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It is surprising that no one before now has thought to publish 'an all-picture survey' of the history of UFOs. David C. Knight's book **UFOs: A Pictorial History from Antiquity to the Present** (McGraw Hill Book Company, New York, \$12.95, 192 pages) covers the subject from ancient astronauts to the 1979 New Zealand lights, and there are at least two pictures on every spread, sometimes five or six. Long captions describe the pictures, and each chapter has a short introduction. Not forgotten are bibliography, glossary

and index. The 10 x 8-inches format allows the photographs to be well displayed, and the reproductions are on the whole quite good, bearing in mind the limitations imposed by the poor quality of most of the originals. How many of the UFO photographs show "true UFOs" as opposed to hoaxed UFOs or IFOs is anyone's guess. But in ufology, as also in other areas of "strange phenomena," photographic evidence poses problems. Most photographs are of small, distant objects and no detail can be made out, even when big enlargements are made. But when close-up photographs are displayed, with plenty of detail visible, the natural reaction of the cautious observer is to proclaim these photographs obvious hoaxes! Unfortunately this is what they usually turn out to be, and we are left asking the question: Why, after all these years, are there no convincing close photographs of genuine UFOs?

A WARM AND PEACEFUL EXPERIENCE

Leslie Harris

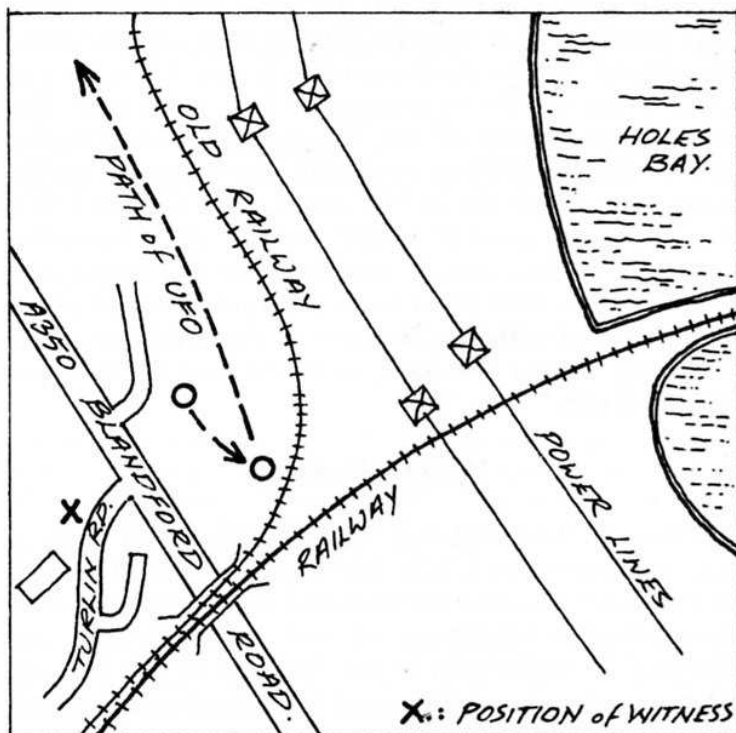
THE "singling-out" of a witness, or group of witnesses, appears to be a common factor in UFO phenomena. This interesting report is a further example of such apparent "selection". The witness wrote to Jenny Randles, having obtained her address from *Unexplained* magazine, who forwarded the information to me with a request that I visit the witness as soon as possible, as she had seemed somewhat reluctant to come forward at all. This report is the result of the interview conducted by John Ledner and myself at the home of the witness on Monday, January 19, 1981.

The Sighting

The incident occurred on Saturday December 6, 1980, at 9.01 a.m. A cold, clear morning with a blue sky and wintry sun. The witness, Mrs. Jean Findlay (43) of Turlin Road, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset, had left her home at 9 a.m. (she heard the time on the radio as she was leaving) to catch a bus. The walk from her home to the bus stop takes no more than a minute, hence her precision regarding the time.

