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# THE SEARCH FOR TRUE "COSMIC BROTHERS"

MANy times in the course of recent years — as all who read FSR will know — we have stated that, however sombre the present picture may appear to be, we recognize that some of the reports in the very early days did apparently indicate the presence on or around our Planet of some sort of beings that were well disposed towards Mankind. Nor have we completely abandoned the hope that such reports then inspired in our hearts. And we have therefore thought it useful if we reprint the following extraordinary story of a happening in Norway thirty-five years ago. If any of our earliest readers are left, they will remember it. But to the great majority of our current readers it will most probably be quite unknown.

What *was* that person whom the Norwegian girls met out on the marsh? What do *you* think?

## MOSJØEN: AN EARLY NORWEGIAN CE-III CASE

*Gordon Creighton*

IN issue No.4 of FSR (Vol. 1/4, September-October 1955) our First Editor, Derek Dempster, reported an extremely interesting early case that seems to be generally forgotten today, and is certainly not likely to be known to most of our present readers. *From my most recent enquiries in Norway, it seems that it is even forgotten there too!* N.I.V.F.O. (NORSK INSTITUT FOR VITENSKAPELIG FORSKNING OG OPLYSNING NORWEGIAN INSTITUTE FOR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND INFORMATION) — the Norwegian UFO Investigation Group with whom I was in correspondence about this case in August 1981 (the date when I was considering doing a fresh account of it) knew just as much as I did, and no more, as is shown by the report by Mr Anton Lidstrøm of N.I.V.F.O. which I give below in full. Then suddenly, just as I was about to publish everything that is given below, I got a telephone call, "out of the blue" as we say, from Norway, from a Mr Krogh, who said that *he* — not Lidstrøm — was now running N.I.V.F.O. and that on no account should I print anything about the Mosjøen case BECAUSE IT WAS A TOTAL FRAUD! No further letters arrived from Norway, and I never heard a word again from N.I.V.F.O. or Lidstrøm or Krogh or anybody else in Norway about Mosjøen. So, very reluctantly, because I am personally convinced that it is totally genuine and is *important*, I abandoned the matter and put all the papers back into the Scandinavian File. (Mr. Lidstrøm, I suspect, is now fairly advanced in years.)

Now, to my astonishment, I learned only last year that N.I.V.F.O. no longer exists, and that the only real and viable UFO investigation organization in Norway today is UFO-NORGE/PROJECT HESSDALEN (address: N.7490, ROGNES, NORWAY), which is under the co-ordinating control of Mr LEIF HAVIK.

As for Mosjøen, Mr Havik tells me that he himself is a young man, *born two years after the Mosjøen incident*, and that consequently he knows very little about it. But he tells me that he knows two other men who are interested in this case and who have visited the surviving eyewitness, Åsta Solvang, and heard her account of it from her own lips, and she has never wavered in her testimony, and neither did her sister, Edith Jacobsen, now unfortunately deceased.



It seems that the telephone call which I received and which prevented me from reopening this story was a pure piece of *sabotage*. No other term need be used. (I have been given sufficient details about that.)

Here, then, is the Mosjøen Case. Over the years we have so often heard the complaint from FSR readers that "*We never hear any more about the case afterwards*". Well — here is some more about a case that I believe to be very important — a case which somebody deliberately tried to prevent me from publicizing.

FSR readers will form their own opinions about what probably happened out there on the Norwegian bog at Mosjøen 33 years ago. (AND, BE IT NOTED, THE DATE OF THIS CASE IS RIGHT BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF WHAT WAS SUBSEQUENTLY TO PROVE TO BE THE ENORMOUS AND UNEQUALLED "UFO WAVE" OF 1954 WHICH HIT ALL WESTERN EUROPE, MOST PARTICULARLY FRANCE AND ITALY, AND LASTED FAR INTO THE AUTUMN OF THAT YEAR. — PRETTY SMART OF EDITH AND ÅSTA, WASN'T IT, TO FAKE THEIR STORY RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIGGEST UFO "FLAP" OF ALL TIME!) — EDITOR



# SPACEMAN LANDS IN NORWAY?

Did a flying saucer land in Norway last year? Two sisters, 24-year-old Edith Jacobsen and 32-year-old Åsta Solvang, claim they met the occupant. Few people believe their story. But they cannot be convinced that the man they met was an American pilot and that his machine was a helicopter. Both scoff at the idea that they would not know a helicopter when they saw one. They have seen numerous pictures of such craft, and, as for other types of planes, they are frequent and familiar sights in the sky above their home town, Mosjøen. There *was* an American pilot with a helicopter in the vicinity at the time the contact was made. He was on loan, with his machine, to the Norwegian Government. But, when interviewed after his return to the American Forces in Germany, he denied emphatically that he had met two women in a forest clearing anywhere in Norway, or that he had landed in a forest. Although the story was widely reported, it has never been published in full outside Scandinavia. Now FLYING SAUCER REVIEW brings you extracts from Edith Jacobsen's personal story by arrangement with the Norwegian Magazine *NA* ("NOW").

