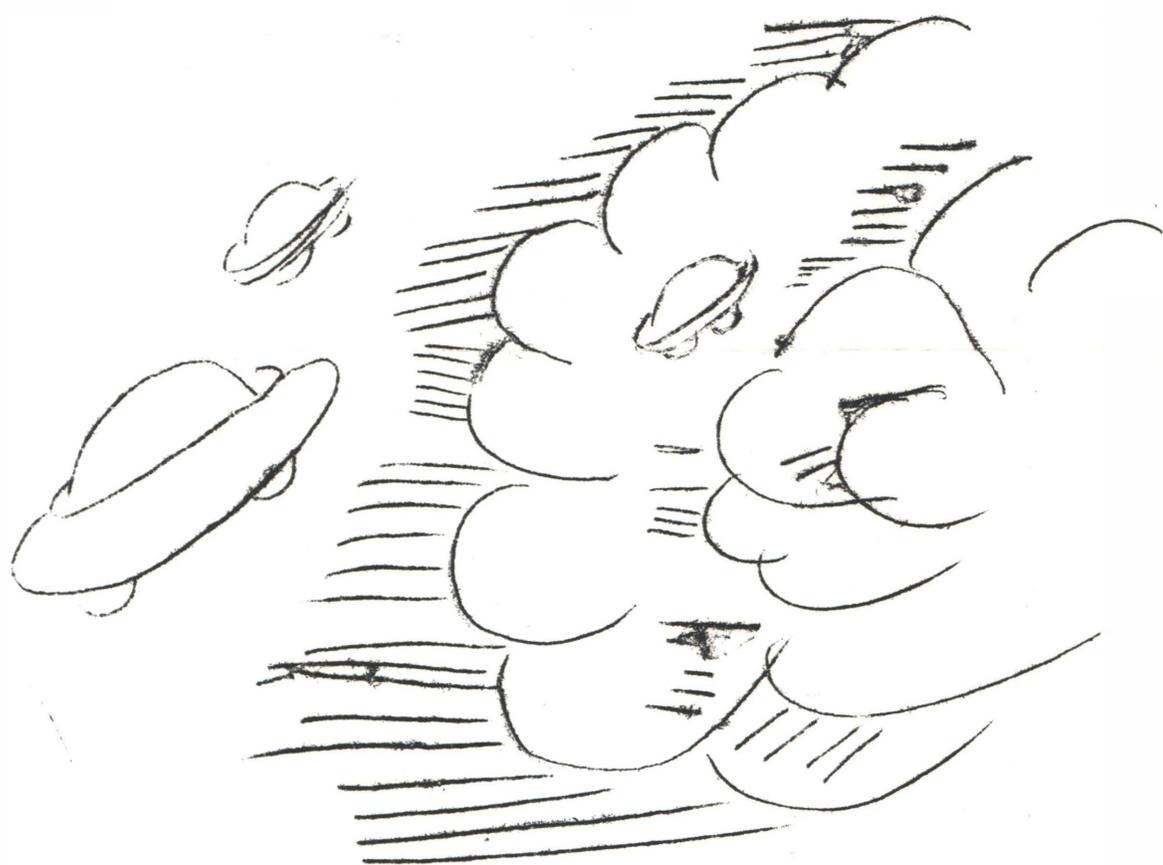


SOUTH LINES

U. F. O.  
STUDY GROUP

JANUARY  
1970



NEWSLETTER

January 1970.

Fireball.

As Mr. Charles Cleaver stepped outside the back door of his house in Stamford, Lincs., at 7.45am on Wednesday January 21st., he saw "a white ball of fire with bits breaking off it, rather like a shooting star." The rear of his house faces due east, and the object was travelling extremely fast and slightly south of east. It appeared from almost overhead.

The sky was clear, the moon sinking and a few stars still shining. There was a low bank of cloud to the east.

The object was brighter and larger than the stars. It appeared round with no vapour trail, smoke or sound. "Pieces kept breaking away behind it, bright as itself at first then fading away. I had it in view for about 3 to 5 seconds, from almost overhead until it disappeared behind the low bank of clouds to the east, the last sign being a faint red glow on the edge of the clouds."

A Miss Dunn of Stamford also saw the object at the same time while she was on her way to work at Blackstones.

The 'Met' office at RAF Wittering said that they had received no reports from anyone who saw the UFO, nor had it been seen from the station.

Soviet Craft Over Lincs? An unusual flying object which passed over Lincolnshire on Saturday night (November 1st.) was probably part of a Soviet Cosmos satellite burning up as it re-entered the earth's atmosphere, members of Lincoln Astronomical Society were told at their meeting.

Mr. Alan D. Dickens, of Wrawby, Brigg, described the object as a very small head with a very long yellow tail. It sped across the sky to the south west, before disappearing behind trees.

Area representative of National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Mr. David Barker, of Swinderby, said it was probably a doomed Russian satellite. There had been a number of reports of people seeing it.

Lincoln Echo. 6.11.1969.

X Life On Other Planets. Life must exist on some of the planets scattered throughout the universe, the New Zealand born director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology, Dr. W.H. Pickering, said in Auckland.

