgson went away immediately afterwards and only on her return thought to contact the "News" to see if anyone else had reported lights in the sky.

A nurse, but at the moment concentrating on bringing up her three children, Mrs. Hodgson said: "There may be quite a few people like me who saw it and did not say anything."

Mr. Myers, who was visiting this area from his home in Bude, Cornwall, said: "It was one of those things where you don't know whether to say anything or not. People can think you are a bit daft, but we are convinced we saw something."

He put the time of the sighting at 7.45 p.m. and said the objects — he only saw two of them — were stationary for about five minutes.

"Then they moved across the motorway and vanished altogether. They were very, very bright. Other people must have seen them; we can't be the only ones," he added.

Local UFO expert Mr. Rex Dutta said he had received a report of a third sighting in the area, this time in Blackwater the day before Mrs. Hodgson's sighting.

Lights

Andrew's brother Peter had only moments before gone back into the house, missing the sighting. Andrew rushed in to get his camera in the hope the object would return, but it did not.

He said: "It had a definite shape to it, a base and a top — like a flying saucer. In the middle it had a strip with green lights. There were other lights on it as well — I think some red ones.

"I couldn't see how big it was, but it looked bigger than an aeroplane."

He added: "I have always believed in UFOs, but I never thought I would actually see one. There is no doubt in my mind that that's what it was."

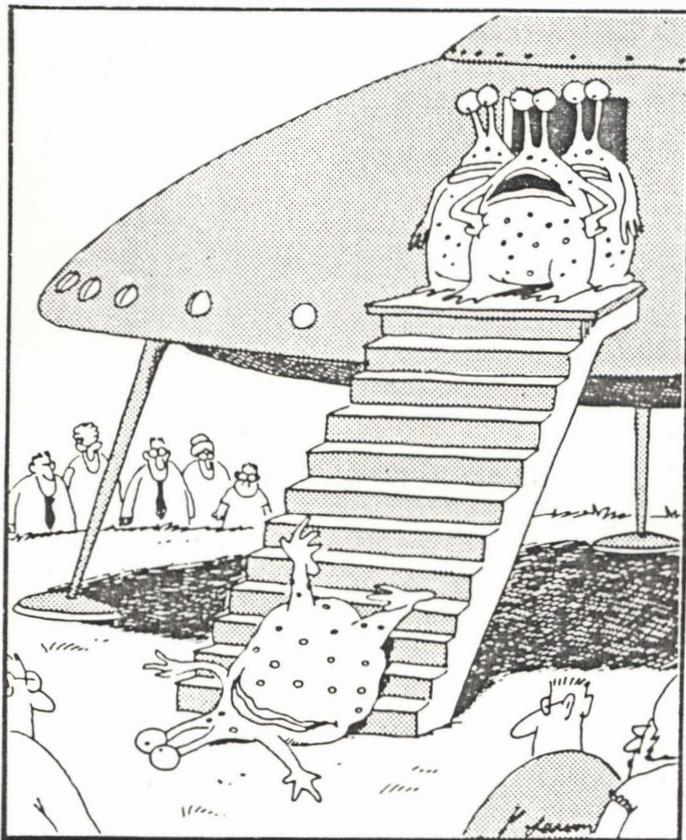
Mrs. Hodgson, of Old Pasture Road, Frimley, was a passenger in a car being driven by Mr. David Myers when she spotted three objects in the sky over the motorway. All appeared to be similar, but she paid particular attention to one which she described as "a big, bright light on the right of the sky, stationary."

The object had one green light and one silver light on its side and as Mrs. Hodgson watched, it moved off.

"On the back of it there was



Andrew holding a drawing of the UFO he saw hovering above his home in Yaverland Drive, Bagshot.



"Wonderful! Just wonderful! ... So much for instilling them with a sense of awe!"

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1987

NEWSLINE

Phone NEWSDESK on 0602-482000

MYSTERY OF CITY 'UFO' SIGHTINGS

BAFFLED police and airport officials have admitted they are stumped by reports of a close encounter with a mysterious flying object over Nottingham last night.

Calls from the Broxtowe, West Bridgford and Sherwood areas reported sightings of strange lights in the sky on an object the size of a football pitch, travelling very slowly and

accompanied by a deep hum.

But inquiries revealed there were no aircraft in the area at the time.

"I just don't know what it was," a police spokesman said. "We checked with the Civil Aviation Authority, East Midlands Airport and RAF bases but no one was able to help."

But police have had no reports of anyone being beamed aboard the mystery craft.



NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST

10th December 1988

Brian breaks silence over UFO sighting

THE UFO sightings reported in last week's "News" have finally prompted a man to recount a close encounter which left him truly scared for the first time in his life.

Mr. Brian Wall, of Bicknell Road, Frimley, has described how he was followed along the M3 from the outskirts of London to Lightwater by a brightly lit object in the sky.

"It seemed to be attracted by the lights of my car. As I got out of the car this thing came down. There was no noise. I got quite scared. I must admit. It must have hovered there for five seconds, until it vanished in about a second," he said.

The object was lit up with different coloured lights, he said. It could have been a mile away from him, it was difficult to judge, but the most fascinating thing was its speed.

"It travelled at a terrific speed," said Mr. Wall, a super-

visor in a computer company.

