

'I saw two people in white'

JOHN HALLOWS concludes his series, *An Open Mind on UFOs*

medically examined aboard the craft.

Australia, too, has a number of impressive close-contact reports.

In Yericorn, 99 miles north of Perth, Western Australia, 43-year-old farm manager Alan Pool told police last November that a 15-foot flying saucer landed beside his Land-Rover as he drove through a paddock. The saucer, the same size as his vehicle, came so close he could hardly open his door, and took off "like a rocket" as he opened the other side.

"It was flat on the bottom and dome-shaped on top," said Mr Pool. "It appeared to be made of smoky-grey metal."

Denis Crowe, a technical artist of Vaucluse, Sydney, reported watching a 20-foot green disc take off from a beach near his home one night in July 1965. He claimed the craft was no more than 60 feet from him as it rose into the air.

Jim Tilse, Queensland hotel proprietor, claimed that a large disc "buzzed" his hotel near Mackay in May 1965, scorching nearby trees.

Mrs D. Manhood, of Canterbury, NSW, and her sister, Mrs R. Coleman, described a saucer which hovered over a bowling green less than 100 feet from the verandah where they stood, in March last year.

Agricultural research scientist Dr Miran Lindtner, who is president of the Unidentified Flying Objects Investigation Centre in Sydney and who does believe in UFOs and their crews, has collected two other remarkable Australian close-contact claims.

The first is the earliest UFO report in the country, mentioned yesterday.

Says Dr Lindtner: "The story as we have it comes from a farming family in central NSW. It was apparently handed down verbally in the family and was given to us in confidence. The

man it happened to found he could not speak of it to outsiders without being jeered at.

"The man, a farmer, claimed that a saucer-shaped UFO landed in his paddock one day in 1893.

"As he approached a man in strange clothing emerged from it. The farmer walked towards him — perhaps making some threatening gesture — and the stranger shone some kind of torch at him.

"The farmer was thrown to the ground and stunned. When he came to the machine had taken off. His hand, where the torch beam had hit him, was paralysed for life."

Historic

Dr Lindtner's second report was from a woman in Newcastle who claimed to have seen a saucer land in a nearby paddock in 1960.

UFO-contact claims are almost as old as history, on some readings of the Bible, Hindu scriptures and the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

Take Elijah's ascent to heaven . . . "there appeared a chariot of fire . . . and Elijah went up like a whirlwind into Heaven."

Or, the Ezekiel 1.4-5 quote much beloved by UFO believers: "As I looked and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst, thereof, as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst, thereof, came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man."

And Zachariah 5:1-2: "Again I lifted my eyes and saw, and behold, a flying roll. The length thereof is twenty cubits and the breadth thereof ten cubits."

The 3000-year-old Sanskrit epic Mahabharata talks of a spinning aerial missile which radiates light and leaves a wake of scorching heat.

UFO historians have unearthed reports which can be interpreted as sightings from all periods of European history. Flying saucers and discs in the Middle Ages, fiery balls in the sky during the Renaissance, cigar shapes spotted in the 19th century which sound exactly like those reported in July 1948 in the U.S. by Eastern Airlines flight crew Captain C. S. Chiles and First Officer John B. Whitted.

But after 30 centuries of awe-struck human examination of the sky, the enigma remains. The vital corroboration is always missing.

The pilots were not carrying cameras . . . the photographs taken from the ground are always fuzzy, looking like anything from an old hubcap to an odd trick of light in the sky . . . the policemen who see flying saucers taking off never think of calling in the air force to track them on radar.

Even with the inexplicable incidents there are always natural hypotheses that make it unnecessary to stretch imagination as far as aliens, choosing to travel light-years in order to visit our insignificant planet, out of millions of others.

The most an impartial inquirer can say on UFOs is an expansion of the British Royal Observatory comment on last year's Hampshire sightings: "There is something flying around up there . . . but what it is, natural or intelligent, there is no evidence to decide."

