



Today it's a girl who saw something remarkably like a flying saucer near Curramulka on Yorke Peninsula.

She is Brenda Markwick, a level headed, 18-year-old who lives in Graves road, Hectorville.

She is the thirteenth of the 14 children of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Markwick. Her father is a market gardener.

Brenda is a quiet spoken girl who teaches Sunday School at Newton Methodist Church,

She has never read a book about flying saucers, never seen a flying saucer film, and doesn't like comic magazines ("I think they're hogwash").

On October 22 she went to stay with her friend Daphne Hand, 16, on a farm 2½ miles from Curramulka.

Bright light

Next night she and Daphne went with two carloads of

went with two carloads of young folk to Yorketown where Curramulka girls played basketball matches against Yorketown and Stansbury, losing both.

After supper, the party left for Curramulka at 1 a.m. They sang and had a postmortem on the basketball defeats. No one had had any alcohol. No one mentioned flying saucers.

When about 10 miles from Curramulka, the driver of their car pointed out to Brenda and Daphne an exceptionally bright light in the sky straight ahead.

"It was brighter than the evening star, and seemed higher than an aeroplane but not so high as the stars," says Brenda.

"It dived and we thought it was a falling star. Then it veered to the right, went out, and shone brightly again.

"It went to the right of us, to the left, of us, and behind us. We got out and had a look at it.

"One of the other girls looked green. I probably did, too, because I was scared.

"The light's intensity varied from bright to dim. It seemed





***Brenda Markwick . . . "It
couldn't have been an aeroplane."***

to be revolving, and it changed direction a good deal.

"Sometimes it would hover and then shoot off quickly. It vanished soon after we reached Curramulka.

"As soon as we got to the farmhouse, Daphne and I rushed inside. We shut the window and the door of the bedroom we were sharing, pulled down the blind, got into one bed together and cuddled up close to one another.

"I can laugh about it now, but I didn't feel like laughing that night.

"We told Daphne's father

"We told Daphne's father about the flying saucer when we saw him at breakfast. He ridiculed us until he heard from other people in the Curramulka district that they, too, had seen this strange light.

"It couldn't have been an aeroplane so for want of a better name we called it a flying saucer."

***On Monday, we look
along Grange road,
Flinders Park.***