His encounter came shortly before Christmas 1986 and apart from telling his wife, who laughed at the story, he has kept it to himself.

Although he realised Heathrow was nearby, aeroplanes had been a hobby of his for 20 years and he knew full well the object was neither a plane nor a helicopter.

Even so, he checked with Heathrow to find out if any craft were up around 4 a.m. that day, but Heathrow did not know of any.

"When I waited for this object to come down I thought if it does it will land right on those pylons. It is the only time in my life I've been really scared," said Mr. Wall (46).



ALDERSHOT MAIL 19th January 1988

(cf FARNHAM MAIL article)

Here's the spooky bit

"I'M USED to being told I'm a complete nutter," says Nina Patten with a rueful smile. They tell her this in her office where she works as a local government officer. They tell her at parties and discos when she has been persuaded reluctantly to tell someone what she has seen and, just in case she should forget, her sister tells her so whenever Nina babysits for her. Nowadays, Nina Patten only talks about it to people if she is convinced they have open minds. She has a difficult time because she has had three separate UFO sightings in the last two years.

Is there something uniquely interesting, perhaps about her Doulis Hill flat that attracts extra-terrestrial forces? "I don't think so," she said. "It's happening all the time all over the country but people are afraid to report it. They know they'll be laughed at and written off as cranky." Nina Patten is nobody's standard-issue, glassy-eyed loony. A willowy 24-year-old, she lives in a neat studio flat decorated with photos of large furry animals. A giant panda stares across at a Siberian tiger. An orange acrylic Garfield cat keeps guard from the pillows of her bed.

So, how did it all begin? "The incredible thing," she says, "is that my boyfriend of the time had a UFO experience before I did. Everybody says he must have influenced me." This is what happened to him. It seems he had been driving home from a friend's wedding reception in Ramsgate when he suddenly felt extremely hot. This was in February. It was after 1 am and he was driving through some fields. There was a tremendous flash of light and the car went out of his control. Before he knew it he had driven off the road and had stopped on the grass verge.

And then? Here comes the really spooky bit. He swears he sat, unable to move a muscle, while two glowing white arms



THIRD PERSON
Helen Chappell

unlocked the car door, lifted him out of his seat and touched him all over. There was a strong smell of burning rubber but no pain (or pleasure). Then, two bright eyes like naked light bulbs stared into his. There was a rushing sound in his ears and he felt himself falling. The next thing he knew he was slumped back over the wheel in his car on the side of the road.

The windshield wipers were working and the radio had been switched on very loud. There's no way to avoid the awkward question. But no — it seems the lad was as sober as a judge. He'd been on antibiotics at the time and had been forbidden to touch a drop of alcohol. Had he reported his close encounter? He phoned the police but they were unimpressed by the story. How had it affected him? "He wouldn't stop telling me about it," Nina Patten said. "I listened to the whole thing over and over again. I got really fed up in the end but now I understand how he felt. Nobody else would listen to him, you see."

Finally, the strain proved too much for the relationship and they split up. The boyfriend left town to take a job in computers in Stevenage. She has tried writing to him but he never answers her letters. "Since I've

had these experiences of my own I feel guilty about not bothering him. I'd like us at least to have a chat about it."

Was Nina Patten groped by visitors from another world? Certainly not. But she has no doubt that such liberties take place every day. "I was looking out of my window here one night," she recalls, "when I saw this streak of pinky-mauve light hovering just above the rooftops. I thought it was my eyes or an aeroplane or something but it stayed exactly where it was for about a minute. Then it seemed to sort of wobble from side to side before shooting upwards and disappearing." Since then, this celestial phenomenon has appeared to her twice more: once while she was waiting at a bus stop in nearby Neasden and once again in May when she was on a camping holiday with friends in Cornwall.

Nina Patten doesn't blame anyone for thinking she is stupid or paranoid or both. But, as she points out, she has an A level in physics, does not drink heavily or take drugs, and otherwise leads an active and contented life. She had her eyes tested after each UFO sighting and her vision was perfect. She does not suffer from migraines, nightmares or mental feebleness. She has taken a lively and sceptical interest in the subject, borrowing books on UFOs from the library and attending lectures given by the British UFO Society whenever she has the time.

What worries her most at the moment is the news that Britain may be letting its end down by economising on space research.

"I can't believe nobody thinks it's important," she says, truly baffled. "We must find out what is going on out there in space, not try to hush it up. The survival of the planet might be at stake. If not, at least people like me will know we've only been seeing mirages."



GUARDIAN 21st October 1988



by RALPH BARKER

THE first emergency call reached Todmorden police station at one o'clock on a Friday morning.

Nothing too alarming. One of the folk from the council estate that clung to the lower slopes of the Pennines which encircle this Calder Valley mill town. The caller said that a herd of cows was wandering down the hillside in a very distressed state.

More calls. All similar. A farm gate left open? Worrying by dogs? A spot of rustling? Police Constable Alan Godfrey and a colleague were detailed to take a Panda car and find out.

Maybe the duty sergeant thought Godfrey's Zapata moustache made him specially suitable for cowboy duty. The sergeant was wrong. Though Godfrey and his colleague cruised their white Escort along the Burnley Road and turned up the steep Ferney Lee Road into the estate, they could find no runaway herd to round up.

