

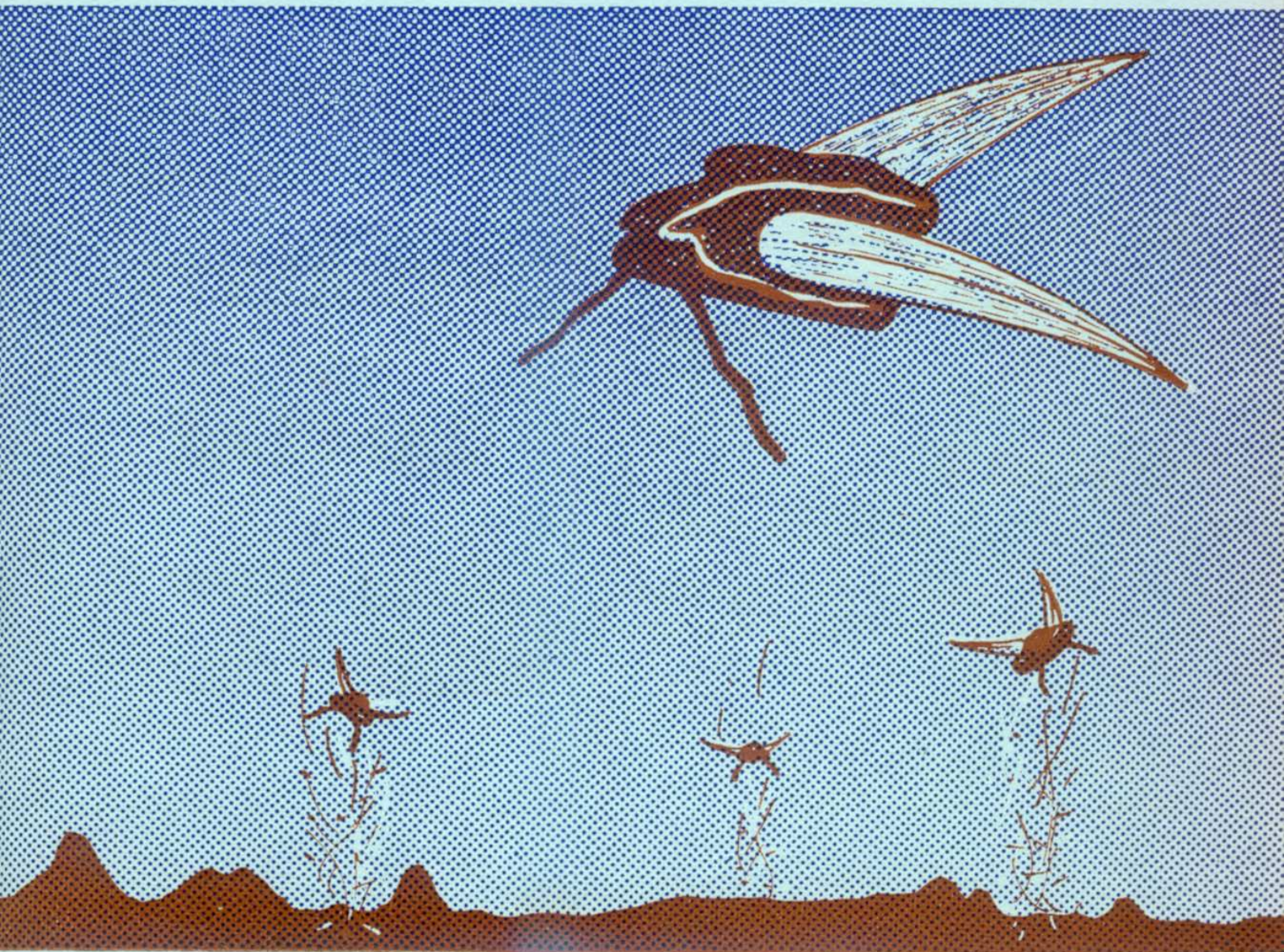
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# FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

