

"UFOBALL": YET ANOTHER "OBSERVING EYE IN THE HOUSE"

Desmond Leslie

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I HAVE not told this story before. It happened around noon on a Thursday about eight years ago. I was writing in my study, which overlooks the lake at Castle Leslie,¹ when I heard the most appalling screams from the basement, and my twelve-year-old daughter Samantha came rushing up the stairs in a state of total terror, yelling her head off.

Outside my study is the Great Hall. Beyond that is the Dining Room. Then beyond that, a small kitchen. Beyond which are the stairs leading down to the cellars and basement where she had been playing. For me to have heard her screams through four rooms and four doors gives some idea of the state she was in.

When she had calmed down, she told us that she had been playing in the passage outside the rumpus-room. It is a long, dark, vaulted corridor, with one single small high window at the far end. Through this window she had seen a small bright object enter with a "crackling" sound. It did not break or crack the glass, so it cannot have been composed of normal physical matter.

It was a sphere "of about the size of an orange or a tennis ball". It pulsed regularly, and drifted up the passage towards her. She thinks it gave out sparks or flashes, but isn't sure.

It came near enough for her to feel a tingling sensation, which she agrees could either have been an electrical shock, or her own spine tingling. At this point she turned and fled upstairs screaming.

I showed her photographs of the "Betz Balls" published some years ago in FSR² and she said the thing she had seen seemed to be about their size.

There was no thunder around on the day in question. The weather was its usual Irish damp. Ball lightning (whatever that may be!) is unlikely.

Now, all this *could* have been just another little "observing eye", or "automated mini-inspector". *Except for one detail:-*

At 10.30 that morning, I had done a broadcast by telephone for the Irish Radio, *Radio Eireann*. They had called me, as arranged, promptly at 10.30, and I had talked for about twenty minutes. Among other things, they asked me what I thought of Patrick Moore. I replied: "*I invented him!*" (I had got him his *Sky At Night* job with the B.B.C. And I wished he'd stop being so tiresome about UFOs, taking the view that anyone who believed in them was an idiot.)

After I had hung up the 'phone I went on with my writing, until we had our unexpected visitor, around midday.

Coincidence? Or had they beamed in on the source of the broadcast, and sent an 'inspector' to visit me?

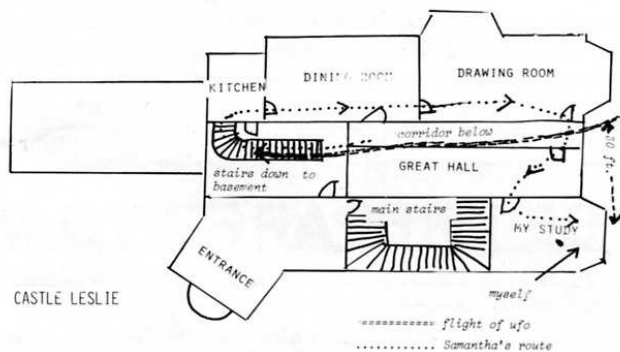
If so, they had missed their target by a few yards. Instead of coming in through *my* bow-window overlooking the lake, the object had entered through the small window *just four feet beneath the adjoining Great Hall bow-window*. As the windows look very much alike, I suppose this small error could have been possible.

I'm only sorry that they apparently "bungled their navigation". I'd have been thrilled to observe an 'observer' at close range. My poor little daughter Samantha was not so thrilled . . .

She is now twenty, and still remembers the incident

vividly. I cannot give you the precise date. But it could be checked from the records of *Radio Eireann* in Dublin.

This rather reminds me of another "near miss". The entity in the Broadlands UFO (FSR 26/5, January 1981, "*Did A UFO Land At Broadlands?*") told Sergeant Briggs that "They" were interested in Lord



Mountbatten. In which case, I wonder why they landed at a spot 100 yards from the house, and did not enter it? I'm sure they would have been warmly received.

POSTSCRIPT

My next report will be about "Dr. X" and his contact, mentioned³ in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*. Now that this famous British astronomer is dead I can tell the whole story and also publish, for the first time, the astonishing photo of UFOs which he took and which he gave into my safe keeping. It shows two UFOs apparently just taking off — and they are UFOs of a totally different type from anything that we had seen before or have seen since.

The astronomer's name, by the way, was Professor Percy Wilkins, who at the time was Britain's leading expert on the Moon and wrote the best standard books about it. It was he who discovered the "bridge on the Moon", and other things there besides, of which I shall also tell. Patrick Moore, his colleague (and co-author on several books), who had introduced me to Dr Wilkins, made me promise not to reveal any of this during the lifetime of Wilkins, just as I had to promise not to reveal the Mountbatten story about the UFO landing at Broadlands.

FOOTNOTES BY EDITOR, FSR

- (1) Desmond Leslie's ancestral home is Castle Leslie, Glaslough, County Monaghan, Eire. (In the north-eastern part of the Irish Republic.)
- (2) Reference in FSR not identified.
- (3) I have likewise been unable to locate this reference in the book "*Flying Saucers Have Landed*", of which Desmond Leslie wrote Part I, while George Adamski was the author of the second half. Is Desmond Leslie perhaps mistaken in his reference? — G.C.