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US 09031965-0001

**THE EXETER, N.H. UFO CASE
SEPTEMBER 3, 1965**

Briefing Document

October 2002

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WHEN FLYING SAUCERS CAME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE:

INCIDENT AT EXETER

A THOROUGH AND UNBIASED REPORTER
TAKES A CLOSE LOOK AT UFO'S -- THE
BIGGEST MYSTERY OF OUR TIMES--AND
REACHES SOME SURPRISING CONCLUSIONS

■ The book *Incident at Exeter* was no sooner completed than UFO reports began to break out in unprecedented numbers all over the country. After my research in Exeter, New Hampshire, I was, as a former skeptic, now convinced that this would happen, surprised that it had not happened sooner. For the first time, the general press began treating the subject with respect.

I knew that Exeter was only a microcosm, a small sample of a much bigger story that was taking place and was certain to take place with increasing frequency all over the world. Since one reporter cannot hopscotch everywhere to track down an effective story, I decided to concentrate on Exeter because of a well-documented case there involving the police. It could have been any number of other places with similar reports.

When the now-famous Michigan cases broke in March, 1966, House Republican leader Gerald R. Ford formally requested a congressional investigation and the wire services furnished front-page stories for the nationwide press. But when an Air Force investigation indicated that some of the sightings might be attributed to methane or marsh gas, the press again backtracked and seized on this as a blanket explanation for the UFO phenomenon.

This distortion was deplored by Dr. J. Allen Hynek head



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by the Air Force. I felt that it was incredible that this many police officers could report a phenomenon like this without it being based on fact. I tore out the clipping and waited for a follow-up. Nothing happened; the story disappeared from the pages of all the New York papers.

Facing a deadline for a column, I checked with the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington and learned from its Assistant Director Richard Hall that not only were these cases unexplained, but that two sheriffs in Texas had sped away from an enormous object some 250 feet in diameter that came down to road level and hovered a few feet off the ground. At the same time, I learned about the Exeter case, also involving competent police officers, one of whom was an Air Force veteran.

I knew next to nothing about the UFO subject and in fact was extremely wary of it. I knew that a certain element of UFO believers was wildly irresponsible and I was determined to avoid this element in any research I might do on the subject. On the other hand, the prevalence of recent police reports suggested that there must be substance to the story and, if there were, the press was certainly not giving it proper coverage.

As a naive and unbiased observer, I approached the story with extreme caution and resolved that I would follow one rule: To overdocument and understate.

THE UFO'S ARRIVE

At 2:24 a.m. on September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello, three weeks away from joining the Navy, plunged into the Exeter, New Hampshire, police station in a state of near shock. He was white and shaking. Patrolman Reginald "Scratch" Toland, on duty at the desk, helped him light a cigarette before he calmed down enough to talk.

His story came out in bursts. He had been hitchhiking on Route 150 from Amesbury, Massachusetts, to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. The traffic was sparse, and he was forced to walk most of the way. By 2 that morning he reached Kensington, a few miles short of his home. Near an open field between two houses, the Thing, as he called it, came out of the sky directly toward him. It was as big as or bigger than a house. It appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter, with brilliant, pulsating red lights around an apparent rim. It wobbled, yawed and floated toward him. It made no noise whatever. When it

seemed as if it was going to hit him, he dove down on the shallow shoulder of the road. Then the object appeared to back off slowly and hovered directly over the roof of one of the houses. Finally it backed off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for the house. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered.

At that moment, a car came by, moving in the direction of Exeter. He ran to the middle of the road and waved his arms frantically. A middle-aged couple drove him into Exeter and dropped him off at the police station.

The kid had calmed down a little now, although he kept lighting one cigarette after another.

"Look," said Muscarello, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. But you got to send somebody back out there with me!"

The kid persisted. Officer Toland, puzzled at first, was impressed by his sincerity. He kicked on the police radio and called in Cruiser #21.

Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station. Bertrand, an Air Force veteran during the Korean War with air-to-air refueling experience on KC-97 tankers, reported an odd coincidence. An hour or so before, cruising near the overpass on Route 101, about two miles out of Exeter, he had come across a car parked on the bypass with a lone woman at the wheel. Trying to keep her composure, she had said that a huge, silent, airborne object had trailed her from the town of Epping, 12 miles away, only a few feet from her car. It had brilliant, flashing red lights. When she had reached the overpass, it suddenly took off at tremendous speed and disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in."

Toland turned to the kid with a little more interest. "This sound like the thing you saw?"

"Sounds exactly like it," said Muscarello.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when Patrolman Bertrand and Muscarello arrived back at the field along Route 150. The night was clear, moonless and warm. Visibility was unlimited. There was no wind and the stars were brilliant. Bertrand parked his cruiser near Tel. & Tel. Pole #668. He picked up the radio mike to call to Toland that he saw nothing at all, but that the youngster was still so tense about the situation he was going to walk out on the field with him to investigate further. "I'll be out of the cruiser for a few minutes," he said, "so if you don't get an answer on the radio, don't worry about it."

Bertrand and Muscarello walked down the sloping field in the dark, Bertrand probing the trees in the distance with his flashlight. About 100 yards away from the roadside was a corral

reached the fence, and still saw nothing, Bertrand tried to reassure the kid, explaining that it must have been a helicopter.

Then, as Bertrand turned his back to the corral to shine his light toward the tree line to the north, the horses at the Dining farm began to kick and whinny and bat at the sides of the barn and fence. Dogs in the nearby houses began howling. Muscarello let out a yell.

"I see it! I see it!" he screamed.

Bertrand reeled and looked toward the trees beyond the corral.

It was rising slowly from behind two tall pines: a brilliant, roundish object, without a sound. It came toward them like a leaf fluttering from a tree, wobbling and yawing as it moved. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of Carl Dining's pre-Revolutionary saltbox house turned bloodred. The Russell house, a hundred yards away, turned the same color. Bertrand reached for his .38; then thought better of it and shoved it back in its holster. Muscarello froze in his tracks. Bertrand, afraid of infrared rays or radiation, grabbed the youngster and yanked him toward the cruiser.

Back at the Exeter police station, Scratch Toland was nearly blasted out of his chair by Bertrand's radio call. "My God. I see the damn thing myself!"

Under the half protection of the cruiser roof, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, about a football field's distance away. It was rocking back and forth on its axis, still absolutely silent. The pulsating red lights seemed to dim from left to right, then from right to left, in a 5-4-3-2-1, then 1-2-3-4-5 pattern, covering about two seconds for each cycle. It was hard to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights. "Like trying to describe a car with its headlights coming at you," is the way Bertrand puts it.

It hovered there, 100 feet above the field, for several minutes. Still no noise, except for the horses and dogs. Then, slowly, it began to move away, eastward, toward Hampton. Its movement was erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It darted," says Bertrand. "It could turn on a dime. Then it would slow down."

At that moment Patrolman David Hunt, in Cruiser #20, pulled up by the pole. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland at the desk and had scrambled out to the scene. Bertrand jumped out to join Hunt at the edge of the field.

"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "It was going from left to right, between the tops of two big trees. I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear those horses kicking out in the barn there. Those dogs were really howling. Then it started moving, slowlike, across the tops of the trees, just above the trees. It was rocking when it did this. A creepy type of look. Airplanes don't do this. After it moved out of sight, toward Hampton, toward the ocean, we waited awhile. A B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Within moments after the object slid over the trees and out of sight of Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello, Scratch Toland took a call at the desk from an Exeter night operator.

"She was all excited," says Toland. "Some man had just called her, and she traced the call to one of them outside booths in Hampton, and he was so hysterical he could hardly talk straight. He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish he was cut off. I got on the phone and called the Hampton police and they notified the Pease Air Force Base."

The blotter of the Hampton Police Department covers the story tartly:

Sept. 3, 1965: 3 a.m. Exeter Police Dept. reports unidentified flying object in that area. Units 2, 4 and Pease Air Force alerted. At 3:17 a.m., received a call from Exeter operator and Officer Toland. Advised that a male subject called and asked for police department, further stating that call was in re: a large, unidentified flying object, but call was cut off. Call received from a Hampton pay phone, location unknown.

At 4:30 a.m. that morning, Mrs. Dolores Gazda, 205 F Street, Exeter, and mother of Norman Muscarello from a previous marriage, was in her own words "pretty shook up." Without a phone, she had had no word from her son since early the previous evening. Nervous and wakeful, she watched the police

spotlessly clean apartment in the face of a restricted budget. She ran to the outside wooden stairs and watched officers Bertrand and Hunt escort her son up.

"You know what a shock this could be to a mother," she says. "And of course I could hardly believe this fantastic story. It wasn't until I talked to the two police officers that I knew what they went through. When he came in with the police, he was white. White as a ghost. I knew he couldn't be putting me on. Thank God the police saw it with him. People might never believe him."

Lt. Warren Cottrell was on the desk at 8 o'clock that morning. He read Bertrand's report, a rough piece of yellow manuscript paper hunt-and-pecked as a supplement to the regular blotter.

Cottrell called the Pease Air Force Base to reconfirm the incident and, by 1 in the afternoon, Maj. David H. Griffin and Lt. Alan Brandt arrived. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length, and returned to the base with little comment. They were interested and serious.

By nightfall that evening, a long series of phone calls began coming into the police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses in previous sightings before the police report.

Nightfall also marked the beginning of a three-week nightly vigil by Muscarello, his mother and several friends. In the short time left before he was to go to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he was determined to see it again. He did.

I checked in at the desk of the Exeter Inn on the morning of October 20, 1965, and waited over 10 minutes for a bellhop to take me to my room. Two tape recorders, a Polaroid camera and a suitcase took up most of the space, but the room was cheerful and I would be spending little enough time in it.

I was armed with extensive background material supplied me by Maj. Donald Keyhoe's organization, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP). Both Richard Hall, assistant director, and Ray Fowler, their Massachusetts fieldman, had been most generous with their time and information about a subject I knew literally nothing about.

I met officers Bertrand and Hunt for lunch that day in the sprawling, tearoomish dining room of the Inn. Only a few hushed patrons were lunching at the time and Hunt's bulk as he came through the door of the dining room dominated the room. He looked twice the size of Bertrand in every dimension. He had a quiet, wry New Hampshire accent and a salty sense of humor.

Bertrand was wearing zylonite glasses, was soft-spoken and serious-looking. Although he appeared slight and scholarly, I recalled that his lieutenant had told me over the phone that he was invariably assigned to the tough cases. Over a porter-house steak I learned more about what had happened and—I was surprised to learn—was still happening in Exeter following Muscarello's UFO sighting, more than six weeks earlier.

"For quite a stretch there," Hunt said, "three or four phone calls a night would come into the station. Most of them were pretty sensible people and a lot of them came pretty close to the description of the things we saw."

"I think you'll find," Bertrand said, "that a lot of people are really afraid to report seeing these things. I know I was damn glad when Dave pulled up in his cruiser that night, if nothing else than to check me out. Some people might be making mistakes, but I'm convinced a lot of them aren't. When I was in the Air Force, I used to work right on the ramp with the planes. I could tell what kind of plane might be around just by the sound of it. Right after this thing went away on September 3rd, an Air Force jet came over. Dave and I both saw it. It was very clear what it was. No comparison at all between it and the object, in either lighting or configuration or sound, or anything else. And, of course, the B-47 was high and the object was low. Right down over the trees. It was im-

possible to make a mistake in comparing the two. On the way out to the place with Muscarello, I thought the kid for sure had seen a helicopter. But it wasn't. Not by a long shot."

"He's a pretty cool kid, Muscarello," Hunt said. "It would take a lot to shake him up. And he was shaken up, there's no doubt about that."

Hunt went on to say that Muscarello was now at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, but suggested I could get some details from his mother.

After lunch, Bertrand and Hunt got in my car, a smallish Volvo sedan which sagged a little under Hunt's weight. We drove out Route 108, then turned left on Route 150 southerly toward Kensington and Amesbury. Hunt pointed toward another road slanting up a hill ahead of us.

"Up this road another kid, Ron Smith, saw the thing too."

"When did that happen?" I asked.

"About three weeks after we saw it. Said it passed over his car twice."

"Anybody with him?"

"Yes, his mother and aunt. They were all scared to death when they pulled into the police station."

"What kind of kid is he?" I asked.

"Pretty decent, from what I know," Hunt said. "Works in the grocery store after school, right across from the police station. You might be able to find him this afternoon."

I made a mental note to interview Smith, just as we approached Tel. and Tel. Pole #668. We pulled up near it and got out of the car. Stretched across the field was a heavy wire with a metal sign on it, reading KEEP OUT.

"The owner had to put this wire and sign up right after it happened," Hunt said. "Dozens of cars out here every night for weeks afterward. People dropping beer cans and cigarette butts all over the place. Some of 'em used to wait here all night to see if it was coming back."

We looked out over a wide, sweeping field of some 10 acres, rimmed by tall evergreens. To the left was the tidy neo-Colonial residence of Clyde Russell. To the right, about a hundred yards away, was the rambling, ancient saltbox farm, its timbers tidily restored by Carl Dining, a gentleman farmer who kept several horses and other livestock. Behind the Dining house was a split-rail fence forming a corral, where the horses were romping. The ground sloped down toward the evergreens, and in the far distance we could see the Atlantic shore at Hampton, a half a dozen miles to the east.

I asked Bertrand to reenact the scene in as much detail as possible. He pantomimed the motions in detail, reliving the incident.

"Well, we both got out of the cruiser, walked down the field, down the slope, down to over by that fence there."

He pointed to the split rails of the corral, about 75 yards down the slope. "I was shining my light all around to see if I could spot anything. Especially over toward those woods."

He pointed toward the woods several hundred feet away, in the direction of Hampton.

"When he yelled, 'I see it! I see it!' I turned fast and looked up. He pointed near the trees over there—the big ones. The leaves are off them now, but they weren't then. It was coming up behind them. It hovered, looked like it banked and came forward toward us. He seemed to freeze, and that's when I grabbed him and ran back to the cruiser. We got in the cruiser and I called in saying I was seeing it. Dave came. Dave came, and it was moving down toward the end of the field, across the tops of the trees."

"Just to the right of the big trees," Hunt said. "That's when I saw that fluttering movement. And the pulsating lights."

Bertrand pointed back toward the two big trees. "These trees must have been blocking the light when we first got here," he said. "It was somewhere, but I didn't see it. Then it came up from behind the trees, it's thick there, thick enough to hide it. It came up and it looked like a big red ball when it was still behind the trees."

"About how far above the trees did the thing seem to be?" I asked.

"Well," said Bertrand, "I figure those trees to be about 70 feet high. And it was about 30 feet above them. That's how I figured the altitude of the thing was about 100 feet."

"A little lower," Hunt said, "and it would have looked like it was skimming the trees. And it was rocking over them. An airplane couldn't do this if it tried."

"And here's another interesting thing," Bertrand said. "Right

after the thing disappeared toward Hampton, we waited, and that's when we saw the B-47 going over—a, conventional jet we see all the time around here. Everybody knows them—and the B-52's and the Coast Guard helicopters. Kids in their knee pants know them here. Grandmothers know them. Anyway, when we got back to the station and Scratch Toland told us about the hysterical man calling from the Hampton phone booth, Dave and I back-timed what happened and figured that the man made this call just about the time the craft had moved from us to Hampton."

"And then I saw it later," Hunt said. "About an hour later, down on the 101 bypass. But it was too far away then, and I didn't make any big fuss about it."

"You couldn't identify it for sure?"

"Not positively," Hunt said. "But I could pretty well say it was the same thing. And it was still over Hampton."

We got back in the car and Bertrand directed me toward Drinkwater Road, and then over Shaw Hill, where Ron Smith and his mother and aunt had reported their sighting several weeks later.

"They were scared, there's no doubt about that. Shaking. Really white. The second time he saw it, Smith said it backed up over his car. Like it went into reverse gear. Said it was round with bright lights over the top of it. On the bottom, some different colored lights. Said it looked like it was spinning, like a top."

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ext to the tiny room housing the police desk is a small courtroom to handle those cases requiring immediate attention. It is spotlessly clean, with shiny brown woodwork out of respect for the serious business of the dispensation of justice.

It was in this solemn room that afternoon that I interviewed young Ron Smith. He was a pleasant-looking 17-year-old whom I had found in the grocer's across the street, unpacking a carton of chicken soup. His boss at the store, skeptical of the UFO situation, had let him off for a few minutes, on the assurance that I wouldn't let him take a ride in a flying saucer. "He's too good a worker to lose," he said.

Young Smith was used to this gentle ribbing, he said, ever since he and his mother and aunt were driving that night first on Drinkwater Road, then on Shaw Hill, not more than a half a mile from where Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello encountered their inexplicable craft. "They can kid me all they want," he said. "I know what I saw. Nobody can tell me I didn't see it. Nobody. That's all there is to it."

Smith, a senior at Exeter High, was planning to go into the Air Force after he graduated. His marks in school were fair to good, averaging around a gentleman's C. His boss at the store, in spite of the ribbings he liked to tender Smith, thought he was a top worker. Mrs. Oliver, at the police desk, knew the boy and described his character as exceptionally good.

Sitting at the attorney's desk in the tiny courtroom, I asked him to describe his experience in as much detail as possible.

"Well," he said, "I was riding around with my mother and aunt. It was a warm night, I guess around 11:30 p.m., and this was just about two or three weeks after the officers here saw this object. All of a sudden, my aunt said, 'Look up at the sky!' I thought she was kidding, but I looked up and then stopped the car. I saw a red light on top and the bottom was white and glowed. It appeared to be spinning. It passed over the car once and when it passed over and got in front, it stopped all of a sudden in midair. Then it went back over the car again."

"Stopped in midair?"

"Stopped in midair, went back over a second time, stopped again. Then it headed over the car a third time and took off. It scared me, it really did. And I started to come back into Exeter to report it to the police. I got partway back—all the way to Front Street—when I came to my senses. I wanted to go back to make sure it was there. To take another look to make sure I wasn't seeing things. We did go back. And sure enough, it was in the same spot again. It passed over the car once, and that was the last time I saw it."

"Did it take off fast or slow? I asked him.
"Well, it didn't rush. It just sort of eased its way along. Then it took off fast."

"How about sound? What kind of sound did it make?"

"It didn't make any real sound. Just sort of a humming noise, like a cat when it purrs. And incidentally, I got up again that morning, about 4 a.m. to see if I could see it again. But I didn't see it."

Shortly after the interview with Ron Smith, I learned that Bob Kimball, a newsreel cameraman and stringer in New England for all three of the major television networks, lived in Exeter and had been very interested in the Muscarello-Bertrand-Hunt incident. I had worked with Kimball before, on several documentary films I had produced, and knew him to be a hardy and pleasantly cynical man, traits which often characterize the newsreel cameraman in any area.

When I saw Kimball, he frankly admitted that he was puzzled and baffled. He had a long-standing habit of spending a great deal of time at the Exeter police station, especially late at night when he found it hard to sleep. Used to the irregular hours his profession demanded, Kimball was essentially a night person. His habit was to drop by the police desk about midnight, chat with Officer Toland at the desk and follow up on any interesting cases which came in over the radio. Along about 3 in the morning, he would join Rusty Davis, owner of the local taxi company and another one of the night people, and the two would drive over to a bakery in Hampton, in the rear of a small restaurant called Sugar'n Spice, for coffee and hot doughnuts, just out of the oven. This was a ritual for both of them.

"Unfortunately, I wasn't around the night of the Muscarello case. I was sleeping, which is something I don't usually do and don't approve of. I would have given my left arm and an Arriflex camera to have caught a picture of that thing. Gene Bertrand finally did wake me up—about 4:30 a.m., I guess it was—but by the time we got out there, nothing was in sight and I was still half asleep. And Gene was still shaken, which is very unusual for Gene. He's a tough cookie. So is Hunt. They're not the kind to go around making up any story."

I asked him what he made of it all.

"I just don't know," he said. "I can't figure it out and I find it hard to even guess at it. Something was there and something is continuing to happen. That much I'm sure of. Too many people all around the area are reporting this seriously and a lot of them aren't dummies by a long shot. I kept thinking if I could only get a picture, a good picture, a close-up, then we'd have something to work on. I carry a loaded camera in the car with me all the time, but still no luck."

Kimball offered to drive me around the area after midnight and invited me to join him and Rusty, the taxi man, at their nightly ritual at the bakery. He also offered to point out several of the many spots from which reports of UFO sightings had been made both before and after the September 3rd event.

"UFO hunting has become a popular sport. All along Route 88, on the way to Hampton, and 101-C in the same direction. You see cars waiting out there every other night."

The streets of Exeter at midnight are ghostly and quiet. The shops on Water Street, which sprawl along the bank of the Squamscott River, are dim and silent. Across from Batchelder's Bookstore, featuring cards, gifts, stationery, the faint blue fluorescent light police flickers and glows uncertainly from the side of the Town Hall building. Inside, Desk Officer Scratch Toland holds a nightly rein on cruisers #21 and #22, most frequently manned by patrolmen Bertrand and Hunt on the midnight-to-8 a.m. tour of duty.

Scratch Toland, with a round and impish face, is a veteran officer on the force, with a sharp and dour Yankee tongue and a pleasing wit. With his help, I was able to cull the names of over a dozen witnesses to UFO incidents, many more than I had anticipated, from the police blotter. It was my plan to interview as many of these people as I could.

"This is interesting," I told Toland. "I didn't know you had so many leads."

"Lot of people were keeping 'em quiet," Toland said. "Afraid people might think they were nuts. Thing that brought so much attention to the September 3rd sighting was that there were two officers on hand to testify directly."

"Do you think there are many more sightings unreported, not on the blotter?"

"I know so," said Toland. "Keep running into people who tell me they saw such-and-such quite a few weeks ago, a few

aren't even bothering to report them."

It was nearly 2 in the morning when Kimball and Rusty Davis showed up at the station. There was a lot of kidding around and then the nightly pilgrimage for the coffee and doughnuts got under way. We would have a chance to look at some of the favorite places the UFO hunters haunted on the way over to Hampton.

We piled into Kimball's car, a big Chrysler especially equipped for his newsreel and documentary camera work, with a shortwave radio, a mobile telephone, cameras, lights and film stock. It carried a license plate CBS-TV, although he worked for all three networks. "We'll check a couple of these places on the way down," Kimball said as we moved out of the empty streets of Exeter and onto the Hampton road. "But don't expect to see anything. Rusty and I have been looking every night since it happened and we haven't had any luck. There's one spot on Route 101-C where some reports have come in—and another field on Route 88 where a lot of them have. We'll go by there first."

Rusty, in the back seat, mumbled, "As long as we don't forget the doughnuts." A shaggy, congenial man with an enormous appetite, he had heard a lot about UFO's as he taxied the citizens of Exeter and environs around the area.

Route 88, from Exeter to Hampton Falls, is dark, winding and lonely, a fit place for a tired UFO to rest, if indeed UFO's did exist. In spite of the evidence, some of it rather startling, it was hard to overcome the resistance of a skeptical outlook, born of the scientific age. And yet one of the prerequisites of science is to keep an open mind.

For the first time the idea began to grow on me that, in spite of official protestations, the Establishment (in the form of official government, Air Force and scientific agencies) was actually in as weak a position as the protesters or witnesses, if they could be called that. Regardless of official proclamations, the Air Force offered no definite proof of nonexistence (a paradox, of course, but everything in this case was a paradox, an ambivalence, a dichotomy). But neither did the witnesses offer proof. They offered only conviction, sincerity, dedication and resolute resistance to any who would call them false witnesses. What was most distressing to these people was that the Establishment—mainly in the form of the Air Force—was responsible for calling them liars and incompetents with almost unforgivable bluntness. There seemed to be shaping up here a mammoth confrontation between the Air Force and the growing number of reliable observers.

The threat of the UFO was still psychological, however. No instance of any physical harm befalling a human being had been reliably reported in the 20-year history of the phenomenon's most yeasty occurrences. Even those observers who had had close and frightening encounters experienced no physical harm. Interstellar beings who could conquer the forces of nature to the extent of defying gravity (if thousands of observers were telling the truth), harness electromagnetic forces, and defy G forces which the entire NASA space program showed no indication of conquering, should easily be able to do harm at will.

The UFO's had apparently made no attempt to communicate with earth people, unless, of course, they had communicated directly with the scientific elite, who, having reported it to the government, were promptly restrained from releasing it to the general public.

And then of course the question would come up: Could scientists be squelched like this? Wouldn't some intrepid scientist say to hell with politics and everything else, he was going to bring the Truth to the public because he believed that truth was more important than both politics and the Establishment combined?

On the other side of the fence, if you presupposed a benign and intelligent group of political leaders, or Air Force generals, who were faced with definite evidence and proof of the fact that UFO's of extraterrestrial origin did exist, wouldn't

which this intelligence should be released to the general populace? The Orson Wells "invasion" in the late 30's, a single dramatized radio program, resulted in mass hysteria. Would the same thing—or worse—happen if official government sources announced blandly that we definitely had visitors from another planet? What would a reasonable and prudent man in a position of complete authority—such as the President of the United States—do when confronted with such a decision?

There have been, I learned after I started this research, frequent and continual rumors (and they are *only* rumors) that in a morgue at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, lie the bodies of a half-dozen or so small humanoid corpses, measuring not more than 4½ feet in height, evidence of one of the few times an extraterrestrial spaceship has allowed itself either to fail or otherwise fall into the clutches of the semicivilized earth people. What would any of us do if we bore the responsibility of releasing this news to the citizenry? If we were the "reasonable and prudent man" our law courts always use as the measuring stick of judgment, we would probably be very circumspect. We might even delay judgment.

As I drove down the twisting, darkened curves of Route 88 in Bob Kimball's newsreel-equipped Chrysler, thoughts like these were going through my mind.

Another ritual assumed by Rusty and Kimball was to deliver a parcel of doughnuts and hot coffee to the police station at Hampton Beach, the resort section of the town, swarming with visitors during the summer, now deserted and boarded up in October. We drove along the ocean, past the shells of the summer hot-dog stands and curio shops, and pulled up in front of the police station, the only light visible in the entire seashore community. It was close to 3 in the morning by now and the only sound was the echo of the breakers on the beach.

Sgt. Joe Farnsworth was on night duty, a gray-haired gentleman who tendered some friendly insults to the regulars for being so late with the coffee.

He recalled the night of the frantic phone call from the man in the unknown phone booth, pulled out the blotter and showed me the record of it.