PATROL

Eventually, tired of squinting through the freezing rain—it was November 28, 1980—they returned to the station. Nothing more was heard of the cows.

Soon after five Godfrey headed out on Panda duty again. It was the night's last, routine patrol of the town, and he was alone.

Outside the Town Hall he spotted Constable John Allen. "I've already done the town patrol on foot," Allen told him. "Everything's okay."

"In that case," said Godfrey, "I'll see if there's any sign of those cows."

"Not long to go to the end of the night," he thought, heading back down the Burnley Road. Exactly how long he wasn't sure, for he hadn't worn a watch since it—and he—were badly damaged in a violent arrest three years before.

Slowing down to turn into Ferney Lee Road, something further along the Burnley Road caught his eye. The rain had stopped by now, and the air was clear.

SHREWD

What puzzled him was that the vehicle in the distance, whatever it was, appeared to be lying broadside on to the road. It looked like a bus, but there was something odd about it. He decided to investigate. The cows could wait.

He was driving along a trunk road, less than a mile from the town. There was still a row of terrace houses petering out on his right. Why then did he suddenly have this feeling of isolation?

At 33, married with two children, Godfrey was no

‘Your whole outlook on life changes—the whole structure is undermined because of one incident’

rookie cop but a balanced, genial yet shrewd professional, highly respected in the force. But now even the street light, reflecting off the rain-washed road, struck him as eerie.

Maybe that was why he stopped a good 30 yards short of the object he'd come to investigate.

Hovering in his headlights was a metallic, diamond-shaped thing that certainly wasn't a bus. Suspended as it was in mid-air he could almost have driven underneath it.

GLOW

The lower tier was rotating slowly. And from the upper tier a bank of panels or windows stared back at him opaquely. At the apex was a spherical crest. And there was no sound at all.

He switched on his Panda's blue flashing beacon. The object reflected the pulsating light. It also emitted a silvery, fluorescent glow.

He pressed the button on his personal radio. "Sowerby Bridge Control from 3961." Three times he called, but the receiver seemed dead.

These valleys were notorious for their radio black spots. But he would surely be able to make contact on his car VHF. For that he would have to go through Bradford Main.

"Alpha Bravo Three to XB Control. I have a message for Sowerby Bridge. Over." Again nothing. He reached for his clip-board and began sketching the object. He

reckoned it was about 20 feet wide and 14 feet high. It had chosen a spot where a drive-in to the car park of the old Mons Mill—a massive seven-storey structure standing back from the road—provided an extended hardstanding.

If what he was looking at was some kind of hovercraft, it must have been manoeuvred over the mill and the engine-room chimney that towered above it, avoiding the hills and the trees, with extraordinary skill. All this in darkness apart from the street lights, on a night when it had been raining. The more he thought about it, the more mind-boggling it became.

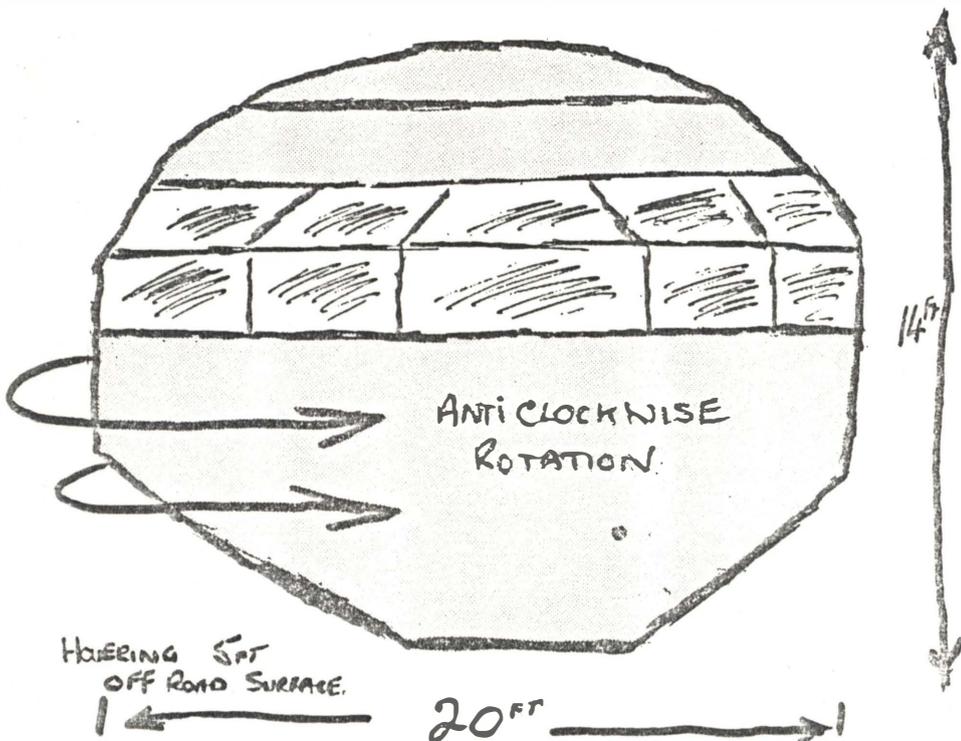
MISSING

His incredulity turned to alarm when he suddenly realised that somehow, his car was now a hundred yards further down the road, way past where the object had hovered. And when he got out and looked back... it was gone.

