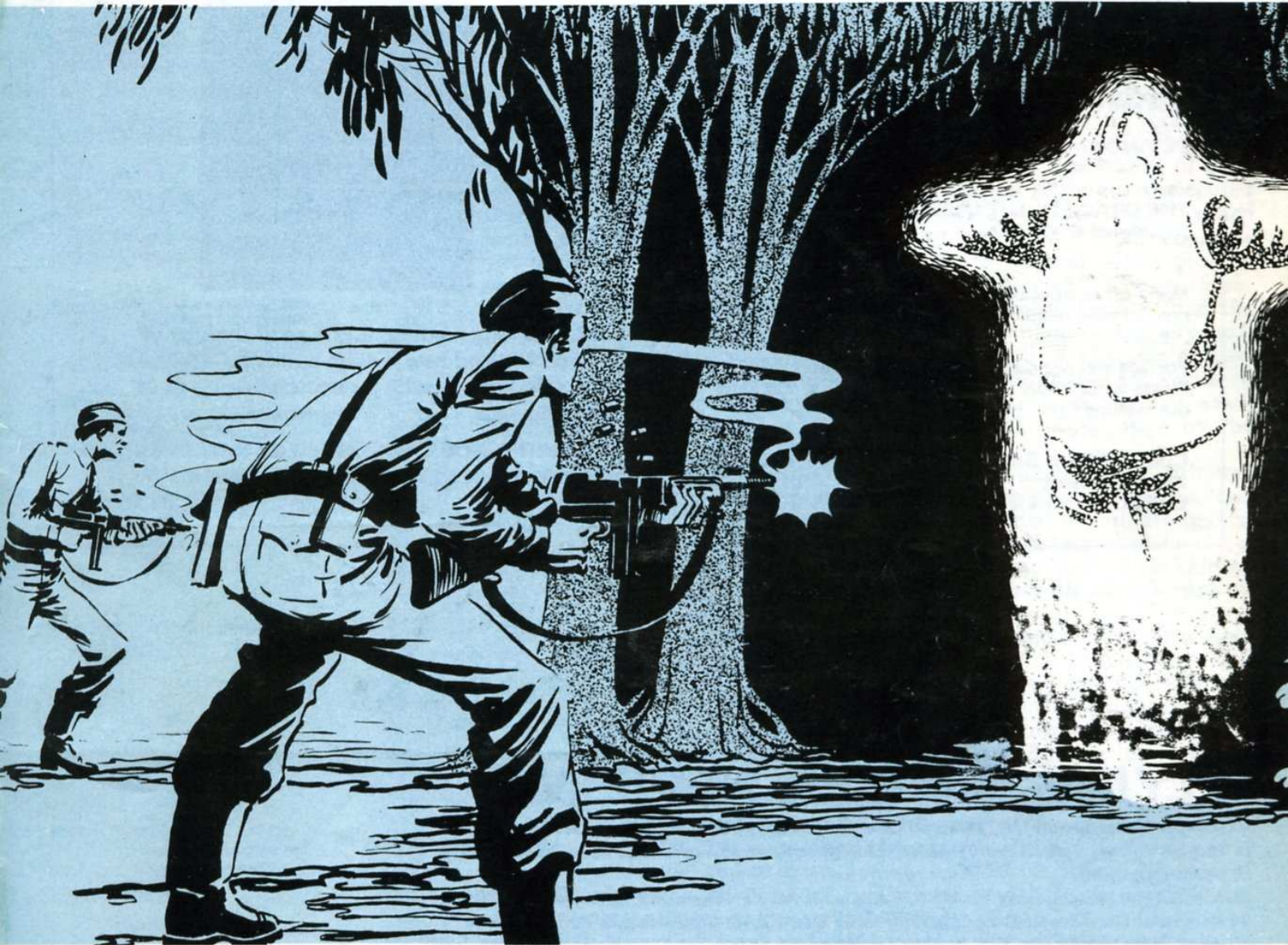


FLYING  
SAUCER  
REVIEW

# FSI

Volume 23 No. 5

70p



Spanish soldiers' predictable reaction to a  
frightening "humanoid" airfield interloper . . .