"It was on Friday, August 20, last year, that my sister and I went berry-picking with our uncle, Halvdan Jacobsen, and made the contact. We picked blueberries and cloudberry. It was a bright, sunny day, and early in the afternoon our uncle wandered off on his own. How far? It is impossible to say.

"Åsta and I went out on a fen where we thought there would be some nice berries to pick, when suddenly we saw a man in the distance. At first we thought he was another berry-picker, but when he came nearer we saw he was not carrying anything. We walked towards him and wondered who he was.

"As we got near him he smiled and stretched out his hand. I, too, smiled and held out my hand, but he only brushed my palm with his. Then he began to talk, but we didn't understand a word. It didn't resemble any language I had heard, and I have studied English and German, and I am now studying Spanish. I have heard French and Russian on the radio.

"The stranger's language was very soft and melodious. It seemed to have few consonants, and no gutturals at all.

"When we gathered that the man must be a foreigner from some distant country we took a closer look at him. He was of medium height, had pleasant regular features and long hair with a natural wave. He was rather dark. We didn't notice the colour of his eyes, but I believe they were slightly oblique.

"His hands were beautiful and expressive, with fine long fingers; rather like the hands I imagine a fine pianist would have. He wore no rings.

"He was clothed in a kind of overall, but as he wore a broad belt it could have been trousers and a blouse. The blouse fitted closely at the neck, but was otherwise loose. I could not see any buttons, zippers or fastenings. We didn't notice how he was shod.

"The thing that impressed us above all was the genuine friendliness he emanated. It gave us a feeling of goodness and security so that we did not feel in the least bit alarmed at the encounter. His smile convinced us that he did not contemplate anything evil.

"When it became clear that we did not understand him, and he did not understand us, he produced something with which to write. We took it for granted that it was paper and pencil, so we took no particular notice. He drew some circles, pointed out over the

moor and then at us, and then pointed at himself and another circle. I had at once the impression that he wanted to tell us something about the solar system, but perhaps I was mistaken.

"The man then made a sign for us to follow him. He turned and walked out along the fen. We followed, and not far away we saw a curious contraption. It was grey-blue and looked like two giant pot-lids placed together. It was about ten feet in diameter and about four and a half feet in height.

## The Thing

"Because the man was still so calm and convincingly friendly we were still not afraid, even though we thought this a very curious thing to find in the wilds. We approached the thing, but he made a sign that we were not to come too close. He then opened a kind of hatch on the top of the 'rim' which encircled the thing, crawled and shut himself in.

"Presently, we heard a faint humming, like the droning of a large bumble-bee, and the curious vessel rose slowly while rotating on its own axis.

"Then, and only then, did all I had read about "flying saucers" come to my mind. When the saucer reached about 100 ft. it hovered for a moment and then started rotating very fast. Finally it rose at tremendous speed and disappeared.

"Åsta and I agreed not to tell anyone about the incident. The visitor had gone, and we had nothing with which to prove our story. And without proof the story would sound so fantastic that we were afraid of being ridiculed.

"It was Åsta who first told the story. She couldn't hide it from her husband. That's why it spread around Mosjøen. A reporter from the local paper got hold of it and approached the Police to get their confirmation. They asked us to make statements and later to take them to the locality of the landing. There were no signs to be found, but that wasn't surprising as six days had gone since our meeting.

"After that we couldn't venture out without being stopped in the street to tell the story anew.

"Many people laugh at us, and many are angry because they believe we are pulling their legs. But we have only told the story of something that definitely happened to us.

"We saw it simultaneously, and we reacted in the same way. But the questioning we went through was so intense that at times I thought I would lose my reason. The whole thing is so fantastic that I can readily understand why people who have known me all my life refuse to believe me. People have a right to their own opinions, but I earnestly wish that some responsible person like a police official or a parson had had this experience. At least they would have been believed!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Finn Norstrøm, who interviewed the sisters separately, said there were no discrepancies in their accounts. He added that Edith was mischievous enough to enjoy playing a great joke on people, but that it seemed highly improbable that she would stretch the joke so far and adhere so firmly to a fabricated story.