After sifting for several weeks through all the evidence and claims surveyed in this series, and countless others, I find myself still with an open mind — but I shall only BELIEVE in intelligent visitors from outer space the day that wise golden giants step out of their saucer and invite my help in avoiding the detection they plainly seek to avoid.

Only if it happens, I can't logically ask you to believe me without pictures, finger prints, and one of them locked in the bathroom.



Children at Cam Lo refugee camp.

Among the few beans and the barley — a packet of Tootsie Rolls

GRAHAM WILLIAMS describes a recent visit to South Vietnam's Cam Lo refugee camp.

THE market-place was two rows of lean-to huts set in the brown dust, with old women squatting in their shade. The searing tropical sun blazed down.

Some smoked home-made, cigars, some tiny, curved pipes, others just sat looking into a shattered past. And in front of them, on leaf plates, were the miserable offerings for customers. A few, shrivelled-up dried fish, beans, some corn, herbs, tobacco leaves. . .

And, for pity's sake, on one plate, nestling between a few beans and some barley, was a small carton of "Tootsie Rolls," — beautifully wrapped and inscribed candy for American kids. Obviously given by soldiers. And such a waste here where the needs were so vast.

A few people wandered through the market and talked, in the shade of the rickety

huts. No one bought, no one tasted, except the flies which moved in thick swarms over all the wretched food.

No one has money at Cam Lo, the refugee resettlement camp of 24,000 that looks the set for a horror film 320 miles north of Saigon and ten miles south of the DMZ.

Helicopters rumbled overhead, and a mile away, at a U.S. Marine base, a tank-like 155mm self-propelled gun made the earth tremble slightly. Nearby howitzers blasting off at the Viet Cong sounded like pop-guns in comparison.

America was at war here. But the people of Cam Lo weren't. They ignored the sounds of battle as they trudged through the dust of this vast, arid basin, so barren and parched it looked as if it had been defoliated.

Across the dirt track from the tiny market-place the Montagnard shacks sat on stilts, with neatly thatched roofs and thin, bamboo walls.

And in the middle of a cluster of these huts two Montagnard women wielded heavy poles to crush bulgar (cracked wheat) in the noon-day sun.

Other women, their necks bowed by yokes with a basket

at either end, walked slowly through the dust. A few women washed their children at a stinking well, while others drew water from 30 feet down in the well. ("The wells run dry on hot days, and they're so polluted dysentery and diarrhoea are rife in the camp," a young U.S. military adviser told me.)

Many of the children had scabby faces and legs, angry scars of malnutrition and lack of hygiene.

Men? I saw only four or five, most of them very old. A few days before, the Vietnamese forces had come in and drafted more than 100 men into the army on the spot.

Cam Lo is a place of strange contrasts. The shacks of the first Montagnard settlers — proud hill men who fled to the area two years ago to escape Viet Cong terrorism — hit you first. Then you look on the shimmering lake of the tin-covered huts, and beyond them the 50 or 60- or 70 tents crowded with new arrivals.

And, on the rise overlooking the camp, is the U.S. military advisory base headquarters, which was overrun in the Tet offensive and given up for lost.

Its former commander was killed. Now Major John Hannon, a young, pleasant American, was in charge. Reports of Viet Cong activities all around came in while I was there. He kept unflurried.

He explained that Viet Cong infiltration of the Cam Lo

Alice in blunderland...

By MUNGO MacCALLUM

"WE'RE not isolated, and we're not starving," the man in Alice Springs protested angrily.

"You city newspapers are all the same. You think just because the roads are closed, and the railway's flooded, and there are a couple of hundred people stranded out of town, and we run out of a few things like milk and vegetables, it's a big deal.

"Well, it isn't. It happens two or three times a year."

This week's flooding has come at an unusual time for the Alice, but its effects are about par for the course.

Busloads of stranded tourists squelch their way soggly into

town days late, and deluge the post office with telegrams pleading for enough money to fly out.

Frazzled tourist and airline officials pacify, entertain, and go quietly frantic trying to accommodate and move the hordes.

Builders and retailers run out of supplies, and either spend a fortune in air-freight or lose a fortune in lost business.