Dr. Pickering is responsible for directing the American unmanned satellite and space programme, which began with Explorer 1 in 1958. Mars, Dr. Pickering said, was the most promising planet for any form of life in the solar system.

'The search for life is one of the planetary research programmes most important tasks,' he said. 'Outside our own solar system there are so many stars scattered through the universe that I am sure life must be existing on many of these. But so far they are beyond our reach.'

Dr. Pickering said that the first opportunity to search for life on Mars would be in 1973, when the first landing was planned. The only information sent back to earth so far had been from Mariners flying past Mars, and this was not good enough to show whether life existed.

Time & Tide. 1-7 January 1970.

Lost In Time. It was just before midnight in the small Siberian village of Mishaven. There were few lights showing in the houses, for almost everyone had gone to bed.

But the local priest Father Litvinov was still awake. He was kneeling beside the altar in a decaying church that had seen better times. He was saying his prayers.

Suddenly, the stillness was shattered by a furious hammering at the church door. The old priest answered the summons with caution.

For this was Russia in 1933, and he knew that it was wiser to ask questions first, especially for a priest.

Through the half-open door he saw a young man of about 20 was standing there, but there was something unusual about him. In the first place, his expression was one of incredible terror.

And secondly, he was dressed in a velvet jacket fastened down the centre with leather thong, with ornate cuffs and knee breeches.

"Who are you?" Litvinov asked anxiously.

"Dimitri, Father...Dimitri Girshkov. Surely you remember? I was

being married today. You must help me!" The boy's voice sounded strange his words old-fashioned.

Litvinov unbolted the door and peered hesitantly into the darkness.

But there was only the young man, a youth of peasant stock.

Inside the vestibule, the boy stared at Father Litvinov in horrified disbelief. "Who are you...? You are not the priest!"

Litvinov explained that he had been the priest in the village for over 15 years. He did not know what the boy's trouble was, but could not help him unless he explained.

Dimitri clasped his hands to his head, like a man fighting a terrible turmoil in the mind. He told a story, and it was an incredible one. He had come to be married at the church that very day. But when the coaches carrying his family and relatives reached a part of the track near the graveyard, Dimitri had been overwhelmed by a sudden sadness. For buried there, was his friend, Alexei. Memories of their wonderful childhood flooded back to him. And he remembered the impossible vows they had made as children... one of which had been that when they married, they were to share the same wedding day.

So Dimitri felt that he could not pass the graveyard without visiting his friend's grave. He left the wedding party and picked his way through the trees.

Beyond the trees he was suddenly conscious of a strange light. He could see no gravestones. And a nearby stream, with its waters curiously still, was shrouded by a grey mist.

Then to his horror, he saw Alexei standing there...and Alexei hailed him! He was kneeling on the opposite bank, his form bathed in an unearthly glow by shafts of sunlight cutting through the trees.

"Come over and join me," Alexei said, smiling. "let's talk over old times."

Dimitri had been too petrified to open his mouth. He must be dreaming. "Alexei...I - I've come to say goodbye. I'm being married today..." he blurted out.

But Alexei roared back. "Never goodbye, my friend." He invited Dimitri over the bridge - he wanted to wish him luck on his wedding day.

"I stood on the bridge. Alexei was at the other side, waiting to greet me. But I had to fight this strange compulsion. Somehow I knew that if I crossed I would never return..."

"I had to get out of that place, to find my family and my friends and my bride. It suddenly became very dark... as dark as ~~as~~ Hell must be..."

"Then I could see the trees and the headstones in the graveyard and I ran back through the woods. But the track that leads to the church is not the same. And the village? What are these strange buildings? Where are all the wooden houses?"

"Even the church is different now! And where is Father Barinchev who was to marry us. Where are my family and my friends? And my bride?"

If the boy was acting, he would do the Bolshoi Theatre proud one day, the old priest mused. But the words stirred faint memories in Litvinov's mind. A story he had once heard... but no - it was impossible!

Dimitri sensed the disbelief in the old priest's mind and, gripped by fear and confusion, suddenly swung round and grabbed the iron handle of the church door. Then he was gone into the night, shouting mysteriously: "I must find my family...my friends."

Litvinov followed him from the church and saw the boy crash through the undergrowth towards the graveyard. Then the priest, panting and out of breath, was suddenly aware of a strange light.

Dimitri's shouts died away. Litvinov's blood froze as the image of the youth vanished into the grey mist that shrouded the stream...

Suddenly the mist vanished. And the priest stared about him incredulously...for there was no sign of the curiously dressed young man. Puzzled Father Litvinov stared at the tombstones, he walked all round them, but there was nobody hiding there. He examined the dew-soaked path he had followed from the church, but there were no footprints apart from his own.

The thought that he was perhaps going mad preyed on his mind for several days, until he wrote to his bishop about the experience.

The reply ~~was~~ he received offered some consolation, for Litvinov was assured that he wasn't mad...nor had he imagined things.

For the bishop advised him to look back through the parish records. It was an uncanny story that the old priest uncovered, for on three occasions in almost two centuries, two other priests and a local schoolmaster, had seen the boy who came out of the past. They too had all heard his sad story...cont.in next newsletter.