Åsta is a very calm and well-balanced person, he said, even if she feels somewhat troubled because of the uproar the affair had caused. Nobody who meets her would take her for anything else but an ordinary

housewife. She is quiet, level-headed and views all world problems with indifference if the porridge is in danger of burning.

### Opinions

The uncle, Halvdan Jacobsen, who accompanied them on their berry-picking expedition, was troubled by the situation. He said: "I hesitate to accuse the girls of lying, but one fact is certain. No craft rose from the forest that day. I was never more than three or four minutes' walk from the girls, and I reckon I ought to have seen or heard something. *No, flying saucers exist only in people's heads. We hear about them from every part of the world. They are weapons of the 'cold war', causing unrest and fear of war.*"

The girls' mother believes them, however. "That a man from another planet should land here seems too incredible to me," she said, "but I have no knowledge of such things. I would only have pooh-poohed the affair if I didn't know my daughters."

Commented Arvid Øyen and Jan Brechan, of the local road construction service: "We believe the story. People shouldn't be afraid to believe something unusual. We know the ladies; they are grown up and trustworthy. We have no opinion to offer as to the place the man came from, but isn't it reasonable to

suppose that inhabitants of other planets have progressed as far or farther than us?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Such, then, is the original story, as first printed in FSR 34 years ago. Clearly the opinion of the ignorant uncle was of enormous value to the CIA and to the Norwegian authorities at the time. He said that "*flying saucers exist only in people's heads*". A fool like that is always worth his weight in gold. And who knows, by the way, whether a handsome "inducement" may not have been offered to him if he would make such a statement? (Alternatively, of course, there is always the possibility that Uncle Halvdan Jacobsen never said anything of the sort, but that the words were carefully *concocted for him* and placed in his mouth by governmental agencies and/or the media?)

\* \* \* \* \*

And now for our up-to-date tail-piece on the affair, which came to us from N.I.V.F.O., NORSK INSTITUT FOR VITENSKAPELIG FORSKNING OG OPPLYSNING (NORWEGIAN INSTITUTE FOR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND INFORMATION), P.O. Box 2119, N-7001 Trondheim, Norway, and is dated August 1981.

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# UFO REPORT FROM NORWAY A NORWEGIAN CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND: MOSJØEN 1954

By Anton Lidstrøm

(N.I.V.F.O.)

At the end of August 1954, Mosjøen, a small town in the North of Norway, was a centre for the whole sensation-seeking world. The reports that the sisters Edith Jacobsen and Åsta Solvang had seen and tried to talk to a man who afterwards disappeared in a strange and almost noiseless craft, shaped like two pot-lids placed towards each other, passed through the whole of the world's press. In Mosjøen the incident drowned out, for weeks, all other subjects of conversation. The town divided into two camps: those who believed and those who did not. As time went by, a third camp gained the victory: namely those who did not know what to believe . . .

We would think that most Norwegians who have reached the age of discretion as it is called have heard, sometime or other, of this famous Mosjøen case, and about the two sisters who, going to pick bilberries, met a man with a "flying saucer" who they supposed could have come from somewhere or other and landed here on this Earth.

Throughout the years this incident has often been reported, both in speech and in writing. It looks as though in fact it is so far the only CE-III type case (*Close Encounter of the Third Kind*) to which we can point here in Norway. All sorts of explanations for the story have been launched, but none of them seems to be particularly convincing. If such explanations are quoted, and are accepted, it is only possible if one excludes several essential details of the original report given by the two sisters.

Journalists went of course to Mosjøen to report on

the incident, and it would seem that they were impressed by it. In the following month, September 1954, one journalist for a Norwegian weekly paper wrote:—

"Yesterday and today I have talked with Edith Jacobsen for five-to-six hours. We talked of this and that, of flying saucers, the blueberry crop, literature, boat-building, and the energy-theories of Desmond Leslie.

Again and again I swung back from everyday, peaceful subjects to her experience, along with her sister Åsta, during the berry-picking trip to Øydalen. I tried repeatedly to catch her off her guard, to shake her explanation, to disclose possible lies or possible self-delusion. But each time she answered my questions calmly and factually, always quite in accordance with her previous statements.

