

A GIGANTIC "CIGAR" OVER THE ATLANTIC IN 1963.

BY GORDON CREIGHTON. [Reprint from FSR Vol. 27, No.3 (Nov. 1981). In view of the extraordinary similarity to the last case, I feel I really must republish this earlier one -Ed.]

In 1980 we received a letter from a lady who had recently become a reader of FSR, stating that she would like to talk with someone from the *Review* and give us a confidential account of a strange experience that she had had many years before. It had been terrifying at the time and had left a most vivid impression in her memory. Having no knowledge of UFOs then, she had no clue as to what she might have seen. It was only after the chance purchase of a few books, and the discovery of FSR, that she had realized the possible nature of her experience.

The lady is from one of the countries of Western Europe that are members of NATO. She is now married to an Englishman, and it so happens that her home is not far from mine. For reasons which will be evident, she has asked that on no account should her name and address, or her nationality at birth, be divulged. I have interviewed her twice, and FSR Director R.H. Bryan Winder also heard the first account which she gave. Her statements are supported by a lengthy and detailed written version and a sketch. For reasons of economy I have reduced her story to more compact proportions. The gist of it is as follows:-

"The events which I now describe took place in the first or second week of May 1963.

"I was at the time working for NATO as an English language secretary, and based in Paris. On the day in question I was one of a party of 50 NATO personnel who were en route to Canada for the NATO Ministerial Meetings in Ottawa. Our plane, an Air Canada DC8, carried what seemed to be the usual crew, and two stewardesses, though I had the impression that the flight was under military or NATO control.

We took off from Orly Airport, Paris, some time after 10.00 a.m., and we were told that the flight to Ottawa would take about seven hours. As there were only 50 of us, the plane was relatively empty. I took a window seat on the port side (left) near the wing. The other two seats in my row remained empty throughout the flight. As NATO personnel we were all of course well known to each other, and very much a 'family group'.

"The weather was beautiful, and the Captain announced that we would fly at 36,000 (or maybe 38,000 - I do not recall clearly) feet. After lunch had been served, I sat enjoying the view of the vast expanse of sky above the clouds. The windows of the DC8 were very large, the largest I seem to recall having seen on an aircraft, and came down quite low beside the passenger.

"I was just reaching down to take a book from my hold-all, and was astonished to glimpse below the 'plane something dark and absolutely tremendous that stood out in vivid contrast to the brightness all around. I could not believe my eyes. I pressed close to the window in unbelief and there, almost beneath the DC8, was a gigantic dark grey 'torpedo'. It seemed menacing and frightening, and I had the impression that it was stationary. It was utterly unlike anything that I had ever seen in my whole life. It

looked as though made of steel. No portholes or windows were visible. No wings or projections. Nothing but the long perfect torpedo form, with its bullet-shaped head, and the rear end which was cut off sharply and squarely.

(1) The monster - and I emphasise that it was this terrifying size that impressed me - was well below us. I thought maybe 2,000 metres or so below us, but of course I had no way of being able to gauge this or to estimate the size of the thing.

"I looked down again quickly at the monster, and saw that a swathe of tiny clouds were beginning to pass over it, though it remained visible through them for a few seconds before being lost to my sight.

"I sat there in utter amazement that such a craft could exist. Why, I thought, had I never heard, in all my life, of the existence of anything like this! I felt stunned, and dazed, contemplating my utter ignorance that such things could be, and that I could know nothing whatever about them.