Station owners, trying to move fat cattle south for the Adelaide sales, manage to drive them through the swampy roads to town only to find they must feed them there for another fortnight until the trains start running again.

Mining firms in the north run short on fuel as the piles of mineral concentrate grow higher and the ships wait empty in ports.

And in the evenings the tourists, the businessmen, the cattlemen and the miners gather in the town's well-stocked pubs and ask each other for the millionth time why the Government lets this happen year after year and does nothing at all about it.

Few of them can criticise as loudly as they would like to. Many belong to companies which depend on Government contracts for a major part of their income; and all are worried about making the Alice sound like the end of the world when they spend a lot of their time trying to lure tourists and new business there.

But, as they discuss the problem — angrily, cynically, or humorously, depending on how much money they've lost and how much beer they've consumed — one thing comes

through loud and clear: the people of the Alice have had about as much as they can take.

The situation today is as it was in 1947. There is a fair road north to Darwin: a bitumen strip, built for defence, which is theoretically an all-weather road.

But it gets a lot of use, and it has a few dangerously low points. And it has no real foundations: after a bit of heavy rain, it becomes a strip of bitumen floating on a sea of mud. If heavy traffic goes over it, it breaks up. So for a few days after the rain, heavy traffic doesn't go over it.

However, there are few real complaints about the north road. The town's lifeline runs to the south, to the port of Adelaide, and the rich tourist States in the south. And it is a lifeline made of tissue paper: every time it gets wet, it breaks.

On paper, it sounds all right. A railway line, for the heavy stuff, and a road for the light. In practice, it is a disaster.

Even in good conditions, the 3' 6" gauge, single-track Commonwealth Railway to Alice Springs is like something out of an Emmet cartoon. Carriages are delayed, or unloaded at the wrong places, or simply seem to get lost; and it's no mean feat to lose a carriage, on a single track with no branch line between Alice Springs and Oodnadatta.

Credulity

It is almost impossible to find out when the next train is due, or whether what you've ordered is on board: it is straining credulity to imagine you will get what you want, when you want it, in the condition in which it was loaded.

At the Alice Springs Memorial Club they still tell the story of the local businessman who decided to start a chicken farm. He ordered 300 three-day-old chickens to be sent by rail from Adelaide. After numerous delays, his consignment arrived at the station, exactly as loaded, except for one slight technical hitch: the Commonwealth Railways had decided there was only one way to send chooks to Alice Springs, and had sent them up in a deep freeze...

Even so, in dry weather the railway is adequate for the needs of an easy-going country town, which the Alice was up to about ten years ago.

In wet weather it isn't

adequate for a hermit on a hunger strike, because it simply stops dead.

The line sinks, as it is unballasted for its entire length; recently an entire locomotive disappeared into the clay with a despairing gurgle.

The track was originally built to follow the line of sheep and cattle stations. Sheep and cattle stations are usually built on low lying ground, near a creek. Admittedly, these creeks don't run very often; but then, they don't have to. The old steam engines could negotiate over a foot of water, but the Commonwealth Railways decided to modernise and acquire some new diesel traction engines. Three inches of water will stop them dead.

Steady

The alternative is the road; little more than a sandtrack for most of the 800 miles, little more than a quagmire after an inch or two of steady rain. Graders can and do try to keep it open, but it's a losing battle. And while the tourist trade relies largely on the road to bring people to town, it's not much use to the businessmen. It is simply not economical to try and move 50 tons of cement by road transport.

The townspeople have had independent estimates prepared which show it would cost about \$20 million to seal the road properly, and about \$80 million to resite the railway. In other words you could do both for the price of five F-111s or two opera houses.

The people know that for the voting power of the territory — a single MP — the Government is unlikely to spend it.

But they are puzzled that the Government is spending million on million opening up the territory to everything from mining to space bases without providing a single reliable means of heavy transport.

A well-tanned businessman downs a massive beer and shrugs philosophically.

"It's just the way they do things in Canberra," he says.

"It's like building a bloody road and then tearing the bastard up again to put down the sewers."