Edith Jacobsen, who was then 24 years old, lived at home with her mother, and worked at the Mosjøen Margarine Factory. She had had primary schooling only, but on her own initiative she has studied some languages, and has, for example, taken a Linguaphone course in Spanish. She is very keen on reading, intelligent and thoughtful, but nobody could accuse her of being given over to fantasy. She is described by all who know her as charming and quick-witted.

The journalists talked likewise to her sister Åsta Solvang, who is 32 years old. They asked her a series of "control-questions", so as to check the ac-



count given to them by Edith.

Åsta Solvang is married, but has no children. During the interviews the pressmen found her calm and level-headed, even though she was still a bit excited after all the hullabaloo. She was, however, in essence a quite ordinary housewife, gentle and sober.

The journalists also talked with a great many people in Mosjøen who know Edith and Åsta. All of these people said that they found it quite difficult to believe that these two sisters could tell lies about such serious matters. But few of the individuals questioned dared to give their names. The whole story is so fantastic that most folk think the best thing you can do is to remain "neutral" — that was the prevalent attitude.

One lady, questioned by the journalist from the weekly paper, replied: *"I firmly believe that what we are told did happen — but promise me not to mention my name as I do not wish to expose myself to ridicule by everyone else."*

The journalist writes: "After a day or two here in Mosjøen, I must say that, like most of the people to whom I have talked, I do not know what to believe about the case. The Police seem to be nervous, and refuse to express an opinion. My own impression of the two ladies, from my talks with them, is that they are sober and trustworthy. The Police reports on them agreed on that. The two ladies indicated (separately) the place where they said the saucer landed, and their versions agree.

It is of course possible for someone to make up a gigantic cock-and-bull story like this, and to hold on to it, but how does one do so under such tremendous pressure.

And what good can it have done them? The story has only brought trouble to them both. It might be argued that they are avid for sensation and seek to draw attention to themselves? Not a bit of it. Only with reluctance have they related their experience.

I had to use all my arts of persuasion and indeed a little too much impudence in order to get them to let me take photographs of them. Only Greta Garbo puts on this sort of act to make herself famous and talked-about.

No, I don't know what to believe.

If the ladies are telling the truth, then it is fantastic. But then it would be just as incredible that they should lie in such a fashion. And most unlikely of all is the theory that the whole story could be only the product of their imaginations. But back to this later. And now for their account of the actual incident:—

#### THE MEETING ON THE MARSH EDITH'S ACCOUNT:

"My sister and I went out on Friday, August 20, with our Uncle, Halvdan Jacobsen, to pick berries at Øyjfjellet. We picked cloudberry and blueberries, but found little of both. It was a bright sunny day. As the morning went by, Åsta and I happened to be together, while Uncle Halvdan remained at some distance from us — exactly how far, we cannot now say. We went out on a piece of marsh where we thought there would be some fine berries.

Suddenly we saw a man a short distance from where we were standing. At first we thought he was another berry picker, but when he came walking towards us we realized that he was not carrying anything. We went to meet him, wondering what kind of a stranger he could be, coming in these parts. Then, with a smile, he offered me his hand. I in my turn smiled to him and was about to shake his hand, but he

only rubbed his hand quickly against the inside of mine. He began to speak, but we didn't understand a word of it. It was like none of the languages that I have heard. I have learned some German and English, have worked with a Linguaphone course in Spanish, and have heard some French and Russian on the radio. The language I now heard seemed very soft and melodious, with few consonants, and had no "coughing-and-spitting sounds".

When we understood that the man must be from some far off country, we began to take a closer look at him. He was of average height, with regular, nice features, and long, dark hair. His complexion was nicely tanned by the Sun. We did not notice the colour of his eyes, but I believe they were just a bit aslant. His hands were fine and expressive, with long fingers, such as I imagine a champion pianist ought to have. He wore no rings.

He was dressed in something like a boiler-suit, but as he had a broad belt round his waist, it might have been trousers and a blouse. The blouse fitted tightly round the neck, otherwise it seemed quite loose. I could see no buttons or zip-fasteners or anything like that. The colour of the clothing was khaki-brown. We did not notice his shoes.

First of all we noticed the real friendliness radiating from the man. This gave us a good and confident feeling, so that we felt not the least bit of fear during this strange meeting. The man's smile convinced us that he would do us no harm.