JULY—AUGUST 1963

VOLUME 9, No. 4

9th YEAR OF PUBLICATION



## THE WEIRDEST CRAFT OF ALL

The bi-monthly  
Journal of  
SPACE

Edited by  
Waveney Girvan

# FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

INCORPORATING FLYING SAUCER NEWS

Vol. 9 No. 4

JULY-AUGUST

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Flying Saucer Review

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## An open secret

THE UFOlogist has always faced two problems—how to investigate an extremely complex mystery and how to communicate his findings to a public that has become confused between the extremes of sensationalism and silence. Those who are inclined to get downhearted because the public seems so slow to respond should reflect that in our studies at least some very real progress has been made: anomaly has yielded to system in several branches of the mystery and the quality of research has considerably improved, particularly during recent years. If progress has been slower in the realm of public communications, there has been no standstill. Whether the almost imperceptible movement will accelerate to a landslide we must wait and see. But movement there most certainly has been.

In the November-December, 1962, issue we hinted as broadly as we dared that there are scientists who know the truth about the flying saucers but who are restrained, probably by the provisions of the Official Secrets Act, from openly proclaiming it. However, they do talk to friends and relations and they, in turn, pass on the information to others: the news does not always fall on deaf ears. The people in the secret are not usually well known to the majority for the very nature of their work tends to keep them out of the public domain. The spread of truth is therefore necessarily slow and ridicule has helped to apply the brake. To this company must be added the witnesses who, laughed at as they may be, know full well that they have seen what they claim to have seen and on the strength of a first-hand experience cannot be affected by any sceptic's theorising. Inevitably, these witnesses increase in number, and they are not disbelieved by everybody. Add to these two groups of people those who are gradually being converted by reasoned argument and you have an ever-increasing leaven at work. All the progress, however, is not in the dark. Much is happening in the daylight, too.

We have mentioned before that scientists on both sides of the Iron Curtain have been dropping their prejudices one by one. Elsewhere in this issue will be found another admission by Sir Bernard Lovell that we are not alone in the Universe. We cannot believe that Sir Bernard is unaware that some members of the public will connect his statements with the flying saucers and realise that the principal objection to their existence has been removed. In our previous issue we printed admissions by two ex-Defence Ministers and one ex-Air Minister. These may not have amounted to positive statements, but it is obvious that interest in a subject like ours cannot be wholly

divorced from belief which, in such circumstances, must be founded on a degree of knowledge. Mr. Harold Watkinson returned a curious answer to a questioner at a political meeting. He *might*, he suggested, have agreed in writing, when he resigned as Defence Minister, not to talk about flying saucers. No member of that audience can have been left in much doubt that he *did* so agree and nobody pledges secrecy about a subject that neither exists nor signifies. Indeed, Mr. Watkinson's reply could be regarded as an indiscretion. Could it have been calculated? After all, there was available to him the classic rejoinder, "It's all ballooney!" We wonder why he preferred to be more honest than his predecessors in the art of political prevarication. Could it be that the old s.s. "Conspiracy of Silence" is now so riddled with leaks that she is, at last, slowly settling down?

The signs multiply that this may be so. A widely circulating magazine a few months ago printed a condensed version of Aimé Michel's latest discovery. In this article a mention was made of Prince Phillip's and Lord Louis Mountbatten's interest in flying saucers. Ten years ago this would have brought some measure of repudiation. Today it passes unchallenged. Eighteen months ago, when we addressed an open letter to the Prime Minister, he took evasive action when he could as easily have denied the facts on which the letter was based. One need not be a trained psychologist to discover that, not long afterwards, the subject was still on his mind. At a public meeting he referred to the Liberal revival and advised his audience not to assume that

it was a fixed star—it might be a flying saucer. There is no hint here that saucers were an illusion. In the context, he referred to the fact that they are known at times to hang stationary in the sky and then suddenly to disappear.