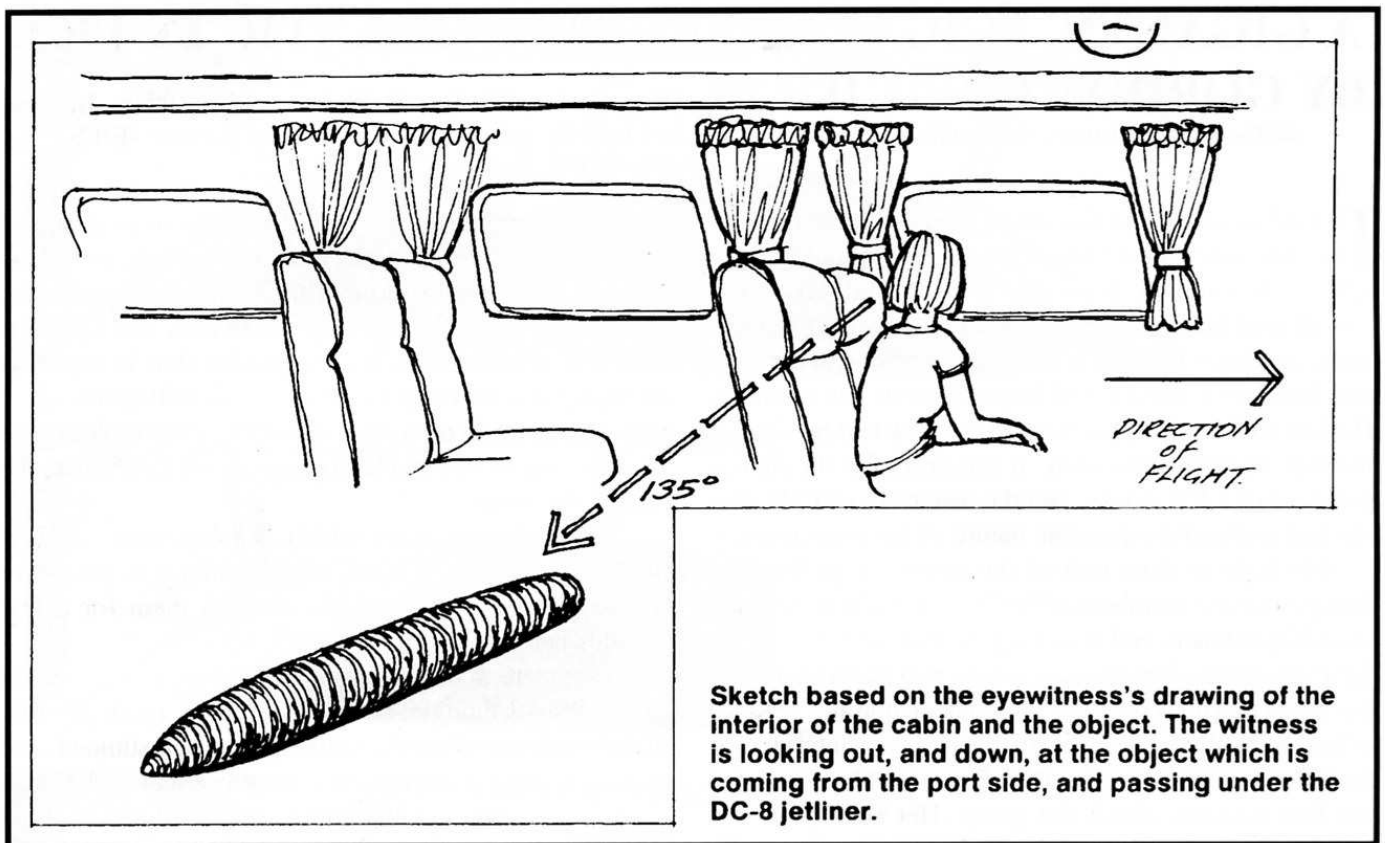
"I glanced around the cabin. Most of my fellow-passengers were reading, or dozing, or asleep. Only from the rear came sounds of animation from a group who were playing bridge.

"I sat there feeling utterly frustrated, both because of my inability to explain to myself what it was that I had seen, and because apparently not one of the others had seen it. At any rate, not one gave any sign of having done so, (2) and I felt too baffled to ask, and too scared lest I might prove to be the only witness in which case they would simply laugh at me. I sat back and closed my eyes, feeling that my mind had been completely blown. I resolved that, when back in Paris, I would talk about it to one of the NATO experts on nuclear weapons, a man whom I knew well, and with whom I had often chattered on all sorts of subjects, such as earthquakes, problems of energy, and so on. (But when I next saw him, and had the opportunity to tell him about my 'monster cigar', I just could not bring myself to raise the subject. My courage failed me. I did not want to be laughed at. The whole thing seemed too incredible to be taken seriously.)