"There's another story, though," he said, "much more interesting than this one. It's not on the blotter because we turned the whole thing over to the Coast Guard station and they took it from there."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," the sergeant said, "this was about two months ago. That would make it some time in early September or late August. I don't have the names of the two fellows involved, but the Coast Guard does, if they're allowed to give them to you. Anyway, I was cruising up on the boulevard. It was late, about 4 in the morning, I think. This car was parked along the side and I eased up to it to see what was up. There were these two boys in it, I guess they were in their late teens. As soon as they saw me, they came running to the cruiser. And they were scared to death, I mean scared to death. Both of them. And this one boy said, 'You'll never believe what I'm going to tell you!' Right away, the way they were acting, I checked to make sure they were both sober. And they were. No liquor on the breath, nothing like that. They were just plain hysterical. So they told me they were going down the boulevard, and this thing come in from the ocean right over the top of their car, and it stayed still over the car. And they stopped short, they thought it was a plane that was trying to land and they didn't want to get involved underneath it. Then this thing stopped, too, whatever it was. Right in the air. Pretty soon, they got scared and took off—and when they did, this thing did, too. But when they went up the boulevard straight, this thing suddenly came right at them. That's when they pulled over, the thing shot off out of sight, and they were too hysterical to do anything until I pulled up, I guess. So I took them up to the Coast Guard station."

"How far is that?" I asked.

"Couple of miles up the shore from here. Right on the beach. So anyway, the Coast Guard had these guys write out statements about what they saw, and everything. And they had somebody come over from the air base, I don't know who it was, and check on it. And I don't know what they found, but these kids definitely saw something."

"You don't have the names of the kids anywhere?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. But the Coast Guard does. And the next day, the story was flying around so much I was believing

"Any other cases come your way?" I asked.

"Oh, a couple of weeks ago," the sergeant said. "After the beach closed. About a week or two after Labor Day. We got a report, you might have heard about it, that the thing was over the marsh, back of the police station here. I went out there, but I didn't see anything. Then there's a woman who works at the high school in Exeter. I took her to school one morning, her car had broken down. She saw it. She was going up the expressway toward the Exeter line when she saw it and she said the thing stopped off to one side of her car. She got petrified and stopped the car and couldn't make up her mind what to do. All of a sudden, she said there was a big white flash from the thing, and it was gone." The sergeant paused a minute, and leaned back in his chair. "Now I still don't know what to make about all this," he said. "Do you suppose it's something the government is working on?"

"That's one possibility. All I can say is that it's anybody's guess."

"It seems to me, and I might be wrong," said the sergeant, "that every night we got a report on this, it's been foggy, hazy."

"Most of the time," Kimball said, "in Exeter, it's been clear. So I don't think that holds up."

"That night the kids went up to the Coast Guard station, it was quite foggy. But you know—on a second thought, I don't think it could belong to the government, because the government can't keep its mouth shut that long. They'd be so proud of themselves if they had a vehicle that could do all this, they'd have it on TV the next day."

"Well," said Rusty, "they can't be dangerous. Because they've been around enough that they could have done plenty of damage by now, if they wanted to."

It was almost dawn when I got back to the Exeter Inn. Tired as I was, I found it difficult to get to sleep; everything that had happened during the long day of October 20 ran through my mind.

The possibilities seemed to boil down to one of three things: first, a revolutionary government secret weapon, unannounced and unpublicized. Second, it might be a foreign craft. Russia's perhaps, that was so fast, maneuverable and invincible that it could thumb its nose at our own Air Force, and survey the country at will and without fear of being captured or shot down. Third, it could be an interplanetary craft, coming from a civilization far advanced beyond our own.

These were, it seemed to me, the only speculations possible unless it could be assumed that the sightings were psychic aberrations. From the quality of the official and technical witnesses making low-level observations, such as the one Bertrand and Hunt had reported, mistaken identity could almost surely be ruled out. The Air Force explanations of some of these sightings were actually harder to believe than the sightings themselves. Psychic aberrations? Maybe—but highly unlikely. There was photographic and radar evidence, too. Bertrand had refused point-blank to believe the reports of the lone woman on the 101 bypass, of Muscarello, too, until in the company of both Muscarello and Hunt the thing suddenly loomed above him.

Of the three major speculative possibilities, there seemed to be arguments against any one of them being likely. If it were an experimental aircraft of our own design and making, it would be required to carry conventional running lights simply for air safety, if nothing else, regardless of its secret nature. And the Federal Aviation Agency would prohibit it, secret or not, from zooming straight at automobiles on the highway and forcing people into nervous shock. It would most certainly not be permitted to hover and maneuver in populated areas at night, skimming over housetops and cars. And if it were *that* secret the Air Force would not want it in populated areas anyway. If it were not secret, as Sergeant Farnsworth had said, it would be all over TV along with the astronauts, whose feats would be overshadowed by the power and maneuvers of the UFO's.

If the craft were of foreign origin, why had it not set off vociferous complaints about violation of air space in our country, or any other of the countries which had reported UFO's so frequently? The single U-2, which had flown over Russia at 60,000 feet, had created a major international incident, blasted the hopes of a summit conference and brought before the United Nations a case which still echoes through its halls. Logic would seem to rule out this possibility, also.

If the UFO's were extraterrestrial, why had they not at-

advanced enough to create interplanetary or even interstellar craft should be able to make it plain to us that we had visitors from space for the first time in recorded history. Unless, of course, they had already communicated with authorities who had decided to withhold this intelligence on the theory that the public might panic.

The latter possibility is at once the most logical and still most illogical (again the paradox). It is more logical than the other two only because the other two possibilities (advanced U.S. or foreign man-made craft) are so totally illogical.

The next morning, October 21, I had an appointment with Mrs. Virginia Hale—a UPI stringer and a reporter for the Haverhill, Massachusetts, *Gazette*. She lived in a generous ranch house on a trim residential street in Hampton, not far from the ocean. Mrs. Hale was an experienced observer. She knew every conventional flight pattern of the nearby Portsmouth Air Base, as well as the commercial air lanes reserved for airliners on their way to Boston.

She took me immediately to her kitchen window, set above her spotless stainless-steel sink, and pointed out the portion of the sky in which she first saw the unknown craft. She had kept it in clear view over a five- to 10-minute period. She pointed to a soapish smear on a pane of her window.

"I put my finger in the dishwasher the minute I saw this thing in the sky," she told me, "because I wanted to clearly mark the position where it was when it first came into view. The only thing I had handy to do this was the soapy water, and you can still see it there—faintly of course. But it's there."

It was. Enough of a mark to line up a fix on a certain portion of the sky, above the rooftops of her neighbors' homes and out over the Atlantic a short distance. It was from this general portion of the sky, I recalled, that Sergeant Farnsworth had described the craft coming in over the two hysterical young men on the Hampton boulevard that early morning when they had been whisked to the Coast Guard station to make their report.

"I don't know the date I saw this," Mrs. Hale told me, after she had poured a cup of black coffee in the kitchen. "I'd say two to three weeks ago. I was standing right here by the sink, about 25 after 6 in the evening. It was dusk, it wasn't quite dark, and there was still plenty of light. The reason it caught my eye was because it was bright and because it was going slow, very slow. Not at all like the path of the planes as they come over. So I automatically figured something is wrong. Then—it stopped dead over that house—"

She pointed to the roof of her neighbor's house, just out the kitchen window. "It was about three times the height of that chimney," she continued, "and it hovered there. Now you know four minutes is a long time and that's why I hesitate to say that. But I'm pretty sure it was that long. Then I marked the window with the smear from the dishwasher, so I could remember where I lined up the spot."

We moved outside, as she reenacted what had happened. "At the moment the object stopped I came out here on the terrace. Now, I would estimate that it was out beyond the Coast Guard station which is right on the shore, just over these houses here. After it started up again, it moved much faster. The B-47's go further east and further north before they cut back. And when this thing cut back toward the southwest, coming directly back and losing altitude fast, coming in really fast, and coming, almost, I swear I thought it was coming right at me. Of course, to be frank, I was hoping it would land. And it cut over this house behind us here, and I knew I would lose sight of it. But also, it was going so fast I thought it was going to crash."

"Could you get a clear look at it at this time?"

"Well, at this point I could see from underneath, too. It was dome-shaped, and underneath, it was flat. Its altitude was now about twice the height of that chimney. By the time it was over here, I could see the bottom and the front of it plainly. And here I got a full view of the bottom and the back and tail, maybe you'd call it a fin. Then I went into the house and looked out

"You could definitely rule out a plane."

"Definitely," she said. "If you're around here any time at all, you'll notice the B-47's come by here on their landing pattern, and they go just about directly over this house. Then they head out to sea, to the east, turn slightly west, and come in by Rye and North Hampton. So I am familiar with all that. And, oh, there was one thing I forgot to tell you. Right after I saw this, there was a commercial plane moving on a steady flight pattern and I used that to contrast it with this thing, and to check the altitude and erratic movements of the object. Now what exactly did it look like? I'd say maybe it looked like a golf ball, sliced off more than half, and with another slice taken off where this fin was. As close as I can describe, it was very bright, not like any kind of light I can think of. I know I've seen something like the texture of this light, not a regular electric light. Matter of fact, the Puritron was the first thing I thought of."

"What's a Puritron?"

"It's an ultraviolet light, an air purifier. I have one here and I'll show you. The light was bluish-green, but more green and white than it was blue. It had very definite outlines, and that was what I wasn't quite sure of at first. It did have a little glow around it, but that could easily have been a reflection of what was coming from within."

"Can you tell me what portion the glow was coming from?"

"Well, more or less from around the rim, that's what I noticed when it was going north along the coastline. And it sort of spread up the top part of the dome."

"Was it a bright light? Anything like neon?"

"You're getting close," she said. "When I described it to my daughter—she's 14—she said you mean something that makes heat? But I would say more like one of these modern streetlights that glow so brightly. Except that it seemed more contained. It seemed to have more substance."

"Could you tell if the surface was metallic or not?" Mrs. Hale's description was so articulate, I wanted to get every possible detail.

"I could not say that it was," she said.

"Any portholes?"

"No, nothing like that."

"Jet trail?"

"No."

"Sound?"

"Absolutely none. None at all."

"When it stopped, you say it stopped still?"

"Absolutely."

"Did it wobble at all? Rock?"

"No."

"Absolutely stationary?"

"Yes. That's the thing that struck me. It hovered only in the sense that it remained suspended. I had heard of some of the other reports and they had said that it rocked or wobbled."

"Did it behave aerodynamically like a plane at all?"

"Well, when it came back toward me, it was going too fast for anything that I know. That's for sure. And in the pattern that it was coming, none of the planes around here would use that pattern. Not even the local ones. When it was out in the east, I thought it might have been a reflection from the chute that the B-47's use just before they touch down on the runway."

This, I noted, showed an inclination to check out her own sighting against other possibilities. It helped support the accuracy of the testimony.

"About the shape again. Could you give me any more detail?"

"Well, if you turn a real deep, very deep saucer upside down, you do come close to it, if you break out a corner on it. If I could think of the right type of light I've seen and the right type of plastic to put it inside of, that's the impression I had."

"A glow from within that left a halo effect?"

"That's about it."

"And the size of it? Could you give any estimate of that?"

"It was big."

"If you saw a B-47, which you know so well, going over in a landing pattern, how would it compare?"

"If it were strictly on its landing pattern, I would say that a B-47 would be half as big."

I had gotten a number of leads from Scratch Toland and other policemen in Hampton and Exeter. The next one I followed up was Mrs. Rudy Pearce. Her home is in a miniature Levittown-type development on Warner Lane. It is a split-level

house surrounded by well-kept shrubbery with the usual quota of bicycles on the lawn. I rang the bell and waited a moment until Lillian Pearce, a large, handsome woman with a shock of blonde hair, opened the door and let me in. I was almost stunned by what I found inside. Sitting in a semicircle was a group of a half a dozen or so of the neighbors, waiting for me, and anxious to tell me of their many experiences with UFO's. Also in the room were several teen-agers, mostly of high-school age, who were ready to volunteer their personal stories. I had been expecting a single description from Mrs. Pearce and, instead, I was faced with a neighborhood meeting. It was helpful, of course, because I could compare several stories with the others I had heard. For the first time in the research, I began to get the feeling that UFO incidents were far more widespread, more frequent and more recent than I had suspected.

The room was so crowded that it was difficult to keep the meeting coherent. Mrs. Pearce dropped the opening bombshell by announcing that she had encountered a low-level UFO only the evening before as she was driving her children and those of a neighbor home from a dance. I quickly scanned the other faces—both the housewives' and the teen-agers'—to see if any disbelief was registered. None was. There were only nods of assent. I was a little numbed by this, but went on with the questioning.

"This was a real odd craft last night, I kid you not," Mrs. Pearce said.

"It was definitely not a plane?" I asked.

"Definitely. It was treetop level and had an enormous span."

"Where was it in relation to your house here?"

"It was up by the next farm," Mrs. Pearce said. "Just as you turn the corner here on Route 101-C."

We were on Warner Lane, just off this road, one of the main highways from Exeter to Hampton.

"About what time?" I asked.

"About 10," Mrs. Pearce said. "These kids here were with me."

I looked around the room at the teen-agers. If there is any proclivity that can be said to be certain, it is that of teen-agers to debate or neutralize any parent who tries to exaggerate in front of them. I was watching carefully for this reaction. "All of you saw this?" I asked the teen-agers.

They replied, almost in concert, that they had.

"It was real wide," said Mrs. Pearce. "It went right over our car. I'm not kidding you. Mrs. Deyo—Doris here—was with us."

I looked in Mrs. Deyo's direction. She nodded in assent.

"How can you be sure it wasn't a plane?" I asked.

"Do planes make no noise?"

"This was silent?"

"This was absolutely silent. This was not a plane. All of us here know planes, day or night."

Mrs. Deyo spoke. "It looked like it had a lot of little, I call them portholes, except they were square. The light coming through them was solid white."

"There were other lights on it, but they were dim," said Mrs. Pearce. "Several colors, red, green, orange. All over. And the surface seemed to be metal. I don't mean that metal can change shape, I mean the lights all around it, they can change the pattern and make it seem to change shape. I say the lights can camouflage it in the air, they definitely can. I believe that 100 percent."

"This thing just dropped down toward the car," Mrs. Deyo said. "It dropped down, and it seemed to take on red lights, and it followed us. My son was in another car near us, and he saw it over our car."

"How close over the car?"

"I mean close," Mrs. Pearce said. "Not more than eight to 10 feet above it. The lights seemed to circulate, rotate around it. Airplane lights don't do this. They flash on and off."

The atmosphere in the room was tense and electric. It was still hard to control the group, to keep everybody from speaking at once.

"Let's go back," I said to Mrs. Pearce, "to your first experience. And the objects you saw closest to you."

"The first experience I had was on July 29th, this past summer. This was before anybody had seen anything around here. That I know of, anyway. And I thought I was losing my head. I was with my daughter here, my 14-year-old, and we first thought it was an accident down the road. With these bright, flashing red lights. It seemed to be right on the road. When we got near it, I could see this wasn't an accident. It was a huge craft, right on a field beside the road. Then it suddenly took

off. My daughter won't go out at night alone anymore, since then. I'm not a brilliant brain, but I'm not stupid, either. I can tell you what I saw. I don't care if anybody believes me or not. These things I saw. And nobody's ever going to try to convince me any way different."

Like the others in the room, Mrs. Pearce was passionate in her testimony. It was a little difficult to keep her on the track, but she was a basically intelligent woman, and I encouraged her to go on.

"It's just like I told the colonel at the air base: You show me the craft, I said. He said he couldn't show me the craft, the Air Force had no such thing. I said, Then what is it? He said, It's a UFO. All right, I was told that over the phone, when I called the base after this July incident. I wasn't even going to call them. I told one of my friends that they'll think I'm nuts. According to the officers, none of them have seen these things. When the major and the colonel came down, we looked at what appeared to be a star, except that it was blinking red, green and white. It didn't appear to be a star to the major, but he didn't know what it was. The colonel did see two very puzzling red things in the sky, and he had some very, very poor excuses for it. Very poor, as far as I'm concerned."

"At one point, they thought we might be seeing the strobe lights of the runway. The colonel sent the major and a lieutenant back to the air base to have the strobe lights turned on. This was after Doris and I had gone up to the air base to talk with them. We were all down on Route 88. While we were waiting to see what would happen, we were talking, and a strange object went across the sky, not low, the way the ones which have scared us, but high. I asked him. What do you call that thing there? He said, Well, that's an airplane. I said, Oh is it, well how come it doesn't make any noise? Well, it's too far away, he said. I said, No it isn't, Colonel, and there were about 15 or 20 cars there by the field piled up. He asked me why they were there and I told him. Then I said, What kind of plane is it, are you going to tell me it's a jet? He said, No, it isn't. Well, what is it? I said, Then he sort of, you know, couldn't quite name it. Then he came up with a name, I can't even remember it. I said, I'm sorry, I don't agree with you, Colonel. I didn't. So then another object started over the road, right down on Route 88, right across the road. By the Applecrest Orchard. So the other one starts over, and I said, Okay, what's that? Oh—that's a plane. I said, Oh, you think it is. Okay. So one guy there in the crowd had binoculars, I didn't have any at this time, I went out and bought some later. I asked if he'd let me use them, and he did. The colonel looked through them and his face dropped. It did, I could tell. Now what is that? I said, Well, he says, you know there are passenger planes that come into Boston along here. I said, Oh, you mean they stop in the orchard to have apples? I said, That's pretty stupid. I said, I'm sorry, I don't agree with you. No, I mean it, I don't care what I say. Nobody's going to tell me I can't see something. So, anyway, one woman was standing in the background, she said, I'll tell you something, I've seen those things and they're not airplanes. She said, There's no noise to them. She said, I never saw a plane look like that. I believe that woman down there, she said, meaning me."

I had to admit that I was spellbound by Mrs. Pearce's vivid recollection of the scene. She continued.

"Now he's a colonel in the Air Force, he should have much more intelligence than that. So, anyway, finally he decided he had to leave. I said, Oh, Colonel, what about the strobe lights? You were trying to tell us that we were having hallucinations or seeing reflections from the air-base runway. By this time, the major had returned and admitted that the lights had been turned on and off on a regular pattern, and we had seen nothing unusual at all while they were doing this."

Mrs. Pearce took a deep breath. "All I can say is that if they're from another planet, the Air Force being the way it is, I hope they're friendly people."

I had come up to Exeter expecting to explore a single incident. Now it seemed to have developed into a constant, steady flow, not just from the group on Warner Lane, but in scattered places throughout the area.

My talk with the Pearce neighbors and the teen-agers continued for over an hour. Reports on Route 88 and on 101-C near some high-power transmission lines were the most frequent, but some of them had seen the unknown objects along Drinkwater Road and near the sighting by the Exeter police officers. I kept questioning their capacity to distinguish what

over, day and night, and that the objects they were reporting had nothing to do with them.

"How would you feel," Mrs. Pearce said, "if you had a daughter who wouldn't go out the door at night because of these things?"

I figured that mass hysteria here could not be discounted, that it had to be seriously considered as part of this cluster of sightings. Meanwhile, I was going to reserve judgment. When Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo asked me if I wanted to look over the locations they had described, later on in the evening, I said that I would. I had to admit I felt a little odd; this would be the first time I had ever gone UFO hunting, and I made a mental note to ask Bob Kimball to come along. If by the remotest chance we did see anything, I would want to have a solid man like Kimball around, who, in addition to being a newsreel cameraman, was a fully licensed pilot, familiar with all types of running lights on airplanes. He agreed to join us.

That night we covered two or three locations on Route 88 that both Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo described as places where they had seen the objects. When we reached the field where the colonel and the major had been confronted by Mrs. Pearce's wrath, we got out of the car to see if any strobe lights were visible from the runway of the air base, over 10 miles away, and to study the landing- and running-light patterns of planes which might be over the area. Both Kimball and I wanted to do this to examine with Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo the possibility of mistaken identity of planes.

Over a 15-minute period, we saw the running lights of four planes which, Kimball pointed out, would be making a landing pattern for the air base. Both Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo immediately recognized them as running lights on planes and didn't, as I had half expected, attempt to convert them into UFO's. This was a strong point in their favor, and helpful in making a better assessment of the amazing testimony given me that afternoon.

The night was dark, moonless, with a very high overcast. No stars were visible, of course, so that the winking running lights of the planes stood out clearly against the gray void above.

Just as we were getting ready to get back in the car, Kimball noticed the running lights of a smaller plane, moving at a considerably faster speed than the lumbering B-47's and B-52's.

"That boy is really moving," Kimball said. "If he's anywhere near the landing pattern of the field, he's breaking speed limits at that altitude."

The plane was coming toward us, moving southeast at a rapid clip. Its running lights were plainly visible in conventional aircraft pattern. It took perhaps 20 seconds for it to get almost abeam of us and the roar of its jet engine could now be heard. Its altitude seemed to be about 6,000 to 8,000 feet, according to Kimball. We were both watching it rather intently because its pattern was entirely different from the other planes we had observed.

Just before it drew abeam of our position, Kimball nudged me. "What the hell is that?" he said.

I looked and saw a reddish-orange disk, about one-fifth the size of a full moon. It was about three or four plane lengths in front of the jet, which appeared to be a fighter. The plane was moving as if in hot pursuit. The disk was perfectly round, dull orange more than red. It was luminous, glowing, incandescent. The plane was not closing the distance between it and the object. We followed both the plane and the object for 18 or 20 seconds until they disappeared below the southeasterly horizon.

If Mrs. Pearce or Mrs. Deyo were saying anything, I didn't hear them because Kimball and I kept up a running commentary with each other on what we were seeing as the plane moved from abeam of us until it went over the horizon.

"Check me," Kimball was saying. "What exactly do you see?"

"An orange disk," I told him. "Immediately in front of the running lights of an apparent jet fighter."

"A little to the port of it, too, wouldn't you say?" Kimball asked.

"Maybe. Not much to port."

"Do you see any running lights on the disk?" he said.

"No. Nothing but the orange glow."

"Right," said Kimball.

In almost precisely the time in which we carried on this conversation, both the plane and the object had disappeared. The whole thing happened so fast that I'm not sure how I reacted.

using I've seen."

Mrs. Pearce, however, seemed to shrug it off. "That was nothing," she said. "Wait until you see one close up."

T

he next day, still checking out leads, I visited the town of Fremont, a dozen miles from Exeter. I found my target, Bessie's Lunch, in a lonely wooded clearing not far out of the village. It was a rustic diner, homespun and friendly in atmosphere, with barely enough room behind the long row of stools to stand. A tall, angular Yankee behind the counter turned out to be Mr. Healey, husband of Bessie, in whose honor the diner was named.

Mr. Healey was friendly, but reserved. I ordered a cup of black coffee, and finally confessed that I was on the track of UFO reports, and perhaps he could help me.

"Understand you got several reports down here about them. Is that right?" I asked. "Several" turned out to be a low estimate.

"Ran into one couple here," Mr. Healey told me, "who saw it pretty close. Right along the power lines down here. They all seem to describe it pretty much the same, that's what gets me. No matter what place they see them in. If the people were making it up, I don't think they'd come in with the same descriptions. This couple come in from South Hampton or Hampton, I don't know which one it was. I've known the father ever since I was a kid, and I know he wouldn't lie about it. And his was the same description as all the others has given—dozens of 'em. And we have so many that come from different parts dropping by here. We had a woman in here who come all the way from Epping. She claims she saw it, and she described it the same way: a round flying object with bright lights, and then it's got this orange and red light. And she says it flies along that way—no noise, not one of them. They all say close to the same thing, that's what gets me." Another customer, Jim Burleigh, had also heard a good many reports.

We were interrupted when Bessie, a plain and honest-looking woman, came in with her daughter, a smiling girl in her twenties. I lost no time in questioning her daughter, who mentioned her own sighting first. It had happened as she was standing in her backyard in Fremont.

"The first one I saw," Bessie said, "went right down in back of the trees. It was white and then it turned red. Dark red. But first it looked greenish-like. And then there was a plane that seemed to be trying to circle it. And I was with my other daughter, we both saw that. She has seen it more times than that, too. We saw it two nights in a row, the same time of night. Early evening. I went out on Tuesday night—just last Tuesday, out at the clothesline, and I said, Gee, am I seeing things? It was really close. That night it was round, just as big, and you could see these silver things coming down from it. So I went in and called my neighbor, and I said, Come out on the field, quick. But her husband yells, We can see it better from the attic, and he called down he could see it real good. Then it went down behind the trees, and came up again. It's just like the one we saw the other night. It went right down the power line. That's what it always seems to do—hover over the power lines."

Bessie could not be called an expert witness, but there was no question that she recalled the incident vividly and genuinely. And here again the power lines were indicated, miles away from Exeter.

Jim Burleigh finished his coffee and agreed to take me to the Jalbert family, a few hundred yards down the road. It was a small house by the side of the road, not more than 40 or 50 feet from the poles of the high-tension power lines which crossed the road at that point. The lines, part of the Northeast Grid, interlock communities with electrical power, and permit different utility companies to exchange power when a peak demand requires "borrowing" electricity from another community. Some transmission lines are mounted on huge, gaunt steel towers; others use oversize lighting poles, as was the case here. When they are constructed, a wide ribbon of clearing is made extending dozens of feet on each side of the lines, in order to keep the

wires free of any entanglements with foliage or tree branches. This creates, in effect, wide highways or swaths of clearing which sweep across the country.

Before we went into the Jalbert house, I examined the power lines carefully. The swath must have been over a hundred feet wide, and you could look down it in either direction for several miles. Overhead, some 10 or 12 heavy wires were suspended, sweeping along the open swath until they disappeared in the distance.

Mrs. Jerline Jalbert, a pleasant and unassuming widow, had made a modest home for her boys, Joseph, Jr., 16; Jerle, 14; Kent, 12; and a smiling four-year-old. They were bright kids, standing high in their classes at school, innately friendly and curious. The entire family often stood watching by the power lines at dusk. Mrs. Jalbert told me what she had seen the previous week.

"It was a funny-looking shape," she said. "Very hard to describe. This was Tuesday night. About quarter of 7 when I saw it. We had just been outdoors and we happened to look and we saw this bright-red thing in the sky there. It was really close, because you could see something hanging down from it that night. I don't know what it was. When I had gone in the house to call a neighbor, it had moved across the field by then. Then it slowly disappeared out of sight."

"Can you recall the shape a little more clearly?"

"Well, it was big and it was round. Like a glowing light. You'd think it was just like the moon rising out of the sky, but of course it wasn't that. It was the size of the moon, or bigger, though, when I first saw it."

"What was your reaction?"

"It doesn't scare me any. I'd just like to know what it is."

"How about the way it moves?"

"Well, it does both. First it goes fast and then it goes slow. Slows right down. Then it seems to go up and down. It's the darndest thing."

"Now this thing that was hanging down. What was it like?"

"It was silverish. Several things. And you could see them, because it was glowing in that part of it."

