

# Don Iddon sees a flying saucer!

**N**EW YORK, Wednesday. — I am sitting in my apartment when a strange thing happens. It is 9.45 at night. My wife comes into the living-room, saying, "There's an extraordinary light in the sky going along at a fearful rate."

I go to the window and gaze at the sky over the East River and immediately I see a bright, whirling object circling in wide arcs at great speed, perhaps 500 mph.

There is no doubt about it. It is an illuminated disc, rather like a brightly lit autogyro, which is sweeping the sky over Manhattan.

I phone Associated Press and A. W. Parsons, the correspondent of the London Sunday Dispatch.

Associated Press say they have had a lot of telephone calls; the police say it is a revolving search-light advertising the opening of a radio store in New Jersey; Parsons says he has caught not two

sons says he has caught not two midget pilots, but merely a bad cold by peering out without a coat.

I go back to the window and watch for about five minutes. If what I see is a revolving search-light, then I am an Eskimo.

There is no beam from the

ground; the thing I see is not just a light moving at tremendous speed in circles—it appears to have structure.

Then it disappears.

This happened last Friday, and I read in the papers that now New Yorkers are seeing things; that wild hysteria has taken hold of the people, particularly the neurotics, and that the Jersey City radio store opening was a great success.

Maybe I am a cynical and sceptical man by reason of my profession, but I tell you there will be no more gibes and sneers in this column at flying saucers.

I do not say flying saucers exist. I do say that some queer things are happening in the American heavens, and I have seen one of them.

  
SOME queer things are also

**S**OME queer things are also happening to important American personalities. The distinguished Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, is being harried and persecuted by a large section of the Press, the public and Congress. America's Foreign Secretary, who will go to England in May, can do no right.

He must be driven from office by the shouts of the mob. Why? because, say the know-nothings, he blunders, he's a cold fish and a stuffed shirt.

Their reasons: Acheson is too English in manner and method.

His father was an Englishman, his mother a Canadian.

He wears English clothes and English Homburgs, sports a Guards moustache, speaks with an English accent, has impeccable English manners, looks, acts and lives like an Englishman.

So the vulgar are after him, intent on destroying him.