Our view of the situation is by no means confined to Great Britain, but lately progress seems to have been more satisfactory here than elsewhere. A "wave" over England this year could bring the moment of truth much nearer and, in the western world, this country is much more relaxed in its attitude to the mystery. It is no exaggeration to say that flying saucers are now an open secret.

The FLYING SAUCER REVIEW intends to take full advantage of this situation and to continue to probe behind the scenes. It will print whatever it can. It has never been our policy to harass the Government or to threaten those who may be restrained from speaking. Our aim has been to open doors and not to close them. It could well be that, at long last, the British Government would welcome a greater public interest which would enable them to break the news without causing shock. Furthermore, any Government must know that truth cannot for ever be suppressed, that facts accumulate and that secrets, however closely guarded, have a way of leaking out. And it must be admitted that, during the last few years, our Government has not been very lucky with just those secrets which affect our security most. Therefore, it might not be too difficult to wrest a secret that cannot possibly affect the nation's safety and which, we have reason to believe, is not guarded with any jealousy at all.

## **WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?**

"Data gathered by the American communications satellite Telstar has revealed that radiation from high altitude Soviet nuclear tests polluted space. But an unidentified force quickly cleared radiation in the gap between the inner and outer Van Allen belts.

Telstar's findings were given out at a meeting of the American Physical Society in New York."

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Newcaster Earl Cameron, T.V. News, January 23, 1963.

# THE VAURIAT SIGHTING

## THE WEIRDEST CRAFT OF ALL

In its May-June issue the *Flying Saucer Review* printed a full account of Aimé Michel's latest discovery in Orthotyeny. He demonstrated that the UFOs appeared along great world circle lines and, on occasion, returned to points along them. He also disclosed how he had discovered the small village of Vauriat by extending the Bayonne-Vichy line of September, 1954 (BAVIC) until it crossed a railway line in the Puy de Dôme. Michel explained that "on August 29, 1962, in the village of Vauriat . . . a number of people witnessed . . . in broad daylight a veritable ballet dance by unknown craft." The sighting itself, while not described in detail by Michel, is one of the most bizarre that have ever been reported and warrants a full recording. The accounts that follows was taken from the Clermont Ferrand newspaper *La Montagne* of August 30, 1962, and appeared in its translated version in the September-October-November issue of the *New Zealand Scientific Space Research (NZSSR)* bulletin, which the *Flying Saucer Review* gratefully acknowledges.

IT was just at 1.45 p.m. on Wednesday, August 29, 1962, when two people on their way back to work from lunch witnessed an extraordinary spectacle. The place of observation was Route 50, just in front of the railway station of Vauriat (Puy-de-Dôme).

Indeed, Jean Rouchon, manager of "Pouzzolanes des Dômes," living at Champradet, Clermont Ferrand, and Marcel Chimène, bricklayer, resident of Menetrol, were chatting while walking alone the road, when in the direction of Charbonnières-les-Vieilles they saw a mysterious object rising in the air and flying towards them. But let Mr. Rouchon give the story in his own words: "The first impression I had was that of a bale of straw, penetrated by pieces of wood, that might have been carried away by a tornado—however, the trees around me were not even stirred by a breath of wind. Suddenly, Mr. Chimène called out and showed me in the same direction three other mysterious machines, smaller than the first, but of identical shape. The four objects then proceeded to describe a fantastic ballet over Vauriat station, first moving at very reduced speeds, and then at prodigious speeds. During this time, empty cement bags which were stored in a nearby coal yard rose in the air as if sucked in by an extremely powerful breath. M. Laine, a man working for the rail-

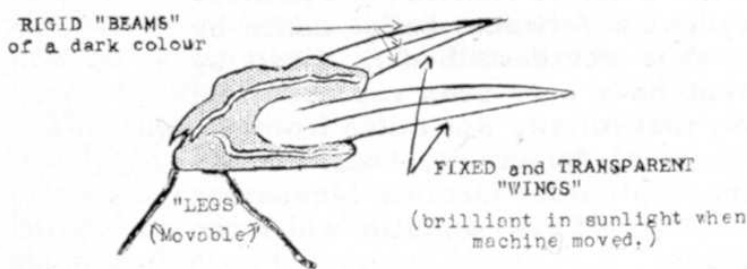
ways and living at Saint-ours-les-Roches, then noticed the extraordinary spectacle and called out to us. But already the mysterious machines, after a last curve at low altitude (approximately 150 ft.), moved rapidly in the direction of Puy de Louchadière, behind which they disappeared. The time was then 1.55 p.m.—the phenomenon had lasted for 10 minutes."

