

20 JUL 1968



# As I was saying...

by Jon Holliday

I THINK it's time I cleared up this confusion about UFO—unidentified flying objects.

All this chat during the past 20 years or so about flying saucers has confused many seekers after truth. There must be no more shilly-shalling. Let me put you right.

There are **NO** flying saucers. There never have been any flying saucers. There never will be any flying saucers.

I have this on the good authority of a little purple and orange, three-headed man shaped rather like a grasshopper. I met him the other night outside a Cardiff pub.

He told me he had just arrived from another galaxy. It had taken him two million light years, and he was a trifle irritable about it.

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APPARENTLY he had taken the slow rocket and they had stopped at all the intermediate planets on the way.

"I shall read the ticket more carefully next time," he thought (he didn't use words . . . it was all mental telepathy).

"Could you tell me where I can get some heavenly lemonade and pill-food that's out of this world? And preferably at a pub where I

can park my rocket not at my own risk"

I asked him whether he had ever visited Earth in a flying saucer. He denied this most energetically, and his thoughts positively shouted in my head.

Apparently he had tried flying in saucers but they were too draughty. Teapots are better . . . and in fact the objects we often sight flying east to west at dusk are in fact the used teabags that they chuck over the side as they whiz past.

He told me that persistent reports from Salisbury Plain of a shining cigar-shaped object can be believed! In fact these **ARE** cigars.

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IN THE galaxy he comes from they have evolved so far ahead of us that everyone can afford cigars.

"I would be grateful, Mr. Holliday," he thought, "if you could use your space in your enlightened newspaper to scotch reports of UFO. From now on please refer to them is IFO — identified flying objects. But no saucers, please.

"We have little wish to take over Earth, particularly as it is exclusively populated by people who will believe almost anything."

So I shook eight of his hands and went back to finishing my quart of whisky before someone reported another sighting . . .