As she walked towards the bus stop she had an urge to look up at the sky. She said it was almost as if a voice in her head had asked her to do so. Glancing up she saw just ahead of her, over some trees, at about a 20° elevation, an object which was of classic "flying saucer" configuration. It was circular with a central dome, or, to use Mrs. Findlay's own words, "oval with a bulge on top," and one end of the rim appearing more pointed than the other. In size, Mrs. Findlay compared the object with a double-decker bus, or 9

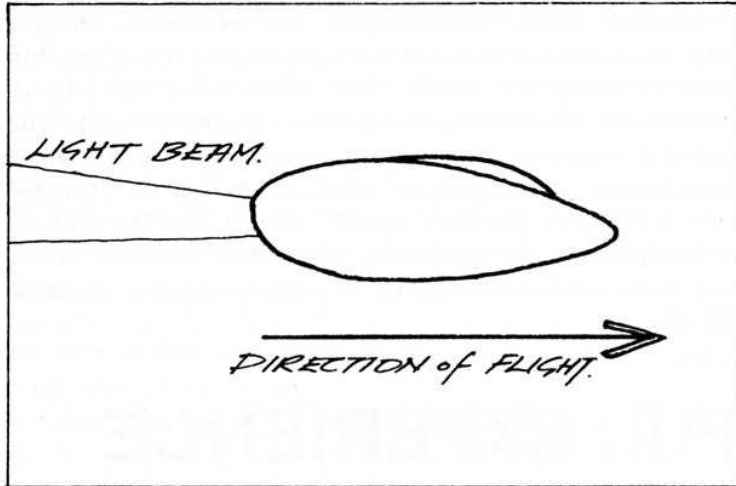
inches at arm's length. All estimates of size given by the witnesses inexperienced at judgements are, of course, unreliable, but in this case it would appear that the UFO was of considerable size. Mrs. Findlay described the colour as like that of a barrage balloon, or, for those like myself, not of sufficiently advanced age to recall such wartime artefacts, another comparison was with the *Goodyear* dirigible which was seen by many people in the local area last summer. In



Sighting location at Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset.

other words, a matt, silvery finish, which did not reflect the light of the sun as polished metal might.

As the witness watched, spellbound by the sight, a beam of light was directed from the left of the disc. This appeared just like a normal beam of white light, fanning out slightly and fading away with distance. Careful questioning established that this was normal light and not the "solid" variety.



The object, based on witness's sketch.

Suddenly the beam was "switched off" and immediately the object banked, presenting the underside to the witness, then moved a short distance to the right, rotated one half turn, then sped back to the left and away at such speed that it took on the appearance of a darning needle, the eye at the front and point behind, rising slightly until out of sight. The underside of the object had seemed darker in the centre, as if hollowed, or concave.

Once the object had disappeared, Mrs. Findlay glanced at her watch. It was 9.05 a.m. The observation had lasted for four minutes, during most of which time the object had hovered soundlessly just a few tens of yards from and above a normally busy main road. But during the period of the observation, Mrs. Findlay claims that everything went still. There was no traffic, no passers-by to whom she could point out the UFO, none of the normal street sounds of a Saturday morning, no bus (which was due), just the object and Mrs. Findlay who felt a most pleasant sense of peace and calm, warmth also, in spite of the chilliness of the morning. It was, she said, as if she had been "especially chosen."

Witness Reaction

Prior to her sighting Mrs. Findlay had only a passing interest in UFOs. She considered it all a "load of rubbish." She and her husband had had a couple of low-definition sightings of the LITS variety, but nothing to really arouse her interest in the subject. She is a very sceptical person by nature, and says she "does not like mysteries" but wants to know what it all

means. Immediately after her sighting she wrote it all down on paper, intending to put it away for a couple of weeks then look at it again. She could hardly believe what she had seen, and felt that writing it down would remove some of the "mystique" — somehow rationalise the experience. But eventually she felt she had to tell someone who would not laugh at her, and noticing Jenny Randles's address in *Unexplained* felt that she could entrust her experience to a group of "UFO spotters" as she terms us! At first she requested anonymity but agreed to her name being used when she knew our reporting and publication are not of the sensational kind.

Psychic Matters

Nearing the end of our interview, we inevitably turned the conversation toward psychic matters, and, as is so often the case, we were not disappointed.

Mrs. Findlay frequently has dreaming or waking premonitions of disasters of one sort or another. Since the age of five she has had a recurring dream in which she appears to be a teenage girl walking in a nun's habit along a street in some (apparently) French town, the passers-by wearing the dress of a century or two ago. She feels this could be a brief memory of some previous existence, and is interested in regressive hypnosis to past lives. Although not a religious person,

(Continued on page 27)

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A GIGANTIC "CIGAR" OVER THE ATLANTIC

Gordon Creighton

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 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 round. 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

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