## ENCOUNTER AT TALAVERA

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THE ARICA ENCOUNTER	from Chile
VEHICLE STOP NEAR BARNARD CASTLE	England
ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION AT VILA VELHA	Brazil
MAPLE RIDGE "DIAMONDS"	Canada





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(published February 1978)

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An international journal devoted to the study of Unidentified Flying Objects

# HYPOTHESES

PERHAPS the most widely-held view of the UFO phenomenon is that it is of an extraterrestrial nature; that what people are seeing and reporting every day somewhere in the world are the craft, frequently seen with occupants, which are part and parcel of some kind of alien invasion of our skies, our airspace and our land. It is popularly accepted that these craft are "nuts and bolts" hardware — a description coined in the pages of this journal many years ago — and that their occupants are probably conducting a surveillance of this planet. This, broadly speaking, is what is known as the ETH, the *extraterrestrial hypothesis*.

(There are some adherents to such beliefs who go farther than the cautious exponents of the ETH, and claim, or even *state*, that any such surveillance is conducted by "our visitors" with a view to making contact, eventually, with a purpose seemingly dominated by a wish to cure the human race of its ills, its mismanagement and its evil ways. This is merely an extension of the ETH and is frowned upon by the sober-minded propounders of that hypothesis.)

*Flying Saucer Review* has never shut the door on the ETH, although the massive nature of the phenomenon, with its widespread and prolonged manifestations over the years has seemed to militate against the idea that extraterrestrial explorers are conducting a planned reconnaissance of our planet. So, mindful of this, we have never shirked the responsibility of suggesting, or of giving space to contributors to suggest, alternative ideas on the phenomenon.

For example, since 1964, members of the present FSR team have been discussing the concept of parallel universes\* — a long-held tenet of some ancient religions, an idea postulated by philosophers like Ouspensky, and pondered over nowadays by forward-thinking scientists. What if there is "seepage" into our world by the denizens of such parallel realities, with entities therefrom entering our domain by way of "window areas" (in their solid "nuts and bolts" UFOs?) — with the reverse also happening in the case of disappearances and abductions?

Or could our "visitors" — or at least some of them — be manifestations of elemental beings, or demonic creatures from a "nether" world who support their appearances among us with engaging displays of luminous objects — the sinister, yet oft-derided "Men-in-Black"? Are we witnessing glimpses of a struggle for possession between would-be controlling forces of good and evil, much as the ancients did, but now

\* [In October 1964, shortly before the sad death of Waveney Girvan, and when it was known that there was little chance of his ever editing the magazine again, Company Secretary John Lade met Gordon Creighton and I at the Norwegian Club in London — our first ever meeting — with a view to finding out how we could keep the *Review* going during the interim period before a new Editor could be appointed. Table talk, after business was concluded, turned to theories about the phenomenon, and I recall that first and foremost was this idea about parallel realities, for only a few weeks earlier, FSR had carried one of the first articles about the now famous Bermuda Triangle—EDITOR].

seen in a modern framework?

Then there is always the possible ETH alternative that there are one, or two, or a mere handful of craft in orbit which are capable not only themselves of approaching close to Earth, but also of inducing in the minds of suitably sensitive witnesses images of the whole gamut of UFO phenomena, including occupants. Note that the operators of such craft could also be capable of inducing talents like healing, metal bending, automatic writing, plus an assortment of psychic phenomena. All of this possibly being part of an exercise in control.

Each of these "theories" is every bit as valid as the ETH and, like the ETH, are offered merely to stimulate thought based on the recorded evidence. Even so, the unadulterated ETH has a solid, even vocal following, and many of them have little time for anything else. And one of their oft-mentioned champions — according to some of the correspondence we see — is none other than Dr. J. Allen Hynek, one of our FSR consultants, with whom we have had long and fruitful discussions.

It is therefore with very great interest that we now read some publicly expressed views of his in *Lumières dan la Nuit* (issue No.168 of October 1977) where an LDLN member, J.L. Brochard, described an interview with the Northwestern University astronomer and former Civilian Scientific consultant on

UFOs to the United States Air Force, in a piece entitled "Science confronted by the UFO phenomenon." It transpired that Dr. Hynek hoped soon to devote his full time to a study of the phenomenon wherein he thinks he sees "... a manifestation on intelligence." We quote some of the questions and answers:—

**Brochard:** Extraterrestrials?

**Hynek:** No, because that theory runs up against a very big difficulty, namely, that we are seeing too many UFOs. The Earth is only a spot of dust in the Universe. Why should it be honoured with so many visits?