When it became clear that we could not understand each other, he pulled out something we supposed to be paper and pencil, and so he drew some rings, pointed out towards the marsh, and then at us and at one of the rings. Then he pointed to himself and to another ring. At once I had the impression that he was trying to tell us something about the Solar System, but I may be wrong.

Then the man made a sign with his hand that we should follow him. So he turned, and went along the marsh. We tagged along behind him, and, a short distance away, we caught sight of a strange object. It was bluish-grey, and looked like two huge pot-lids placed towards each other. The diameter might have been about three metres. The height of the object was one-and-a-half metres. Because the man continued to be so calm and friendly, and in so convincing a fashion, we still felt no fear, but to find this strange thing here, in the depths of the wilderness of the marsh, did seem odd to us. We went towards the object, but the man made a sign to us to halt. Then he opened up some sort of a trapdoor in the upper edge of the "rim" which ran right round the middle of the object, and crept in, and let the trapdoor slide back. We heard a faint buzzing sound from the object, almost like the sound of a big bumble-bee, and the strange craft rose slowly, turning on its axis as it did so. Not till then did I recall all that I had heard and read about "flying saucers". When the "saucer" was at a height of some 20-30 metres, it stood for a moment immovable in the air, until it began rotating extremely fast. Then, at a tremendous speed, it shot upwards, and was soon out of sight.

Åsta and I agreed not to tell anything about what we had seen. Now, we felt, when the man and his craft were gone, and we were left there with our berry buckets, and had not the slightest bit of evidence, the whole thing seemed so incredible and so fantastic that we were afraid to expose ourselves to ridicule by telling our story to anybody. A little later we joined up with Uncle Jacobsen again, and I can't understand how it was that we did not give ourselves away to him. Personally, I was still walking along in a daze, and it

seemed to me that I was just talking away at random while thinking over the extraordinary thing that had just happened.

Åsta was the first who let the story out. She was not able to keep a secret from her husband, and so the story has become known. A journalist from the *Nordlands Folkeblad* heard about it, and he alerted the Police and asked them to confirm the occurrence. We were then questioned by the Police, and on the following Thursday we were taken out to Øydalen, where an on-the-spot inquiry was held. There were no traces to be found however — as was in any case maybe to be expected, since six days had now elapsed since the incident took place.

Since then we have become the targets of much nuisance from all quarters. We have received many letters from individuals and societies who are engaged in flying saucer research, and we have found it totally impossible even to take a little walk-through the town without being stopped and having to tell the whole story over and over again. Many people laugh at us and many are angry because they think we are trying to draw ridicule upon the whole town, but all we have done is to repeat, to the best of our recollections, precisely what we saw and what we heard.

We both caught sight of the craft at the same moment, and we perceived it in the same way. But the heavy pressure now being applied against us makes me begin to wonder whether I am going off my head.

Our experience has been so fantastic that I can quite understand that even people who have known me all my life refuse to believe me. People may say what they like, but I should wish that somebody else could have the same experience — for instance a clergyman, or a Chief of Police, or some other serious, respected man whose word people would trust!"

### Opinions in Mosjøen

Marine Engineer Halvdan Jacobsen, the uncle of the two young women, who was with them on the berry-picking trip to Øydalen, said:—

"I never dreamt that a wretched blueberry-picking outing could lead to such a hullabaloo. Being the Uncle of Edith and Åsta, I find myself involved in a delicate situation. I do not like to accuse them of lying, but one thing I know for certain: no such craft lifted off from the blueberry forest that day. I never was more than three-to-four minutes away from them, and I ought to have seen or heard something. *No. Flying saucers exist in one single place: inside the heads of human beings. Ordinary people only laugh at such stories, but they ought not to. It is a dangerous thing that people have got these things into their brains. We hear about it from all parts of the world. It is weapons in the Cold War, creating uncertainty and war scares.*"

Mrs Jacobsen, mother of the two ladies:—

"I am obliged to believe that my daughters are telling the truth, and that they really have seen what they say they have seen. It is very curious, but there are so many strange things in this world. A man coming from another world seems too incredible to me, but then I know nothing about such matters. I think I would merely have made light of it all and laughed it off were it not for the fact that I know my daughters!"

Arvid Øyen and Jan Brechan, of the Highways Authority:—

"We believe what they say. People should not be afraid to believe in unusual things. We know the

two ladies. They are adults, and are trustworthy. We have no views as to where that man came from, but is it not simply reasonable that people of other worlds might have got just as far or perhaps further than we have?"