Needless to say, the three witnesses of this fantastic ballet remained dumbfounded for several minutes, in vain searching for a logical explanation of what they had seen. The machine they had observed at closest range was the largest of the four. Completely irrational in design, the object was of greyish colour, its wings were transparent and two tentacles of a sort hung from underneath "the front," resembling two legs out of all proportion. It did not resemble any known apparatus at present flying, as far as Mr. Rouchon, who is an experienced pilot of the Auvergne Aero-Club, has been able to determine.

General L. M. Chassin, previously General, Air Defence Co-ordinator of the Allied Air Forces (NATO) and now retired, still retains a keen interest in the mystery of the flying saucers. He personally enquired into the above case by writing to the witness, Rouchon, a letter on September 1, 1962: Rouchon answered the General's letter on September 9, 1962. The re-

production of Rouchon's letter was authorised by General Chassin. From the additional information Rouchon supplies in his letter (point by point) the questions asked him by the General are self-evident. We translate from the letter:

"a. The 'machines' did not make any sound. However, after the appearance of the first 'machine,' which hovered at a very slight altitude (apparently at less than three hundred metres from the witnesses who observed it) for more than 30 seconds, it was overtaken and—so it seemed—pursued by three completely identical machines (in shape, but smaller) which appeared in 'smooth lumps' on the horizon, coming from



Details from Mr. Rouchon's sketch.

the direction of Pulverières (Puy de Dôme) travelling at very great speed, and trailing in their wake all kinds of debris (old empty paper cement bags, grass, straw, etc.). Their acceleration was instantaneous when they arrived in the proximity of the first machine, and it was at this moment that my friend Chimène and I heard a kind of whistling noise, in all respects similar to that which a violent wind would produce in rigging, or in the tops of a forest of pine trees. We attributed this whistling to the 'machines' displacement of air, ruffled by their passage. Apart from this whistling, which only lasted a while, we absolutely did not hear any other noise in the course of the 'machines' movements which carried on for 10 minutes.

"b. The machines did not emit any perceptible light in full sunshine, in a blue early afternoon sky devoid of any cloud. Although they appeared to be of a dull colour (dark grey) we did not notice any metallic brightness, as was the case with an airliner that crossed the sky from north to south—just prior to the disappearance of the last machine—and which glittered with a vivid silvery brightness. We had it in our field of vision at the same time as the last 'machine' moved away, and we, therefore, were in a position to note the difference between the two moving objects simultaneously. However, my friend

Chimène believes that he noticed the transparent wings 'enveloping' in some way the 'beams' which penetrated the 'machines' on all sides. According to him, these transparent 'wings' occasionally sparkled in the sun, in the course of the 'machines' movements. Personally, I only saw the 'beams' of a dark colour, and the appendages which I described as 'legs' and which hung underneath the 'machines' body like ordinary waterpipes, animated by slow movements. The shape—the apparent lack of inertia of these 'machines'—the instantaneous changes in course which characterised them—the absence of all noise in the course of their movements and their fixed points . . . all that made us think of absurd objects, not answering to any of the known laws of gravity, inertia and aerodynamics. Likewise it was impossible to say whether it concerned real machines, incomprehensible objects or fantastic animals. I confess that if I had been the only witness to this startling spectacle, I believe I would not have talked. Likewise, in order to be sure that my eyes did not deceive me, I made a drawing of what I had seen and also took notes of that which I observed as soon as I got back in my office, 200 metres away. Ah . . . how do I regret not having had a camera at my disposal at that very moment. There is no doubt that the film I could have taken would have proved to be of extraordinary scientific interest!