"How long were you able to watch it?"

"A good half hour," Mrs. Jalbert said. "And you see, this is only one time. We see it regularly along here. Always seems to be somewhere near the power lines. It often comes around 7 o'clock, and by quarter of 8 it's gone. Monday night we saw it—" She turned to Jim Burleigh. "Was it Sunday I called you up about it? Anyway, it goes way up in the sky finally, and it gets smaller and smaller as it goes up, and gets more orange. And a lot of times, this airplane comes out and chases it."

I turned my attention to Joseph Jalbert, the 16-year-old.

"When we saw it the first time," he said, "it was even with the power line. Right beside it."

"That low?" I asked. I was fascinated because for the second time in as many days I had run into a cluster of people who reported seeing the objects regularly. These people had no connection with Mrs. Pearce's group and were not even aware of the others' existence.

"All of a sudden," Mrs. Jalbert added, "it'll disappear. Then, just as sudden, it'll come back. Then little red lights will sometimes come on top of it, and one on the bottom. Off and on."

"Now you say it seems to stay pretty close to these power lines?"

"Yup," said Mrs. Jalbert. "It seems to stay over these lines most of the time it's been down through here. It's always over those wires."

That evening Kimball joined me and we went to see Fremont's Chief of Police Bolduc and his numerous family who lived in a rambling old farmhouse. Kimball and I were admitted by the chief into the sprawling country kitchen, where an assortment of children and adults were in varied stages of finishing up dinner. Mrs. Phyllis Bolduc, plump and cheerful in spite of the confusion, was as cordial as her husband.

At the head of the large kitchen table was Meredith Bolduc, the 22-year-old daughter-in-law of the chief. Jesse Bolduc, married to Meredith, leaned back against the wall in a wooden chair underneath a rack packed with hunting guns, while children and grandchildren of assorted ages made occasional excursions in and out of the room off the kitchen which housed the television set. The scene created the impression of a Yankee version of a Bruegel painting of friendly family confusion.

I told the group that the chief had suggested earlier in the day that they might be able to give me some information on Unidentified Flying Objects.

Meredith, an attractive young housewife with short black hair, spoke first. "Go no further," she said. "I tell you that the experience I had is enough to make your hair curl."

"Tell me about it," I said, slinging the battery recorder off my shoulder and turning it on.

"Oh, dear," she said. "Am I going down in history?"

"Doesn't make you nervous, does it?"

"Not really. Maybe a little."

"Just relax and forget about it."

"It's these men of mine here who really make me nervous," she said, referring to her father-in-law and husband. "But anyway, I know exactly what I saw and I'm going to tell you about it, no matter how much they kid me. Actually, they know better."

"You're darn right they do," said Mrs. Bolduc. "They know this is no joke."

"Anyway," Meredith Bolduc continued, "this thing was coming up the power lines toward the road, this was going from Fremont toward Kingston, at the power lines right down near the town line. It was coming and it didn't stop. I just kept on going on to Kingston, to my folks. And when you see one of these things, you don't forget them. This was last week, just a few days ago. But I saw it much closer two weeks ago Wednesday, that would make it—that would make it October sixth. This is the closest it ever came to me."

"Where were you at the time?" I asked.

"On the Raymond road. Driving."

"Did you stop?"

"No. I didn't know whether to goose the car or turn around and go home."

"It was close?"

"Yes. Came right down toward the car."

"What was your reaction?"

"Scared! Scared to death. In fact, a couple of minutes after that, I saw a light shining over my shoulder and I turned around and jumped a foot—but it was only the moon!"

"This was the only night I was really afraid of it," she continued. "The other nights it was fascinating, it was way off in the distance. What good is it going to do to reach for a gun or to goose your car and make it go faster?"

"About how high up was it when you saw it that close?"

"I'd say a couple of treetops high. You just had to look up a little, right in front of the windshield, and there it was."

"Could you make out any detail?"

"Well, it was bright, and white, with sort of fluorescent red around the rim. Like a big light bulb, the way the white part of it shone. It might have been more whitish-yellow, the main part of the thing was."

"What about the shape?"

"It wasn't flat, but it wasn't round either. Not oval like an egg, but it was oval—not quite as oval as an egg. You could tell it wasn't round, but it wasn't square and it wasn't flat. It was a funny shape."

"Where was the red?" I asked. I was continuing to ask the same question more than once, as a double check on accuracy.

"On the outside of it. Around the rim. And I'll tell you this much—I don't particularly care about seeing it that close anymore."

The men chuckled. Meredith reacted quickly.

"By God, you guys laugh!" she said. "But wait until you see it up close! And I'll also say this: I absolutely refuse to drive alone at night anymore."

Kimball and I were silent on the first part of the drive back to Exeter. Finally I spoke.

"Now what do you think?" I asked.

Kimball just shook his head.

"I certainly never expected to run into so many reports, two days in a row," said Kimball.

"All these things that keep repeating themselves," I said.

"By the power lines," said Kimball. "Both Fremont and Exeter."

"How many people have had the damn things come right at their cars?"

"Let's see," said Kimball. He was driving slowly because the fog was still rather thick. "There's the woman that Bertrand reported on the 101 bypass. There's Mrs. Pearce, down on the Exeter-Hampton line. There's the two young fellows the Hampton police took to the Coast Guard station. Muscarello, he wasn't in a car, but he had to dive down on the road to get away from it. Actually, it came right at Bertrand, too, wouldn't you say? When he was out on the field with the kid?"

"Well," I said, "he started to pull his gun on it."

"That's close enough," said Kimball.

Before leaving Exeter, I made a point of visiting Norman Muscarello's mother. She is Muscarello's mother from a previous marriage and her name now is Mrs. Dolores Gazda. She lived in a modest but spotless apartment on Front Street in Exeter, about a mile out from the center of town. An outdoor wooden stairway with a small landing on the top led to the door, and she sat me at the kitchen table for a cup of coffee. She was young-looking and trim, barely old enough, I thought, to have an 18-year-old son.

"Do you want me to tell you something interesting?" she said as she poured the coffee. "When this whole thing started, I told my son I really couldn't believe him. He had been out all night, and he came walking into the house at about 4 in the morning. I was really concerned and very upset. You see, he'd sold his car because he was going into the Navy in a few weeks, so he hitchhiked all the way to Amesbury to see this friend, and that's how the whole thing started. Well, of course, I could hardly believe this fantastic story, but when the two police officers told me what they went through, I knew that all three of them couldn't be pulling my leg."

"Now my son says it was as big as a house, and that's about the description of it when some friends of mine saw it over the hospital. And then one night I went down with these friends on Route 88. I hadn't had any luck on several nights when I went with Norman. But this night, we weren't there more than 10 minutes when all of a sudden this thing, you couldn't see what it was shaped like, came out from behind some trees, like if it was just parked and rose. Now I describe it as being beautiful. It went right along the top of the trees, oh, several hundred yards away. It was hard to tell the distance. It was huge, it looked awful big even from that far away. What it looked like to me, there were lights on the bottom going around it like pinwheels. Red ones. And it was very bright and it was beautiful. Since then, I've seen it right over the house here. And the other night, the whole neighborhood was shook up. I could see it right here from the landing. And I went and told all the neighbors and they all saw it with me. It was very low, and spinning like always, with these red lights. So a few minutes later, an airplane came over and made a circle around it. And darned if that thing didn't just turn around and take off like a bullet."

It was nearly 2 in the afternoon on October 23 when I checked out of the Inn and began driving toward my home in Connecticut. I had to admit my head was spinning. For nearly four days I had been talking to everyday people who were discussing in infinite detail what might become the most important news story in history. But why hadn't it broken? What was holding it back?

I had talked with and interviewed, either singly or in groups, nearly 60 people. I had nearly 20 hours of tape recordings.

Driving along the broad, straight superhighway toward Boston, I tried to summarize in my own mind just what specific conclusions could be drawn from these long and involved days in and around Exeter. What had I been able to gather that was irrefutable evidence?

First, it was uncontestedly true that Unidentified Flying Objects had been reported and verified in many cases by more than one reputable person at regular intervals over a wide area of southern New Hampshire.

Second, it was uncontestedly true that the reports were coming in very frequently.

Third, it was uncontestedly true that many reports indicated the objects sighted over, near and along high-power electrical transmission lines, although sightings were not confined to such locations.

Fourth, it was uncontestedly true—to Kimball and me, at least—that we had seen an object that could not be identified as any known aircraft in existence.

Fifth, it was uncontestedly true that some people were in actual shock or hysteria as a result of extremely low-level encounters with these objects.

The tape recorder was beside me in the front seat of the car as I circumvented Boston on Route 128 and continued along the Massachusetts Turnpike. I picked up the microphone and began dictating a memo to my agent and editors in an attempt to give them a brief picture of the progress of the research to date. I indicated that I could not understand why some kind of major newsbreak should not be forthcoming on this subject in the light of the material I had gathered.

"I say this after several days of intensive research in Exeter, in which I interviewed nearly 60 people and tape-recorded hours of testimony," the memo began. Then it continued:

The people who have given this testimony have been checked out as far as character and reliability are concerned. For the most part I would say that their judgment and capabilities range from average to better than average.

The testimony adds up to this:

There is overwhelming evidence that UFO's or "flying saucers" do exist.

They seem to exist in uncountable numbers.

They move at incredible speeds and in aerodynamically impossible patterns.

They are reported, checked and verified almost continuously.

They hover for considerable time, often at less than treetop level.

At low altitude, they sometimes assume a domelike shape with an inner red or white glow. A pattern of red pulsating lights is frequently observed. In others a red whirling pattern is reported around the edge.

They are usually absolutely silent, although in some cases a high-frequency hum is heard.

They move almost directly overhead of cars and people, at times causing fright and panic.

At least four women, living in widely separate areas, are afraid to go out alone at night and they refuse to do so.

At least four people report extremely large objects, 60 to 80 feet in diameter, rising up silently from behind trees.

The low altitude movement has been reported to consist of a yawing, kitelike motion, wobbling in the air and moving slowly back and forth, sometimes with a fluttering pattern, like a leaf.

At times, it is reported to throw a brilliant red light glow which paints the side of white houses a brilliant red. It can light up a wide area on the ground around it.

At high altitudes, in some cases, it seems to assume a shape of a small disk, in the relationship of a pinhead (star) to a tennis ball (UFO).

Reliable, but off-the-record information from the Pease Air Force Base in Portsmouth indicates frequent radar blips and fighters are constantly scrambled to pursue these objects. This information is not official, but it comes from a reliable source.

The objects are often reported in the vicinity of high-power transmission lines: Some of these locations have been crowded with cars many nights, with group sightings sometimes reported.

No one has ever been harmed physically by any of these objects, although psychological trauma has been evident.

The area covered by the research extends from Hampton, New Hampshire, on the coast some 20 miles west to Derry, New Hampshire, near Manchester.

In most interviews, I was able to determine the reasonable capacity of the respondent to differentiate between a helicopter, balloon, jet, prop plane, planets or stars. Some sightings have been described in daylight.



On October 27, I drove from Pittsburgh north some 30 miles to Beaver, Pennsylvania, in a rented car to investigate a dramatic UFO photograph NICAP had sent me. The Beaver

County Times, an extremely able newspaper covering a large population in the Pittsburgh area, had covered the picture and story in depth, I had learned, and I planned to talk to their reporter first before interviewing the youthful photographer directly.

One especially interesting thing had shown up in the picture: under the upside-down luminous dinner-plate shape was a whirling halus, a misty cloud extending beneath it like a ghostly tail of a kite, which had not been visible to the naked eye but which had shown up on the photographic negative clearly. Since film will pick up some invisible infrared and ultraviolet light, this might provide a clue to the power source of the objects.

I found Tom Schley, a reporter for the *Beaver County Times* who had covered the story, at his desk in the large, modern building of the paper.

He had plunged into the subject cold, and was as mystified as I. He was convinced that the 17-year-old James Lucci, who had taken the picture, was sound and able, an amateur photographer who often took pictures of the stars and moon as part of his hobby. His father was a professional photographer for the Air National Guard, and both the family and the boy were highly regarded in the community. At the time of the observation and the taking of the picture, James Lucci was with his brother. A third witness, Michael Grove, saw the UFO from his home across the road. James was making time exposures of the moon in the driveway of his home in Brighton Township, Beaver County, at about 11:30 p.m. A round, thick object, glowing brighter than the moon, came into the field of the camera from over a high, steep hill behind his house. Realizing the camera must have caught it, James closed the shutter quickly, wound the film down for another shot. Before he could get a third shot, the object climbed rapidly out of sight.

The entire Lucci family was afraid, as many other people were, of ridicule and publicity, but friends persuaded James to bring the picture to the *Beaver County Times*, where three photographers superimposed negatives and made other tests which showed the UFO had slowly moved closer, left to right, as described by the witnesses. After a full evaluation, they labeled the photograph genuine. The boy's character was vouched for by the chief of police, Brighton Township, the high school principal, and Beaver County police.

With reporter Schley's help, I was able to catch two of the photographers on the newspaper who had made the examination of the Lucci negatives, Harry Frye and Birdie Shunk. We joined them in the cafeteria.

"How do you go about checking out the negatives?" I asked.

"The only way," said Frye, "is to make completely sure that there's no double exposure involved, or anything like that. If the negative is faked by a double exposure you have overlapping images. Now I studied the negatives for considerable time and I don't think they could possibly have been double-exposed. Everybody else in the department agreed on this."

"It wasn't a lens-reflection freak in the development, either," Shunk added. "We examined the negatives thoroughly for that possibility."

"After we all had studied them, we couldn't help but come to the conclusion that the image was a definite picture. There was no other way it could have been done."

"How did you go about matching up the two negatives?" I asked.

"Well," said Frye, "we put the two negatives, two separate exposures, we put them together and lined up the trees, the horizon line, the moon, and other things that were in both negatives. And you could see where the object had moved across the film. From my judgment, the object had moved from a position closer to the camera to a position a little farther away and across."

"And that would have been difficult to fake?"

"It would be, yes," said Shunk. "I would be difficult to fake it in another way—to put something up there and photograph it, and still get the things that are seen in the background. Just about impossible. I'd say. You also noticed that tail of mist coming down from the object."

"That wasn't seen by the naked eye," I said. "What sort of thing does a film pick up that the eye doesn't? Infrared? Ultraviolet?"

"Ultraviolet will appear on a film and not to the eye," said Frye. "It would tend to produce a white image."

"Then is there a possibility that these rays coming down

from the object could be ultraviolet?"

"Well," said Frye, "this is something I couldn't answer. It could be, and it could be also something else. There is a lot of light outside of the visible spectrum that you can photograph."

"How about infrared?" I asked.

"That will also photograph on a plate to a certain extent, especially with certain film."

"We discussed ways that the picture could have been faked," said Shunk, "and we couldn't come up with a logical way you could do it."

"In other words," said Frye, "if somebody asked us to go out and duplicate this picture, we would find it impossible."

I thanked Schley and the photographers for their information and then left to see James Lucci and his brother John to reenact the way the photograph was taken, and to see what other information I could pick up in their neighborhood.

James Lucci was quiet, soft-spoken and shy. His brother John was 20, three years older. He was a student at Geneva College nearby. Both were articulate and friendly. The Lucci house nestled at the bottom of a steep hill, so typical of western Pennsylvania. I got both boys to take me to the exact spot where their camera had been set. It was in the gravel driveway, directly beside the house, and we stood there, looking up at an angle toward the hill. The trees stood out sharply in silhouette against the sky, the same tree line which had showed up in the pictures.

I asked James Lucci to point out the exact spot where the object was when the picture was taken.

He pointed to the high ridge, at about a 45-degree angle from where we were standing.

I looked up, following the direction of his finger, and caught my breath.

For immediately below the part of the sky he indicated were the sweeping wires of a high-power transmission line, extending from a tower on top of the ridge and stringing across the valley to the next hill. It was Exeter all over again, this time with a striking photograph to go with it.

I returned to Exeter on October 31. On the following morning, I followed up half-a-dozen leads by phone; they were interesting mainly because they indicated the high frequency of sightings in the area.

At noon, I stopped by the power plant on Drinkwater Road in Exeter and spoke to a couple of the engineers for the Exeter and Hampton Electric Company. They had heard many stories about UFO's but had not been aware that so many people were reporting them above or near power lines. They were intrigued with the idea, though, and planned to investigate it. They said that high-voltage power lines do create an electromagnetic field, and that if the objects had any kind of affinity for electromagnetic fields, the power lines would be an obvious attraction. There had been no unusual voltage losses reported on the meters, but, they added, it would be possible for an object to enter an electromagnetic field without affecting the voltage.

In midafternoon, I went to Officer Bertrand's house to get his reaction to a story the Pentagon had released to the local papers about his and Officer Hunt's sighting. It was such a garbled distortion of facts that I could not understand how the Pentagon could release it. Later, an officer at the Pease Air Force Base told me he was "shocked at the Pentagon's stupidity."

With a Washington, D.C., dateline of October 27, 1965, the news story read:

The Pentagon believes that, after intensive investigation, it has come up with a natural explanation of the UFO sightings in Exeter, New Hampshire, on September 3.

A spokesman said the several reports stemmed from "multiple objects in the area," by which they mean a high-altitude Strategic Air Command exercise out of Westover, Mass., was going on at the time in the area.

A second important factor was what is called a "weather inversion" wherein a layer of cold air is trapped between warm layers.

The Pentagon spokesman said this natural phenomenon causes stars and planets to dance and twinkle.

The spokesman said, "We believe what the people saw that night was stars and planets in unusual formations."

I was confident that no one, including the Air Force, had in-

investigated this sighting in greater detail than I had. What's more, the release was a direct slam at both Bertrand and Hunt and their capacity to distinguish between "stars and planets" and an enormous, silent craft which had brought Bertrand almost to the point of pulling his gun. I had spent part of two nights patrolling with Bertrand and Hunt, and had come to respect them and their jobs. For the Pentagon to ascribe their sighting to either "high-altitude exercises" or "stars and planets in unusual formations" was patently absurd. If anything, it could only lead eventually to the embarrassment of the Pentagon.

Bertrand was very calm about it. "If they want to turn out ridiculous statements like that," he said, "that's their business. I know what I saw. They don't. And of course I can't accept what they say there. I know for sure it had nothing to do with the weather. I know for sure this was a craft, and it was not any plane in existence. I know for sure it was not more than a hundred feet off the ground. I'm not saying it's something from outer space. I'm saying I don't know what it was, and from this newspaper story they've released, I know damn well they don't either. I know it didn't have any wings, and I know it wasn't a helicopter. Or no balloon, or anything of that sort. It's absolutely stupid of them to release something like that."

A

rather extensive random survey in the Exeter area brought many more stories to light. Most impressive were the off-the-record accounts by the military:

—A Coastguardsman from New Hampshire told me that although his station would never release any official information, he was on watch one night when an enormous reddish-orange disk moved slowly up the beach, not more than 15 feet above it. He confessed that he was so shocked by the sight that he went into the radio shack and closed the door.

—From an Air Force pilot I learned that pilots had been ordered to shoot at any UFO they came across in an effort to bring them down. But he said that they were apparently invulnerable and that they were capable of outmaneuvering any aircraft the Air Force had. He said that he simply ignored the orders to fire on such objects, since he felt personally it would be better not to alienate them.

—A military radar operator reported that a UFO came directly toward the base, was clocked both visually and on the radarscope. It seemed as if it were brazenly going to land at the base. But instead of landing, it hovered over the base. The officer of the day was notified, and he put a telescope on the object. As he watched, it suddenly accelerated to a speed of over 800 miles an hour, as clocked on the radarscope. It disappeared within a minute.

—A brilliant orange object landed directly off the edge of one of the runways at the Pease Air Force Base, illuminating a wide area where many of the Air Force officers and their families lived, according to a member of a high-ranking officer's family. Some wives reported that the light was so bright that they thought it was morning; one actually started to get dressed until she realized it was still in the middle of the night. Phone calls swamped the switchboard at the air base, and eventually the base was cut off by the commander from outside communication. The fire unit of the base was dispatched to the end of the runway as the object took off and disappeared at an unclocked speed.

—I was given several more reports about the constant scrambling of jet fighters after the strange object when radar sightings had been made in concert with visual sightings.

—Constant radar reports were being made at the Portsmouth Navy Base. In one instance, an object hovered over a water tower at the base before taking off at incredibly fast speed. It was checked both visually and by radar.

—One highly qualified officer at the Pease Air Force Base told me that he had been skeptical about UFO's before he had been assigned to the command at Portsmouth. He was no longer skeptical at all. At least 15 pilots at the base felt the same way.

—Two additional officers of the air base told me that they

were shocked when they learned the Bertrand and Hunt case in Exeter. They said it was so unbelievable in the light of what local authorities knew, that it could make the Pentagon a laughingstock. They said in no uncertain terms that the report was severely damaging to the Air Force.

Although none of the personnel supplying this information can be identified, for their own protection, these reports are no less real than any of the other information I put directly on the tapes. In fact, in view of the position of these people, the stories reinforced the thesis that UFO's not only existed, but were beyond the capacity of the military to deal with them. This impotence, of course, might be the underlying reason why the government was carrying out its ostrichlike program of non-recognition. The public has a naive and childlike faith in the military, and anything admittedly beyond its control might shatter this faith forever.

I was not able to talk to Norman Muscarello until several weeks later, when he came back to Exeter on leave from the Navy. But the interview with him was strangely anticlimatic. The recorded tapes of Officer Bertrand, Officer Hunt, his mother, Officer Toland and others so surrounded the incident in detail that Muscarello's story was simply a total but necessary confirmation of everything which had happened on that predawn morning of September 3. It coincided almost exactly with the description given by officers Bertrand and Hunt. He demonstrated how he had dropped down on the shoulder of the road to keep away from the object when it came toward him. The interview with him completed the cycle of the original incident at Exeter, which had set into motion such a long and arduous period of research.

On Monday, November 8, I was in Exeter with two companions, an editor and a photographer from a national magazine. We were there to recheck some of my earlier interviews. We covered Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Gazda, the entire community in the area of the Pearce home, the police, Ron Smith, Bessie's Lunch, the Jalbert place by the power lines in Fremont and Chief Bolduc and his family in the same neighborhood. In reviewing their sightings with them, it was interesting to note that the descriptions remained basically the same as when they had given them to me a few weeks previously.

At the Bolduc house, Jesse Bolduc had joined the ranks of the observers since the time I had first talked to him. He confessed that he no longer laughed at his wife, and admitted that he had to eat his own words.

At the Jalbert home, the entire family reported continued sightings, and both Joseph Jalbert and his mother recounted a most interesting observation which had happened since I had first met them.

Joseph had recently noticed a reddish, cigar-shaped object in the sky, high over the power lines. It hovered there motionless for several minutes—exactly how many he did not know because he was so absorbed with watching it. After a considerable length of time, a reddish-orange disk emerged apparently from inside the object, and began a slow, erratic descent down toward the power lines. As it reached a point within a quarter mile of them, it leveled off, then moved over the wires until it reached a point several hundred feet away. It then descended slowly until it was only a few feet above the lines. Then a silvery, pipelike object came down from the base of the disk and actually touched the lines, remaining there for a minute or so.

The protrusion then slowly retracted into the body of the object, and it took off at considerable speed—exactly how fast. Joseph could not estimate—and then rejoined the reddish-cigar-shaped object and disappeared inside it.

Joseph's mother had not seen this but had observed a similar occurrence some 20 miles away, near Manchester. The only difference in their descriptions was that the protrusion extending down from the object she observed was reddish rather than silver colored. Joseph was very reluctant to bring this sighting up. His younger brother had prodded him into telling about it, and when we asked him why he was so hesitant, he told us that the whole thing looked too scary and he didn't like to talk about it. "It's the first time I've ever seen one of these things touch anything," he said, "and it happened so near to me that I really tried to put it out of my mind."

By Tuesday, November 9, I was ready to close out the research and begin the long job of trying to correlate all the tapes and notes. Several more reports of sightings were brought to our attention that morning, but most proved to be repetitive,

and I could see no reason for extensive interviews. I met my companions back at the motor inn in Hampton for dinner. It was a cold, sparkling clear night, with a brilliant hunter's moon, and the huge fireplace in the dining room was a welcome sight. We met at about 5:30, and as I was leaving my room, I noticed that the electric lights flickered, faltered for a few seconds, and then came on brightly again. I thought nothing of it, went on into the dining room. My friends were waiting for me in a booth. We ordered Martinis and prepared to relax.

As the waitress brought the drinks, she had a broad smile on her face. She had been helpful in the past in supplying the names of people she had heard about who had sighted objects, and was interested in the story as it developed.

"I suppose this is all your fault," she said, putting the Martinis down on the table.

"What is all our fault?" I asked.

"You mean you haven't heard about it?" she said.

"Heard about what?"

"The blackout. The power failure. All over the east."

"You're kidding," I said. The lights in Hampton were blazing brightly. I did recall, though, the flicker as I had left my room.

"It just came in over the radio in the kitchen," she said. "New York, Albany, Boston, Providence, all of Massachusetts, are absolutely black. Not a light burning. This is no joke, I mean it."

This seemed so incredible that we hardly took it seriously. I got up, went back to the room, and turned on the television set.

I was startled to see the news staff of NBC-TV broadcasting in faint candlelight. The picture was fuzzy and barely discernible. The commentary, of course, confirmed all that the waitress had told us, and more. I still found it hard to believe. And, of course, the first thing which crossed my mind was the long series of UFO sightings involving the power lines, such as Joseph Jalbert's report the evening before. I forgot completely about dinner.

I quickly started pouring through the 203 pages of transcript of the tape recordings. The words "power lines" or "transmission lines" appeared on an alarming number of pages. I began making a notation in the margin of the transcripts wherever a reference like this was made. There were 73 mentions in various locations by various people. These included either the actual use of the words or references to locations near where the power lines ran.

I sat glued to the television set, waiting for some word as to the cause of the unprecedented failure. The news commentators were as confused as everybody else. No one seemed to have any idea of the cause and never in history had there been a power blackout of such extent. I tried to phone my home in Connecticut and was told by the operator that the only calls she could put through were those that were a matter of life or death.

The Portsmouth-Exeter area, we learned, was one of the few pockets of light in the entire Northeast. I found small comfort in that, because I thought of the millions of people in the large cities who must certainly be trapped in cold, dark subways or jammed, stuffy elevators.

I waited in vain throughout the evening and early morning hours for more news but no announcement came which gave even a clue to the mystery. I ran through the transcripts again, still noting the phrases and descriptions referring to the power lines. Suddenly, the major emphasis of the entire UFO research—the power lines—was now becoming the focal point of a new mystery—no less mysterious than the UFO phenomenon I had been dealing with for weeks.