**Brochard:** Then what is your hypothesis?

**Hynek:** I am more inclined to think in terms of something metaterrestrial, a sort of parallel reality.

**Brochard:** And what then is your personal conviction?

**Hynek:** I have the impression that the UFOs are announcing a change that is coming soon in our scientific paradigms. I am very much afraid that UFOs are related to certain psychic phenomena. And if I say 'I am very much afraid', this is because in our Center at Evanston we are trying to study this problem from the angle of the physical sciences... But it would be absurd to follow up only one path to the exclusion of all others.

### Miss Eileen Buckle

It is with regret that we tell readers that Eileen Buckle has terminated her association with *Flying Saucer Review*. In her letter of resignation she states quite simply that after "...a ten-year stint of working for FSR I feel it is time I had a complete break from it."

It was no secret to me that the pressures had built up against her; trying to find one's way professionally in the literary and publishing field is demanding of time and calls for Herculean effort, and for that reason Eileen was unable to devote herself to her usual make-up of pages, and production of illustrations from the beginning of Volume 23. However, she continued to deal with much of the correspondence until as recently as the end of January 1978, and for that we have been grateful.

Over the years Eileen's labours were prodigious, and she was a loyal and devoted colleague who will be greatly missed. We wish her well in her new endeavours.

C.B.

Already established as one of the "classics" of the UFO literature . . .

## THE CRACK IN THE UNIVERSE

by Jean-Claude Bourret

(translated from the French by Gordon Creighton)

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# ENCOUNTER AT TALAVERA

MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING BULLETS AND CARTRIDGE CASES

*Juan José Benítez*

Translation from the Spanish by Gordon Creighton

**T**HIS CASE occurred in the early hours of November 12, 1976, on the Spanish Air Force Base at Talavera la Real, close to the Spanish-Portuguese frontier. It is simply staggering.

The fact that the three witnesses were obliged to remain at the Base, doing their military service, until a short while ago, made it necessary for us to keep quiet about the affair. I am now making the details of it available for the first time, having secured them myself from the three airmen concerned.

On the morning in question — at about 1.45 a.m. — José María Trejo and Juan Carrizosa Luján were on sentry duty in the so-called “fuel stock zone” of the Talavera Air Force Base and Jet Aircraft School, which lies a few kilometres from Badajoz. Each of them was in his sentry-box, some 60 metres apart, when they heard strange noises.

“At first it sounded like typical radio interference. Then, all of a sudden, in the total darkness of the night, the noise changed to a sort of acute, penetrating whistle ... so piercing that it hurt our ears...”

Their initial surprise had by now given way, as was only natural, to concern: there might be an intruder in the fuel stock zone. It might be an attempt to commit sabotage. But the penetrating whistle continued for only five minutes. Then all was quiet again.

Then they heard a strange noise again, near José Trejo’s sentry-box. José called to Juan Carrizosa to come over and help him to search the area. Both men were equipped with the standard rifle, the quick-firing Z-62, and the prescribed amount of ammunition.

Once more there was silence for five minutes, and then the whistle came again. “We thought we would go mad with it, it was so sharp, so penetrating. It seemed our ear drums were going to be ruptured.”

The noise went on for a further five minutes or so. Then, silence again. But this time, as the whistling ended, they saw a light high overhead in the sky, like a flare. It lit up a wide area beneath, over towards Badajoz. It lasted for only fifteen or twenty seconds and then vanished.

A few minutes later, while the men were still getting over their astonishment, they were joined by a third sentry, José Hidalgo, with one of the Air Base’s Alsatian (German Shepherd) guard-dogs. It was Hidalgo’s job to make a constant tour, visiting all the sentry-posts. He asked if they had seen the brilliant glow and they confirmed that they had.

Near the two sentry-posts there is a small hut (which I saw myself later when I visited the Base).

The guards and a corporal sleep there. Trejo and Carrizosa went over to the hut and sounded the alarm. The support guards were soon on the spot, under Corporal Pavón, who decided that a general search of the area should now be made. So the three soldiers, Trejo, Carrizosa and José Hidalgo, set out for the fuel stockpile. It was a totally dark, pitch-black night. They had gone about 300 metres, hugging the adobe wall that surrounds the Base,





on the other side of which lies the main road to Badajoz. All was silent round about them.

### A "whirlwind"

The dog-handler was talking about the possibility of an intruder. The dog himself however was absolutely quiet. These dogs are trained for their job, and the men drew confidence from the dog's apparent calm. Suddenly however, just as they were approaching a new sentry-box that was under construction, they experienced a sort of "whirlwind." So they loaded their rifles. And stood peering into the darkness and listening.