"c. The first 'machine' seen, at the very moment we observed it, moved at a speed of approx. 200/300 km.p.h., while it rose slightly and turned lightly about its own axis, approx. 90 degrees to the left and to the right. It stabilised its ascent at a height of approx. 150/200 metres, now motionless, now describing more or less regular circles at an apparent speed varying between 100/300 km.p.h. This was the best moment to observe it and to make all kinds of suppositions and comparisons with the 'known' in regard to its identification and origin. Suddenly my friend Chimène gripped my arm and said: 'Look, Jean . . . what's coming up on the left!' And I saw three things identical to the first 'machine' but smaller, moving at a terrific speed, with no apparent formation between them, making straight for the first 'machine' as if they tried to attack it from below. The 'target,' stationary at the moment of this sudden 'attack,' dodged by climbing instantaneously at a prodigious speed. Next, the four 'objects' appeared to play amongst themselves, following a course of dodges and instantaneous changes of direction. In order to give you an idea of the spec-

# THE MYSTERY OF THE PURPLE CLOUDS

*by Dr. and Mrs. Michael Moore*

There is a further confirmation that the subject of flying saucers is becoming respectable in that sightings from the recent past are now being released to the *Flying Saucers Review*. Even professional men feel that ridicule has lost its initial sting. This sighting, while containing a number of familiar characteristics, also introduces a new feature, the sudden appearance of strange clouds after the disappearance of the mother-ship.

THE following is an account of an observation made by Dr. and Mrs. Michael Taylor Moore one afternoon in November, 1958, on the border between South and North Dakota, U.S.A. But before proceeding with their account, a word about the reliability of their witness. Dr. Moore is a medical doctor who, as such, has been accustomed to the rigorous exercise of diagnostic discipline. His wife is a State Registered Nurse and therefore shares the same discipline. In addition they have both done a considerable amount of flying about the world together, Dr. Moore himself being a licensed commercial pilot with military experience, and

Mrs. Moore having gained navigational experience in the course of flying with her husband. Both were completely sober and rational at the time of their observation, and neither had any conscious motive to create or to connive at what they saw. The probability of two sane, young and healthy people simultaneously having the same illusion or hallucination in broad daylight—in the absence of predisposing factors such as lack of sleep, or medication with drugs, or dietetic indiscretion—seems remote. In fact, their tendency would have been to treat a similar story with some degree of scepticism, but in this case it actually happened to them. The telling is there-



*(Continued from page opposite)*

tacle, think of houseflies pursuing each other, such as one can observe in a ray of sunlight penetrating a dark room. Suddenly, the first object rose in the sky at an extraordinary climbing speed (one literally saw its mass dissolve in the sky), with the three other objects in pursuit. Before long, this object was not much more than a black speck, while the three other smaller pursuers disappeared before our eyes. The latter were not seen again.

“On the other hand the small black speck, which we still observed, grew larger and larger at a disconcerting speed and, still without noise, stopped all of a sudden at a height of approx. 300 metres. Next, it slowly rocked a little for two or three times and then, still at great speed, moved away in the direction of Clermont Ferrand, gaining height steadily, like a plane piloted by a good captain.

“Suddenly, we heard and saw the airliner which, seen from where we were, seemed to have

cut the trajectory of the object. The latter continued in the direction of the plane and we were just about expecting them to meet, when we were witness to the rapid ascent of the object which, at an unheard-of speed, disappeared in the blue sky.

“d. The different movements of the ‘objects’ appeared to us co-ordinated as a whole, although, taken separately, they would appear disorderly at certain moments (e.g., when the first object—on its own—without apparent reason, described more or less regular circles at speeds varying from moment to moment, while it climbed or descended suddenly). It should be noted that the estimates of height and distance of the objects can only be very approximate, considering that—for a start—one does not know the real dimensions of the objects.