The blackout caused by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid created one of the biggest mysteries in the history of modern civilization. Eighty thousand square miles and 36,000,000 people—one-fifth of the nation's population—were suddenly plunged into inexplicable darkness.

There was a curious lack of physical damage: The utility companies looked for something to repair, but there was nothing. Only a few generators were out of action as a result of the power failure, not a cause. What's more, the utilities were able

to restore service with the exact same equipment that was used at the time of the blackout. What happened that night is not only far from normal; it was mystifying.

If there had been a mechanical flaw, a fire, a breakdown short circuit, a toppling transmission tower, the cause would have been quickly and easily detected. Mechanically, however, the system as a whole was in perfect repair before and after failure.

At 10 p.m., it was announced that the crux of the difficulty lay at a remote-controlled substation on the Power Authority transmission lines at Clay, New York, a town 10 miles north of Syracuse. The high-tension 345,000-volt power lines stretch over Clay are part of the authority's "superhighway" of power distribution, running into Niagara Falls, east to Utica and south to New York City.

Niagara Mohawk repairmen who drove out to Clay for the substation in apparently perfect order. There were no signs of mechanical failure, fire or destruction. Another report by FBI investigators and state police to the desolate Montezuma Marshes outside of Syracuse, but they found nothing out of order there.

Something else happened outside Syracuse, however, which was noted briefly in the press, and then immediately dropped without follow-up comment. Weldon Ross, a private pilot and instructor, was approaching Hancock Field at Syracuse for landing. It was at almost the exact moment of the blackout, he looked below him, just over the power lines near the Clay substation, a huge red ball of brilliant intensity appeared was about 100 feet in diameter, Ross told the *New York Journal-American*. He calculated that the fireball was at the point where the New York Power Authority's two 345,000-volt power lines at the Clay substation pass over the New York Central's tracks between Lake Oneida and Hancock Field. With Ross was a student pilot who verified the statement. At precisely the same moment, Robert C. Walsh, deputy commissioner for the Federal Aviation Agency in the Syracuse area, reported that he had the same phenomenon just a few miles south of Hancock Field. A total of five persons reported the sighting. Although the Federal Power Commission immediately said they would investigate, no further word has been given publicly since.

Pilot Ross's sighting took place at 5:15 p.m., at the moment when the blackout occurred in the Syracuse area. At 5:25 p.m. a schoolteacher in Holliston, Massachusetts, watched through binoculars with her husband an intense white object in the moving slowly toward the horizon. At the same time, Dr. Hague, a 17-year-old from Holliston reported an identical object, moving toward the southwest.

In New York City, simultaneously with the blackout, women declared in two separate statements that they sighted unusual objects in the sky.

In spite of the lengthy report issued by the FCC, the Great Blackout has still not been adequately explained. Ostensibly backup Relay #Q-29 at the Sir Adam Beck generating station in Queenston, Ontario, was eventually pinpointed as the source of the massive failure. But further investigation, hardly noted in the press, showed that nothing in the relay was broken when it was removed for inspection. In fact, it went back into operation normally when power was restored. The line it was protecting was totally undamaged. "Why did everything go wrong?" *Life* Magazine asks in an article about the blackout. "Tests on the wayward sensing device have thus far been unavailable." A later statement by Arthur J. Harris, a supervising engineer of the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission, indicated that the cause was still a mystery. "Although the blackout has been traced to the tripping of a circuit breaker at the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 plant, it is practically impossible to pinpoint the initial cause." As late as January 4, 1966, *The New York Times* in a follow-up story indicated a series of questions regarding the prevention of future blackouts. The new item says: "The questions more or less are related to the cause, still not fully understood, of last November's blackout." The italics are ours.

The Great Northeast Blackout was a mystery, but not more puzzling than what followed on its heels. On November 16, a series of power blackouts hit many parts of Britain. Dozens of sections of London were darkened, and telephone operations in Folkestone, on the south coast, worked by candlelight.

On November 26, NICAP was advised that power failures in St. Paul, Minnesota, were reported by the Northern States Power Company simultaneous with the appearance of overhead giving off blue and white flashes just off Highway

dent on Hogt Avenue reported a "blue-glowing" UFO as all house lights and appliances in the area went dead. A motorist also reported that his car lights and radio went out.

The power company announced that it was unable to determine the cause of that blackout.

By December 2, sections of two states and Mexico were plunged into darkness after a widespread power failure in the Southwest. Juarez, Mexico, was hit, as well as El Paso, Texas, and Las Cruces and Alamogordo, New Mexico. Authorities were unable to explain the cause of the trouble.

A few days later, on December 4, portions of east Texas were knocked out electrically, with 40,000 houses losing power. It was the third major blackout since the Northeast Grid failed.

By December 26, the mystery was growing deeper. The entire city of Buenos Aires, and towns as far as 50 miles away, were plunged into darkness by a power failure, with hundreds trapped in subways beneath Buenos Aires' streets. The cause was thought to be a single generator.

On the same date, four major cities of south and central Finland were hit by a loss of electrical power attributed to a single insulator.

One news story on January 13, 1966, is particularly interesting because it received little attention in the press aside from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, *Herald* of that date, even though it was an AP release, with an Andover, Maine, dateline:

The Telstar communications satellite tracing station was blacked out by a power failure which hit a 75-mile area in western Franklin County.

Electrical power failed at 4:30 p.m. Wednesday and was restored at 11:20 p.m.

A spokesman for the Central Maine Power Co. blamed the failure on "an apparent equipment failure which somehow corrected itself."

Noteworthy are two things: 1) The power failure involved a space satellite, and 2) in this age of science and engineering, the equipment "somehow corrected itself." Coupled with the stories of the numerous other blackouts, it is strange indeed that the engineers could not figure out how it went out—and how the failure was remedied.

On the following day, an AP story datelined Augusta, Maine, stated that Chairman Frederick N. Allen of the Public Utility Commission indicated that there was no negligence by the two power companies involved. The Central Maine Power Company said that the blackout was caused by the failure of a big transformer in its Rumford substation.

GMP Vice-President Harold F. Schnurle went on to say that it had not been determined why the transformer failed or why it restored itself to service nearly seven hours later.

The relationship of the Unidentified Flying Objects to the power failures is entirely circumstantial, of course. Both UFO's and the Great Blackout still remain unsolved. But stranger yet is the incapacity of modern science to come up with any kind of real answer to either question. More baffling still is the attitude of the large bulk of the scientific fraternity in presumably laughing off a phenomenon testified to by hundreds of technicians, other scientists, airline pilots, military personnel, local and state police and articulate and reliable citizens.

In the third week in November, a month after the Pentagon explanation, officers Bertrand and Hunt jointly received an undated letter from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, and signed by Major Hector Quintanilla, Chief of the Project Blue Book. It read:

Mr. Eugene Bertrand, Jr.
Mr. David R. Hunt
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire
Gentlemen:

The sighting of various unidentified objects by you and Mr. Norman Muscarello was investigated by officials from Pease Air Force Base, New Hampshire, and their report has been forwarded to our office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. This sighting at Exeter, New Hampshire, on the night of 2 September has been given considerable publicity through various news releases and in magazine articles similar to that from the "Saturday Review" of 2 October, 1965. A portion of this article is attached for your information. This information was released

and, a private organization which has no connection with the government. As a result of these articles, the Air Force has received inquiry as to the cause of this report.

Our investigation and evaluation of the sighting indicates a possible association with an 8th Air Force Operation, "Big Blast." In addition to aircraft from this operation, there were five B-47 type aircraft flying in the area during this period. Before a final evaluation of your sighting can be made, it is essential for us to know if either of you witnessed any aircraft in the area during this time period either independently or in connection with the objects observed. Since there were many aircraft in the area, at that time, and there were no reports of unidentified objects from personnel engaged in this air operation, we might then assume that the objects observed between midnight and 2 a.m. might be associated with this military air operation. If, however, these aircraft were noted by either of you, then this would tend to eliminate this air operation as a plausible explanation for the objects observed.

Sincerely,

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., Major, USAF
Chief, Project Blue Book

1 atch.

Article "Saturday Review"

Curiously, the letter was not only undated, but the large brown envelope in which it was mailed bore no postmark.

The letter referred to the sighting as September 2, when of course it took place on September 3. It also indicated that the high-altitude exercises were conducted from midnight until 2 a.m., while the police officers encountered the close-range object at approximately 3 a.m. But most ironical was the indication that the case was still in process of "final evaluation," while the Pentagon had already released its own "final evaluation" over a month before the letter arrived.

Officers Bertrand and Hunt replied to the Air Force with this letter on December 2, 1965:

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., Major, USAF
Chief, Project Blue Book
Wright Patterson AFB
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir:

We were very glad to get your letter during the third week in November, because as you might imagine we have been the subject of considerable ridicule since the Pentagon released its "final evaluation" of our sighting of September 3, 1965. In other words, both Ptl. Hunt and myself saw this object at close range, checked it out with each other, confirmed and reconfirmed the fact that this was not any kind of conventional aircraft, that it was at an altitude of not more than a couple of hundred feet, and went to considerable trouble to confirm that the weather was clear, there was no wind, no chance of weather inversion, and that what we were seeing was no illusion or military or civilian craft. We entered this in a complete official police report as a supplement to the blotter of the morning of September 3 (not September 2, as your letter indicates). Since our job depends on accuracy and an ability to tell the difference between fact and fiction, we were naturally disturbed by the Pentagon report which attributed the sighting to "multiple high altitude objects" in the area and "weather inversion." What is a little difficult to understand is the fact that your letter (undated) arrived considerably after the Pentagon release. Since your letter says that you are still in the process of making final evaluation, it seems that there is an inconsistency here. Ordinarily, this wouldn't be too important except for the fact that in a situation like this we are naturally very reluctant to be considered irresponsible in our official report to the police station.

Since one of us (Ptl. Bertrand) was in the Air Force for four years engaged in refueling operations with all kinds of military aircraft, it was impossible to mistake what we saw for any kind of military operation, regardless of altitude. It was also definitely not a helicopter or balloon. Immediately after the object disappeared, we did see what probably was a B-47 at high altitude, but it bore no relation at all to the object we saw.

Another fact is that the time of our observation was nearly an hour after 2 a.m., which would eliminate the 8th Air Force operation Big Blast, since as you say this took place between midnight and 2 a.m. Norman Muscarello, who first reported this object before we went to the site, saw it somewhere in the

vicinity of 2 a.m., but nearly an hour had passed before he got into the police station, and we went out to the location with him.

We would both appreciate it very much if you would help us eliminate the possible conclusion that some people have made in that we might have a) made up the story, or b) were incompetent observers. Anything you could do along this line would be very much appreciated; and I'm sure you can understand the position we're in.

We appreciate the problems the Air Force must have with a lot of irresponsible reports on this subject, and don't want to cause you any unnecessary trouble. On the other hand, we think you probably understand our position.

Thanks very much for your interest.

Sincerely,

PTL. EUGENE BERTRAND
PTL. DAVID HUNT

Nearly a full month went by, but the officers received no reply whatever from Wright-Patterson. Finally, on December 28, the officers wrote again:

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, Jr., Major, USAF
Wright Patterson AFB
Dayton, Ohio
Dear Sir:

Since we have not heard from you since our letter to you of December 2, we are writing this to request some kind of answer, since we are still upset about what happened after the Pentagon released its news saying that we have just seen stars or planets, or high altitude air exercises.

As we mentioned in our letter to you, it could not have been the operation "Big Blast" you mention, since the time of our sighting was nearly an hour after that exercise, and it may not even have been the same date, since you refer to our sighting as September 2. Our sighting was on September 3. In addition, as we mentioned, we are both familiar with all the B-47's and B-52's and helicopters and jet fighters which are going over this place all the time. On top of that Ptl. Bertrand had four years of refueling experience in the Air Force, and knows regular aircraft of all kinds. It is important to remember that this craft we saw was not more than 100 feet in the air, and it was absolutely silent, with no rush of air from jets or chopper blades whatever, and it did not have any wings or tail. It lit up the entire field, and two nearby houses turned completely red. It stopped, hovered and turned on a dime.

What bothers us most is that many people are thinking that we were either lying or not intelligent enough to tell the difference between what we saw and something ordinary. Three other people saw this same thing on September 3, and two of them appeared to be in shock from it. This was absolutely not a case of mistaken identity.

We both feel that it's very important for our jobs and our reputations to get some kind of letter from you to say that the story put out by the Pentagon was not true; it could not possibly be, because we were the people who saw this; not the Pentagon.

Can you please let us hear from you as soon as possible.

Sincerely,

PTL. EUGENE BERTRAND
PTL. DAVID HUNT

In the official Air Force files at Wright-Patterson field is other information on the case:

-In his signed statement to the Air Force investigators, Patrolman Bertrand said: "At one time [the lights] came so close, I fell on the ground and started to draw my gun." He also noted that the lights were always in line at about a 60-degree angle, and when the object moved, the lower lights were always forward of the others.

-In the official Air Force report of the investigation by the Administrative Services Officer of the Pease Air Force Base to Wright-Patterson, dated September 15, 1966, the following information was included: *Identifying Information on Observers* (1) Civilian. Norman Muscarello, Age, 18. 205 1/2 Front Street, Exeter, N. H. Unemployed (will join Navy on 18 Sept. '66). Appears to be reliable. (2) Civilian. Eugene F. Bertrand, Jr. Age, 30. Exeter Police Department. Patrolman. Reliable. (3) Civilian. David R. Hunt. Age, 28. Exeter Police Department.

Patrolman. Reliable.

-In the same official report, a statement by Major David H. Griffin, Base Disaster Control Officer, Command pilot. "At this time have been unable to arrive at a probable cause of this sighting. The three observers seem to be stable, reliable persons, especially the two patrolmen. I viewed the area of the sighting and found nothing in the area that could be the probable cause. Pease AFB had 5 B-47 aircraft flying in the area during this period but do not believe they had any connection with the sighting." (Our italics)

The difference between this report of the actual investigating officer at Pease AFB, and the one officially released by the Pentagon to the local press on October 27, is marked and startling.

When I left Exeter, the sightings were still continuing, seemingly without letup. In the early months of 1966, while Hunt and Bertrand were still waiting to hear from the Pentagon, as many as two or three reports a week were being received by police in the vicinity of the town, one of which induced a dyed-in-the-wool skeptic to run to the police station with a full account of a UFO viewed by at least seven people.

On February 9, 1966, the Pentagon finally wrote a letter of apology to Patrolmen Bertrand and Hunt:

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
Washington

Office of the Secretary
Gentlemen:

FEBRUARY 9, 1966

Based on additional information you submitted to our UFO investigation office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, we have been unable to identify the object you observed on September 3, 1966. . . .

In 19 years of investigating over 10,000 reports of unidentified flying objects, the evidence has proved almost conclusively that reported aerial phenomena have been objects either created or set aloft by man, generated by atmospheric conditions, or caused by celestial bodies or the residue of meteoric activity.

Thank you for reporting your observation to the Air Force and for your subsequent cooperation regarding the report. I regret any inconvenience you may have suffered as a result.

Sincerely,

/s/ JOHN P. SPAULDING
Lt. Col., USAF
Chief, Civil Branch
Community Relations Division
Office of Information.

MR. EUGENE BERTRAND, JR.
MR. DAVID R. HUNT
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire.

The most logical, but still unprovable, explanation is that the Unidentified Flying Objects are interplanetary spaceships under intelligent control. NICAP and others have been supporting this hypothesis for years. Its credibility, however, has suffered by the support of the crackpot fringe. In spite of this, the hypothesis remains stronger than any other theory advanced.

The biggest remaining question is the apparent attitude of government and scientific authorities who have shown no indication of setting up a full-scale project either to prove or disprove the existence of UFO's. Or if they have, the ostensible paternalistic protection of the public is not consistent with democratic principles. The reaction of those who have experienced close encounters with UFO's in the Exeter area has been one of shock, followed by intense curiosity rather than sustained panic. An unprepared public is far more likely to panic than an informed one. Truth isn't likely to remain hidden forever.

In the light of recent developments, the situation has reached a point where it appears to be the duty and responsibility of the government either to reveal what it knows, or to order a scientific investigation on a major scale and report the findings immediately to the public at large.

-John G. Fuller

THE EXETER INCIDENTS

by Jean Fuller

Our contributor, who lives in Texas, is relatively new to the subject of UFOs, having approached it by way of Dr. Jacques Vallée's books and the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*. Mrs. Fuller is not related to the author of the book which she analyzes so brilliantly in her article.

THE correspondence from *Aviation Week* on the plasma theory¹, and the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* editorial on "explanations"², prompted me to take a second look at *Incident at Exeter*³ by John Fuller, since I understand that Mr. Klass (of *Aviation Week*) used the book to help work out his plasma explanation of the UFO problem. Mr. Fuller interviewed some sixty witnesses before writing his book, and described some twenty-one of these cases in detail. I have made a summary of these twenty-one cases, and I imagine readers of the review might be interested in the results.

Most of the sightings were made in the vicinity of Exeter, New Hampshire, in the late summer and the fall of 1965.

Muscarello Sighting

September 3. A huge red glowing object was seen to follow a car prior to the sighting, which occurred around 2 a.m. when an object 80ft to 90ft in diameter dived from the sky towards the witness, backed off, and hovered over a house. Later, when officers Hunt and Bertrand observed it with Muscarello, it was seen to rise from behind trees. One hundred feet in the air, the length of a football field away, it was observed as a huge red glow with lights around the rim which pulsed in a 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, pattern. When it left, it flew towards Hampton, where a badly frightened man only minutes later reported that a flying saucer came right at him. Said police officer Bertrand: "In fact, the first reaction I got was that it was a huge red fireball. But then I could immediately see that it wasn't. It was a huge, compact, round thing, with lights going back and forth." Said Patrolman Hunt: "... it was definitely a craft—a big one. ..."

Smith Sighting

September. At 11 p.m. a white glow with a red light was seen to come out of the sky and pass over the car four times. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in the air, larger than a B.52. Sighting lasted 15 minutes, ended as object "zoomed right off".

Shipman and Kalogeropoulos Sighting

On a foggy morning at 4 a.m. two boys were badly frightened by object which came in from over the ocean, buzzed their car, and "shot off out of sight". Sighting investigated by Coast Guard.

Davis Sighting

September. At 2 a.m. witness thought she was observing an aircraft until one small green light changed to a large red light "too big for a plane". Sighted from a hill three miles distant, object travelled from south-east, hovered, changed direction. Observed from five to eight minutes.

Spinney Sighting

September 27. Object seen at 10 a.m. on a clear day one mile away, nearest approach 200-300 feet. Described as "definitely

metallic", no wings, no glow, about 30 ft in diameter, 200 ft in the air. It flew slowly, hovered, then "went furiously off" upon departure.

Hale Sighting

October. At 6.25 p.m. witness observed bright, dome-shaped object, flat underneath, with a tail or fin, twice the size of a B.47. Came in slowly from over the Atlantic, hovered over the house at distance only three times the height of the chimney, then left at great speed. Kept in sight nearly twenty minutes.

Pearce Sightings

1. October. Seen at night at treetop height, object with dome, fins, appearing to be of hammered metal and of "enormous span". Had small lights all over it, red lights around rim, and square white lights, or ports, on the bottom. Big as a jet, it hovered 8 ft to 10 ft above the car, illuminating pavement. Several witnesses present in car, and one witness present in another car, who saw it over the first car.
2. July. Object "big as a car" with bright red lights, seen hovering below treetop level beside road, 30 ft from witnesses (2) as they approached, thinking it was a wreck. Seen to take off.
3. September 17. Object with red, green and white lights seen hovering over house for two or three minutes, during which time its lights went out twice as jet passed over, to come on again as plane passed by. Seen to depart. Several witnesses.
4. October. Seen by a neighbour of the Pearces. Object with two white lights the width of a wingspread crossed the road, dipped, flew over the car, and went up into the sky.

Healey Sighting

September. At 6.15 p.m. witness and her husband observed large, round, red object with several "silvery things hanging down from it". High in the sky at first, it came down towards power lines, hovered just over them, as plane circled area. Upon departure it "moved away—fast".

Jalbert Family Sightings

1. September. At 6.45 p.m. a bright glowing object the apparent size of the full moon, with several silverish things hanging down from it, was seen in the sky, later departed slowly. It was seen for 30 minutes by the Jalbert family. It occurred the same evening as the Healey observation.
2. September or October. At 10.45 p.m. an object "as big as a car", with red lights and white lights, "like a house window when its lit", came from the end of the power line in the distance, going over trees. It was seen to go up over a large tree in its path.
3. October or November. Reddish, cigar-shaped object seen in the air, from which emerged a small reddish disc. Approaching from a quarter of a mile away to within a few hundred feet of the witness, it hovered over power line, extended a silvery, pipe-like protrusion which touched the wires, remained in contact with them for one minute, and

several days previously. Observations 1 and 2 were part of repeated sightings in this area. The object was said to arrive around 6.45 p.m., remain nearly an hour. Stayed near power lines, appeared and disappeared, with small red lights on top and bottom, which went on and off. A plane was sometimes seen to circle the object as if in pursuit. Seen in unusually clear weather. Of departure, witnesses said: "It goes way up in the sky finally."

Bolduc Sightings

Fall, 1965. Object or objects seen several times by Bolduc family near their house. Appeared football-shaped with lights around middle. Twice a plane was seen circling when object in vicinity. Once caused photoelectric cell lights to go out because of its brilliance.

Lucci Sighting

August 8. The Lucci brothers photographed a "saucer", which appears on the cover of *INCIDENT AT EXETER*, at 11.30 p.m., when their camera was set to photograph the moon. Large white disc-shaped light was seen to come up over the trees, hovered here and there 50 to 60 ft above power lines. Weather described as misty. In sight only long enough for two photographs to be taken, it "shot straight up in the air and was gone".

de Turca Sighting

August 11. Five miles away from the Lucci home, only three nights later, at midnight, a huge (60-70 ft diameter), humming, disc-like object with brilliant red lights whirling around its rim, came in from the west, stopped over a neighbour's house, where it hovered and moved about, three or four rooftops high, for half an hour. When it left it "looked off faster than a jet". In this case the weather was described as "beautifully clear".
(These two sightings occurred in Beaver, Pennsylvania).

Blodgett Sighting

September 21. Between 1.30 and 2.00 a.m. an object, red on top and glowing on bottom, 100 ft diameter, seen from witness' bedroom window. Hazy night. Object spun, "went zoom—and it was out of sight".

Bunker Sighting

Fall, 1965. At 10.45 p.m. an object was seen approaching from north-west. Red green, white lights, silent, treetop level, object made "a long, graceful bounce" 1/2-mile from the witness. Continued towards south-east.

Doughty Sighting

October 1965. Between 9 and 9.30 p.m. a lighted object with red and green lights around it was observed stationary in the sky. Two witnesses stopped car to observe it. Object began to move, dived directly at car, causing witnesses to depart with haste.

Mazelewski Sighting

September 1965. Wakened by light at 2 a.m., witness called husband. Both observed humming object covered with lights like a Xmas tree which blinked, hovering low over field 15 ft from their window. They observed it for 15 minutes. Witnesses left window, noticed that humming had stopped, looked out to find it gone.

Analysis

Of these 21 sightings I noted the following:

1. Size: from "as big as a car" to 100 feet in diameter. Extremely large objects described in seven cases.

glow described in 13 cases. Two were daylight sightings.

Michel's "jellyfish" described twice. (Probably the same sighting from different witnesses.)

Colours diffused or object all one colour: 3 cases.

No description: 1 case.

3. Two cases describe repeated sightings over a small area. In the Jalbert case we have "ball lightning" which repeatedly appears in the sky and descends to keep a 7 o'clock appointment with power lines on clear nights, remains over power lines for one hour, and zooms off into the sky when power lines cease to attract it.

4. In the Jalbert "cigar" case we have a large "plasma" from which a small bit is seen to detach itself, descend to the power line, touch it, presumably find it less attractive than supposed, return to the sky, and merge with the larger "plasma".

5. In two cases we have daylight sightings of large objects at fairly close range.

6. Out of the whole book I counted seven cases in which jets and other aircraft were scrambled to chase "ball lightning" across the sky.

7. The weather is described in two cases as clear, in two foggy. No mention of any thunderstorm associated with any of these sightings.

8. Duration of sightings: from 1/4-minute to over one hour. In the Muscarello case, the object was seen at different times over a two hour period. In five other cases the object was kept in view for 15 minutes or longer.

9. Arrivals and departures: there is mention of only one case (very briefly, and not described by original witness) of a sighting described in this way: "There was a big white flash from the thing and it was gone." However, this does not necessarily mean that the object disintegrated, and may only indicate rapid departure. On the other hand we find:

Approaches from the sky: eleven (two of these from over the ocean).

Approaches from over trees: one.

Approaches from over road: one.

Approach from over power line in the distance: one.

Witness came upon object when it was stationary: six.

Not indicated: one.

Departure from vicinity of witness described: fifteen.

Witness left first: two.

Actual departure not described: four.

Mr. Klass's suggestion that "cornea discharge" formed along power lines, became detached, and floated and zipped about, finds no confirmation in these reports, wherein the object was seen approaching, manoeuvring and departing.

There is no report in *Incident at Exeter* describing an object materializing on power lines and later disintegrating. And the Jalbert case is the only one in which an object was described as in actual contact with the power lines.

As you will see from these accounts, we have "ball lightning" described as giving the appearance of: an aircraft, an auto wreck, an object with square windows or ports, a red object with silvery cables hanging from it, and a metallic craft 30 ft. in diameter (definitely a craft,

with lights pulsating in a 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, pattern.) There was also an object flat underneath with a tail or fin, an object of hammered metal, and an object with two lights the width of a wingspread. (One wonders what scientists would say if such descriptions of ball lightning appeared in an encyclopedia!).

To me, however, one of the most remarkable things about this whole series of sightings is this: of the more than 60 persons interviewed, not one mentioned physical harm done by the "masses of charged particles". Not one person was hurt, not one car damaged, no grass or forest fires started, no trees or rooftops set afire by these huge globs of plasma which were floating around so freely in Exeter and vicinity for several months in the fall of 1965. This dangerous phenomenon called ball lightning, in spite of its durability, great size, and apparent attraction to a variety of objects, always managed to stop short of actual contact with environment, while one on a collision course with a tree was seen to go up over the tree.

This bafflement in the face of the explanations is probably "old hat" to the FLYING SAUCER REVIEW and its readers, but I am still new enough to the field to be bewildered by it. Consistent testimony from so many

would seem to indicate the phenomena was accurately described. I am not saying ball lightning cannot show the appearance and behaviour described here, but I do believe any explanation based on the "plasma theory" must account for the features demonstrated in these accounts, without any attempt to minimise or distort them.