As Trejo explained later to me in his account of the affair, the "whirlwind" — or whatever it may have been — was localized in one spot.

Then suddenly they heard a sound, as of branches being broken, in a plantation of eucalyptus trees nearby. At once they loosed the dog, which dashed off into the night, towards the spot from which the sound of breaking branches seemed to have come. Gripping their rifles, the three men waited, expecting to hear the dog barking. But no bark came.

After what seemed to them an eternity but must in fact have been only a few seconds, the dog came back with them, but staggering, "as though seasick." He was reacting as though "something" or "someone" had thrashed him and terrified him...

"We were baffled. Four or five times we got the dog to go back to the eucalyptus trees. And every time he came back in just the same way... His ears seemed to be hurting... he was whimpering... Then, when he returned to us for the last time, he started circling round us."

This behaviour, as the soldiers explained to me, is something that these guard-dogs are taught to do when there is any sort of danger threatening the sentries. By circling constantly round and round them, the dogs are giving warning that something is amiss, and are placing themselves as a barrier, a protection, against whatever threatens.

When the dog began to circle around, the three soldiers became really alarmed, and felt that the time had come for them to do something. They shouted at the tops of their voices several times, but no response came out of the darkness. Nothing but the snarling of the guard-dog, moving faster and faster around them.

Then Trejo had a "sensation", as though "someone" were behind him, and felt cold shivers run through his stomach. He glimpsed a greenish light out of the corner of his eye and, wheeling around, beheld the most fantastic thing he had ever seen in his life. It was a human figure, or at least so it seemed, but very tall. Three metres at least. And only fifteen metres from them.

Attempting to re-live and recapture the experience and tell me about it, the three men said: "What was it like? Well, it was a light. A green light. Like the green colour of a match in the night."

And the strangest part of it all was that, as one of the soldiers added, the "luminous figure" seemed to consist entirely of small points of light. Along the periphery of the figure, these luminous points were more intense. The head of the apparition looked small, and seemed to be covered with a sort of helmet. The arms were long, and the body thick.

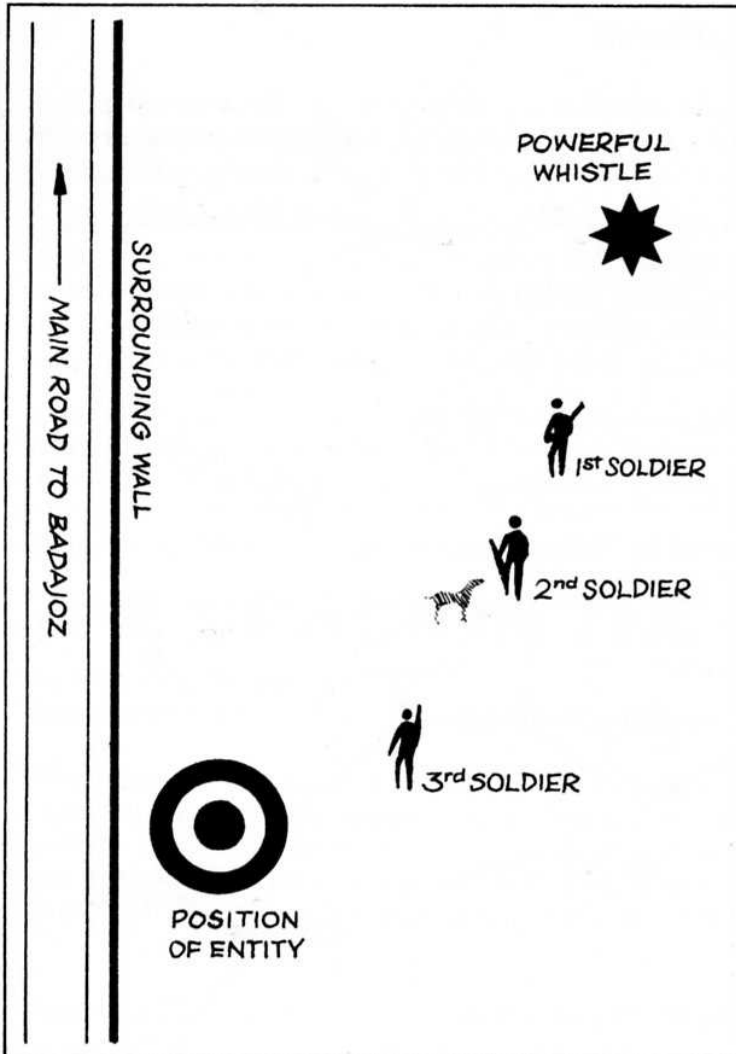
### "Like a bobbin"

I asked whether it was on the ground. Yes, it was on the ground, the men replied, but they had been unable to see either the feet or the legs. They said it was like a bobbin or spindle. Thick, and without legs. At least, they had been unable to see any.