How had he got where he was? Had he been dreaming? He did not believe it. And there was his sketch-board to prove it. He drove back to the station, impatient to report what he'd seen.

He was surprised when he got there to find that the time was 05.30. He didn't realise he had been away so long. He began to wonder what had happened to the missing minutes. Had

contd...



A policeman's amazing evidence (left) . . . the sketch Alan Godfrey made in 1980 after observing a metallic, diamond-shaped U.F.O.

blue ball of light to the north. The time was 04.49. Pulsing in a slow rhythmic throb, it had grown in size and moved in arcs and zig-zags across the sky. It had eventually disappeared in the direction of . . . Todmorden.

Alan Godfrey reckoned he had first sighted it hovering over the Burnley Road, soon after 05.10.

The cows—they were bullocks—were found next morning across the road in Centre Vale Park. Animal distress, Godfrey was to discover, was typical of the U.F.O. phenomenon.

"Amazing encounter in Calder Valley," was the headline in the local paper a week after the sighting. Godfrey had been encouraged by his superiors to tell his story to the Press. If the intention was to end speculation, it only achieved the opposite.

His brief period of fame was succeeded by years of notoriety. The kindest thing the West Yorkshire force did for him was to grant him an invalid's

pension in 1984, for his injuries in that assault seven years before.

"When you've had an encounter such as I had," says Godfrey, "it changes your whole outlook on life. Not in a religious sense, but you're completely and utterly changed.

"Things happen to you that you wouldn't believe could happen beforehand. The whole structure of your life is undermined. All because of an incident, faithfully reported, which lasted in my case no more than two or three minutes, so far as my conscious memory recalls."

VIVID

What of his sub-conscious? Efforts to regress under hypnosis have aggravated rather than eliminated his confusion. His conscious memory, however, the moment when he changed his mind about turning right into Ferney Lee Road and drove on to investigate, stopping short of the object and sketching it, remains as vivid as ever.

"All I can say," he says today, happily installed in a congenial job in Todmorden, "is that I know what I saw."

he suffered some sort of time-lapse, for which his memory was blank?

He expected his colleagues to be sceptical, but he was unprepared for their scoffing. Even when he took two of them back to the spot, and showed them how leaves and twigs under the object had swirled into a circle, they regarded him quizzically.

They were no more impressed when he pointed out that whereas the road either side was still glistening wet, the site itself was patchily dry. They looked up at the trees and attributed dry patches to them.

He did not resent their ribbing—he knew he would have reacted the same, and he laughed. But rather than attract further ridicule, he went off duty without making a report.

When he took off his nearly-new boots he noticed that the left one was split open across the ball of the foot. On his left instep was a small burn, which the doctor later diagnosed as a skin infection, possibly brought on by shock. He had never had such an infection before. He was to learn that such marks were characteristic of U.F.O. encounters.

Back on duty that night,

he was chaffed by the off-going shift. He was not sorry when he was called in to see the inspector.

"Tell me what you saw," said the man.

Godfrey told him, and the Inspector's reaction surprised him. He didn't laugh.

STOLEN

"I want you to get on to Bradford," he said. "and make an abbreviated report. They'll telex it to the Ministry of Defence." This was the routine with U.F.O. sightings.

Godfrey went back to the outer office and rang Bradford. "I want to report an unidentified flying object I encountered in Todmorden last night."

"This isn't the one at Halifax then."

"Halifax? Was there one at Halifax?"

"We sent a telex last night from three police officers based at Halifax who'd had an encounter. Is this something different?"

"This was at Todmorden." He was beginning to see why the inspector hadn't laughed.

Three Halifax officers, scouring the moors north-east of Todmorden looking for stolen goods after a tip-off, had seen a steel-



THE two teenage girls burst into the house panting, blurring out their words... "We've seen this object!"

"It were some flying thing! It landed right near us! It weren't a helicopter, and it weren't an aeroplane!"

Still breathless and incoherent, the two 14-year-olds, Lynsey Tebbs and Susan Pearson, tried to explain.

The grown-up trying to make sense of it all was Jean Passmore, Lynsey's aunt. She thought the girls were fooling around, having her on.

Mrs Passmore ran her own art class, and her reaction was swift: Separate the two girls, give them pencil and paper, and get them to draw what they'd seen. Unable to put their heads together, they would be sure to give themselves away.

Their adventure had begun at half-past six that icy evening, Thursday November 22, 1979. Lynsey had been called on by Susan to go sledging on the Woodhouse Ridge on the outskirts of Leeds.

LIGHTS

Up on the lonely ridge, suddenly they were conscious of a bright luminosity and saw a cluster of lights that appeared to be little more than a hundred feet up.

A closer look disclosed three green lights in a line, shining directly downwards, with a much larger crimson one underneath; the colours strangely fluorescent and metallic.

Half-blinded by the lights, the girls could just discern an oval shape, with fins at either extremity. It was making no sound at all and was quite unlike any aircraft they'd seen. For the first time they began to feel fear.

Suddenly the object emitted a shrill whine and began spiralling down like a leaf. It seemed to have sensed their presence and they were too frightened to move or speak. Then it slowed down, straightened, the high-pitched whine gave way to a hum, and the object settled itself on the ground only 30 feet away.