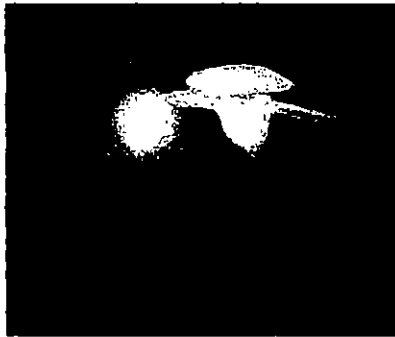
One last point—about those "cloud cigars" and the tornado theory. Anyone living close to the "tornado belt" of the midwestern U.S.A. would know better than to compare the awesome but dignified "Type II" appearance and behaviour with the rampaging fury of one of nature's most terrible spectacles. Whether or not they touch the ground, tornadoes are not the kind of thing you just stand and watch! They do not remain stationary in the sky so that you can watch them for half an hour, wondering what they are. You know what they are—the accompanying clouds (black), hail, lightning, and noise leave little room for doubt. Nor do I recall any news account describing a fall of "angel hair" in the wake of a tornado.

NOTES

¹ Refer to FLYING SAUCER REVIEW January/February 1967 p. iv of cover.

² FSR January/February 1967

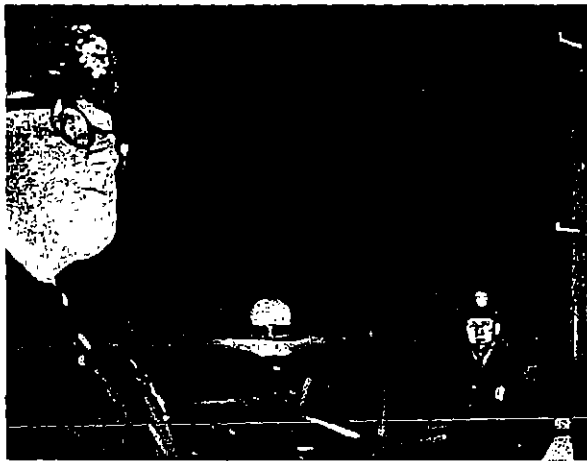
³ John G. Fuller, *Incident at Exeter*: Putnam.



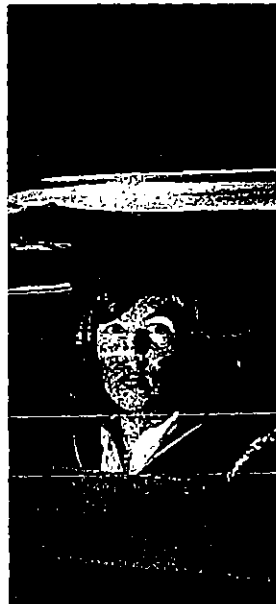
OUTER-SPACE GHOST STORY

BY JOHN G. FULLER

Was it delusion? Or did more than 60 people living near Exeter, N. H., actually see huge flying objects resembling the one shown in the remarkable photograph above?



Police Officers David Hunt, left, and Eugene Bertrand of Exeter, N. H., joined Norman Muscarello back at the site where he had reported seeing a large, luminous, flying object. They watched it reappear.



While driving home with her mother, Sharon Pearce, 13, of Hampton, saw a disklike object hovering beside their car. It wobbled and rocked near them for minutes. Since then, they have seen similar phenomena.



Norman Muscarello, now in the Navy, says a large, airborne object hovered over farm near Exeter, then seemed to pursue him, on the early morning of September 3. He went to the police for aid.

AT 2:24 A.M. ON September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello walked into the Exeter, N. H., police station, apparently near shock. Patrolman Reginald Toland, who was on duty at the desk, helped him light a cigarette before Muscarello was calm enough to talk.

He had been hitchhiking north on Route 150 from Amesbury, Mass., to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. The traffic was sparse, he said, and he was forced to walk most of the way. About 2 a.m., when he was passing an open field near Kensington, N. H., a huge object came out of the sky directly toward him. "The thing," as he called it, appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter and had brilliant, pulsating red lights outlining an apparent rim. It wobbled, yawed and floated toward him, but made no noise whatever. He was afraid it was going to hit him and protected himself by diving into the shallow shoulder of the road.

The object backed off slowly and hovered directly over the roof of one of the two nearby houses. Finally, it backed off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for one of the houses. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered. At that moment, a car came by, moving toward Exeter. Muscarello ran to the middle of the road, waving his arms frantically. A middle-aged couple picked him up, took him into Exeter and dropped him off at the police station.

"Look," he said to Toland, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. But you got to send somebody back out there with me!"

Toland, impressed by Muscarello's sincerity, called Cruiser No. 21. Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station. After he heard Muscarello's story, Bertrand, an Air Force veteran with experience in air-to-air refueling on KC-97 tankers, mentioned another strange report he had heard. He had been cruising on Route 101, approximately two miles from Exeter, about an hour earlier. He had come across a car parked on the bypass, and the woman at the wheel told him that a huge and silent airborne object had trailed her from the town of Epping, nine miles away. The object had brilliant, flashing red lights, she said, and kept within a few feet of her car. When she reached the overpass, it suddenly developed tremendous speed and soon disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in."

"This sounds like the thing you saw?" Toland asked Muscarello.

"Sounds exactly like it." It was nearly 3 a.m. when Patrolman Bertrand, still trying to calm continued

can drop her a note in my capacity as president of Match and say, *Dear Joan, You have been selected by a highly personal process called Random Sampling to be interviewed extensively by myself.* . . . and Tarr breaks into ingratiating laughter.

"Some romanticists complain that we're too commercial," he says. "But we're not trying to take the love out of love; we're just trying to make it more efficient. We supply everything but the spark."

Actually, computer dating supplies more. According to Dr. Benson R. Snyder, MIT's chief psychiatrist, it acts as a method that society condones for introducing a girl and a boy. "A boy knows that the girl has expressed her willingness to date by the act of joining. I think that's one of the most important things that it provides. It reduces the anxiety of the blind date: you know that the girl wants to go out with someone roughly like you."

"However," warns Dr. Snyder, "if this is taken too seriously, and it becomes institutionalized, it could be seen as a pressure for a safe, conformist approach. In all relationships, there is a need for the unexpected; even that which is a little anxiety-laden."

With all the joys and plays of computer dating, social life at sexually segregated schools in the Ivy League remains plenty anxiety-laden. At non-coed schools like Yale and Dartmouth, students lead lives of social isolation. Many are consumed by plans for weekend dates. "We try to pack a whole week into Friday and Saturday night," says a Princeton sophomore. "If we don't make out—if we don't sleep with the girl—the whole thing's a colossal failure."

Comments a distinguished New York psychoanalyst: "Ivy League students are forced to behave like monk-scholars. When they're freed on weekends, they seek emotional release. Almost all college boys are psychological adolescents, with an overpowering need for companionship, and they cannot be expected to live in seclusion. It's no surprise that sexual relations are more and more common among college-aged boys and girls."

"All-boy colleges create a climate for fantasy," says Carter Wiseman, a Yale sophomore. "Girls become unreal beings, so on the weekend, you try to force the reality to fit into the fantasy you've created, and it won't work!"

"Getting dates down here for the weekend is a terrible waste of time," says John de Forest of Yale. "Hotel accommodations for the girl, expenses, arrangements . . . trying to find a girl in the first place. That's why Match is here to stay. I approve of it as a way to meet people, although I have no faith in the questionnaire's ability to match compatible people. The machine has no way of telling whether or not the girl has pozz?"

But, Wiseman insists, "The odds of getting along with a girl are better if she's been screened by a computer. Say you're interested in Renaissance art, and the machine gives you a chick who's interested in Renaissance art, you've got a basis to build on. You can't just go up to some girl on the street and say, 'Hello, do you like Botticelli?'"

"In midwinter, it's tough to meet a girl a couple of hundred miles away on any pretext whatever," says a snowbound Dartmouth senior. "Match is a great icebreaker; the girl will at least talk to you if you call."

Even before boys telephone their matches, most girls have a line on them through Ivy-league sources—tipsters at boys' schools and upper-class girls who've dated extensively. Lists are passed through the dorms, where girls pencil comments next to familiar names: *cool; hang up when he calls; swings; funk.*

"What troubles me about all this computer jazz," says a sophomore at Connecticut College, "is my feeling that boys don't level when they fill in their questionnaires. I was honest with mine, but I wonder if some guys fill out theirs to see if they can get a first-nighter."

"Boys want one kind of a girl to date, but someone quite different to marry," says a Mount Holyoke senior. "Guys are just out for a good time, but I don't know any girl who goes on a date without marriage crossing her mind. When college kids are together, the girl thinks: 'I wonder what it would be like to be married to this fellow?' and the boy thinks, 'I wonder what it would be like to sleep with this girl?'"

"I don't see how the questionnaire can possibly result in compatible matches," says Ellen Robinson of Connecticut. "Guys don't care about attitudes and interests. They all want a blonde with a great figure. But if you must fill out a questionnaire, I think the one from Contact is better."

She gets no argument from David DeWan, 22, the MIT graduate student who owns Contact, Match's principal rival in New England. "The Match questionnaire is unbeatable for national distribution," he says. "But in the Northeast, I can use a vocabulary that will be more effective than it would be in the Midwest. Phrases like *verbal fluency* and *aesthetic appreciation* sell far better at schools like Princeton and Harvard."

DeWan, a brilliant math and engineering student, does not have an organization as sprawling or yeasty as Tarr's. In fact, he has no organization at all. A frugal man, he runs deep in the black: He has no full-time employees. His office is a room in his grandparents' home, near Cambridge. He uses a Honeywell 200 computer at three o'clock in the morning, when the rental is low. In one distribution of questionnaires, he drew 11,000 responses at four dollars each.

DeWan has been going steady with a girl at Wellesley, so when he organized Contact, they put themselves to the test. Sure enough, the computer matched them. But the computer also matched her with an Amherst boy, who won her away. "It was very sad," says DeWan, "but it proved my system works. I found her a more compatible guy."

"I think that's a riot," says Dr. Snyder, who invited DeWan to discuss the computer project at a meeting of the MIT psychiatric staff. "I was a little bit appalled by its 1984 overtones, but was much less concerned after we talked. Contact provides students with a chance to get over the initial hurdle of knowing that they're not going to be immediately rejected. At their age, it's often difficult to make the kind of small talk that's so important at the initial stages of a relationship. My guess is that computer-matched people are more able to explore comfortably their interests. I think it's a useful social mechanism, but it would be misused if boys used it merely to make a connection for a sexual good time."

"I don't know that Match and Contact can really work," gaily says Dr. Morris S. Davis, astronomer and director of the Yale Computer Center. "Until body chemistry can be inputted into the computer to stimulate the actual reactions of two persons, I have my doubts concerning the efficacy of the method."

Dr. Snyder agrees that the computer can't predict compatibility. "But it's not just chemistry," he insists. "It's because you can't program something as complicated as the whole cluster of feelings and ascriptions that surround a boy's notion of what a girl ought to be. What a computer can do is increase the probability of a satisfactory relationship by removing incompatible persons."

To test this theory, Christopher Walker, a senior at Yale, organized a dance for 200 college boys and girls, who were selected at random, matched by computer and tested before and after the dance. They spent time with their matches, then with dates they "picked up" during the dance's designated free period. Preliminary findings: Most had most fun with their "pickups." "If it turns out that way," says Walker, a psychology student who is a great admirer of Match, "it will be because a dance is a one-night stand, where the only thing that counts is physical attraction."

Not everyone has faith in computers. At the University of Wisconsin, two enterprising graduate students, Glenn Weisfeld and Michael Rappaport, have a service called SECS—Scientific Evaluation of Compatibility Service. They offer a short questionnaire, charge one dollar, provide one date, and somehow, it works. Says Weisfeld, "We had our proudest moment when we were congratulated for making SECS a four-letter word."

Just the same, Tarr feels the future belongs to the computer. He's working on campus installations of hundreds of special typewriters, all linked to a centralized "mother computer." A boy, typing his requirements, will receive in seconds the name of a compatible girl on his campus who's free that night. Tarr is also organizing a travel service. On deck: a transatlantic cruise by an ocean liner packed with compatible couples. (Rejected name: *Ship of Fools*. Scene: night. The deck awash with moonlight. In the shadows, a boy sings, "Come To Me, My Correlated Baby." Below decks, in the salon, a girl murmurs, "How do I love thee? Let me count the punch cards.")

Tarr already has outposts in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, will soon go international, providing students summer dates all over Europe.

Since collegians must fulfill each other's requirements, the questionnaire is designed to produce the profile of the applicant and the profile of the applicant's ideal date. Boys have discovered that there is more to getting the girl of their daydreams than ordering a blonde, intelligent, wealthy, sexually experienced witch. They must also try to guess what kind of boy such a girl would request, then describe themselves to conform to her data. The future suggests itself: A boy answers the questions artfully. A girl does too. The computer whirs. They receive each other's name. Breathlessly, they make a date. They meet. They stop short. There they are: Plain Jane and So-So-Sol. Two liars. But they are, after all, exactly alike, and they have been matched. It is the computer's moment of triumph.

GENE SHALIT

The policeman shouted: "I see the damn thing myself!"

Muscarello, reached the field between the two houses. The night was clear, moonless and warm. There was no wind, and the stars were brilliant. Visibility was unlimited.

Bertrand parked his cruiser near Tel. & Tel. Pole #663. He picked up the radio mike to report to Toland that he could see nothing at all, but that Muscarello was still so tense about the situation that he was going to walk out on the field with him to investigate further. "I'll be out of the cruiser for a few minutes," he said, "so if you don't get an answer on the radio, don't worry about it."

Bertrand and Muscarello walked down the sloping field, Bertrand probing the trees in the distance with his flashlight. About 100 yards from the roadside was a corral, where the horses of the Carl Dining farm were kept. They reached the fence and still saw nothing, and Bertrand tried to convince Muscarello that he must have seen a helicopter. Muscarello insisted that he was familiar with all types of conventional aircraft and would have recognized a helicopter.

THEN, as Bertrand turned his back to the corral to shine his light toward the tree line north of them, the horses at the Dining farm began kicking and whinnying. Dogs in the nearby houses began howling. Muscarello screamed, "I see it! I see it!"

Bertrand turned, looked toward the trees beyond the corral. Rising up slowly from behind two tall pines was a brilliant, roundish object. It made no sound. It moved toward them like a leaf fluttering from a tree, wobbling and yawing as it did so. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of Carl Dining's house turned blood-red. Bertrand reached for his .38, then thought better of it and shoved the gun back in its holster. Afraid of infrared rays, he grabbed Muscarello and yanked him toward the cruiser.

Bertrand called Toland at the Exeter station. "My God," he shouted, "I see the damn thing myself!"

Under the half-protection of the cruiser roof, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, about a football-field's distance away. It was rocking back and forth on its axis, still absolutely silent. The pulsating red lights seemed to dim from left to right, then from right to left, in a 5-4-3-2-1, then 1-2-3-4-5 pattern, taking about two seconds for each cycle. They found it difficult to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights—"Like trying to describe a car with its headlights coming at you," Bertrand said.

After several minutes, the object began moving slowly eastward, toward Hampton. Its movement was

erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It started," says Bertrand, "It could turn on a dime. Then it would slow down."

As it began to move away, Patrolman David Hunt, in Cruiser No. 20, pulled up by the pole. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland.

"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "It was going from left to right, between the tops of two big trees. I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear those horses kicking out in the barn there. Those dogs were really howling. Then it started moving, slow like, across the tops of the trees, just above the trees. It was rocking when it did this. A creepy type of look. Airplanes don't do this. After it moved out of sight, toward Hampton, toward the ocean, we waited awhile. A B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Moments after the object slid over the trees and out of sight, Toland took a call from an Exeter night operator. "She was all excited," says Toland. "Some man had just called her, and she traced the call to one of them outside booths in Hampton, and he was so hysterical he could hardly talk straight. He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish, he was cut off. I got on the phone and called the Hampton police, and they notified the Pease Air Force Base."

The blotter of the Hampton Police Department covers the story tersely: "Sept. 3, 1965: 3 a.m. Exeter Police Dept. reports unidentified flying object in that area. Units 2, 4 and Pease Air Force Base alerted. At 3:17, received a call from Exeter operator and Officer Toland. Advised that a male subject called and asked for police department, further stating that call was in re: a large, unidentified flying object, but call was cut off. Call received from a Hampton pay phone, location unknown."

For days, Bertrand would think about the object he had seen. "The world is going so fast that it could be something from outer space. It makes you wonder. I want to keep my mind open, look for a reasonable explanation. But then, as I look back in my mind again, I wonder. When we watched it, Dave and I and the kid tried to listen, to hear a motor. We did everything to check it out. We weren't believing our eyes. We just couldn't come up with an answer. I kept asking Dave, 'What is that, Dave? What do you think?' He'd say, 'I don't know.' I have never seen an aircraft like that before, and I know damn well they haven't changed that much since I was in the service."

Lt. Warren Cottrell was on the desk at 6 o'clock that morning. He read Bertrand's report and called



Mrs. Virginia Hale of Hampton, a newspaper correspondent, reported a huge object that floated over her backyard. It gave off a violet light.

Pease Air Force Base to reconfirm the incident. By one in the afternoon, Maj. Thomas Griffin and Lt. Alan Brandt arrived. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length and returned to the base with little comment. By nightfall, a long series of phone calls began coming into the police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses before the police report.

NIGHTFALL also marked the beginning of a three-week vigil by Muscarello, his mother and several friends. In the weeks before he was due to report to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, he was determined he would see the strange object again. During this period, I also began a search that was to continue for many weeks. My objective was to bring out every fact possible in a single, limited area regarding an Unidentified Flying Object, commonly called a UFO.

I found Ron Smith, 17, a high-school senior, unpacking a carton of chicken soup in the grocery store where he works after school.

A few weeks earlier, young Smith had been riding around with his mother and his aunt, shortly after 11 p.m., not far from the spot where Muscarello had been hitchhiking.

"All of a sudden, my aunt told me to look up at the sky," Smith told me. "I stopped the car and looked up. I saw a red light on the top, and the bottom was white. And it glowed. It passed over the car once, and when it passed over and got in front, it stopped in midair and went back over again. It was huge. It headed over the car a third time and then took off."

Zoomed off, fast. Wasn't even ten seconds getting away."

"It scared me, and I started to drive toward the police station to report it. But after I got partway, I came to my senses. I wanted to be sure we weren't just seeing things."

He returned to the place where he and his mother and his aunt had seen the object. "It was back there still. It was oval, not completely round. It didn't make much sound, just sort of a humming noise, like a cat when it purrs. Altogether, we must have watched it for about 15 minutes. The second time, it just passed over the car once and took off again. It wasn't a plane, it wasn't a helicopter."

The next lead took me to the office of Rusty's Taxi, where Lora Davis gave me her account. "It was about 2 o'clock in the morning," she said. "I was sitting up on top of Country Club Hill, and I looked up. I first thought it was a plane. . . . There was just a big, huge red light, blinking on and off. It started moving closer, my guess was about three miles away. It was too big to be a plane, the distance it was. It was coming in from the southeast, sort of parallel to the 101 bypass. Then it headed toward the ocean."

While I was there, a call came in on the taxi radio. It was the taxi-company owner. He had just heard via shortwave radio that a Mrs. Harlow Spinney in Stratham had recently spotted a UFO in broad daylight.

"I was driving from Exeter toward Portsmouth, and when I first saw it, it was in the distance," she told me. "When it got between two and three hundred feet of me, darned if it didn't turn around and come back, so I got a perfect view of it in broad daylight. It made no noise whatever, and it seemed to be intelligently guided. It looked spherical, but it was definitely not a balloon. There were no openings. If it had

continued

After sightings, some women were afraid to go out at night

been a B-47 or a B-52 jet—I know them so well because they pass over here all the time—it would have scared me to death at that altitude. I guess it was 30 feet or so in diameter, and it changed direction with a dartlike motion. Then it suddenly took off at a blinding speed."

MEANWHILE, another lead had come in from Russell Burbank, a reporter on the *Boston Globe*. Mrs. Virginia Hale of Thomsen Road, Hampton, had recently kept a UFO in clear view over a five- to ten-minute period, at dusk. Mrs. Hale, a stringer for the UPI and a local news correspondent, knew every conventional flight pattern at the Portsmouth air base, as well as those of the commercial planes. "I was standing by the sink, looking out the kitchen window, about 25 minutes after 6 in the evening. The reason I caught my eye was because it was bright and because it was going slow, very slow. So I automatically figured something was wrong. Then it stopped dead over by that house—about three times the height of the chimney—it just stopped dead. Now, you know four minutes is a long time, and that's why I hesitate to say that, but I'm pretty sure it was about that long. I marked my window here with a smear from my dishwasher so I could remember where it lined up with the spot. Suddenly, this thing cut back toward the southwest, coming directly back and losing altitude fast. It was going so fast I thought it would crash. At this point, I could see underneath too. It was dome-shaped and flat underneath. . . ."

As I talked to policemen, taxi operators, high-school youngsters and housewives in split-level or farm homes, the otherworldly aspects of the sightings aroused strong curiosity after the initial shock.

A new lead took me to the home of Mrs. Rudy Pearce, on the Exeter-Hampton line. A delegation of neighborhood housewives was waiting for me in her living room. Their accounts of multiple sightings continued for over an hour. Some of the women were afraid to go out alone at night. "Some of these things," said Mrs. Alfred Deyo, "sit in the air for as long as half an hour. Just sit there."

So many leads began coming in from the police blotter, newspapers and ordinary citizens that it was impossible to follow them all up:

- Near Beattie's Lunch, in Fremont, dozens of cars would gather nightly at the base of the power lines, along which the objects would hover.

- The Jallbert family, living beside the power lines, reported constant sightings, dull-orange disks moving erratically along the lines.

- The Chief of Police of Fremont, along with a half-dozen members of his family, saw an object hovering over his house and barn. An outside light, operated by a photoelectric cell,

went out when the object appeared.

- Charlotte McFarland of Sandown stopped her car when a red, roundish object came down the power lines and headed toward her. It hovered, went up and down and moved erratically sideways.

- Mrs. Parker Blodgett, a correspondent of the *Haverhill, Mass., Gazette* and president of the New Hampshire WTA, saw a bright orange disk, "bigger than the moon" hover just outside her living-room window.

Meanwhile, Norman Muscarello continued his vigil on Route 150 during the three weeks before he joined the Navy. "He would sit all night long," says his mother, "and many times, I joined him. One night, all of a sudden, I saw it myself. You couldn't see the shape, but it came out behind some trees, like if it was just parked and just rose up. No sound at all. It was huge. There were lights on the bottom going around like pinwheels."

I RECORDED lengthy interviews with over 60 people. From the tapes, certain common denominators emerged:

Many observers were reluctant to report their findings because of the fear of ridicule.

Most people reported sightings were familiar with commercial and military craft, could even tell the difference between B-47's and B-52's because of the constant traffic at the nearby Pease Air Force Base.

Most observers reported luminous disk-shaped objects, either white or orange, or changing in color. Many people said they saw the red pulsating lights around the rim, which often would speed up and whirl. Some noted cigar-shaped crafts. The phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire was dismissed by experts as an explanation because the objects seen were constantly defined as structured craft rather than fire balls.

Many observers reported extreme low-level encounters, not more than five or six feet above the ground.

Most reported absolute silence by the objects, although in some cases a high-frequency hum was noticed.

A few noted the odd behavior of animals, as well as electrical, ignition and broadcast disturbances.

In some 200 pages of typed transcripts, 73 mentions were made that the UFO's were observed near or over high-power transmission lines.

None of this information is particularly new to NICAP—the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington—the privately-sponsored organization that has been collating statistics reported over the past 20 years. But an intensive investigation has not been focused on a single area to any measurable degree before.

While NICAP pushes its demands for public enlightenment on the subject, the Air Force maintains an attitude of almost complete silence. Any

continued

Coastguardsmen seem to support the witnesses

air base receiving a UFO report sends an officer to investigate. The information is relayed to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio, where it is analyzed by scientists and technicians. The report is forwarded to the Pentagon, which claims that only 7.7 percent of the thousands of objects remain unidentified. The rest of the cases are ascribed to other causes such as temperature inversion, weather balloons, mistaken identity of planes, stars, planets, clouds, reflections and so forth.

It was through NICAP that I learned that the amazing UFO picture shown on the first page of this article had been taken by a youthful astronomer in Beaver County, Pa., northwest of Pittsburgh. I went immediately to western Pennsylvania to investigate.

James Lucci, 17, the photographer, had an excellent school record and the finest possible character standing in his community. He was taking a time exposure of the moon at 11:30 p.m., in the presence of his brother John, a biology major at Geneva College. Both watched it for several minutes. The picture was taken with a Yashica 635, with Altipan 120 film (ASA 100). The lens opening was f 3.5, set at infinity, developed with fresh D 76 at 70 degrees, with agitation. Four members of the photographic department of the Beaver County Times, a highly respected area paper, told me that the negatives of the two pictures Lucci took were not the result of faking nor the result of photographic accident.

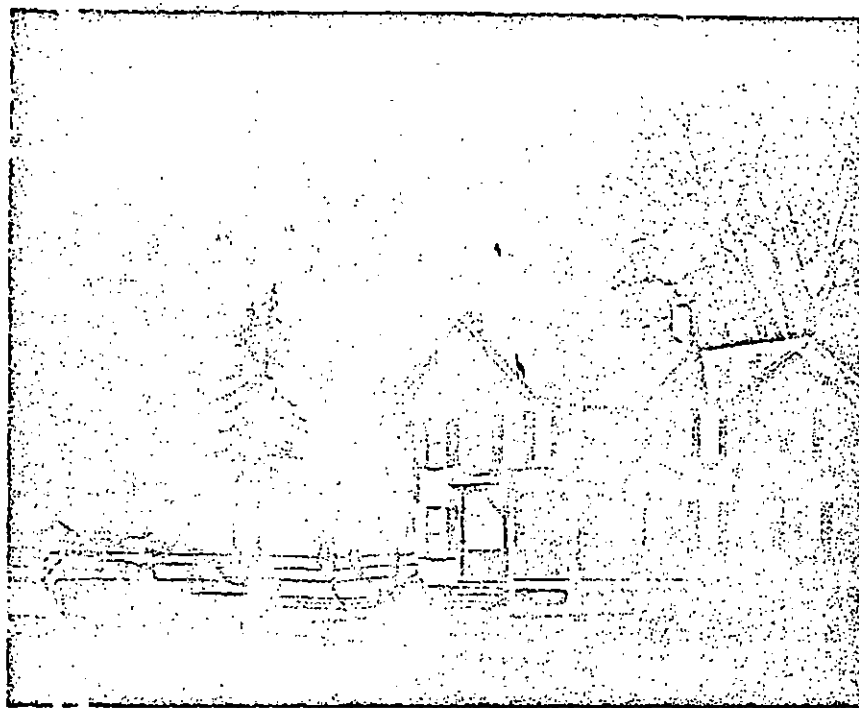
A canvass of Lucci's neighborhood

brought out a rash of stories almost identical to those of Exeter.