"As for the rest of the NATO party, I never dared to mention it to any of them, out of fear of being thought completely mad. But I made a private resolution that I would go on trying to find out what it could have been. (Little did I realize then that it would take seventeen years.)

"I had of course heard the occasional story about 'flying saucers,' but I always thought that the name meant that these were just little things, no bigger than a real saucer. I had no idea whatever that craft of all shapes and sizes were being seen, all over the world, and that they were all being given the blanket name of 'flying saucers.'

"To be truthful, I had already heard one story about a 'cigar', said to be some 15 or 20 metres long, seen by



people a few years earlier at Santa Maria (3) in the Azores Islands. 'Fifteen to twenty metres' was nothing in comparison with what I had just seen. And in any case, everyone had said that the thing seen over the Azores was simple a Russian secret device.

"It was only about two years ago that, while browsing through a seondhand-bookship, I found, and bought, two or three books on UFOs. It came as an immense shock to me when I found that what I had seen, came under the general term of 'flying saucers', and that other people had also seen giant 'cigars' or 'torpedoes' in other parts of the world, and at other times.

"But there is a second part to my story which was far more terrifying than the sight of the huge 'torpedo,' and which I found it equally impossible to explain to myself. I must emphasise that whether or not it was in any way related to the 'torpedo' I cannot say, as I do not have sufficient technical knowledge. Yet I have the feeling that it might be unwise to exclude this part form my account, so I give it here now for the experts to pronounce upon:-

"After my glimpse of the monster 'torpedo,' I sat there brooding on it for half an hour or so, as I recall, when suddenly the DC8 started to shudder and pitch up and down violently, nosing steeply upwards, then steeply downwards, and this went on for a long, long time. I might explain that I had often encountered turbulence and 'air-pockets' when travelling by aeroplane, but it had never been anything remotely like this. This was as though we were in a gigantic lift that was shooting up and down madly. And, as though that was not enough, there now came a succession of reports like cannon-fire or thunder, filling the cabin. Meanwhile the plane continued to shudder and 'buck' violently, and each time it came down I had the sensation that it was going to

break in half.

"Throughout all this, everybody in the passengers' cabin sat there petrified, absolutely silent, white-faced.

"After a while of this, I felt such panic that I rushed up front in search of a stewardess, and shouting *What's going on? I'm scared!*' I lifted a curtain in front of what seemed to be a sleeping-berth, and found a stewardess lying on the bed there, her hands covering her eyes as though she were weeping. She gave no response to my shouts, and all around there was total silence still, apart from the sound of the engines, overlaid by the repeated 'claps of thunder' and the continued bucking up and down of the plane.

"I went back to my seat, and suddenly found myself bathed in perspiration. Every pore in my body seemed to be hard at work. And yet I noticed that the light dress I was wearing was still completely dry.

"A second time, I ran forward to the stewardesses' quarters but there was nobody there. I hammered on the door leading to the cockpit, and shouted again, asking what was happening, as I was scared to death. The other stewardess came out and looked at me as though I were an idiot, and for a while said nothing. Then, calmly, she announced 'Ladies and Gentlemen, do not be alarmed: the cabin is being depressurized.' Shortly afterwards, the Captain was heard to make the same announcement.

"I should like very much to know whether all that I have just described, about the violent behaviour of the aircraft and the loud reports, is explicable as being due to the process of 'depressurization' and, if so, what are the circumstances that are likely to have made it necessary for such alarming and drastic steps to be taken? Is this sort of thing usual and normal - as the calm behaviour of the second-mentioned stewardess seemed to indicate? And why, in that case, had the other stewardess - as it

seemed - been weeping? Was this simply because she, like all the rest of us, found the turbulence just a bit too alarming? *Or is it possible that she was still suffering from shock after seeing the gigantic 'torpedo'?* It certainly would be interesting to know the answers to these questions.