About the size of a small car, it still seemed to be watching them. Without a word they began edging along the ridge

in the shadow of a wall before breaking into a run.

Fifty yards along the ridge towards home curiosity overcame fear and they stopped to look back. Suddenly the object rose, slowly and uncertainly, lights flickering, as though undecided what to do next.

Humming softly, it again seemed to be approaching the girls, aware of their movement, seeking them out.

Then at about 100 feet it banked sharply round and descended, disappearing behind the trees down the slope. Emboldened, the two girls retraced their steps to get a clear view.

The object was perched awkwardly on a steep incline some 30 yards down the slope. Still apprehensive, but tingling with excitement, the girls felt irresistibly drawn to the scene.

PATH

They watched for what seemed about two minutes, and then the object began to wobble before ascending smoothly, as though under much firmer control. Eventually it narrowed into a single speck of light before finding invisibility in the sky.

Not until then did they resume their scamper for the nearest safety: Mrs Passmore's house.

When Jean Passmore examined the drawings made by the girls, she was impressed by their similarity.

She hadn't believed them at first, but she was changing her mind. They must have seen something.

"Show me where it happened," she said.

She walked along the top path with the girls and a neighbour, but there was nothing to be seen. Someone told the Press, and the incident was reported in a Leeds newspaper on the Saturday, with the girls' drawings as illustrations.

This attracted the attention of two experienced Yorkshire ufologists, the brothers Graham and Mark Birdsall of Leeds. They called on the Tebbs family that evening and met the two girls.

For the girls the initial excitement was over, and they were getting bored with answering the same questions—but they talked openly enough and accompanied the Birdsalls on Sunday morning, the first chance the investigators had had of examining the area in daylight.

The girls led them to what they believed was the exact position astride the path where the object had first alighted.

The cold weather had preserved the snow on the slopes but the path had been trampled. All the Birdsalls found was a half-circular depression in the hard ice on

the edge of the path which might have been anything.

Below them lay the area, about 30 feet square, which the girls had indicated as the site of the second landing.

They began to notice cavities in the snow. And as they sketched them on their notepads, these became recognisable as E-shaped depressions, with a circular hole in the middle.

A few inches from one of these depressions they spotted a conical piece of ice. When they placed it in the circular hole it fitted exactly.

Embedded in this lump of ice were a number of black particles or stones, and they remembered seeing something similar on the first landing site. They retraced their steps

SIMPLE

Just off the path, unnoticed on their first inspection, was the top half of a distinct E-shape, the bottom half presumably trampled into oblivion. The circular piece of ice was missing, perhaps kicked away, but there were black particles nearby.

Could these shaped depressions have been made by the object seen by the girls, or was there a simple explanation? Surely if so, or if they resulted from a natural thawing, they would occur elsewhere on the slope?

The brothers spent the next two hours scouring the area, but nowhere else did they find

anything resembling these E-shaped depressions.

Meanwhile two ambulance men in the Pontefract area saw the report of the sighting—and the drawings—in the Yorkshire paper and wrote in to say that later that night they too had seen an object and reported it; only to be met with ridicule by their mates.

They were struck by the similarity—oval-shaped, with fins either end—between their object and that seen by the girls.

It remained for the Birdsalls to deliver their samples to the Department of Agricultural Science at Leeds University for analysis, and await results.

On the Monday the Tebbs family had another visitor: he was, he announced, a Government official. He wanted to question the girls.

Lynsey's father Tony is sure he checked the man's identity, but it's eight years ago and he remembers little of him. What he does recall is the conversation he had with him.

Tebbs was surprised to learn that there was a Government department which looked into reports of U.F.O. sightings. "Have other people seen these things, then?" he asked. "Oh yes," said the

visitor. "I can assure you they have."

"Do you believe what the girls say?" asked Tebbs.

"I can assure you they've seen something."

"What makes you so sure?" "I can tell by their answers to the questions I asked. I'd have found out if they weren't speaking the truth."

"What did they see?" "I can't say at this stage what it was, but it'll be best if you and the girls don't discuss it further. We won't be bothering you again."

RADAR

What was it that the girls saw? Why was officialdom so secretive? Was it some remote-controlled experimental machine that went wrong?

Was it the rumoured "stealth" aircraft, silent in flight and with reduced radar image, in some sort of trouble?

Was it a space craft? Analysis of the samples proved nothing. No explanation was ever forthcoming.

Lynsey and Susan are 22 now. Both are married and Lynsey has an eight-week-old baby.

Neither girl has ever wavered from her story.



Sketch impression of the sighting at the time



Cops see mystery UFO over the nick

'ELLO 'ELLO — the old hands at the cop shop swapped knowing grins when a police-woman breathlessly radioed in to report: "I can see a UFO."

But then they heard a strange droning noise pass over the station...

WPC Sue Jackson was sent to investigate when the nick was flooded with phone calls reporting a bizarre craft floating in the sky over Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, Yorks.

As Sue, 29, drove in her Panda she spotted a V-shaped machine hovering just yards away.

A row of flashing red lights on the side of the Star Wars-style craft lit up the entire area.

Blank

Thirty seconds later the mystery craft flew off — and then, as stunned Sue radioed the station, officers there heard a whirring overhead.

A check with RAF Finningley near Doncaster revealed that nothing had appeared on their radar.