In early November, I returned to Exeter to gather more confirmation on the sightings. A particularly graphic one came from Joseph Jallbert, 16, a high-school junior with an excellent scholastic record. His house is almost under the poles supporting the power lines on Route 107. One evening at dusk, toward the end of October, he noticed a reddish cigar-shaped object high in the sky and was startled to see a smaller reddish-orange disk emerge from it and begin a slow descent toward earth. It drew nearer, then skimmed along the power lines and stopped within two hundred feet of him, just a few feet over the wires. Then, very slowly, a silvery, pipe-like extension descended from the disk until it touched the wire. It remained in contact with the power line for several seconds, then was retracted into the disk. It took off toward the sky with tremendous speed, found the cigar-shaped object again, and disappeared inside it. Joseph's mother, oddly enough, had sighted a similar object on a different night some 20 miles away.

Confidential comments made to me by coastguardsmen and military in the area support the laymen's testimony and confirm the reports of radar sightings and scrambling by jet fighters. Collusion, hoax or mistaken identity by so many people seems improbable. The continued official silence surrounding the subject of UFO's seems as mysterious as the Exeter story itself.

END



Outer-Space Ghost Story

Condensed from LOOK
JOHN G. FULLER

Was it delusion? Hoax? Or did more than 60 people around Exeter, N.H., actually see flying objects from somewhere?

AT 2:24 A.M. on September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello walked into the Exeter, N.H., police station, apparently near shock. Patrolman Reginald Toland, on duty at the desk, helped him light a cigarette before he was calm enough to talk.

Muscarello had been hitchhiking north on Route 150 from Amesbury, Mass., to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. Traffic was sparse, he said, and he was forced to walk most of the way. About 2 a.m., when he was passing an open field near

Kensington, N.H., a huge object came out of the sky. Brilliant, pulsating red lights outlined its rim, which appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter. The object wobbled, yawed and floated directly toward him, making no noise whatever. Afraid that it was going to hit him, Muscarello dived off the road.

The object backed off slowly and hovered over the roof of one of two nearby houses. Finally, it backed off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for one of the houses. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered. At that moment, a car came by, and Muscarello hailed it frantically. A middle-aged couple picked him up and dropped him off at the Exeter police station.

"Look," he said to Toland, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. But you've got to send somebody back there with me!"

Impressed by Muscarello's sincerity, Toland called a cruising patrol car. Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station. After hearing Muscarello's story, Bertrand reported that about an hour earlier he had come across a car parked on a bypass approximately two miles from Exeter. The woman at the wheel told him that a huge, silent, airborne object had trailed her from the town of Epping, nine miles away. The object had brilliant, flashing red lights, she said, and kept within a few feet of her car. When she reached the bypass, it suddenly picked up tremendous speed and

soon disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in." The object the woman described, Muscarello said, sounded exactly like what he had seen.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when Bertrand and Muscarello reached the field between the two houses. The moonless night was clear, there was no wind, and the stars were brilliant. Visibility was unlimited.

Bertrand parked his cruiser. He radioed back to Toland that Muscarello was still so tense that he was going to walk out on the field with him to investigate further. As they walked, Bertrand probed the distance with his flashlight. They saw nothing, and Bertrand tried to convince Muscarello that he must have seen a helicopter. But Muscarello insisted that he was familiar with all types of conventional aircraft and would have recognized a helicopter.

About 100 yards from the roadside was a corral, where farmer Carl Dining kept his horses. A. Bertrand turned his back to the corral to shine his light toward the tree line north of them, the horses began kicking and whinnying. Dogs in the nearby houses began barking. Muscarello screamed, "I see it. I see it!"

Bertrand turned. Rising slowly from behind two tall pines beyond the corral was a brilliant, roundish object. Soundless, it moved toward them like a leaf fluttering from a

tree, wobbling and yawing as it did so. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of Carl Dining's house turned blood-red. Bertrand reached for his .38, thought better of it and yanked Muscarello toward the cruiser. He called Toland at the Exeter station. "I see the damn thing myself!" he shouted.

From the cruiser, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, rocking back and forth, still absolutely silent. They found it difficult to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights. "Like trying to describe a car coming at you with its headlights on," Bertrand said later.

After several minutes, the object began moving slowly eastward toward Hampton. Its movement was erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It darted," says Bertrand. "It could turn on a dime."

As it began to move away, Patrolman David Hunt, in another cruiser, pulled up. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland.

"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear horses kicking out in the barn there. After the thing moved out of sight, a B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Moments after the object slid over the tree and out of sight, Toland, at the police station, took a call from

an Exeter night switchboard operator. "Some man had just called her, so hysterical that he could hardly talk straight," says Toland. "He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish, he was cut off. I called the Hampton police, and they notified Pease Air Force Base."

At one o'clock the next afternoon, Maj. David Griffin and Lt. Alan Brandt arrived in Exeter from Pease. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length, and returned to the base with little comment. By nightfall, a long series of phone calls was coming into the Exeter police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses before the police report.

Soon after, I began a search in the area that was to continue for many weeks. My objective was to bring out every fact possible in a single, limited area regarding an Unidentified Flying Object. No such intensive UFO investigation had ever been focused on a single area before.

I interviewed Ron Smith, 17, a high-school senior, who a few weeks earlier had been driving with his mother and his aunt, shortly after 11 p.m., not far from the spot where Muscarello had been hitchhiking.

"All of a sudden, my aunt told me to look up at the sky," Smith told me. "I stopped the car, looked up and saw an object. It had a red light on the top, and the bottom was white. And it glowed. It passed over the car once, stopped, then went

back over again. It didn't make much sound, just sort of a humming noise, like a cat purring."

Mrs. Virginia Hale, of Thomsen Road, Hampton, a UPI stringer and a local news correspondent, kept a UFO in clear view over a 10- to 20-minute period. "I was standing by the sink, looking out the kitchen window, about 6:25 in the evening. It caught my eye because it was bright and going very slow. Then it stopped dead over by that house. I marked my window here with a smear from the dishwater so I could remember where it lined up. Suddenly, this thing cut back toward the southwest, losing altitude so fast I thought it would crash. At this point, I could see that it was dome-shaped and flat underneath."

At the home of Mrs. Rudy Pearce, on the Exeter-Hampton line, I met with a delegation of neighboring housewives. Their accounts of multiple sightings continued for more than an hour. Some of the women were afraid to go out alone at night. "Some of these things," said Mrs. Alfred Deyo, "sit in the air as long as half an hour. Just sit there."

So many leads began coming in from the police blotter, newspapers and ordinary citizens that it was impossible to follow them all up. But I did record lengthy interviews with more than 60 people. Certain common denominators emerged:

Many observers were reluctant to report their findings because of the fear of ridicule.

Most people reporting sightings

were familiar with commercial and military aircraft because of the constant traffic at nearby Pease Air Force Base.

Most observers reported luminous, disk-shaped objects, either white or orange, or changing in color. Many people said they saw red, pulsating lights around the rim.

Most reported absolute silence by the objects, although in some cases a high-frequency hum was heard.

A few noted odd behavior of animals, as well as electrical, ignition and broadcast disturbances.

In some 200 pages of typed transcripts, 73 mentions were made that the UFO's were observed near or over high-power transmission lines.

None of this information is particularly new to NICAP (the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, in Washington), a privately sponsored organization which has been collating reports from viewers over the past 20 years and pushing demands for public enlightenment on the subject of possible interplanetary phenomena.

Any air base receiving a UFO report sends an officer to investigate. The information is relayed to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio, where it is analyzed by scientists and technicians. The report is forwarded to the Pentagon, which claims that only 64 percent of the thousands of objects sighted remain unidentified. The rest of the cases are ascribed to other causes such as temperature inversion, weather balloons, mistaken identity of planes,

stars, planets, clouds, reflections and so forth.

Last November, I returned to Exeter to gather more confirmation on the sightings. A particularly graphic report came from Joseph Jalbert, 16, a high-school junior. His house is almost under the poles supporting the power lines on Route 107. One evening at dusk, toward the end of October, he noticed a reddish, cigar-shaped object high in the sky. In a moment, he saw a smaller, reddish-orange disk emerge from it and begin a slow descent toward earth. It drew nearer, then skimmed along the power lines and stopped within 200 feet of him, just a few feet above

the wires. Then, very slowly, a silvery, pipe-like extension descended from the disk until it touched the wire. It remained in contact with the power line for several seconds, then was retracted into the disk. Finally, the disk took off toward the sky at tremendous speed and disappeared inside the cigar-shaped object again.

Confidential comments made to me by Coast Guardsmen and military men in the area support the laymen's testimony. Collusion, hoax or mistaken identity by so many people seems improbable. The continued official reticence surrounding the subject of UFO's seems as mysterious as the Exeter story itself.



Banner Days

INFURIATED by the caterwauling of neighborhood felines, I leaped from bed one warm evening, snatched up a stick the children had left on the porch and dashed outside to pursue the cats. Car lights suddenly spotlighted me—barefoot, nightgown flapping, wildly brandishing the stick. I skidded to a halt, embarrassment changing to humiliation as I realized the sight I made. For there, from the end of the upraised stick, fluttered a small but unmistakable American flag.

—Contributed by Ruth B. Wood

LAST MEMORIAL Day, my neighbor's two sons were putting up a flag in their yard. An elderly lady, out for her morning stroll, noted that the flag had only 48 stars and brought this to their attention, pointing out that it did not represent the true state of the union. "Oh, that's all right," said the younger lad. "My mother doesn't recognize Alabama and Mississippi."

—Contributed by Mrs. J. A. Carrington



Tax Burden. The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid by the government were the only ones, we might easily discharge them. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us.

—Benjamin Franklin

THE U.F.O. Investigator

FACTS ABOUT UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

Published by the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena

Vol. III, No. 4

August-September, 1965

New UFO Photos Prove Genuine

New photographs proving UFO reality, analyzed by experts, may be the most important evidence in the latest wave of world-wide sightings. One UFO was photographed at an Argentine Government scientific base, three more by U.S. and foreign newsmen, and other pictures are being checked.

~~Pictures of the UFO below, taken Aug. 5, in Beaver County, Pa.,~~ were declared genuine by three professional photographers who examined the negatives. (Signed evaluations given to NICAP in a five-day on-the-spot investigation.) Because of the close range (one-fourth mile) these photos have unusual detail.

In the first, the bright spot at the left is the moon. The white mass under the UFO, like a double exhaust, was invisible to witnesses. (A NICAP technical adviser suggests the film may have recorded a force-field emanation, a clue to the propulsion.) The streak behind and below the disc is believed a trail the UFO left in maneuvering over the trees.

See Mr. Craves drawing & on page 6



In the second photo (same negative) the trail and "exhaust" are blacked out to show the disc more clearly.



Following is the detailed report secured by NICAP investigators:

UFOs PANIC POLICE, MOTORISTS

In the last few months, there has been a disturbing increase in public fear of UFOs. Suddenly confronted with these strange objects, veteran policemen -- formerly skeptics -- have panicked and fled. In one case Texas police frankly told the AF they had raced away, badly frightened, at over 100 m.p.h. (Copy of report to AF in NICAP files.) In other verified cases, women motorists were found in a state of shock... a truck driver was terrified when a UFO came at him head-on... and other observers, here and abroad, were alarmed by UFO encounters, especially at close range.

We do not wish to add to the fear of UFOs, but the causes mentioned are already known locally. If such cases continue, and are not offset by publicizing the thousands of harmless encounters, it could seriously add to the problem of educating the public.

A case at Exeter, N.H., Sept. 3, is a typical example of fear caused by a closely approaching UFO. Around 12:30 a.m., Exeter police, investigating a car parked by a highway, found two women in a state of near shock. The driver told Officer Eugene Bertrand they had been chased 12 miles by a flying object with a brilliant red glow. Not seeing any strange object, Bertrand reassured the women and drove off.

Pulsating Lights

Half an hour later, Norman J. Muscarello, 18-year-old Exeter youth, was walking along Route 150 when a strange, red-lighted object came over some nearby trees. The almost blinding red glow came from five extremely bright lights, which pulsed in sequence.

Frightened, Muscarello crouched behind a stone wall. The UFO stopped and hovered just above a house owned by Clyde Russell, of Kensington. Muscarello could see it was larger than the house -- at least 80-90 feet long. After the UFO silently moved back over the trees, Muscarello ran to the Russell home and pounded on the door. But the Russells, thinking it was a drunk, refused to open the door.

About 1:45, Muscarello reached the Exeter Police Station, two miles from the sighting spot.

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

BULLETIN

New reports in New England are being investigated as we go to press.

On Sept. 30, Norwich newspaper photographer Ken Skinner filmed an unidentified flying object seen maneuvering in the vicinity. NICAP will attempt to obtain the picture for evaluation.

On Oct. 1, a UFO was seen at fairly close range by three men and a woman near Charlemont, Mass. The witnesses estimated that at one time the object was within 75 to 100 feet from them. As it moved away toward Thunder Mountain it appeared to climb, making a right angle turn. Other residents in the area also reported seeing the strange object.

On the night of Oct. 2-3, a UFO which appeared triangular in shape was sighted by a large number of witnesses in Boston, and outside of the city. At one point, it was estimated to be hovering at about 1800 feet.

On Oct. 4, witnesses reported a UFO landed on a ridge in the

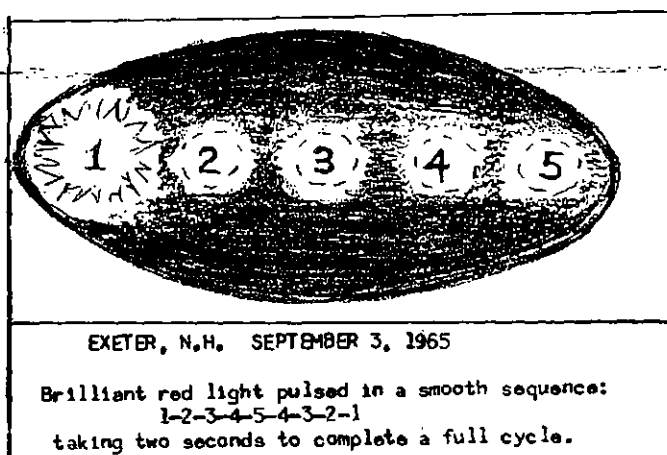
UFO PANIC (Continued from page 1)

"He was white with fear and hardly able to talk," Desk Officer Reginald Toland said later. Muscarello told Toland and Officer Bertrand the story, and though it seemed incredible, Bertrand drove him back to the scene in his police cruiser.

Muscarello and the officer walked into the field where the UFO had been seen. At first, nothing was visible. Then as Bertrand pointed his flashlight around Muscarello shouted, and Bertrand swung around in time to see a large dark object displaying "a straight row of extraordinarily bright red pulsating lights." The UFO, coming into the field at tree-top level, changed course and flew toward them, just clearing a 60-70 foot tree.

Bertrand reached for his revolver, then thought better of it. Shouting for Muscarello to take cover in the car, he also jumped into the cruiser, fearing they might be burned by the blinding red lights closing in.

As Bertrand radioed for help, he and Muscarello heard a dog barking furiously and horses in a nearby barn whinnying and kicking their stalls.



The sequence in which the five lights pulsed -- 1-2-3-4-5-4-3-2-1 -- gave Officer Bertrand the impression that the UFO was "an intelligently constructed vehicle." The brilliance of the lights created a halo effect; and at close range they were so blinding he could not look directly at them.

But even though he could not see clearly behind the lights, their reflection from the UFO's body indicated a "large, dark, solid object as big as a house.... It seemed compressed as if it were round or egg-shaped, with definitely no protrusions like wings, rudder or stabilizer."

Officer David R. Hunt arrived from Exeter in time to view the UFO for about six minutes. By then it was moving away slowly, but he saw red lights pulsating in sequence "brighter than headlights at close range."

Moving on a westward course, the UFO disappeared below the tree line.

That night, Exeter police notified Pease AFB, and next day an AF major and a lieutenant interrogated the witnesses. Shortly afterward, NICAP Investigator Raymond Fowler also interviewed the policemen. They told him the AF officers showed special interest in the size and shape of the object. The policemen also said the AF men told them:

1. A USAF check revealed no aircraft in the area during the sighting. 2. Pease AFB had been receiving other UFO reports in the New Hampshire area almost nightly for the previous week. 3. There had been a case in late July where a motorist came upon a UFO hovering over the road directly in front of his car.

Most interesting of all, the police said the AF officers asked them to keep the story from the press to avoid frightening the public. But the details were already on the police blotter, and it was too late for secrecy.

Besides the witnesses, Investigator Fowler talked with several area residents. Most of them seemed more curious than frightened—but they had not had close-range encounters.

Later, the influential Saturday Review published details of this case after NICAP discussed it with John G. Fuller, writer of the

Review's "Trade Winds" column. After a careful check with the Exeter police, Investigator Fowler and Pease AFB, Fuller wrote a serious report, including a new statement by Officer Bertrand: "My brain kept telling me this doesn't happen—but there it was, right in front of my eyes... it hovered there, about 100 feet away... I don't know what it was. All I can say is that it was there, and three of us saw it together."

(Mr. Fuller's report, crediting NICAP, appeared in the Oct. 2 issue of the Saturday Review.)

From an examination of recent fear reports, it appears that skeptics are the quickest to panic—people who have accepted official denials of UFOs' existence. One such case involved two Texas lawmen, both graduates of police schools—Chief Deputy B. E. McCoy and Patrol Deputy Robert Goode, of Angleton.

By coincidence, this incident occurred on Sept. 3, the same night as the Exeter scare. The following details are from the officers' signed report to NICAP and a signed copy of their statement to an AF investigator, Maj. Laurence R. Leach, Jr., 2578 Air Base Squadron, Ellington AFB, Texas.

After midnight, near Damon in Brazoria County, the two sheriffs sighted an enormous flying object from their patrol car. In the bright moonlight, they could see it was about 200 feet long, 40-50 feet thick at the center, tapering at both ends. It had a brilliant purple light at one end, a fainter blue one at the other.

Sheriff Goode turned the patrol car around, drove back three-fourths of a mile and stopped. As they were watching through binoculars, the strange craft came down to 100 feet, heading rapidly toward the lighted police car. In the moonlight, the UFO cast a huge shadow on the ground, and the officers could see it moving swiftly toward the highway.

Fifty Yards Away

As it neared them, the brilliant purple light illuminated the ground and the inside of the car. Sheriff Goode, leaning out the driver's side, suddenly felt heat from the approaching UFO. He hastily started the engine. By this time the huge flying object was barely 50 yards away.

With understandable panic, the sheriffs fled.

"We were traveling at speeds up to 110 miles an hour," McCoy told the AF.

When they reached Damon, the lawmen calmed down and decided to go back.

"We were both scared," McCoy frankly admits. "But we wanted to find out what it was."

But when they returned to the area, the UFO's lights began to shift just as they had before its swift approach. Again, the sheriffs raced away.

"We figured the object would start coming toward us again," McCoy said in his AF statement. In describing the UFO, he said the body appeared dark gray. There was no sound, nor any trail visible.

"I never saw anything like it before," McCoy concluded.

Both sheriffs admitted they had not believed in UFOs before.

"I've always been skeptical about these things," said McCoy.

"I'm not a skeptic any more."

Truck drivers, like policemen, are not noted for being easily scared. But Don Tenopir, a Beatrice, Nebraska trucker, had moments of sheer terror on the night of August 4, when a flying disc buzzed him:

"I was en route to Lincoln, Nebraska, about 25 miles from Abilene, Kansas. It was near 1:30 a.m. when all of a sudden the lights on my truck went out. Then they came back on, then off, then on again.

"About then, this thing went over my truck with a sizzling or wind-like blowing sound. It scared hell out of me; it seemed to almost touch the cab.

"It just swooped down over the road and hovered there, not more than 100 feet in front of me. I tell you I was standing on those brakes. It looked like it was going to fall right in the middle of the road. When it stopped there was another car approaching from the opposite direction, and it went into the ditch. Later the other driver told me it looked like a car accident until he got closer.

"I don't know how long it was there. I was just too damned scared to tell time. The thing looked around to me. It was orange like the color of a traffic policeman's jacket, I guess it was about

CHARLESTON EVENING POST

124 Columbus Street, Charleston, S. C.

Robert M. Hitt Jr.
EditorWilliam P. Cheshire
Associate Editor

Thursday, July 15, 1965

The Wild Blue Yonder

Information regarding a (UFO) sighting may be released to the press or the general public . . . only if it has been positively identified as a familiar or known object.

—Air Force Regulation 200-2.7

Without meaning to alarm the children, we would suggest ever so cautiously that another 15 or 20 years will see an explanation for the common phenomena known as Unidentified Flying Objects or, to some, "flying saucers." The Air Force says it is not alarmed. Neither are we. But the fact remains that something is going on "up there", and we rather suspect that the Air Force knows it.

The latest rash of UFO reports from scientists and others in Asia, Europe, Latin America and the Antarctic is really nothing unusual. Reputable scientists and equally reputable nonscientists have been watching UFO's perform over Europe, Asia, Latin America, etc., for many years. One or two of the earthlings, moreover, were sober at the time.

The most perplexing part of this whole business is not the UFO reports; UFO's, whatever they are, exist, and it is not unnatural that people have reported seeing them. Some have even photographed

them. What is hard to understand is the attitude of the Air Force.

Confronted by a UFO report, the service immediately begins to crank out of the wild blue yonder the same pre-recorded announcement it has been playing for 20 years: "scratch, scratch, the Air Force has no evidence, scratch, scratch, the Air Force has no evidence . . ." It all depends, of course, on what is meant by evidence. If our courts shared the Air Force's professed suspicion of creditable witnesses our jails would be empty.

But in another 20 years or so, as we say, the full story will be told. By that time, one of these unidentified objects will have set down politely beside a television crew and had its image, in living color, flashed around the world. When that happens, the second most interesting story of the year will be the official Air Force version of why for 40 years it kept the public in the dark.

The above is typical of many newspaper editors' and broadcasters' forthright statements and refusals to accept official "explanations".

In the next issue we hope to print the full story of this different type of flap showing how members of the press suddenly woke up to the truth.

We have been told by many of them that NICAP and its solid evidence played a large part in convincing them of UFO reality.

LOST EDITORIAL

An editorial headed "Lost! Important UFO Evidence," was accidentally left out of the last issue during make-up. Here are the main points:

We are about to lose invaluable UFO evidence. In recent months, numerous important leads — some confidential — have come to us from scientists, engineers, pilots and other well-informed sources. All such leads should be followed up at once. Instead, dozens still await action because our limited staff is constantly swamped.

We urgently need at least two more staff workers, also moderate funds for special field investigations. Some members work hard to publicize NICAP's evidence, also to secure new members and orders for "THE UFO EVIDENCE". Some have made donations without which we could not have kept going. (Membership fees have never covered operations and publishing costs.)

Other members, though strongly interested in solving the UFO mystery, are mainly "readers". It would make a tremendous difference if all members would join in the fight. Several thousand people would then be actively searching for new evidence, backing NICAP in every possible way.

This would inevitably speed the final break. The rewards could be the most important and fascinating discoveries in your lifetime.

They could be worth the extra effort.

15 feet in diameter, maybe four to five feet thick. The edge was round and there was a hump or something in the middle. It had a dark spot on it and it might have been a window or something.

"The thing raised up a bit and slowly took off, toward the west, then it headed south.

Whether witnesses believe in UFOs or not, such experiences are bound to be alarming, and they have been reported increasingly in the U.S. and other countries.

Australian Encounter

During the first week of August, two residents of Nedlands, West Australia jumped from their car, fearing a UFO was about to hit it. It was close to 8 p.m., and Dr. Antonin Kukla, formerly a physician in Europe, and Mrs. Audrey Lawrence were driving near Carnarvon when a flying object dived toward their headlights.

Dr. Kukla hurriedly stopped and switched off the lights. As he and Mrs. Lawrence ran to the side of the road, the UFO stopped and hovered above the highway.

"It was rocking gently," Dr. Kukla said later. "And its orange color as it dived had changed to a fluorescent green glow."

The doctor's bull terrier, usually first out of the car when it stopped, was crouched in the back seat, hackles up. It refused to budge.

Dr. Kukla said the object was shaped like a "squashed football."

"I had the fear that whatever it was, it was not man-made," he reported, after the UFO had left the scene.

The sighting appeared partly confirmed by resident Ron Butler, owner of nearby Mooka Station. Butler said that his entire camp had been lit up by a greenish glow when "something" passed over it, though he could not be sure of the time.

These are only a few sample cases. There are enough more to cause a sober appraisal of the problem.

For years, serious investigators—individuals and groups, including NICAP—have said there is no proof of UFO hostility, that the evidence is strongly against it. We have said this despite a few head-on passed at planes, three or four near collisions with airliners, the loss of three AF officers in UFO chases, and other incidents. With all the thousands of harmless encounters or sightings, it seemed likely these relatively few accidents were the result of too-close observations or perhaps mechanical failures or mistakes in control.

The recent NICAP poll (still being analyzed) shows that 90% of our members are convinced that UFO landings would not frighten them. But specific incidents, like the cases already described, show that most people will be alarmed by sudden close encounters with UFOs.

Are officials justified, then, in withholding UFO facts, in trying to hide landing incidents, as in the Exeter case?

Most of us will agree that fear of the unknown is far worse than fear of the known—even if it is something frightening. The late Dr. Carl Jung, noted Swiss analyst and NICAP member, wrote the director that withholding information on UFOs from the public would be the most stupid policy one could devise, certain to increase fear rather than lessen it.

The indications are that close approaches and landings will keep on increasing. If a large number of UFOs should land at points around the country, or maneuver at low altitudes over a number of cities, the reaction could be serious. Millions of people, accustomed to thinking of UFOs as jokes, would abruptly realize they had been deceived. Many would probably suspect that something ominous had been hidden even if there was not the slightest sign of any hostility.

It is far better to get the truth out in the open and prepare people, as calmly as possible, for further landings and close observations, before some sudden development makes gradual and reasonable preparation impossible.

* * *

Members' opinions and suggestions for solving this problem will be very much appreciated.