Mr Andersen, Chairman of the Local County Council:—

"No, I can't believe in this. As the two ladies are known to be sober and trustworthy, it is incomprehensible how this story has come about. *I would prefer to have Mosjøen known on account of other things — for instance, our fine sports installations, or our pleasant housing estate.*"

Mikael Mjaaland, local boat-builder:—

"I do not wish to meddle in such matters. As a boat-builder for sixty years, I know a good deal about boats, but about things flying in the air, I know nothing. Maybe such things as flying saucers are to be found in America or else in other foreign countries. But here in Vefsen! That is out of the question. The worst thing that we have here in this part of the world is the "*Trangskaringen*" — the sudden gust of wind coming from the south-west through the Trangskaret. This wind has twice overturned one of my boat-houses."

Gunhild Kristiansen, of the Harbour Café in Mosjøen:—

I don't know whether the ladies have imagined that they saw something, or have fabricated the story on purpose, but at any rate it is nonsense. Is it possible that rational people can take such a story seriously?"

### BLUFF — IMAGINATION — NATURAL EXPLANATIONS — OR A GENUINE "CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND"?

Here we will try to arrive at a further evaluation of these possibilities.

IMAGINATION ought, practically speaking, to be *eliminated*. So let us start with

#### 1. BLUFF

*Counter-arguments:* The two ladies are described by all who know them as sober and trustworthy. They have never wavered or varied in their story  
*Arguments in favour:* Several details in the description of the "Ufonaut" remind us quite a lot of Adamski's description of "Orthon", a man from Venus whom Adamski maintained he had met in the Californian desert. Notice these details: *dress: similar to a boiler-suit, with a broad belt round the waist. Long hair — melodious language with few consonants. Radiation of friendliness, together with the man's way of greeting.*

All this could have been literally quoted from Adamski's book. But does it not seem unlikely that a genuine experience should match in such a way with Adamski's evident bluff?

#### 2. NATURAL EXPLANATIONS

*Arguments in favour:* An "official explanation" of the affair was that an American helicopter had landed in that same area at the same time in question. The pilot, being somewhat confused as to his geographical position, had landed in the forest and had there come upon the two berry-pickers, with whom he communicated.

According to one radio reporter who himself tried to find out something more about the case, an American officer is said to have had a good laugh



when the story got out. He said he could say a good deal more than that about the question of helicopters having landed in the area at the time in question. *He said the pilots had stomach trouble and, as a result, they had been obliged to answer the call of nature behind bushes and scrub. He said it had amused the officers immensely to hear that the ladies had "seen small men" behind the bushes! ("Small", because they were squatting . . .)*

*Counter-arguments:* As will be seen, the officer's explanation bears little relation to the account given by the ladies. The situation as described by him is totally different from what they describe. AND, MOREOVER, had there indeed been one or more helicopters present in that area at that time, surely the ladies ought to have recognized them as helicopters — not to mention the fact that helicopters make a tremendous noise and the ladies say nothing about that but talk only of the buzzing of a bumble-bee!

As for the statement of the Uncle, who said he had been close by all the time and heard nothing. Seeing that his attitude towards flying saucers is so strongly negative, surely he would not have hesitated to say so if he had heard the noise of the helicopter there? If there *was* a helicopter there, why then did he not hear it?

Finally, the ladies knew a good deal about languages, especially English, and it hardly sounds reasonable to think that, if they had met an American helicopter pilot, his conversation would have sounded *quite that exotic!*

And the ladies themselves flatly refuse to consider this explanation of the "helicopter".

## CONCLUSION

Since the official explanation, as so often in such cases, seems to be quite unacceptable, we have two alternatives left:—

1. The sisters might have invented the story for fun, and so they would not dare subsequently to deny it, owing to the growing dimensions that the case had assumed. Such things have happened before. But in such cases we have generally seen that the persons concerned do eventually admit their guilt, sometimes many years later.

"Circles drawn on the ground by the Ufonaut to show where he has come from" are a well-known feature of made-up stories — like that, for instance, of the famous case where an Englishman, Cedric Allingham, was supposed to have met a man from the planet Mars, whereas actually the Englishman in question never existed.