“Trusting that the above details will be of help, I am, General, yours sincerely,

(Signed) JEAN ROUCHON.”

fore handed over to Dr. and Mrs. Moore themselves.

"We were driving north from South Dakota into North Dakota along a highway connecting Route No. 12 and Route No. 10, part of our drive across North America. We had passed through Minneapolis the day before and were now bound for Bismarck. Our car was a Hillman Californian. The country here is expansive, and the road stretched for mile after mile in a beautiful straight line so that, at a gentle fifty miles per hour, one could relax and enjoy the scenic grandeur. The weather was fine, with a blue sky containing a few broken clouds towards the horizon, and the early afternoon sun was behind us. I was driving with Anna beside me. She alone was wearing sun-glasses and our side windows were open. We were just coming to the end of one straight stretch where a staggered intersection involved us in a turn left and a turn right, and I slowed down to check with the road signs. As I did so an object caught my eye directly ahead which, in the brief time I had for looking, made me exclaim: 'Airship.' It was resting just above the horizon at a distance of maybe five miles.

"I had never seen an airship with my own eyes, but I was familiar with them from pictures. Had not aviation been my chief interest outside medicine since I was a schoolboy? Had not the Graff Zeppelin fired my imagination until destroyed just before World War II? That was some twenty years ago, and apart from U.S. Navy Blimps, had been the last of a long line of airships, and this was no Blimp. It was difficult to judge either the size or the distance of an object the like of which we have never seen before, out on the open plain, with nothing else of known dimension with which to compare it. There were no trees, no buildings visible in relation to it, nothing but rolling prairie. Nevertheless, I can be definite concerning the order of magnitude involved. The 'thing' was enormous and a long way off, like an ocean-going liner in an inland dry-dock at a distance measured in miles. The distance of the visible horizon from an automobile sightline on a perfect plane is of the order of three miles. What we saw was poised immediately above the far horizon by about its own height and parallel to it, subtending an angle of one to two fingers' breadth at arm's length. At five miles this would give it a length of somewhere between 500 and 1,000 ft.

"In retrospect I am sorry that I did not stop

immediately to observe the object, but in the interests of safety and a better view I decided to get round the next corner. I was not to know of its imminent departure. Fortunately my wife had the presence of mind to grab the binoculars which were lying to hand and she had the object in quick focus. Her words to me were, 'Look, it's moving!' or to that effect, but I never saw it again. But I did see its aftermath in the form of a unique line of clouds which slowly formed, one by one, along the line of its ascent and exit—not at once but some minutes later. They were smallish, discrete, cumuliform clouds, remarkable for their purplish hue, and they formed in the cloudless arena where the object had been.

"My wife described what she had seen through the binoculars. The object was silvery and shaped like a giant windsock held horizontal in a gale—a cigar-shaped object tapering gently towards the nose and encircled, a short distance from the nose, by a dark band. It took off across our line of sight towards the west, climbing in a straight line at some twenty degrees elevation. From start to finish, that is until it disappeared as a rapidly diminishing speck in the distance, took some ten seconds. In that time it had swept out an arc of some forty-five degrees. If we assume a starting distance of five miles, then the visible climb-out was five miles, which, further assuming linear acceleration, gives an acceleration around 17g and the acquisition in ten seconds of some 3,600 miles per hour. These are my own rough calculations and I would like to have them checked. My wife has put her own observations down on tape.