Several items intended for this issue have had to be held for the next one, including an interesting discovery of E-M wave effects on human beings and animals; the NASA contradiction of an AF attempt to discredit NICAP's director, and important cases in this continuing "flap".

THE A.P.R.O. BULLETIN

The A. P. R. O. Bulletin is the official copyrighted publication of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (A.P.R.O.), 3910 E. Kleindale Road, Tucson, Arizona, and is issued every other month to members only. The Aerial Phenomena Research Organization is a non-profit group dedicated to the eventual solution of the mystery of the unidentified objects which have been present in the skies for hundreds of years. Inquiries regarding membership may be made to the above address.

TUCSON, ARIZONA — NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1965

PAGE 7

The Exeter, N. H. Case

A series of sightings at Exeter, New Hampshire in September are worthy of considerable space and comment:

At 12:30 a.m. on the 3rd of September Exeter Police Officer Eugene Bertrand was on routine patrol on Route 101. Just outside of town he came upon a woman parked alongside the road. He asked if she needed help and she excitedly told him that a flying object had chased her car from Epping to Exeter, occasionally diving on it. The object was surrounded by a red glow, and appeared to be elliptical in shape. Bertrand asked if she knew where the object was and she pointed to a bright light on the horizon. He watched it for a few minutes, reassured her, and proceeded on in his patrol car. He did not take the incident seriously, and did not get the woman's name.

At 2 o'clock Bertrand received a call from headquarters asking him to come and get a boy who had reported a UFO in the area, and investigate. He picked the boy up, and heard this story: Eighteen-year-old Norman Muscarello was thumbing rides, making his way from Amesbury, Mass., where he had been visiting, to his home in Exeter. He was on route 150 about 2 miles from Exeter when an object carrying four or five bright red lights came from a nearby woods and maneuvered over the field adjacent to the road. He was approaching a farm. The boy watched as the object moved over the Clyde Russell home and appeared to be hovering just a few feet above the roof. It made no noise, and seemed to be larger than the house. He estimated 80-90 feet. Then it moved back over the field and disappeared over the trees. The boy pounded on the door of the Russell home, shouting that he had seen a "flying saucer." The Russells woke up but refused to admit him, thinking he was drunk. Muscarello gave up and started down the road to Exeter. He flagged down a passing automobile and received a ride to the Exeter Police Station, where he related his experience.

Officers at the station later reported that Muscarello was white and shaken and barely able to talk. They called Bertrand who took him to the scene. When they arrived, the object was not there. They waited for several minutes,

Bertrand radioed headquarters and reported that the object was not there. The dispatcher suggested that Bertrand examine the field before returning, so he and the boy went into the field. As Bertrand played his flashlight beam back and forth across the ground, Muscarello yelled that the object was coming. It was rising slowly from behind some trees nearby. Bertrand saw the large, dark object carrying a straight row of bright red lights which dimmed from right to left and left to right, alternately. It swung toward the two, appearing to clear a tree which was in the vicinity of 70 feet tall, and the object then seemed to be only 100 feet from them. Bertrand began to draw his gun, but changed his mind. He and the boy ran to the cruiser and Bertrand called headquarters. Within a few minutes Officer Hunt arrived and the three watched the object move away over the trees. It made no noise whatsoever.

These are the basic facts surrounding the three most outstanding sightings in the Exeter area. Another, related by John Fuller, columnist with Saturday Review, in LOOK Magazine, for February 22, 1966, is equally interesting but not corroborated by additional witnesses:

According to Fuller, young Joseph Jalbert, 16, of Exeter, observed a strange object one day in late October. Jalbert is an intelligent boy with a high scholastic record. On the day in question, he noticed a reddish cigar-shaped object high in the sky at dusk. A smaller reddish-orange disk emerged from it and slowly descended toward the ground. It appeared to draw nearer, then skimmed along the power lines and stopped within two hundred feet (his estimate) of him just a few feet over the wires. Then a silvery, pipe-like extension descended from the object and appeared to touch the wire where it remained for just a few seconds. It was then drawn up to the disk again, the disk took off at high speed, toward the cigar-shaped object,

(See Exeter, page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

and merged with it.

Fuller did not relate what happened to the cigar-shaped object. This sighting is important, however, in view of the relationship of the small disc to the cigar, and the phenomena of the "silver pipe." See article on the "Great Black-out."

By WILL FAY
Democrat Staff Writer

Twenty years after the

Incident at Exeter

Still no doubt nowadays in those who sighted UFO

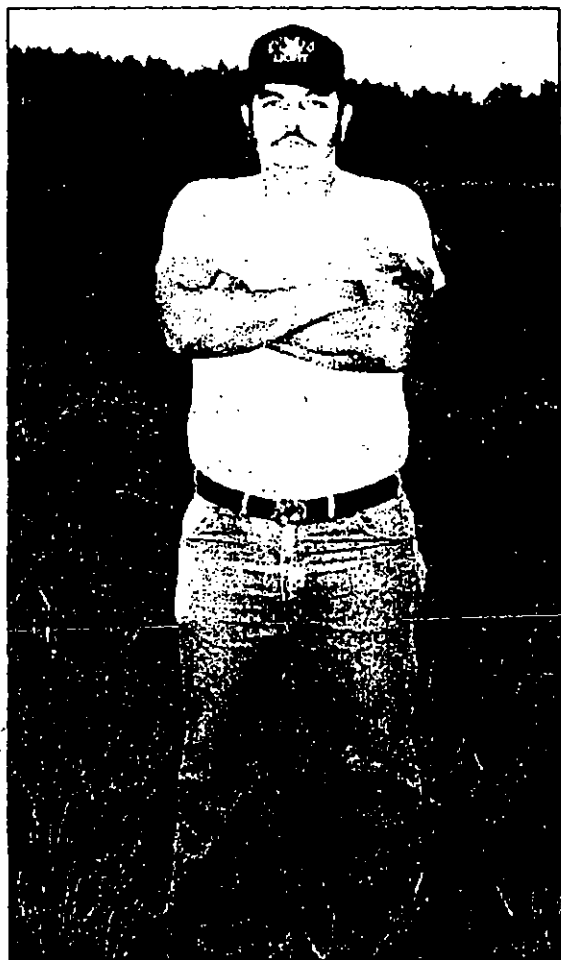
It has been 20 years since Norman Muscarello saw the thing, a big object with red pulsating lights that bathed in a blood red light a patch of sprawling farmland in Kensington, sparked a major best-seller, and now has caused him to live a star-crossed life — at once a central character in a history-making UFO sighting, but faced also with the sly whispers of the cynics and the nonbelievers.



Reginald "Scratch" Toland believed Norman Muscarello had seen a UFO enough to send a police cruiser to the site. Here, he holds a copy of the book, "Incident at Exeter," which tells the story of the night of Sept. 3, 1965. (Democrat photo — Fay)

"This I'll give you. I have mixed feelings. I don't think anything like this could have the same feeling (20 years later.) I'm thoroughly convinced there are intelligent beings beyond."

—NORMAN MUSCARELLO



Norman Muscarello in the field where the sighting occurred.

It was about 2:30 in the morning on Sept. 3, 1965 when Muscarello burst into the Exeter Police station to report a UFO (Unidentified Flying Object). His decision to report what he had seen, and the subsequent decision by Patrolman Reginald "Scratch" Toland to send an Exeter Police cruiser out to the site to investigate, made history.

A month and a half after the sighting, a writer named John Fuller, who worked for the Saturday Review in New York City, checked into the Exeter Inn on Front Street.

Drawn by the fact that two Exeter Police officers known to be competent had also seen "The Thing," as Muscarello calls it, Fuller spent two months here interviewing more than 60 people who claimed to have encountered the UFO. He turned 18 to 20 hour days and miles of tape recordings into a bestselling book called "Incident At Exeter: Unidentified Flying Objects Over America Now."

Life, Look, Readers Digest — all of them wrote about the Exeter sighting, not to mention the Associated Press. The New York Times and other daily print media. It was hot news and, perhaps, as Fuller wrote in his book, "the biggest newsbreak of all time."

But 20 years have gone by, America has had much more to occupy itself with than UFO's and, save for the perfunctory weekly write-up of "flying saucer" sightings in the supermarket tabloids, one would be hard pressed to find the mass media spending much time with such phenomena.

To read Fuller's book, to read the statements in it of Exeter Police Officers Eugene Bertrand and David Hunt, who saw the thing that night 20 years ago, it would seem they would be happy to talk about it now.

In the book, both men spoke about what they saw with conviction.

Bertrand says, "It came up like it was a big red ball when it was still behind the trees...it looked like it was waving back and forth. And no noise. That's what got me. No noise."

Fuller quotes Hunt as saying, "Just to the right of the big trees, that's when I saw that fluttering movement and the pulsating lights. A little lower, and it would have looked like it was skimming the trees. And it was rocking over them. An airplane couldn't do this if it tried."

Today, however, Hunt, a North Hampton Police captain, refuses to talk about the night of Sept. 3, 1965, his feelings about what he saw, or even about the publicity, good and bad, that he has had to endure over the years.

Bertrand, retired now from

the Exeter police force, would not submit to an in-person interview. He did talk briefly on the phone, and his words were a curious mix of resignation and caution.

"It's just one of those things. I have no idea what it was to this day. I haven't thought about it. I did at first, for maybe the first 10 years," Hunt said.

"I was younger, I was innocent," he said. "I was looking to the future. I think space was a new thing then. Now it isn't new, it's old hat."

"I haven't thought about it. I don't think about it. I was a police officer and I made a report."

Toland does not appear to have any anxieties about talking about the UFO sighting here 20 years ago. But Toland differs from Bertrand or Hunt in that he never went on record as saying he saw the thing, only that he believed the people who said they did.

Toland's role in the sighting, however, was still significant.

It was he who first heard the seemingly bizarre tale from an 18-year-old Muscarello some 20 minutes after he had seen the UFO. And it was Toland who, impressed by Muscarello's sincerity, decided to call Bertrand and send him out to the field just off Route 150 in Kensington to check the young man's story.

Bertrand, an Air Force veteran, saw nothing at first, then walked into the middle of the field. According to Fuller's book, Muscarello screamed, "I see it, I see it," and Bertrand turned and saw the UFO.

Grabbing Muscarello and rushing him back to the cruiser — Bertrand would later tell Fuller he feared radiation — Bertrand called into Toland and said, "My God, I see the damn thing myself." Minutes later, Hunt, who had heard Bertrand's report from his cruiser scanner, rushed to the scene and also saw the UFO.

Had Toland not made the decision to dispatch Bertrand to the scene, Muscarello would have had to live the rest of his life "thinking I was nuts" and Fuller, lacking police confirmation, may never have come to Exeter and written the book that gained world-wide attention.

Toland believes "absolutely" in UFO's now, because he holds Hunt and Bertrand in high esteem. "Do you think I'd be working with men who had guns if I thought they were nuts?" Toland said.

He also believes there must be another life form out there.

"There's gotta be something out there somewhere," he said, and the discovery of it is only a matter of time. "A few years ago, if you said, you'd sat in your living room and saw two men walk on the moon on your television set, they'd say you were nuts."

Still, Toland downplays the sighting. "It was no great event. It was just one of those things that created a lot of publicity and a lot of letters."

Toland has received many letters, from third graders to UFO enthusiasts to "religious people who thought the end of the world is coming and all that stuff."

He says it is very seldom that he, Hunt and Bertrand, who all still live in Exeter, get together and talk about the sighting.

Toland is not worried what people say about him and his belief that what was seen that night was a bona fide UFO.

"It's never bothered me because of the two men that saw it that night. Too many reliable people saw it. If it was just a kid, then you'd take it with a grain of salt."

Last week Muscarello granted only the second interview he has given in the last 20 years on what he saw that night and on how he feels about it now.

Muscarello says he "clammed up" after the sighting, granting an interview only recently to an Exeter Area High School journalism class taught by Jerry Robinson. Robinson wrote up the interview for the Rockingham Gazette.

Muscarello has turned many reporters away, in no uncertain terms. Half-jokingly, half seriously, he demanded to be paid for this interview. He asked if this reporter wanted to know what he had gotten out of talking to people about the sighting. "Not one red cent!" he shouted.

He is bitter that while Fuller undoubtedly made money from the "Incident at Exeter," he received nothing, even though it was he, not the author, that has to live with the social stigma of publicly announcing he saw a UFO.

"Do you know how long I've been heckled?" Muscarello said, pacing back and forth furiously in the small living room of his Exeter apartment. He mimicked the razzing servicemen gave him when he enlisted in the United States Navy shortly after the sighting — "Hey, Norman, there's a flying saucer!" — and spat out that "people always ask me what really happened."

But even though the frustration is there, and even though he is bitter, Muscarello can sound almost poetic about what he saw.

"This I'll give you. I have mixed feelings. I don't think anything like this could have the same feeling (20 years later.) I'm thoroughly convinced there are intelligent beings beyond. There's something there beyond our comprehension, beyond all religion, beyond all mathematics, beyond all being, beyond a shadow of a doubt something so powerful, quiet and serene that nobody realizes it's there." •



Case Directory
The Exeter, NH/Muscarello Case
Exeter, NH
September 3, 1965

Animal Reaction & Other Features:

Horses spooked, close encounter, multiple witnesses (several police officers), probable radar confirmation, jet scramble. Nuclear submarine base 17 miles away & SAC base near Portsmouth.

Richard Hall:

1:30 A.M. While hitchhiking home in the early hours of September 3, teenager Norman Muscarello was terrorized by a large object with four or five bright red lights that approached from nearby woods and hovered over a field near the road. He went to the Exeter police station, pale and shaken, and reported the incident. Officer Eugene Bertrand drove him back to the field to investigate. About an hour earlier Bertrand had come across a woman parked on Route 101. "She was real upset," he said, "and told me that a red glowing object had chased her." When he was called to investigate Muscarello's report, the earlier incident caused him to pay attention. At first Bertrand and Muscarello saw nothing, but when Bertrand flashed a light around the field, a huge dark object with red flashing lights rose up over the trees, moving back and forth, tilted, and came toward them.

Francis Ridge:

We wish to thank Raymond Fowler for his full investigation of the case for NICAP, and the case documents provided. We also wish to thank Barry Greenwood for securing them for us. Also due thanks is New Hampshire school newspaper, SeacoastNH.com for the great articles revisiting the case.

[Full-Scale Investigation by NICAP - Raymond Fowler](#)
[Official Documents by Raymond Fowler](#)
[Saturday Review, Investigation by John Fuller](#)
[Norman Muscarello's "Incident At Exeter" - SeacoastNH.com](#)
[1980 Norman Muscarello Interview - SeacoastNH.com](#)
[Officer Eugene Bertrand Interview - SeacoastNH.com](#)
[1980 Officer David Hunt Interview - SeacoastNH.com](#)
[Tales of an Exeter-Terrestrial - SeacoastNH.com](#)

[NICAP Home Page](#)

The Exeter, NH/Muscarello Case

September 3, 1965

Exeter, NH



Investigator, Raymond Fowler

Raymond Fowler report:

The alarm clock jolted me out of a sound sleep. It seemed as if I had just set it! It was mighty tempting to just turn over and go back to sleep. I was dead tired, but my conscience was wide awake and putting in overtime, telling me what a fink I was for not taking the kids to the zoo. But I slipped out of bed, showered, shaved, ate and was soon on Route 95 heading towards Exeter. To tell the truth, I was really wondering whether I shouldn't have waited until definite appointments had been set up with the witnesses. No one knew I was coming, and I had no assurance whatsoever that I would be able to talk to any one of them. My approach to this case was highly unorthodox. I had made it a personal rule never to send an investigator to the field without first performing a telephone investigation and setting up definite witness interviews in advance. In this case, I had done neither. Here I was, well on the way, and there was no turning back. I headed directly for the police station. "Who knows?" I thought, "perhaps Officers Bertrand and Hunt will be on duty and be willing to talk right now."

The little town of Exeter at 6:40 A.M., on Saturday morning, September 11, was dead. It was still fairly dark, and neither traffic nor pedestrians were to be seen. I parked in front of the police station, took a deep breath, and strode into the front lobby, trying to look as official as possible. I dropped my NICAP ID card in front of the semiconscious policeman hunched over the front desk. He looked up, startled. Before he had a chance to say anything, I said in the most authoritative tone I could muster, "Good morning, officer, my name is Raymond Fowler. I represent the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington and have a few questions to ask about a UFO sighting in this area!"

"The National what?" he said.

I then proceeded to tell him about NICAP and our interest in documenting the Exeter case.

"Oh," said another officer who had been standing unnoticed on the other side of the room. "You're with that Major Keyhoe's group."

I replied in the affirmative and asked if it would be possible to talk with Officers Bertrand and Hunt.

The officer at the desk chuckled. "That's Hunt right there!"

I turned to look at Hunt, who had just turned a shade of red. "Well," I said, "can we sit down and talk about it?"

"What's there to talk about? It's all in the papers," he cautiously replied.

I showed him the standard, eight-page Air Force questionnaire and explained that I wanted him to fill it in and sign it. It took a bit of convincing at first, but he finally agreed to do it.

Officer Hunt explained that he had been called to the UFO sighting area to assist Officer Bertrand, who had radioed the station for help. Bertrand had gone to a field earlier with a teenager, Norman Muscarello, to investigate the boy's story that a UFO had chased him. While walking in the field with Norman, the UFO had suddenly appeared again and made passes at them. "By the time I got there," Hunt said, "the object was moving off to the tree line, performing fantastic maneuvers. It made right-angle turns and sort of floated down like a falling leaf. Then it took off toward Hampton and chased another guy in a car." Hunt then gave me directions to Norman Muscarello's house. He said that if I returned to the station at eight o'clock, he would phone Officer Bertrand and ask him to cooperate with me. I thanked him and headed off to Muscarello's house.

The house was unlighted when I arrived and knocked on the door. Mrs. Muscarello warily opened the door just a crack and we talked. She would not let me in and seemed very upset about all the phone calls and publicity. She told me that Norman had left the state and would not return until September 14. She related to me that both Air Force and Navy officers had visited to question him. I obtained Norman's account through her and made arrangements to talk to him personally at a later date. I then returned to the police station, where Hunt called Bertrand and persuaded him to talk with me. Hunt went off duty and I left for Bertrand's home, whose address, believe it or not, was *Pick-pocket Road!*

Officer Bertrand invited me in and proceeded to interrogate *me!* He explained later that he wanted to assure himself that I wasn't "some kind of a nut." He told me that several days after the sighting, a man had driven into his yard in a car that had a sign on it reading "UFO Investigator."

"Somehow, the guy persuaded me to let him into the house, and he made some real crazy remarks. He really scared my wife. He told her that perhaps 'they,' the *UFO operators*, were after me!"

"Oh, I think I know who that was," I said. "Was he a real friendly looking fellow with a bald head?"

"Yeh, that's what he looked like. When he said that to my wife, that was enough for me. I got rid of him real fast! You seem to be serious about this, and I'm willing to tell you exactly

what happened but no more. I don't want to speculate about it. If you'll drive me down to the field where I saw this thing, I'll fill out your forms and talk to you about it."

As we drove to the field, Bertrand told me how he had come upon a woman parked in an automobile on Route 101 about an hour before his own experience.

"I thought she had car trouble, but she was real upset and told me that a red glowing object had chased her! I looked around but didn't see anything except a bright star, so I sent her home. Then, about an hour later, I got a call from the station telling me to report in at once. A kid had just come into the station all shook up about some object that had chased him."

"What on earth was a kid doing out that time of night?" I asked.

"He was hitchhiking between Amesbury and Exeter along Route 150. He'd been visiting a girlfriend." Bertrand continued and related to me how he had gone back to the station, picked up Norman, and brought him back to the field where he had seen the UFO. "I know this kid," he said. "He's real tough. It would take a lot to scare him, but something must have really scared him. He could hardly hold his cigarette and was as pale as a sheet! Whoops, slow down. This is the place, right here."

I turned around and parked at the head of a field that lay between the Clyde Russell and Carl Dining farms. Bertrand continued his story as we sat in my car.

"Norman and I came out here and I parked right about where we are parked right now. We sat looking for several minutes but didn't see anything unusual. I radioed the station and told them that there was nothing out here. They asked me to take a walk into the field for a quick look before coming back in. I felt kind of foolish walking out here on private property after midnight, looking for a *flying saucer*!"

Bertrand then suggested that we go out to the field so that he could show me where he and Norman had been. We got out of the car and strolled into the field toward a corral.

"We walked out about this far," he said "I waved my flashlight back and forth, and then Norman shouted----'Look out, here it comes!' I swung around and could hardly believe what I was seeing. There was this huge, dark object as big as that barn over there with red flashing lights on it. It barely cleared that tree right there, and it was moving back and forth."

"What did you guys do when you saw that thing?" I asked.

"Well, it seemed to tilt and come right at us. Norman told me later that I was yelling, 'I'll shoot it! I'll shoot it!' I did automatically drop on one knee and drew my service revolver, but I didn't shoot. I do remember suddenly thinking that it would be unwise to fire at it, so I yelled to Norman to run for the cruiser, but he just froze in his tracks. I practically had to drag him back!"

"How close was the object to you then?" I asked.

"It seemed to be about one hundred feet up and about one hundred feet away. All I could see at that point was bright red with sort of a halo effect. I thought we'd be burned alive, but it

gave off no heat and I didn't hear any noise. I called Dave Hunt on the radio. He was already on his way out here and arrived in just a few minutes. Whatever it was, it must have really scared the horses in that barn."

"Why do you say that? Did you hear them from here?" I asked.

"Yeh, you could hear them neighing and kicking in their stalls. Even the dogs around here started howling. When Dave arrived, the three of us just stood there and watched it. It floated, wobbled, and did things that no plane could do. Then it just darted away over those trees toward Hampton."

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"Well, we all returned to the station to write up our report. We'd only been back a short while when a call came in from the Hampton telephone operator. She told us that she'd just talked to a man who was calling from a phone booth and was very upset. He said that he was being chased by a flying saucer and that it was still out there! Before she could connect him with us, the connection was broken. We went out looking for him and even went to the hospital to see if he'd been brought in there, but we never found out who he was."

As Bertrand and I walked back toward my car, I was thinking to myself, "This really happened! He's reliving a real event!" My heart was literally pounding in empathy as we sat down in the front seat to fill in forms and continue the interview. I sat there entranced, wistfully looking at the field while he penciled in answers on the questionnaire. As he passed me the forms, I remarked to him, "*This one will go down in UFO history!*"

I spent the rest of the morning interviewing people in the general locale. Some had already been questioned by the Air Force just a week ago. Bertrand had also mentioned these investigators, who had questioned him and Officer Hunt just a day after the sighting. The Air Force team had told them to keep quiet about the incident so that it would not get printed up in the newspapers.

"We told them that it was a bit too late for that," Bertrand had recounted to me. "A local reporter was in the station that night and had tipped off the *Manchester Union Leader*. It was really funny. We were all standing there talking about what had happened when someone pointed at the front window. We all jumped! There was this reporter peering through the glass at us with a helmet and tight jacket on! He had motorcycled all the way up from Manchester."

I laughed, "Thought the spacemen had landed, huh?"

I finally arrived back home just before three o'clock in the afternoon, weary and with an empty stomach. Margaret was worried when I hadn't shown up for dinner, and I had been too busy to think to call. After gobbling down some warmed-up leftovers, I informed her rather hesitatingly that we'd have to take a rain-check on the afternoon drive because I had to get back to Exeter to take some photographs. I'm afraid at that point, she definitely did not share my enthusiasm! I explained to her that I had discovered a set of power lines that crossed the road about a half mile from the field where the object had been seen. It looked to me as if they might have passed just behind the trees from where the object had first appeared. In any event, I wanted to walk back there and check this aspect of the sighting

out, as well as take some photographs of the sighting area. I phoned my brother Richard to assist me, and off I went to Exeter again. I wasn't usually so callous in putting flying saucers before family, but this was an exceptional case!

We took some photographs and then drove down the road to where the power lines crossed Route 150. Leaving the car, we began hiking along the lines until stopped short by a swamp. Our feet were soaked as we headed back to the car, but it was a worthwhile jaunt. The power lines *did* pass directly behind the field. When I arrived home bedraggled and wet, Margaret just gave me that "you must be nuts" look and shook her head.

The Saturday Review Calls

I worked on the initial report for the next few days and managed to mail it out early Tuesday morning. (1) By Thursday, I had received a most encouraging response from Richard Hall, acting director of NICAP. It contained news about an excellent opportunity.

September 15, 1965

Dear Ray:

Your excellent report on the September 3, New Hampshire sightings has been received. You certainly are to be commended for a prompt and thorough investigation. The information is most interesting and will be of great value. We are fortunate to have people of your ability donating their services to us.

Mr. John Fuller of *Saturday Review* may be in touch with you about these sightings. He is doing a straightforward column on the recent wave of sightings. . . . We are cooperating fully. Thanks again for your hard work on our behalf.

Sincerely,
Dick Hall

"The *Saturday Review*?" I thought. "What an opportunity to acquaint its readers with cases like Exeter!" I showed the letter to my not-too-sympathetic-about-Exeter wife, who said in effect, "I'll believe it when I see it!" Well, she believed it several days later as she was scurrying around busily preparing for the writer from *Saturday Review*. John Fuller had indeed phoned. He told me that he did not want to write about the Exeter incident until he personally had thoroughly reinvestigated the case to his own satisfaction. I agreed to provide him with a Xerox copy of my initial report along with any follow-up data that might come in.

John arrived at our home for dinner on the following weekend armed with a tape recorder and notebook. He explained to me that he had been reading about the increase in UFO sightings with great interest. An overwhelming curiosity had prompted him to track down and document at least one specific case. "To be quite frank," he said, "I'm very skeptical about this subject." We all liked John. He took the time to chat with the children and my wife. It was readily apparent that he was interested in getting to know us as people as well as using me as a source for information about the Exeter UFO sighting.

John left for Exeter armed with my report and copious notes. He talked with the witnesses, local newspaper editors, and Air Force officers at Pease AFB. He phoned back afterwards to tell me that he was absolutely convinced that "these people really saw something!" One thing led to another. John's story soon appeared in the October 2, 1965, issue of the *Saturday Review's* "Trade Winds" column. Then *Look* magazine asked John to return to Exeter to obtain additional material for an in-depth story on the incident. Soon after, *Reader's Digest* printed a summary of the *Look* article, and the G. P. Putnam publishing company commissioned him to write a book based upon the Exeter sighting. (2)

John soon made a return visit to us and secured information from my files relating to other sightings for use in his book. He insisted that I would be given full credit. "You are going to be the hero of this book," he said. To me, all of this seemed too good to be true. The results of my personal efforts coupled with the support of the subcommittee had hitherto been known and used by a small segment of the public via the auspices of NICAP. Now, in just the space of several months, my reports had suddenly become the basis of national magazine articles and the later best-selling book, *Incident at Exeter*, by John Fuller. However, the crowning event was yet to take place, as we shall soon see.