"If an expert were to say that the behaviour of the aircraft was definitely not 'normal,' and not explicable as due to depressurization, then it is possible that such a situation could have been brought about by either the action or the close approach of a UFO? (4) (Either the same thing that I had seen - if it was indeed a UFO - or some other UFO that was also active over the North Atlantic on that same day?)

"Whether or not this frightening behaviour by the DC8 was in any way connected with what I had seen is something that I have so far found no way of knowing. nevertheless, even if this second part of my story is found fully explicable and discountable, I am still anxious that my account of the great 'torpedo' shall find a place in the records.

"Did anyone else aboard the DC8 see the 'torpedo'? That is the key question. Given the position of the 'torpedo' in relation to the passenger cabin, only a passenger looking out and downwards at that precise moment would have caught a brief glimpse of the object and, as I have said, I found no evidence that any other passenger did see it.

"As for the plane's crew, there was only the one stewardess who seemed upset. What is certain is that the pilots up in the nacelle certainly would have had abundant time in which to see the 'cigar,' as it cut slightly diagonally across their route from their port side and well below them. No explanation or comment whatsoever about the 'cigar' was given by the Captain or any other crew member, and no statement was made by the authorities when we landed in Canada.

"It must however be borne in mind that, although the machine was to all appearances an ordinary DC8 civilian passenger carrier, the party on board consisted entirely of NATO personnel, and NATO is a *military* organization. We were flying under NATO auspices and in that sense we were under military control. In such circumstances it would not be surprising if the cockpit crew and the stewardesses were less forthcoming about a UFO than perhaps they might have been, were it an ordinary passenger flight."

NOTES AND REFERENCES BY GORDON CREIGHTON.

1. The documentary records of Ufology contain numerous eyewitness reports of what are alleged to have been "tubular", or "cigar-shaped," or "torpedo-shaped" UFOs, often of enormous size, and there are also photographs. I recall that several of these photographs reveal "bullet-shaped noses" and "squarely cut-off rear ends." Quite a large proportion of such craft have allegedly been seen over the sea, indeed in some cases entering or leaving the sea. Nobody has written better on this aspect of Ufology than our friend Toni Ribera of Spain, and it is a great pity that his books have not yet been

translated into English, for one of them deals at great length with these reports of "flying submarines."

The most impressive account of such a huge "cigar" craft that I have read so far was contained in a letter written in 1954 to Australian UFO researcher Edgar Jarrold by a lady named Mrs. A.M. King of Nairobi, Kenya. She said:

"I left Mombassa (Kenya) at the end of June 1947, on the *SS Llandoverly Castle* en route to Cape Town, and, as we were going through the Straits of Madagascar about the beginning of July, I was on deck with another lady passenger at approximately 11.00pm when we noticed a particularly bright star. It was travelling very fast and approached the ship. suddenly a searchlight appeared which flashed a strong beam of light on the water within fifty yards of the ship. It descended, its beam shortening and becoming brighter as it neared the water, and the next instant there was no more light, but an object appeared, apparently made of steel, and shaped like a cigar cut at the rear end. It remained in the air about twenty feet above the sea, parallel with the *Llandoverly Castle*, and travelling in the same direction.

"Gaining a little in speed, after a second or two the whole shape disappeared without a sound, from the rear end issuing fierce flames which shot out to about half the length of the object. It appeared that there must be something like a huge furnace inside the thing, but we still could hear no noise from the flames. No windows could be seen, only a band of metal around the entire thing which, if it had been a complete cigar shape, would have been centrally situated.