The apparition's arms were crossed. The hands however seemed as badly defined as the feet and legs.

Trejo, who had been the first to see it, stood paralyzed with astonishment and terror. He has no idea how long it was before he could react — maybe ten or fifteen seconds, he thinks. He had his rifle at the ready, all set to shoot, but when he did decide to do so he felt as though totally bound and shackled. He was quite unable to fire. Then he started to feel, as he put it, a sensation of general weakness. He could still see and hear all right, but he had the sensation that the was slowly falling. Just before his knees reached the ground he managed to shout: "Down! They'll kill us!"

That was the last words he could utter. He was face down on the grass. He was still conscious, but there was something wrong with his eyes. His sight



seemed to be failing. It was as though everything was slowly being blotted out.

As he shouted, the other two also caught sight of the huge luminous "thing", and saw Trejo go down.

### The shots

Simultaneously, Carriozosa and Hidalgo fired at the apparition, loosing off a total of between 40 and 50 shots, all, of course, aimed straight at the gigantic figure.

Trejo, lying on the ground, heard the shots.

And instantly, in the very second that the firing began, like a photographer's "flash" — as one of the soldiers put it — or like the fading out of the image on a television screen when the set is turned off, the apparition simply vanished.

The two other men rushed to help Trejo to his feet, and once more all three heard the whistle, still from the direction of the eucalyptus trees. This time the whistle lasted for ten to fifteen seconds, after which all was again silent.

I asked Trejo to make an effort to recall at precisely what point he had started to feel ill and to feel his strength draining away.

"It's strange," he replied. "It was only when I tried to press the trigger of my rifle that I started to fall."

I asked him why he thought this "strange." Trejo reflected for a moment and then answered, as though talking to himself: "It seemed as though that 'being' had guessed my intentions. But how could that be possible? How could that 'thing' have known that I was just about to pull my trigger?"

I asked him what happened next.

"Well, my companions helped me to my feet, and gradually I recovered. My chest was painful, and that is odd too, for I hadn't fallen suddenly, nor had I been struck in the chest by my rifle."

The dull pain in his chest lasted for some fifteen to twenty minutes, and then left him.

Meanwhile, of course, the whole Air Force Base was on alert. At least half the personnel had heard the bursts of shooting.

As is understandable, the three soldiers had a difficult enough job to explain what had happened to them. But anyway, as soon as daylight came, an officer and a total of fifty men went over the whole area where the affair had occurred "with a fine comb," as the saying goes. And here is one more inexplicable detail that emerged in the course of their search. **Not a single cartridge case could be found, out of the total of forty to fifty that had been fired.** How on earth could such a thing be possible?

And, as if that wasn't already enough, to the vast amazement of the top brass of the Base, and the officers and the three soldiers themselves, **the adobe wall of the Base, which is quite close to the spot and ought to have shown the marks of most of the shots, bore not the slightest trace whatsoever of the shooting.**

The men's rifles, needless to say, had definitely been fired. This fact was confirmed by the Air Force experts who were called in to investigate the case.

**What, then, can have become of those cartridge cases and those bullets, nearly fifty of them? What was it that those sentries encountered?**

The soldiers emphasised that they had fired the shots at medium height. "We simply cannot understand how it could be that not one of the shots hit that wall which was right there in front of us!" But this was not the end of the affair.

### Sent to hospital

A few days after the incident, José Trejo walked into the Mess Hall at the Base and suddenly exclaimed: "What a poor light there is in here!"

As he explained it to me later, "My vision began to fail, until it was gone altogether. I was terrified. Then, so they tell me, they transferred me to the Sick Bay. For a quarter of an hour I reacted to nothing. I had lost consciousness. They left me in the Sick Bay, and I stayed there one day. Then I began to recover... But four or five days later they transferred me to the Badajoz Hospital. There I remained for ten days..."