"I have already described the strange clouds, and would here like to make it quite clear that they were not a smoke trail or condensation trail such as one sees in the wake of a rocket or high-flying jet, because they did not form until some minutes had elapsed. I was so fascinated by them that when I saw another car stopped off the road facing towards us, with the driver working on his engine, I also stopped and asked him whether he needed help and remarked about the clouds, asking whether they were a feature of these parts. He looked at me as though I was crazy for asking a stupid question about clouds, but I wondered if the same influence that had caused them were not also responsible for cutting his ignition. I am by profession a fair judge of character, and I am convinced that it was not secrecy that kept him quiet

but just plain dimness, and I did not press him further. The clouds were still slowly forming when we passed beneath them some minutes later—perhaps fifteen minutes after we had made our original observation of the 'object.' There was no feature on the ground to account for their formation—no change in topography or vegetation which might have given rise to orographic or thermal uplift. Certainly there were no chimneys or other man-made source in this vast expanse of prairie. This was a perfect stage for a visit from outer space. My wife had a sense of foreboding.

"At the time of our observation she had heard nothing about unidentified flying objects and could not, therefore, have been influenced by subconscious suggestion. However, subsequent reading of such reports containing similar descriptions has only served to endorse our considered belief that what we saw was out of this world. It was certainly not a rocket, as no rocket yet built on earth could approach it in size—no more than Nelson's Column could be said to approach in size the *Queen Mary*. Even more significant was its silence. No rumble reached our ears, and apart from the clouds which formed subsequent to its departure, propulsion was clean. The noise from a conventional rocket of equal size would have been deafening, and not even American security could have kept it from the public. Nor was it an airship, because no airship, past, present or conjectured, could enjoy its apparent disregard for gravity and atmospheric friction. There were no signs of a military base in the area, and a base large enough to house such a facility would have been inevitably evident.

"If it be asked 'Why did no one else see the object?' our only reply is 'We cannot say whether anyone else did, or, if not, why not.' All we can do is set forth to the best of our ability what we saw for ourselves. It may further be asked 'Why did we not report the matter?' There are three main reasons. Firstly, we wanted to avoid delay due to questioning when we had a deadline to reach Vancouver; secondly, we were averse to publicity and, thirdly, my-wife was intuitively wary when I wanted to pursue the investigation. Whatever we had seen was a manifestation of a highly developed intelligence.

"An intelligence capable of controlling cosmic forces for transportation could conceivably be as far advanced in the field of direct communication between one mind and

another, and it might, therefore, choose to suppress too much insight. But now that the public is accustomed to the idea of life-supporting systems in space, and of life elsewhere in the Cosmos, we feel free to release the above observations and conjectures as evidence compatible with a surveillance visitation from a civilisation outside our own domain."

**Editor's Note.** Dr. Moore's account of inexplicable clouds was echoed in the American periodical *Science* in its issue of April 19 and referred to in the London *Observer* of May 5. On February 28, 1963, an unusual ring-shaped cloud was widely observed over northern Arizona near sunset. From a large number of observers' reports it was known to have appeared overhead near Flagstaff, Arizona. From initial computations based on four photographs taken in Tucson, 190 miles south of the cloud, its altitude was approximately 35 kilometres. Tentatively, the cloud could be regarded as similar to a nacreous cloud, but its unusually great height and unusually low altitude, plus its remarkable shape, suggest that it was a cloud of previously unrecorded type.

The cloud took the form of a large oval ring (clear in the middle) with long axis running north and south. It remained brightly illuminated well after the sun had set on high cirrus clouds to the west.

From approximately 150 reports, many communicated by persons well aware that they had seen a type of cloud unprecedented in years of sky-watching, it was quickly established that it exhibited iridescence of the sort associated with stratospheric nacreous clouds in the arctic and that its internal structure was very peculiar. To observers nearly underneath, the colours green and blue were visible, and a pinkish cast was noted at times. A fibrous texture, described by several independent observers as resembling a "wood grain" appearance, was present over much of the northern extent, but its southern end was denser and more cumiliform.

As the magazine *Science* remarks, it was fortunate that within a few miles of the cloud, the U.S. Weather Bureau at Winslow, Arizona, was situated, and a high-altitude sounding had been completed there only an hour before the appearance of the cloud. A jet stream lay almost directly under the cloud.

This cloud has caused much speculation in scientific circles, not only because of the cloud's unusual shape, but also because it was observed in an area not much given to cloudy conditions.