A police spokesman yesterday said: "It was snowy and dark — but we did hear SOMETHING pass over the nick."

125mph UFO bashed up our car, say family



Lift-off... an artist's impression of the family's amazing encounter

A SHOCKED family told yesterday how their car was plucked off the ground — by aliens in a FLYING EGGCUP.

They said the weirdly-shaped UFO chased them at 125mph across Australia's barren Nullarbor Plain and grabbed hold of the car roof by a mysterious force.

Then it swung the car round and dropped it facing the way it had come, with a burst tyre, dents in the roof and a coating of ashes.

Mum Faye Knowles, 48, who was driving with her three grown-up sons, told police their speech "became slurred" when they tried to shout during the 2am encounter.

"We were a little bit sceptical at first," said Sergeant Jim Furnell of Ceduna police in South Australia.

Swerved

"But after investigating, we are treating the reports very seriously.

"Those who saw the UFO describe it as egg-like."

Son Sean, 21, said his mum swerved to miss "a weird-looking thing" like a huge eggcup, and they stopped to have a look.

"Then we got scared.

and tried to get away," he added. "Mum was flooring it along the highway when it came over us.

"There was a thump and it lifted the car off the road."

A passing lorry driver also said he was chased by a "bright glowing object."

Sergeant Furnell said: "Another report came in from the pilot of a tuna spotting plane flying over the Great Australian Bight.

"He saw the object



By JOHN KAY

over the sea and watched it sit above a trawler below it.

"The trawler crew have since told how they were disturbed by the bright light, came out on deck but could not speak properly."

A UFO research centre in Adelaide said: "There was a similar incident involving a police officer in the U.S.

"In that case, the officer's car was also picked up and turned the other way."

UFO dust a puzzle, say cops

TESTS on the ash-like substance scattered by Australia's car-snatching UFO left police scientists baffled yesterday.

The dust was found all over Faye Knowles's new Ford after she claimed it was lifted off the road by aliens.

A spokesman at the police forensic laboratory in Adelaide said a series of tests failed to identify the black ash and university chemists were being called in to help.

He added: "If our scientists don't know what it is, then it will be examined by others until someone comes up with an answer."

IN BRITAIN, bookies William Hill have reduced odds against a UFO being authenticated from 250-1 to 200-1.

I happened at midnight in August, 1967. Edwin Kembery had just found his lost collie in the fields close to his bungalow.

He was returning with the pet, and a fierce Alsatian watchdog, when he saw the shape of a huge cannon shell looming in



DAVE DAVIES
"I was taken over"

SCIENCE FICTION OR AMAZING FACT?

by **ANTON ANTONOWICZ**

the eerie gloom at Saddlescombe, Sussex.

"Two strange men appeared at my side,"

he says, "Each was about five feet tall.

"They twittered like birds. Gently, without touching, they led me

Visions that rocked star

IT happened on January 13, 1982. Dave Davies of The Kinks was relaxing with his wife Nancy in his tour hotel room in Hampton, Virginia, "when suddenly the sensation hit me. It was like being grasped round the neck," Dave, now 40, remembers, "except it was my mind that was gripped.

"I called to Nancy and tried to explain what was happening." He has tried to explain it ever since.

Dave leans forward, on the edge of his armchair, in his luxurious home in St John's Wood, London. His voice is barely audible. "Oh yeah, I know some

people will say... 'Just another rich, druggie pop star freaking out.'

"But I was taken over by beings from another world."

Ask for descriptions, and Dave can't give them. He can only "visualise" the "beings" sitting round an imaginary table taking turns to speak to him.

"They showed me the world in a new light.

"They manipulated my arms. They changed the feelings in my body. Everything below my solar plexus went numb."

Throbbing visions-bombarded his mind for the next six days. Yet he was able to play the gigs, feeling strangely relaxed throughout.

"The visions ended in Indianapolis," Nancy recalls. "Dave woke up and they were gone."

and the dogs back to the bungalow.

"Inside, I could see them properly. They were identical with deep-set eyes, flat noses, thin lips and three fingers on each hand. They had no eyebrows, thin mouths and tiny teeth. Their skin was dry, creamy like parchment.

"They wore dull grey, tight garments of which the head-piece was like a balaclava. There were grids at the ear but no bulge to show they actually had ears at all."

Edwin, a retired audiologist, gave them cheese and biscuits, which they took away. He offered them whisky, which they spat out.

In return they gave him some "diamonds" and some seeds. A jeweller certified the

stones were, in fact, rock crystal.

Edwin claims two of the seeds grew in his greenhouse, sprouting "caramel-tasting" berries from thin brown stems.

He took one to Stricklands, a Hastings plant specialist, but they could not identify it. Edwin says the plants were killed by frost soon after.

The "men" returned some six more times during the next two months.

Ridicule

Edwin gave them ornaments. He showed them TV, which amused them. He noted their bouncing walk, their physical weakness, yet their complete gentleness and lack of fear.

He reported their "visitations" to the police. "And I got a lot of ridicule for it," says Edwin. "Some people suggested I should enter the local asylum.

"But I know what I saw. It was marvellous."

He has stuck by his story for the past 20 years.

DAILY MIRROR 6th January 1988

SPACE ODDITY CALLED ABNEMOS

IT happened in July, 1942. Nine-year-old Ron Evans, a wartime evacuee, was staying with a village family in Frome, Somerset.