2. A real and inexplicable experience may have taken place.

Only the two sisters knew which of these two alternatives is the true answer. Edith Jacobsen is no longer alive, but she always stuck to the story right to the end of her life. *As for Åsta Solvang, she is still alive and she is the aunt of a man who is today a member of the Norwegian UFO Research Group, and she has always emphasised the fact, when speaking to him, that her story is absolutely true.*

Such a long time after the event, it is of course very difficult to investigate a case like this. One possibility might lie in asking the Norwegian Military Authorities again to confirm whether or not there were any helicopters in that area at the time and, if so, whether any of them had landed, and, if so, where? *We have read in these accounts how, for instance, various civilian investigators, and journalists, and so on, are supposed to*

*have met and talked to the American pilot who is alleged to have landed there and tried to talk to the berry-pickers. But we have no knowledge of this ourselves and have found no evidence of it.* It might be possible to secure some definite information about all this through military channels, but it would be a vast task to undertake such an investigation today, and who would be expected to take it in?

One possible area where further confirmation might be found could be in the Norwegian daily and weekly newspapers of the time. A good deal must have been written about the case, and this has not yet all been assembled.

It is possible that we at N.I.V.F.O. may in the course of time be able to tackle the matter. In the meantime, we shall be grateful if all who read this will check their own local newspapers of the latter half of August 1954, and let us know in due course of anything that they find. Should anything come to light, we shall aim to publish it in our Journal (NIVFO Bulletin).

For the sceptics of course the matter is clear. They only have to point to the story about the helicopter pilot who landed and about his "tummy bugs", and for them the explanation is "in the bag". (IT ONLY REMAINS THEN TO FIND THE EXPLANATION AS TO HOW A HELICOPTER CAN COME TO LOOK LIKE "TWO POT-LIDS PLACED AGAINST EACH OTHER" AND CAN MAKE NO MORE SOUND THAN A BIG BUMBLE-BEE!")

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## COMMENT BY EDITOR, FSR

Another extremely interesting Adamski-type case, seemingly an example of those encounters with truly human-looking beings, possessed apparently of truly human feelings, which were reported quite frequently in the 1950s, and which do not appear to be at all in evidence nowadays. If, as I suspect, these "human types" have suffered some kind of setback *or grave defeat*, in a great cosmic war, then the situation of our own species may turn out to be very perilous. The answer to this question is probably something that we are going to learn in the next few years.

Adamski claimed that his experience had taken place on Thursday, November 20, 1952, on the California Desert. His book (*totally* re-written by Waveney Girvan, himself the managing director of the British publishing firm of Werner Laurie & Co.) was then combined by Waveney Girvan with another manuscript which had come in from the former RAF pilot Desmond Leslie, a relative of Sir Winston Churchill. It is simply not true, as so many folk maintain, that Adamski's story was first published in the USA and, being a big success there, was then published here in Britain. *Not so!* As Waveney Girvan once explained to me at length, *he* had combined the two manuscripts and made a single book out of it — and a lot of work it was too, he told me, for Adamski was quite unable to write well.

The truth of the matter is that Desmond Leslie had already written his book about flying saucers and had sent the manuscript to a literary agency in London to find a publisher. Going the rounds of the publishers' offices, the MS had landed on Waveney Girvan's desk.

Waveney Girvan (as he explained to me in one of our regular lunch-time sessions in the "Salisbury", that famous Victorian "pub" in St. Martin's Lane, near Leicester Square, so well known as the scene where all the actors and actresses congregate to discuss jobs and talk shop and exchange the latest news) had already been watching the world-wide press reports about "flying saucers" with very great attention, and was convinced that they existed because, as he told me, he

had information about a landing which took place on the Downs in Southern England. (Unfortunately, he never published it and, so far as I know, all details of it are now lost.)

So, as stated above, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, which became a best-seller, was first published here in Britain, in 1953, and it was a best-seller because Girvan had whipped it into a good shape and re-written the second half of it (Adamski's) and because Girvan had a hunch that it would be a success. And here is another thing that I intend to place firmly on record: we always hear the critics nattering away about "what a lot of money Adamski made." Yes, forsooth. He did make quite a lot of money on that book.

BUT WHAT THE NATTERERS DON'T KNOW — AND WHAT WAVENEY GIRVAN TOLD ME — WAS THAT ADAMSKI IN THE USA, HAVING FAILED TO FIND A PUBLISHER, HAD READ SOMETHING IN A NEWSPAPER ONE DAY ABOUT DESMOND LESLIE, A RELATIVE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL OF ENGLAND, WHO HAD ALSO WRITTEN A BOOK ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS. GIRVAN TOLD ME THAT ADAMSKI HAD THEREFORE SENT HIS OWN MANUSCRIPT TO DESMOND LESLIE AND OFFERED IT TO HIM FREE, SAYING THAT HE DID NOT WANT ANY PAYMENT. THE CRITICS AND NATTERERS DON'T LIKE TO HEAR THIS, OF COURSE, BECAUSE IT FITS IN SO BADLY WITH THE PICTURE THAT THEY WISH TO PROPAGATE OF ADAMSKI AS A GRASPING CROOK OUT FOR ALL HE COULD GET.