"The object was very large, about four times the length of the *Llandoverly Castle*, and at a rough guess, four times as high. We had a wonderful view, but in a few seconds it had disappeared. No light was seen forward on it as it left; it just vanished soundlessly in the darkness. For a while we thought we were the only ones on deck at that late hour, but, walking to the prow of the ship, we saw there one of the ship's officers with a few passengers; the entire party had seen the same thing. Whether or not it is recorded in the ship's log, I know not."

If Mrs. King's estimate is right, the 'monster torpedo' must have been *at least 1,600 feet long*.

A similar type of vast 'cigar', seemingly metallic, estimated to be at least 800 metres (2,600 ft.) long, allegedly came down to a height of only 2,000 metres in broad daylight one summer's day in 1961 over the Russian city of Voronezh, and many thousands who saw it panicked. When it departed, it stood straight up on its tail, let out a tongue of flame said by some witnesses to be as long as itself, and vanished straight up into the sky. (*Amazing News from Russia*, in FSR Vol. 8, No. 6 (Nov./Dec., 1962)

An Italian named Luciano Galli has claimed (FSR Vol 8, No. 5, September/October, 1962) that he was taken up in a small disc to a huge tubular machine which he thought was "at least 600 metres long" and which had "one end cut like the end of a cigar." Taken inside it, he claimed that he found it contained hundreds of beings and scores of discs.

Probably the best known account of a "cigar-shaped craft" with a "cut-off rear" is that described in Adamski's

second book, *Aboard the Space-ships*. One almost trembles at the thought of even mentioning Adamski, for to do so nowadays is considered very bad form in ufological circles "because everybody *knows* he was a fraud." In fact some of his alleged photos of such craft do show precisely such long, dark, zeppelin-like forms with "cut-off rear."

The emotional heat generated by the slightest mention of George Adamski is curious because, if one troubles to reflect upon it, one will see that, since the date of his experiences and his photographs, which would have been principally around the period 1952-53, dozens and dozens of other folk, all over our planet, in various countries and civilizations, have claimed to have seen - and sometimes to have photographed - in these 29 years since 1952, precisely the same types of "Mexican Hat discs" and large "flying cigars" as Adamski claimed to have seen and to have photographed. I notice too that, all over the world, alleged UFO percipients have continued to tell "contactee stories" that are far, far "wilder" and far more fantastic than anything that Adamski ever said, and yet on the whole, these percipients seem to be listened to with considerable respect by many researchers. Almost never do they seem to be greeted with the sort of obloquy that was heaped upon Adamski.

The fact of the matter, I suspect, is that we have all got used to the UFO contactee syndrome now. We even *expect* their accounts to be wildly absurd and illogical and full of lies and contradictions - as they usually are. Adamski is all old hat and tame stuff now. But he hasn't stopped being "a liar and a hoaxer". Others who tell the same stories go scot-free.

2. This mention of people "not showing any sign of having seen anything" reminds me of an interesting report which I received a few years ago. A middle-aged English lady, well known to old friends of mine (and in background totally uninterested and uninformed as regards UFOs) came to see me one day and described an extraordinary experience that she had. She had been on a holiday trip to the Scilly Isles (lying off the south western tip of England) one fine summer's day about nine or ten years previously. In the evening she boarded a small steamer to return to the Mainland. The ship was filled with holiday-makers and the decks were crowded. She was standing right against the rail, enjoying the beautiful scene and the last of the day when, out of the sea, right beside the steamer, a large, round, shining silvery "saucer" came up swiftly and silently and shot into the sky. She said it passed so close to her that she could see the droplets of water swirling off its gleaming surface. All around and behind her were the mass of other tourists, pressed close together, and she said they could not have failed to see it too. But, so she told me, not a soul amid that crowd gave the faintest indication by word or gesture that they had perceived anything out of the ordinary. As she remarked, laughingly: "*They were all British. They kept a stiff upper lip*".

(Admittedly however there do seem frequently to be cases where some individuals "see" while others do not, and one is obliged to recognize that, for all we know, the former category might conceivably involve a minority of people who are *clairvoyant* - maybe only temporarily or intermittently. This idea takes us instantly into the field of Parapsychology, which is too vast and too mine-bestrewn for further discussion in the present article. But it is something that we absolutely must always keep in mind whenever considering any UFO sightings whatsoever - including, of course the report form

the lady secretary who was with NATO.)