Tomorrow: Road or Rail?

Viet Cong activities all around came in while I was there. He kept unflurried.

He explained that Viet Cong infiltration of the Cam Lo camp at nights was regular. A few nights before a Montagnard had killed a North Vietnamese captain. The soldiers had also ambushed a Viet Cong unit.

He explained that the refugee camp had jumped in size from 15,000 to 24,000 since he had arrived. Thousands of refugees had fled from the Khe Sanh area. Thousands more, the older settlers, had been cleared by the allies in Operation Hastings 18 months previously. Many had been rich farmers.

Tensions

There are many tensions in this camp. Frustration is a way of life. Farmers who have tried to grow corn see it shrivel on the stalk in their tiny plots beside their shacks.

Plans are being made to transfer some of the refugees to a richer area, where they can plant their crops. But this depends on security.

And in the Cam Lo area security is ephemeral. The VC and North Vietnamese are everywhere in Major Hannon's area — 25 kilometres by 55 kilometres, which contains at least 32,000 refugees in a total population of 55,000.

The battle is more than one of bread and butter and security. It is indeed a battle for the hearts and minds of the refugees — this amorphous mass of people who are indifferent to politics, whom the Vietnamese Government had for so long neglected.

Until in fact the U.S. Army announced last year it would build a barrier across Vietnam below the DMZ and more than 20,000 people had to shift.

The 2000 villagers of Gio Man, led by their priest, Father Phun Van Co, were among the first settlers at Cam Lo. They came voluntarily, and were promised land with enough water to grow rice.

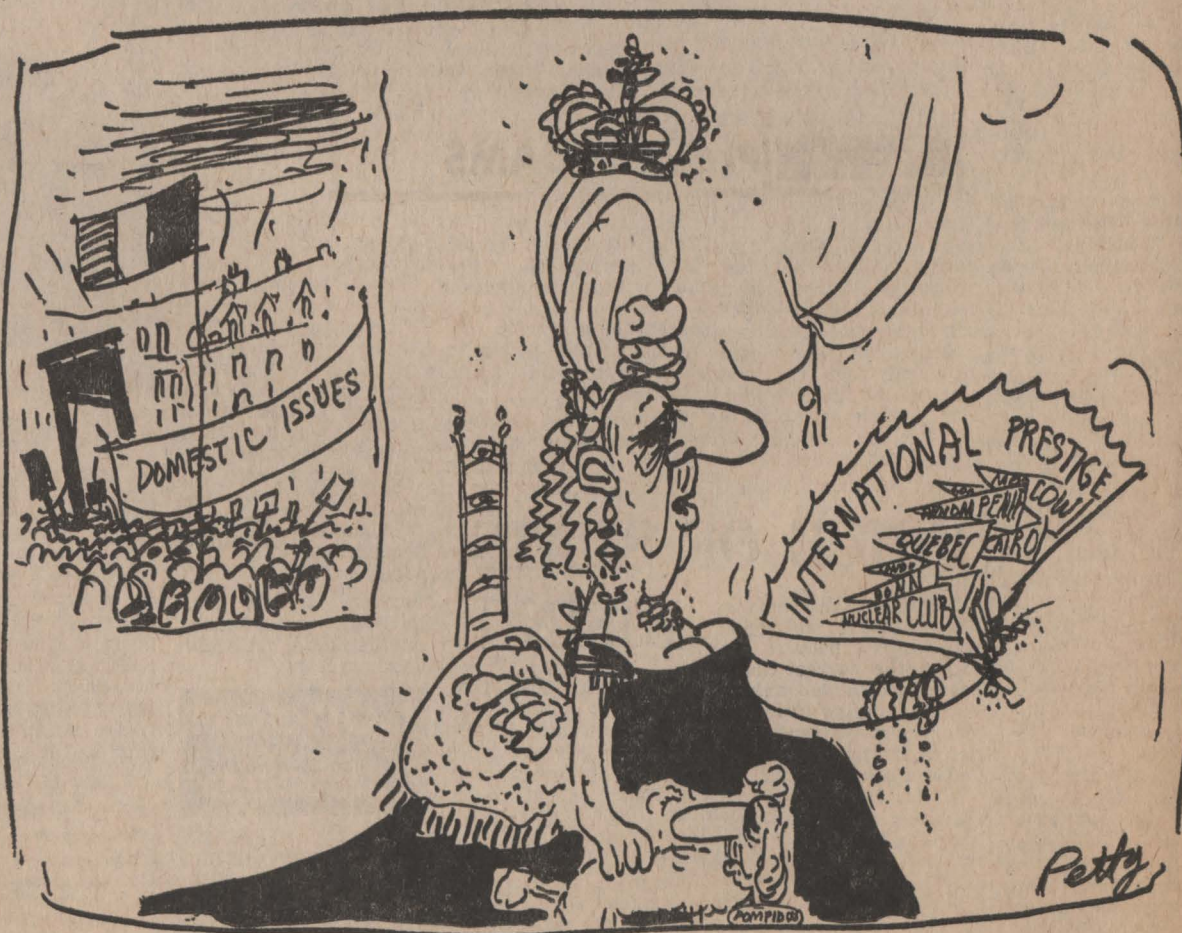
When they arrived, they found the land bone-hard and there was not enough water to drink. But these villagers are not too badly off, for the slight Father Co goes through every possible channel to get relief for them. The others in Cam Lo are not so fortunate.