It was a hot day and he went off to collect firewood in the forest.

"I saw this green haze, like the sun streaming through the leaves," said Ron, now 54 and living in Southall.

"As I approached I saw a strange craft, big as a house, in the clearing. Then a man's voice said: 'Don't be afraid' and a hand stopped me.

"I was absolutely terrified but he calmed me.

"He had large eyes, a



RON EVANS
Told nobody

small nose. But his whole face looked as though a G-force was dragging it back. He was tall, with long hair and wore a matt-grey skinsuit.

"Slowly he stepped into the green haze and immediately his body transformed like in an X-ray. He said that I would never come out if I walked into that haze.

"He told me his name was Abnemos. In the centre of his chest was a control panel. He touched some buttons and three silver balls emerged from the panel. Two hovered over my shoulders, one over my head.

"Then he walked back to his craft. As the bottom opened I could see about 20 more beings there, some like small children.

"Slowly the four claw-legs buckled beneath the round craft and it rose turning bright white with a

flashing red rim. It spun, then vanished."

Ron told nobody. Even then, he was used to confiding only in himself. His mother died giving birth to him. His grieving father died five months later.

Good

"It was years before I told a friend, but he said I was a loony. So I decided to keep it my own secret.

"I believe we were all like that man once. Maybe we became bad and lost those powers. I don't know who he was, but I know he was good.

"Call me a crank or a nutcase. But what I saw was beautiful — the most marvellous thing that ever happened to me."

Tuning in to alien sounds

TOM MCDONOUGH is waiting for a long distance call that is likely to be already 1,000 years old or more when it arrives, and quite possibly unintelligible. Yet with the optimism of a true believer, he expects to receive it before he retires. He is now 42.

The call will probably pop up on a computer screen as a line slightly thicker than hundreds of other fuzzy lines on the same terminal. Not really worth the wait, one might have thought, except that this message would be the most momentous event in the history of humanity: a message from outer space.

The probability of intelligent life in the solar system — still thought of as heretical madness by some — is now almost a commonplace among a small but dedicated group of scientists. Dr McDonough, an astrophysicist at the engineering and applied sciences division of the California Institute of Technology, listens to space signals as an outside interest. He is the co-ordinator of the Planetary Society's Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence, or SETI.

The society, an international organisation with 100,000 members including scientists from the Soviet Union as well as writers, theologians and thinkers, was founded in 1979. It works closely with Nasa with whom it has a joint search for an alien message which will expand in the next few years.

At present the US search is being conducted from a room at Harvard University which is filled with computers linked to a large satellite dish and called Meta, or Mega-channel Extra-Terrestrial Assay. Although small by coming standards, the system scans a staggering eight million channels in the universe. (For the technically minded, each one is .05 Hertz wide, totalling 400,000 Kilo-Hertz.)

For the past four years, the search has persisted 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, all recorded on computers in case no one is in when the call comes. But humankind's search for like-minded fellows in the infinity of space has been going on since 1959 in various places and under different sponsor-

ships. This, of course, is the minutest portion of a micro-second in the time frame of space-speak, so perhaps it is not too disappointing that so far not a word has been heard from anyone, or anything.

There have, though, been some interesting false alarms. Only last year someone spotted strange, semi-circular arcs through a radio telescope. But they turned out to be something called a gravitational lens. The average is "something weird happening about every five years." Dr McDonough reckons. Wrong numbers are hardly a persistent nuisance in this field.

The first search, called Project Ozma after the Land of Oz, began in California. Then a scientist named Frank Drake pointed a radio telescope at the heavens and asked if anyone was home. To his astonishment, his second scan produced an artificial signal. But, alas, it emanated from our own military in their efforts to unscramble the signal of a real, or imagined, enemy.

Signals from earth are the

greatest handicap to those who wish to hear from creatures further abroad. Television signals from the earliest days are even now travelling through space, bringing perhaps incomprehensible eccentricities from an early Crossroads.

Dr McDonough is only too aware of this portent of human intelligence being picked up on Alpha Centauri, the nearest neighbour with possible intelligent life. The consolation is that the Centaurians would presumably know that the signal was 1,000 light years away, or 10 trillion kms and thus 1,000 years old (those who thought the Crossroads shows were already 1,000 years old are obviously unsuitable for space research of this kind).

Earth's public signals, and secret ones from the military, badly clutter Meta search efforts. To sort it all out, Nasa has set up a trailer in the California desert to identify intelligent, and not so intelligent, signals from our own civilisation so that the Meta people are not too confused.

The tremendous time lag in-

cluded in space talk could mean that even if an intelligible message is received, it could have emanated from a civilisation long gone. Yet Dr McDonough is optimistic about this, too. "The aliens could have discovered physical laws we know nothing about, so we could receive messages containing amazing knowledge, even instructions on how to surmount the limit of going no faster than light," he says.

Dr McDonough believes that the disturbing knowledge that we are not alone would be overwhelming, for all but Christian fundamentalists, by intense curiosity about our neighbours. And he points out that a received message would mean they wanted to be discovered, and were therefore less likely to be hostile. Any message, he thinks, would not be kept secret by governments. "It would take such a process of verification involving so many people it would be impossible to maintain secrecy. There is also the chance that it would mean our getting knowledge to solve our problems from a civi-

lisation that had already overcome them, and this would override secrecy requirements."