3. At this point I feel the lady's memory may be playing tricks. For - unless of course there were *two* quite separate sightings of "flying cigars" over Santa Maria in the Azores - the happening to which she here refers is entered in our records as having been on July 9, 1965, and therefore two years *after* her own experience.

The "cigar" or "torpedo" which we have in our documentation passed over the Island of Santa Maria in the Azores on that date at an estimated height of 20,000ft. and promptly stopped all the electric clocks at the Santa Maria Airport, one report said for twenty minutes, others said for forty-five minutes. (See FSR, Vol.11, No. 5, p. 24, and Vol. 12, No.5, p 32).

4. Readers will recall the recent experience of the US Army Reserve officer Captain (now Lieut. Colonel) Lawrence Coyne, whose helicopter was on October 18, 1973 put by a UFO into a powered descent of 500 feet per minute and then 2,500 feet per minute, only to be bounced up again into the sky at the rate of 1,000 feet per minute (see Jennie Zeidman's *UFO-Helicopter Close Encounter Over Ohio* (in FSR Vol. 22, No. 4, 1976).

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Finally, since this NATO lady's account relates to something huge seen over the North Atlantic Ocean, and possibly not too far from Canada, these notes should not be ended without a reminder of one of the most famous cases of all time, that of Captain James Howard who, on June 29, 1954, when piloting his B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser *Centaurus* on a flight from London to Canada, flew on a parallel course for eighteen minutes with a vast unknown object which he estimated to be "about the size of an ocean liner." Captain Howard's crew of eleven and a dozen of his fifty-one passengers also saw it, and one of the opinions expressed was that it was "as big as the *Queen Mary*" (one of Britain's two huge pre-war Cunard liners).

This particular UFO does not seem to have been described by anyone as a "cigar" or a "torpedo". It was in fact apparently changing shape in a puzzling fashion, but seems mainly to have looked delta-shaped or "like a telephone mouth-cum-earpiece lying on its back", as indicated in Captain Howard's sketches. It appeared to be accompanied by a group of much smaller objects which finally seemed to enter it before it vanished from sight. (See *Mystery over Labrador*, by Leonard Cramp, in FSR. Vol.1, No.1 (Spring 1955).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The case of the Stratocruiser, *Centaurus* is given in slightly greater detail in my editorial leader on pages 1 and 2 of this issue (i.e. FSR 27/3).

My memory of Captain Howard's narrative is that *most* of the passengers saw the UFOs (larger craft and smaller ones). Stewardess Daphne Walker came on to the flight-deck to ask the skipper "what it was out there", as all the passengers wanted to know!

A few years ago, through a mutual friend, I secured the home address of Stewardess Daphne Walker, so perhaps even more details can be obtained from her one of these days. G.C.■

SHOWERS OF STRANGE SUBSTANCES FROM THE SKY - INCLUDING FLESH AND BLOOD! BY GORDON CREIGHTON.

[This article is partly based upon material translated by me from reports, STRANGE RAINS OF BLOOD MAY INDICATE ACTION BY ALIENS, and RAIN OF FLESH ON SÃO PAULO, by CLAUDIO TSUYOSHI SUENAGA, a Brazilian citizen of Japanese descent, published in Number 77 (March 2001) of the Brazilian magazine *UFO*. He is a Consultant to that magazine, and is a Professor of History in the Faculty of Sciences and Letters of the São Paulo State University].

Countless crowds of witnesses were reported to have seen "*flesh falling from the sky*" in two different places, Casapava and São José dos Campos, in the State of São Paulo (South Brazil) in August 1968.