So, if "*Flying Saucers Have Landed*" was first published in London (first edition: September 1953), we must certainly assume that by 1954 very large numbers of Norwegians would at least have heard of the Adamski story or have read extracts or discussions of it in their own newspapers and, since virtually everyone in Norway knows English anyway, many of them would have already read it. (I tried to ascertain through Mr Lidstrøm in 1981 whether there was in fact ever a *Norwegian edition* of the book. It seems to me most unlikely that there was not a Norwegian edition, but to this day I am still unable to get a firm answer from anybody on this point. Another strong possibility is that there might have been a *Danish translation* of it?)

Anyway, the two young women are extremely unlikely not to have heard of Adamski — that seems certain.

But here is a problem! If, as the critics will assure us, they had both "boned up well" on Adamski, how

then does it come about that, although many features in their account of the *pilot* are *identical* with the features as described by Adamski, when they come to describe the UFO it is not Adamski's "hat-shaped or bell-shaped craft", but a contraption "*like two giant pot-lids placed together*", and with a central flange or rim set around it?

Why, if they are apeing Adamski, don't they also ape his type of craft?

AND, AN EVEN MORE CRUCIAL POINT, IF THEY ARE FAKING, WHY DO THEY PICK ON "TWO GIANT POT-LIDS PLACED TOGETHER WITH A FLANGE OR RIM" — which, in fact, is precisely another well-known type of craft (certainly not well known in 1954) but well known today from UFO sighting reports from every part of our world?

Incidentally, just two months later (October 21, 1954), at Ranton in England, Mrs Jessie Roestenberg and her two sons were to observe, hovering just above the roof of their house, a *disc-shaped craft* containing two men who seem to have much the same features as those of the men described by the Norwegian women and also by Adamski.

If there is any truth in the idea of the existence of a pleasant looking, friendly, "man-sized" and very "human"-looking type of being who is patently not from this world, then I suggest that a very good case can be made out for arguing that this type of being employs at least two types of small craft, one a thing shaped like a bell or a "Mexican hat", some 30 ft. or so wide (the "Adamski" scout), and the other a smaller vehicle, some 10 or 12 ft. wide, and shaped like a "pair of soup-plates set face to face", with a central flange or rim.

Undoubtedly the Mosjøen case is fascinating. "*Fascinating*" is also the only word that one can think of applying to the lovely story about the American Air Force officer desperately trying to put people off the scent by saying the women had "seen little men", and the reason they thought they had seen "little men" was that some American helicopter pilots (more than one of them, you notice, in this story) were so afflicted by dysentery that the women had come upon them while they were in the unfortunate position of relieving themselves among the blueberries!

So far as I myself am concerned, however, I must confess that nothing in the whole Mosjøen business fascinates me half so much as the other (unbelievably limited) characters who pop up in our story — dear old Uncle Halvdan Jacobsen, the marine engineering expert; County Councillor Andersen, obsessed with his local sports facilities and his housing estate; the

(continued on page 12)

## ON THE UFO TRAIL (CONTINUED)

© By Paul B. Norman, Vice-President, Victorian UFO Research Society; FSR Consultant

We are again indebted to Mr Paul Norman, who has been good enough to send us this further report on the Nullarbor Desert Case of January 20, 1988. (See FSR 33/2 and 33/4). — EDITOR

DURING the weekend of July 23-24, 1988, I was at Ceduna, South Australia, where the police officer who had first interviewed the Knowles family was compiling a report for the South Australian Police Department concerning the family's experience. The Ceduna station was the first police office to receive a report directly from the family (who had driven past two stations, one at Eucla, Western Australia, and the other at Penang, South Australia. The Eucla station is

well hidden behind small trees in the vicinity). At that stage, after the experience, the Knowles family were still all in a state of shock, trying to come to terms with what had happened. The full sequence of events was not clarified until later, after hypnotic sessions with a doctor in Melbourne, and at this present stage there are still difficulties to be overcome before the experience can be fully understood. However, the police officer gave me a copy of the story as first re-