I asked him what sort of treatment he was given there.

"They did lots of analyses on me: blood, urine, x-rays, hearing tests, eye tests, etc. But they found nothing. And anyway I felt quite all right by then.

"But a few days after I had come out of the hospital, it all started up again, while I was in the car with my girl-friend. Once more I was unable to see. I had to ask my girl to help me out of the car, and I

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stayed like that for about a quarter of an hour more or less. Then bit by bit my sight came back again..."

I asked him how long it was from the happenings of the morning of November 12 until the recurrence. He said it was about fifteen days.

### Transferred to Madrid

In view of this repetition of the loss of his vision, the soldier was moved to Madrid. To be precise, he was moved to the Air Force Hospital, the Hospital del Aire. He was booked in there on November 30, 1976. He remained there one month and was subjected to every manner of investigation and analysis.

I asked him what explanation the doctors there had been able to give him for his condition?

"None. They just said that I had 'a nervous maladjustment.' But I never really found out what was happening to me."

He had another "attack" of the trouble while he was in the Air Force Hospital. This time, he got a very severe headache and started thrashing up and down in the bed. And once more his sight began to fail.

I asked him what the headache was like.

"It nearly always began just before my sight began to go. First of all I would get a pain in the nape of the neck. Then in the forehead. And then finally I would go blind."

Since then it seems that the soldier José M. Trejo, who is 21 years old, has experienced no further abnormal symptoms. His state of health is perfect, and his life is totally normal.

When I interrogated the three soldiers and asked them what they thought it was that they had seen and fired at, their answer was unanimous:

"We don't know exactly what it was. But on one score we all have no doubt whatsoever — because all three of us saw it — and that is, that the 'thing' was something very much like a man, but very tall..."

So there we have it — one of the most spectacular "occupant" cases so far. And, as stated above, I have secured it exclusively as no other investigator has got it.

Many unknown factors of course still surround this fascinating case. What can have become of the bullets — almost half a hundred of them — that were fired at the "being"? How is it that not a single one of the bullets was found in the adobe wall lying immediately behind the enigmatic "being"? That the rifles were definitely fired, that is a fact. I know that for a certainty.

Weird as this case is, it must be added that certain of the features described in this report have already occurred in other cases. For example, there are those on record in which figures have appeared — generally of human form — presenting a totally non-material appearance, and with an intense luminous radiation around them. There have also been cases in which sounds were heard similar to those heard by the sentries, and where the same glow was seen in the sky. All of which leads me to the conclusion that this affair at the Military Air Base of Talavera la Real, near Badajoz, can definitely be catalogued as a case of the apparition of one of the members of a UFO 'crew.'

## VEHICLE STOP NEAR BARNARD CASTLE

*Brian Straight*

This report is based on an investigation conducted for UFOIN. It is pointed out that the event occurred on the same evening as the Waltham Abbey affair — see FSR Vol.23, No.3.

ON June 6, 1977, it was a wet and decidedly inhospitable night in Northern Britain. The roads of County Durham were relatively quiet, but two vehicles were braving the weather to travel along the B6278 road close to the North Yorkshire border near Barnard Castle.

Investigators for the local group CHRYSIS [!-ED.] have been able to interview only one of these witnesses, 16-year-old farm worker Mark Henshall. They are trying to trace the other driver involved, although he has requested anonymity. He did contact the local newspaper, however, to confirm the details of Mark's account when it was featured there.

Mark was riding his motorcycle at between 30 and 35 miles per hour along a dark and rural stretch of the road when to the south he saw two distant purple objects. They looked rather like the full beam headlights on a motorcar. They appeared to keep pace with the rider for some distance and then dis-

appeared. They had been in view approximately 30 seconds.

Looking into his rear view mirror Mark now noticed a car about to overtake him. As the car did so a brilliant light seemed to shine around both himself and the car. The light was travelling above and behind him, was pink/purple in colour, and had a solid outline which looked rather like an oval meat dish. There were no visible features on the object.

At this point Mark noticed the power beginning to drain from his machine. It continued to move forwards but in his own words: "I could not understand what was happening at first... then I moved my throttle and there was no response... I felt my back and legs becoming hot and as I looked at my jacket it was beginning to steam. I took off my glove and felt my arm and the petrol tank. They were both very hot. After both the car and myself had travelled about a hundred yards the object just disappeared."