The American military advisers are doing their best under overwhelming circumstances. Even if American defoliant did drift back across the river and shrivel up many of the crops, and increase bitterness.

The Viet Cong who creep back here at night — many to rejoin their families, according to one U.S. military adviser — can exploit this dust jungle, the resentment, the frustration, to the full.

A 500lb bomb was found in one house a few nights back. But there is another time-bomb, ticking quietly away in Cam Lo and other camps like it. Will it go off?

petty's comment



"LET THEM EAT CAKE."

The experienced detective who on principle doubts even the clergyman's reasoned statement knows, too, that the drunk tramp's wild story can sometimes be the truth. Without corroboration either way he can neither believe nor disbelieve.

And at the same time, if you accept the reasoned scientific argument for an open mind on the existence of UFOs, as Professor Butler of Sydney University suggests, it follows as a logical corollary that you have to accept the very faint possibility that one or two of the fantastic stories just might be fact.

Chasing

Can you, in these circumstances, come to any definite conclusion on the story of New Mexico policeman, Lonnie Zamora, which is now on file with the U.S. Air Force's "Project Bluebook" UFO investigating team

Zamora was chasing a speeding car near Socorro, New Mexico, when he claimed to have seen a bright flash out in the desert.

Going out to investigate, he saw a flash of flame and color, and heard a roar in the distance. Moving in the direction of the noise and the flames, he came to a deserted stretch of road.

"Suddenly," he said, "I noted a shiny-type object to the south. It looked at first like a car turned upside down. When I got nearer I saw two people dressed in white overalls very close to the object. One of these persons seemed to turn and look straight at my car and seemed startled — seemed to jump."

The two figures seemed normal, but small. Zamora radioed to alert the Socorro sheriff's office to what he assumed was an accident.

While he was on the radio he heard another roar. As he looked up he saw: "The flame was under the object. The object was starting to go straight up — slowly up. The flame was light blue and at the bottom it was a sort of orange color. The object was smooth, no doors or windows visible."

As it travelled upwards, Zamora noted unfamiliar insignia on the craft's sides before it disappeared.

Another American police report came from Ohio deputy-sheriffs Dale Spaur and Barney Neff in April, 1966. They claimed to have spotted a vast, saucer-shaped object rising from woods near a country road where they were inspecting a parked car full of apparently-stolen radios. They chased it eastwards into Pennsylvania before they ran out of fuel and the UFO disappeared.

One of the most remarkable contact claims of all was made by American Negro Barney Hill and his wife, who even under hypnosis stuck to their story of being kidnapped by a flying-saucer crew on a lonely road near the Canadian border in September 1961, and being