At Casapava, employees of Pedro Marinho de Sousa's Brickworks, including one local man mentioned by name - Vicente Rodrigues - saw it happening. Rodrigues said the pieces of flesh measured about 20 cms. by 5 cms. He said one of them actually struck him on the head. He was vehement in assuring that the sky was totally clear at the time, and that no aircraft or birds were flying overhead.

The employees of the Brickworks were all terrified as they saw the lumps of bleeding flesh falling around them. (Report in the newspaper *Noticias Populares* of August 31, 1968.) The paper said that the people were remarking that "*It must be a punishment from Heaven on us*". Sr. Pedro Marinho de Sousa, owner of the works, said: "*Today is a holy day and you see what happened, because I was making my people work today!*"

He went straight to the Police Station, but they put little faith in his statements. He then went back to the area where the flesh had fallen. The police gathered up the lumps of flesh.

Two reporters, Ronaldo Dias and a colleague named Barreti collected statements from the eyewitnesses. Clearly it had been a very serious business.

Another of the Brickworks employees, Vicente Borges de Siquiera said: "The lumps of flesh were bleeding. It was a dark brown colour, and looked like *liver*. I heard the other workers shouting as the stuff was falling all over the place, so I looked up into the sky but could see nothing out of the ordinary - no aircraft and no birds. *That* was what scared us, and I admit that my legs were starting to tremble. The flesh was weird, and a bit gelatinous. It went on falling for about two or three minutes. Immediately afterwards we could see that the sunshine was drying it out. But it had no smell whatever.!

After the incident, all those dwelling in the area began to barricade themselves in their houses as soon as darkness fell. They were all firmly convinced that the "rain of flesh" was some kind of punishment - *or maybe some demonic manifestation*.

Twenty-five days later, there was again a rain of flesh and blood in the very same area. This was witnessed by

thousands in the Santa Luzia district, about 40 kms from Eugenio de Mello, which lies between Casapava and Piedade.

It had occurred at noon, under a clear sky and a blazingly hot Sun. Some workers were on a rice plantation close to the banks of the Paraíba River when one of them, named Armando Silva, called the attention of the rest of them to the spots of blood spattered all over his shirt, and then others discovered that they too had the strange stains all over their clothing. Alarmed, they all dashed off to sound a general alarm among the local residents. The prevailing view among all the rice-farm workers was the same as the view of the folk near the Brickworks - namely that it was some sort of *demonic malediction*.

This second fall of flesh and blood had lasted for three or four minutes, and the total volume of the lumps of flesh gathered up amounted to 3 1/2 kilograms.

Ronaldo Dias, the head clerk in the Police Station at Taubate said that the Technical Police (Polícia Técnica) had the flesh examined by an expert from the Regional Police Headquarters at São José dos Campos, who then sent it on to the IML (Medical-Legal Institute) in São Paulo for a detailed analysis. **It is equally important to emphasise that the place where this second fall of flesh and blood had occurred was not beneath the Rio de Janeiro - São Paulo air route. This eliminates any theory that a bird might have been killed by an aircraft. Furthermore, the flesh had fallen in various places and in a circular pattern. And there were no bones and no feathers in it.**

Subsequently the São Paulo State Laboratory of Anatomy, Pathology, and Legal Microscopy issued its report on samples picked up in the Bairro da Grama district of Casapava and the Bairro do Paiol district of São José dos Campos, *with its conclusion that the flesh "was from a mammal of the female sex."*

These findings reached the Police at São José dos Campos on October 12 (presumably of 1968 ? G.C.) and were signed by Dr. Ferdinando de Queiroz Costa, who described the flesh as "*heart and kidney of a mammal of the female sex.*"

The examination had been limited to the tissues, and only a deeper analysis could have produced any definite conclusion as to the *origin* of the flesh. The Medical-Legal Institute had performed the examination, but they had not revealed to what, or to whom, the flesh had belonged.

[Naturally of course - as we see - the wording of the judgement has carefully avoided mentioning whether or not the female mammal was a female human!. G.C.]

COMMENT BY EDITOR OF FSR.

For the history of this sort of phenomenon - aberrant