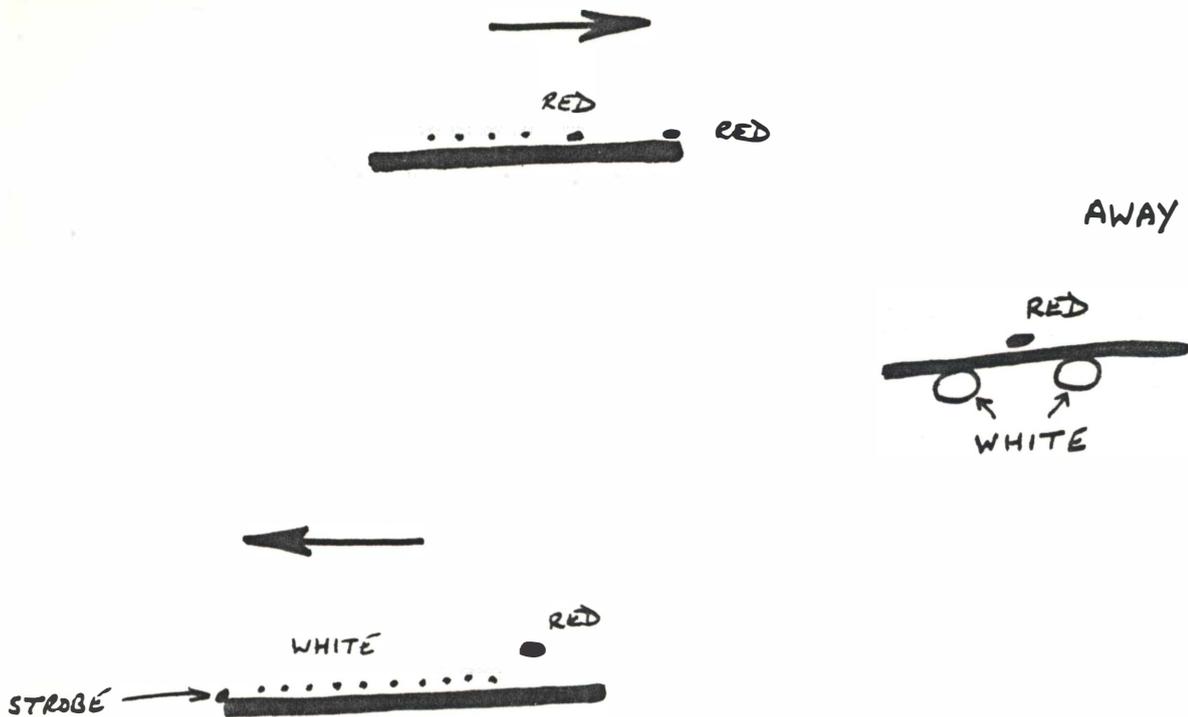
Over the next few years the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California, which is run by Caltech and associated with Nasa, will bring into operation the world's largest scanner. This would seek out all frequencies that could contain a message instead of restricting the search to the most likely, as happens now.

There are increasing chances, though, of the message being detected through telephone company interceptions, interceptors such as the US National Security Agency, or even a computer hacker using a chip now being developed that could search millions of wavelengths.

Whatever the method, Dr McDonough states for the record: "I predict that there is an excellent chance that by the year 2000 we will find the first indisputable proof of another civilisation in space."

Let us hope that it is more than just their version of Crossroads.

*Rubbish. 4.5 only
4 1/2 light years
AWAY !!*



On December 9th 1987 at approximately 8.45.p.m. I was driving on the A303 westbound towards Thruxton, when I noticed 2 redlights in the sky towards the south. They were coming towards me and I assumed it was 2 aircraft from Middle Wallop. A little while later I realised that it was going to cross my path, and that it was not 2 aircraft but one long object, with a red light on the front, and a red light one third of the way back, and behind that was a row of white lights like portholes. I proceeded to accelerate to try to get underneath the object, all the time watching it. It crossed my path at least 2 miles or possibly more ahead being some 30 degrees above the horizon. On realising it had crossed the road I decided to pull in on top of the bridge at Thruxton (next to the White Horse Inn) I turned the engine off because there was no traffic at this time and listened, I could hear nothing. The object was now moving away from me and I was looking at the rear end of it. It had 2 large white lights with a red light up above, and between the two white lights. It then proceeded to turn left somewhere near Ludgershall. The front now had a white strobe followed by a long line of white lights/windows, with a red light up above the rear end. It proceeded now in a westerley direction, until about Tidworth and then turned north westerley towards Upavon where I then lost sight of it. On returning home I sketched out briefly what I had seen.

The following evening Colin Andrews came to see me about Circle information and I told him what I had seen and I showed him my sketch. He informed me that something had been seen over Nottingham on December 9th but he had no details. I informed it that it had been travelling at about 150-180 m.p.h.

On December 27th Omar Fowler looked at my sketch, because he to was looking into the 'Nottingham Incident.' but he knew no more about it either.

On Sunday 17th January I visited Colin again and he showed me an article on the Plymouth & Nottingham incidents, and I realised that my drawing had great similiarity to these events.