

# Flights of Fancy By Flying Saucer

By KEITH WOODWARD

*High-flying saucers are airborne once again. Cable news from London states that Pilot Officer Prune, wartime R.A.F. ace, has shot one down and is clamouring for the Victory Medal.*

Aviation is worried. It is feared that "saucer-chasing" might develop as a pastime for airline pilots and upset flying schedules. The pilots claim that without rocket guns on their kites they are not in the race with these elusive illusions.

As the United States assembles its fighter aircraft as stand-by, ready to run these stratosphere wanderers to earth, let us review the history of flying do-dahs, real and imaginary.

The first time a saucer flew was with a cup during the Battle of Britain. A fighter pilot was "scrambled" before he had finished his tea.

He took it with him—spilt a bit on take-off—drank the rest when climbing for height, then hurled the china at a Messerschmitt pilot. The Hun couldn't report this flying saucer because he was shot down.

**Nose-diving saucers, bottles, and soup-plates are not uncommon when a ship strikes rough weather. On these occasions food might also be seen to fly over the rails.**

On commercial aircraft these days you might have anything from a tin-opener to a flying frying-pan. There are thermos flasks an' all.

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but to reach the stage where saucers can be seen whirling through the blue by their own power, with propellers thrashing the oxygen—that's something — that's science.

Obviously the propellers turn because the saucers are gyrating through space. Obviously the gyrations keep gyrating because of the saucers.

Recently released from U.S.A. Army files was the Sant Report. This claimed, briefly, that if you get up into the ionosphere and build up your speed to something like 1,000 miles an hour, you start to catch up with time, which is only marching on. Then you pass time, and you begin to grow younger.

This would be very handy now that we're putting so much of the payroll into old-age pensions.

The variety of reports that have reached this stolid earth from way up, yonder are much more entertaining than the wildest dream.

Pilots have seen faces in the clouds. And we all know that there is an aerobatic race called the "Gremlins" capering about the ether doing the darndest things at the crucial moment.

**A Sydney University professor**

**A Sydney University professor says it's all red corpuscles.**

**A politician claims it's all baloney. He ought to know. With so many taxpayers' £1 notes flying to Canberra, a saucer or two on the wing shouldn't cause alarm.**

Maybe it's Hollywood up to its old tricks—"for your better entertainment."

**Who knows? Who cares?**