On April 5, 1966, the House Armed Services Committee unanimously voted my entire report on the Exeter sighting into the *Congressional Record* during the first open Congressional hearings on UFOs! By that time, the report had grown considerably and contained a blow-by-blow description of a fight with the Pentagon, whose initial evaluation of the incident was "stars and planets twinkling!" (3) I found out several years later that the local commander at Pease Air Force Base had not even sent the base's report out to Project Bluebook when the Pentagon issued this misleading statement. The same source told me that after this press release was made, an urgent wire from Bluebook came into Pease Air Force Base that reprimanded the commander for not being more punctual in submitting the report through channels. Then, since the "twinkling star" answer was obviously contrary to the well-publicized facts, the Pentagon tried to explain away the sightings as military aircraft.

Each of these attempts to explain away the Exeter sightings was proved erroneous, and a fully documented account of my running battle with the Air Force became part of the *Congressional Record*. This baffle was won, but not without much effort on the part of myself, the witnesses, and John Fuller.

Report Goes to Congress

The House Armed Services Committee opened the public segment of the UFO hearings at 10:35 A.M. on April 5, 1966. Those persons mentioned in connection with my report on the Exeter UFO sighting were: Congressman William H. Bates, Massachusetts; Honorable Harold Brown, Secretary of the Air Force; Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Scientific Consultant to the Air Force; and General McConnell, USAF. During Dr. Hynek's testimony, my former congressman, the late William H. Bates, interjected my report into the hearings. Let us join the discussion at this point.

Mr. Bates: But the interesting thing, of course, is we have so many

prominent people in the scientific world here who have taken a position, a rather strong position. I have here a letter from a constituent of mine. He is a project administrator or engineer in the MINUTEMAN program. That is a responsible position, would we say?

General McConnell: Yes.

Mr. Bates: On the basis of scientific ability he has been given a rather important position toward the security of this country; is that correct?

Secretary Brown: I would like to know who he is and what his responsibilities are before I comment on this, Mr. Bates. Certainly, from the information contained in the letter you quote, he appears to occupy a position of some responsibility.

Mr. Bates: It does seem to be. And as I read the letter which he has written to me, it is certainly written by a well- educated person. And, of course, we hear all kinds of comments on the other side of the same issue now. With this Lunar II excursion around the moon, people say, "I suppose the people up there are making the same kind of reports as the doctor has just made to us." They are making these kinds of statements.

Doctor, to be more specific, the paper which I have, Mr. Chairman, I would like to get unanimous consent to insert in the record the information which has been provided to me.

The Chairman: Without objection. (4)

Since a substantial portion of this letter appears in the introduction to this book. I have omitted it here. Thirty-four pages were inserted into the *Congressional Record* at this point that thoroughly documented the Exeter sighting. Included within the report were letters to and from the Air Force from myself and from Officers Bertrand and Hunt. They centered around the ridiculous "explanations" that the Pentagon had offered for the sighting. One of the first attempts to cover up what really happened at Exeter appeared in local newspapers on October 6.

The unidentified flying object spotted in this area by many residents has finally been identified. It's a flying billboard which contains 500 high-intensity lights that spell out an advertising message. (5)

I was horrified when I saw this and immediately wrote to news papers in the area to put the matter straight:

At the time of the September 3, 1965, UFO sighting I checked with the manager of "Sky-Lite Aerial Advertising Co." and its aircraft was not flying on this night. On October 9 I went over the advertising plane's flight paths between August 1 and October 8. The plane was not even airborne between August 21 and September 10.

In all fairness, this explanation did not seem to have originated from the Air Force. It seems to have been the attempt by an overzealous newspaper reporter to come up with an explanation for the sighting. It is curious to me that he did not discover that the plane was not airborne during the time frame of the Exeter sightings. It could have been just poor documentation on his part. However, about two weeks after my letter dismissing the advertising plane was printed in the local news, the Pentagon issued a number of explanations for the incident. They included: "a high altitude Strategic Air Command exercise" and a temperature inversion which causes "stars and planets to dance and twinkle." These explanations came directly from Washington and were prominently displayed in the papers around the Exeter area.

PENTAGON DOESN'T BELIEVE UFO EXETER SIGHTINGS

Washington, D.C.-The Pentagon believes that after intensive investigation, it has come up with a natural explanation of the UFO sightings in Exeter, N.H., on September 3. . . . The spokesman said, "We believe what the people saw that night was stars and planets in unusual formations." (6)

Some intensive investigation! Does this sound like high-altitude aircraft or stars and planets twinkling?

It was coming up over a row of trees. There was no noise at all. It was about one hundred feet in the air and about two hundred feet away from us. I could see five bright red lights in a straight row. They dimmed from right to left and then from left to right. . . . It lit up everything . . . it was silent. The horses started kicking and making an awful fuss, and the dogs in the farm started barking. The kid froze in his tracks, and I grabbed him and pulled him toward the police car. I reached for my revolver and then thought better of it. Then Officer David Hunt arrived in another patrol car. We sat there and looked at it for at least ten minutes. My brain kept telling me that this doesn't happen-but it was right in front of my eyes. There was no tail, no wings, and again no sound. It hovered there, still about one hundred feet away, sort of floated and wobbled. I don't know what it was. All I can say is that it was there, and three of us saw it together. (7)

This official release from Washington was all too familiar and completely frustrating. The witnesses felt that such statements jeopardized their hard-earned reputations as responsible police officers. In response to a request for further information about the Strategic Air Command aircraft exercise, Project Bluebook forwarded the following information:

Big Blast *Coco*, a SACINORAD training mission, was flown on 2-3 September, 1965. By 0310430Z, the operational portion of the mission was complete The town of Exeter is within the traffic pattern utilized by Air Traffic Control in the recovery of these aircraft at Pease AFB, N.H. During their approach the recovering aircraft would have been displaying standard position lights, anti-collision lights and possibly over-wing and landing lights.(9)

Undaunted, Bertrand and Hunt drafted another letter to Project Bluebook and outlined the facts of the matter. Excerpts from this letter are as follows:

. . . we have been the subject of considerable ridicule since the Pentagon released its "final evaluation" of our sighting...both Ptl.. Hunt and myself saw this object at close range, checked it out with each other, confirmed and reconfirmed the fact that this was not any kind of conventional aircraft. . . . Since our job depends on accuracy and an ability to tell the difference between fact and fiction, we were naturally disturbed by the Pentagon report. . . . What is a little difficult to understand is the fact that your letter (undated) arrived considerably after the Pentagon release. Since your letter says that you are still in the process of making a final evaluation, it seems that there is an inconsistency here. . . . Since one of us (Ptl.. Bertrand) was in the Air Force for four years engaged in refueling operations with all kinds of military aircraft, it was impossible to mistake what we saw for any kind of military operation, regardless of altitude. . . . Immediately after the object disappeared, we did see what probably was a B-47 at high altitude, but it bore no relation at all to the object we saw. . . . Another fact is that the time of our observation was nearly an hour after 2:00 A.M., which would eliminate the Air Force operation Big Blast...(9)

Outflanked by Bertrand's discovery that the alleged Air Force aircraft were not even airborne during the time that he, Muscarello, and Hunt concurrently observed the object, Bluebook gave some ground, but not much? In regard to the earlier sightings by the woman motorist and Muscarello (when alone), the Air Force still maintained those two had seen the aircraft!

The early sightings . . . are attributed to aircraft from operation Big Blast "Coco." The subsequent observation by Officers Bertrand and Hunt

occurring after 2 A.M. are regarded as unidentified. (10)

This was incredible to me but typical of the Air Force pattern of playing down and debunking reliable UFO sightings. I felt that I could not take this matter sitting down and drafted a long letter to the Office of the Secretary, Department of the Air Force. Among other things, I pointed out the following facts:

The UFO sighted by Norman Muscarello was identical to the UFO sighted later by Muscarello, Bertrand and Hun. Norman observed the UFO at close range during his initial sighting. There is no question in my mind that the same or similar object was involved in both of these particular sightings. The number of pulsating lights, the yawing motion, the same location, etc., make this so very apparent. Since I did not interview the *unnamed woman*, I am not certain of the details . . . but according to Officer Bertrand, the object . . . was very similar to the UFO they sighted later I might add that another witness, a male motorist, also sighted a similar object. He tried to phone the police from a pay station at nearby Hampton, N.H., but was cut off. Later he reported the incident to U.S. Air Force authorities at Pease AB. The chances are astronomical that six people, entirely independent of each other, should report the identical description of a UFO within the span of several hours in the Same general area. (11)

The Air Force never answered this letter. They probably wondered how I knew that the male motorist had reported the object to Pease Air Force Base, because he had been strictly instructed to tell no one about the incident. I found out about this when lecturing to a management club from a major firm located in the area. One of the managers, a good friend of the witness, informed me. The man's name cannot be revealed.

The Exeter incident is typical of hundreds of other cases in which our government is forced, because of national security policy, to deny the existence of UFOs at the expense of witnesses' reputations. After a dogmatic explanation is issued from the Pentagon, it takes nothing short of an act of Congress to change it. Fortunately, through public, witness, and Congressional pressure, the Air Force was forced to back down in this case. Needless to say, this is an exception rather than the rule. Let us continue to examine the House Armed Services hearings on UFOs. The following statements were made after my detailed report on Exeter had been presented and voted into the *Congressional Record*:

Mr. Bates: In reference to the so-called sighting in New Hampshire, Doctor, you are familiar with that case?

Dr. Hynek: Yes, sir; I am familiar with the case.

Mr. Bates: You have examined it?

Dr. Hynek: No, I have not been there to examine it. Much of my information is based upon the rather excellent account that Mr. John Fuller has given of it in *Look* magazine. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of his statements, but I have talked with Mr. Fuller, and he apparently has tried to do a very thorough job in talking with people in New Hampshire.

Mr. Bates: Are you familiar with Mr. Raymond E. Fowler?

Dr. Hynek: I have had some correspondence with him, but I have never met him.

Mr. Bates: Is this . . . case one of the five percent that have not been identified, or within the ninety-five percent on which you have reached a decision?

Dr. Hynek: It is, I believe, to the best of my knowledge, listed as unidentified.

Mr. Bates: This one is still unidentified?

Dr. Hynek: Yes, sir.

The Chairman: In other words, you make no bones about it, you cannot explain it?

Dr. Hynek: That is correct. (12)

The interested reader should secure a full copy of these controversial hearings for his information. They contain statements made by persons intimately associated with the Air Force investigations of UFOs that are in utter contradiction to documented facts in formerly classified and unclassified source material.

Source: UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors (Raymond Fowler), pages 77-91)

Other books by Ray Fowler and ordering information

(This web page was created by Francis Ridge for the NICAP web site)

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Statement - Officer Bertrand

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Jan 25, 1966 letter to Ray Fowler from Lt. Col. Spaulding

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Dec 26, 1966 letter to Officer Bertrand from John Fuller

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STATEMENT

UFO Sighting

I, Norman J. Muscarello, was hitchhiking on Rte. 150, 3 miles South West of Exeter N.H. at 0200 hours on the 3rd of September. A group of five bright red lights appeared over a house about 100 ft from where I was standing. The lights were in a line at about 60 degree angle. They were so bright they lighted up the area. The lights then moved out over a large field and acted at times like a floating leaf. They would go down behind the trees or behind a house and then re-appear. They always moved in the same 60 degree angle. Only one light would be on at a time. They were pulsating 1,2,3,4,5,4,3,2,1. They were so bright I could not distinguish any form to the object. I watched these lights for about 15 minutes and they finally disappeared behind some trees and seemed to go into a field. At one time while I was watching them, they seemed to come so close I jumped into a ditch to keep from being hit. After the lights went into the field I caught a ride to the Exeter Police Station and reported what I had seen.

NORMAN J. MUSCARELLO

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submitted to the FBI and is being held in the Library

S T A T E M E N T

UFO Sighting

I, Eugene F. Bertrand Jr., was cruising on the morning of the 3rd of September at 0100 on Rte. 108 by-pass near Exeter N.H. I noticed an automobile parked on the side of the road and stopped to investigate. I found a woman in the car who stated she was to upset to drive. She stated a light had been following her and had stopped over her car. I stayed with her about 15 minutes but was unable to see anything. I departed and reported back to the Exeter Police Station where I found Norman Muscarello. He related his story of seeing some bright red lights in a field. After talking with him awhile I decided to take him back to where he said he had seen the lights. When we arrived I parked the patrol cruiser and turned off the lights. There was nothing unusual in the area. Mr. Muscarello and I got out of the cruiser and started walking into the field with a flashlight. When we had gone about 50 ft a group of five bright red lights came from behind a group of trees near us. They were extremely bright and flashed on one at a time. The lights started to move around over the field. At one time they came so close I fell to the ground and started to drop my gun. The lights were so bright I was unable to make out any form. There was no sound or vibration but the farm animals were upset in the area and making a lot of noise. When the lights started coming near us again, Mr. Muscarello and I ran for the car. I radioed Patrolman David Hunt who arrived in a few minutes. He also observed the lights which were still over the field but not as close as before. The lights moved out across the field at an estimated altitude of 100 ft and finally disappeared in the distance at the same altitude. The lights were always in line at about 60 degree angle. When the object moved the lower lights were always forward of the others.

EUGENE F. BERTRAND JR.
Patrolman

RECEIVED BY OFFICE OF
DIRECTOR OF U.S. COAST
GUARD

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S T A T E M E N T

UFC Sighting

I, David R. Hunt, at about 0255 on the morning of the 3rd of September, received a call from Patrolman Bertrand to report to an area about 3 miles South West of Exeter, N.H. Upon arriving at the scene I observed a group of bright red lights flashing in sequence. They appeared to be about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile over a field to the South East. After observing the lights for a short period of time, they moved off in a South Easterly direction and disappeared in the distance. The lights appeared to remain at the same altitude which I estimate to be about 100 ft.

DAVID R. HUNT
Patrolman

*not Hill
case but
interesting*

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October 23, 1965

MEMO TO: Phyllis Jackson
Robert Feyer

SUBJECT: UFO STORY AT EXETER, N. H.

Speaking in the most responsible journalistic terms possible, I am firmly convinced that the biggest news story in history is bound to break in the near future.

I say this after five days of intensive research in Exeter in which I interviewed over 60 people and tape recorded hours of testimony.

This the people who have given this testimony have been checked out as far as character and reliability are concerned. For the most part I would say that their judgment and capabilities are average or better than average. I believe I spent as much time checking out the character of these witnesses as I did interviewing them and getting their testimony.

The testimony adds up to these things:

There is overwhelming evidence that UFO's or Flying Saucers do exist.

They exist in uncountable numbers.

They move at incredible speeds and in acronymically-impossible patterns.

They have an apparent capacity to change form.

They are seen, checked, and verified in large numbers almost every night.

They hover for considerable times -- at least than trestop level.

They have probably landed.

At low altitude, they assume a dome-like shape with an inner red or white glow. A pattern of five or six red pulsating lights is frequently observed, almost like illuminated portholes.

They are usually absolutely silent, although in some cases a high frequency hum is heard.

They move almost directly overhead of cars and people causing fright and panic. An 18 year old

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boy threw himself in a ditch on the side of the road thinking he was going to be hit or burned by one.

At least four women, living in widely separate areas, are afraid to go out at night alone, and they refuse to do so.

As many as three UFO's have been seen hovering in a field together, at an altitude less than tree top level.

At least four people report extremely large objects -- 60 to 80 feet in diameter -- rising up silently from behind trees.

The low altitude movement has been reported to consist of a yawing, kite-like motion, wobbling in the air and moving slowly back and forth, changing directions on a dime.

It has been seen and reported by at least four widely separated people hovering over house tops not much higher than the roof.

Often it is reported to throw a brilliant red light glow which paints the side of light white houses a brilliant red. It lights up a wide, 100-yard area completely around it.

At high altitudes, it seems to assume the shape larger than a star, in comparison of a pin head (start) to a tennis ball (U.S.). The UFO seems to change color at high (10,000' and over) altitudes.

I personally witnessed one of these, accompanied by a C-47 stringer cameraman, who is also a licensed pilot.

It was moving southerly across the sky at incredible speed, from the direction of Pease Air Force base.

It was being followed in what appeared to be hot pursuit by a jet fighter.

At this time -- 8:00 PM, October 21, on Route 88, Hampton, N. H., the fighter was three or four airplane lengths behind the sphere, but it was not closing in on it.

We watched both plane and UFO for approximately 15 or 20 seconds, with the plane still in pursuit, before it disappeared over the horizon.

Reliable but off the record information from the Pease AFB in Portsmouth indicates constant radar blips, and fighters are constantly scrambled to pursue these objects. This information is of course not official, but it comes from extremely reliable and authoritative sources.

The objects are constantly reported in the vicinity of high-powered transmission lines. Specific areas are on

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Route 66 near Dexter, and Route 101-C in Hampton. Also on Route 187 in Portsmouth, N. H., and many other locations.

These locations are crowded with cars each night, with group sightings reported and confirmed by many.

Many spectators report what they thought were shooting stars, only to see them drop from sky, and become back up again like a rubber ball, at incredible speeds. They might then move left or right at a 90 degree angle in another direction.

The two policemen reported in my original story for SHOCK WIDE have been checked out in every way. I spent a day and a half with them. They have walked through their original sightings with me, in which they observed an UFO not more than 100 feet away and at knee-top level.

I understand fully that this report sounds incredible, and understandably, the evidence actually points to extraterrestrial origin in the most imaginative science-fiction novel.

It is important to point out, however, that no one has ever been harmed or touched by these objects, although there have been four reports of people who have seen them having severe stomach cramps. This would easily, however, be the result of unconscious emotional tension.

Some reliable individuals have reported many sightings over a long period of time.

The pattern seems to be that one friend will bring one of his friends to a high tension area. The other friends see it, and immediately spring into action. Some people say they held off reporting, because friends would think they were kidding their teacher.

The area covered by my research extends from Hampton, N.H. on the coast, westward through Dexter some 20 miles to the town of Barry, ME, near Manchester.

It extends from the south at Amesbury, Mass., northward through Dexter to Portsmouth, N. H., some twenty miles away.

Even among the sixty or so people whom I taped, the similarity of descriptions is almost amazing, although they lived miles apart from each other, and knew nothing about the other sightings.

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Time after time the same story was repeated. The sincerity of the testimony cannot be questioned on listening to the tapes. It is even more impressive on making directly to these Section Tapes.

Whole families have made frequent sightings and reported identical descriptions, although they were often interviewed separately.

In every interview I was able to determine the reasonable capacity of the respondent to differentiate between a helicopter, jet, prop plane, Venus or Saturn, stars, or balloon. All of these were ruled out completely, and some accurate sightings have been made in daylight.

I began this research on the book contract, but I believe that prior to starting on the book proper, a timely major article should be written. The book would then follow immediately.

The reason for this is my conviction that the full story is bound to break, even though UPI and AP are skeptical. None of them have done any research like this, and their files are skimpy.

Unless this story is immediately put into print, I feel it will be scooped by a fast-moving weekly or newspaper.

I would like to return to Mister, where the CBS TV cameras live, and speculate several evenings in sightings. I think it's important for me to see one at low altitude in order to complete the story.

There is however, enough material in the tapes to begin writing the article at once. This I would plan to do. The research, of course, would apply to both article and book.

To do even a more thorough job of research, an additional advance from a magazine would help considerably. Counting time and travel, I have already put nearly a thousand dollars into the project. However, it has been worth it, and I want to continue at full speed.

JCF

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13 Friend Court
Weymouth, Massachusetts

October 29, 1965

MILTON M. JACKS
Major, USAF
Chief, Pictorial Branch
Public Information Division
Office of Information

SAP-CIPB
DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
Office of the Secretary
United States Air Force
Washington, D.C. 20330

Dear Major Jacks:

This is a formal enquiry concerning the official USAF evaluation of the detailed UFO Report submitted to AFSC-7ED/Project Bluebook last month. My investigation and subsequent report took place shortly after the official USAF Investigating Team from Fosse AFB made their investigation.

The UFO sighting took place between the Clyde Bussell and Carl Bining properties along Route #130 in Kensington, N.H. on September 3, 1965 in the early hours of the morning. The witnesses were Norman Macarellis and Officers Bussell and Bant of the Boster, N.H. police force.

In 1964 I continuously received correspondence from your office in response to UFO reports submitted to the USAF for evaluation. This was appreciated. I have submitted many reports since but have not received any response. This is understandable due to the many reports received by the USAF and I do not expect much a series on your part annually, but, I did spend a great deal of time and thought on the Kensington, N.H. report and would appreciate your pending the official USAF evaluation of the same as soon as possible. I understand the evaluation has been made.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter. I look forward to hearing from your office soon.

Sincerely,

Raymond E. Fendler
Raymond E. Fendler

RMJ/rac

POLICE DEPARTMENT
Town of Exeter
New Hampshire

RICHARD D. IRVINE SUPERINTENDENT

November 3, 1965

Mrs. Joseph M. Sheehan
66 Spruce St. Ext.
Exeter, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Sheehan,


In reply to your recent letter concerning the sighting of a "UFO" over this community, the following information is contained in the files of this department:

On September 3, 1965, at approximately 2:00 AM this department received information from Norman J. Mustarelli, 225 1/2 Front Street, this town, that while he was walking on Route # 150 toward Exeter, something had come out of the sky with red lights on it. The police officer was dispatched to the above mentioned location and a short time later two of the police officers saw what Mr. Mustarelli had described.

Observations made by the officers indicate that the object had several flashing lights, no audible sound, and appeared to descend toward the north in a motion described as "like a leaf falling from a tree". This was observed for a short period of time and then disappeared from the area.

No further investigation was made by this department and all information was referred to nearby Fesse A.L. Force Base, Portsmouth, N. H. Hoping this information will be of interest to you, I remain

Very truly yours,


Richard D. Irvine
Supt. of Police
Exeter, N. H.

RDI/ea

December 2, 1965

Sector Quintanilla, Jr., Major, CGAF
 Chief, Project Blue Book
 Wright Patterson AFB
 Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir:

We were very glad to get your letter during the third week in November, because as you might imagine we have been the subject of considerable ridicule since the Pentagon released its "final evaluation" of our sighting of September 3, 1965. In other words, both Ptl. Hunt and myself saw this object at close range, checked it out with each other, confirmed and reconfirmed the fact that this was not any kind of conventional aircraft, that it was at an altitude of not more than a couple of hundred feet, and went to considerable trouble to make certain that the weather was clear, there was no wind, no chance of weather inversion, and that what we were seeing was no illusion or military or civilian craft. We entered this in a complete official police report as a supplement to the blotter of the morning of September 3 (not September 2, as your letter indicates). Since our job depends on accuracy and an ability to tell the difference between fact and fiction, we were naturally disturbed by the Pentagon report which attributed the sighting to "multiple high altitude objects" in the area and "weather inversion." What is a little difficult to understand is the fact that your letter (undated) arrived considerably after the Pentagon release. Since your letter says that you are still in the process of making a final evaluation, it seems that there is an inconsistency here. Ordinarily, this wouldn't be too important except for the fact that in a situation like this we are naturally very reluctant to be considered irresponsible in our official report to the police station.

Since one of us (Ptl. Bertrand) was in the Air Force for four years engaged in refueling operations with all kinds of military aircraft, it was impossible to mistake what we saw for any type of military operation, regardless of altitude. It was also definitely not a helicopter or balloon. Immediately after the object disappeared, we did see what probably was a B-47 at high altitude, but it bore no relation at all to the object we saw.

Another fact is that the time of our observation was nearly an hour after 2:00 AM, which would eliminate the 6th Air Force operation Big East, since as you say this took place between midnight and 2:00 AM. Norman Muscarello, who first reported this object before we went to the sight saw it somewhere in the vicinity of 2 AM, but nearly an hour had passed before he got into the police station, and we went out to the location with him.

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December 28, 1965

Hector Quintanilla, Jr., Major, USAF
 Chief, Project Blue Book
 Wright Patterson AFB
 Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Since we have not heard from you since our letter to you of December 2, we are writing this to request some kind of answer, since we are still upset about what happened after the Pentagon released its news saying that we have just seen stars or planets, or high altitude air exercises.

As we mentioned in our letter to you, it could not have been the operation "Big Blast" you mention, since the time of our sighting was nearly a hour after that exercise, and it may not even have been the same date, since you refer to our sighting as September 2. Our sighting was on September 3. In addition, as we mentioned, we are both familiar with all the B-47's and B-52's and helicopters and jet fighters which are going over this place all the time. On top of that Ptl. Bartrun had four years of refueling experience in the Air Force, and knows regular aircraft of all kinds. It is important to remember that this craft we saw was not more than 100 feet in the air, and it was absolutely silent, with no rush of air from jets or chopper blades whatever. And it did not have any wings or tail. It lit up the entire field, and two nearby houses turned completely red. It stopped, hovered, and turned on a dime.

What bothers us the most is that many people are thinking that we were either lying or not intelligent enough to tell the difference between what we saw and something ordinary. Three other people saw this same thing on September 3, and two of them appeared to be in shock from it. This was absolutely not a case of mistaken identity.

We both feel that it's very important for our jobs and our reputations to get some kind of letter from you to say that the story which the Pentagon put out was not true; it could not possibly be, because we were the people who saw this; not the Pentagon.

Can you please let us hear from you as soon as possible.

Sincerely,

Eugene H. Bartrun *David R. Hunt*
 Patrolman Eugene Bartrun Patrolman David Hunt

Brester Police
 Exeter, New Hampshire

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DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
WASHINGTON

January 25, 1966

Dear Mr. Bowler:

This is in reply to your request for information on the Exeter, New Hampshire, UFO sightings.

The initial investigation from Pease Air Force Base was submitted to our office on 15 September 1965 and contained statements from the principal witnesses. This data indicated that a refueling operation might have been the cause of the sighting. Refueling area "Fox Trapper" and refueling area "Dove Gate" are controlled through Loring Air Force Base and located over the area of the sighting. A call was made to the controller of this refueling area, and we were informed that they were closed from 03/2500Z to 03/2600Z for an USAF Air Force operation "Big Blast." A call was placed to the 95th Bomb Wing at Westover Air Force Base for information on this operation.

The initial impression was that aircraft from an 8th Air Force operation "Big Blast" was the cause of the lights observed during this incident. Information received from the 8th Air Force indicates that two F-47 aircraft from Pease Air Force Base involved in operation "Big Blast" were in the traffic pattern over Exeter, New Hampshire, between 01/444Z and 01/535Z. A copy of this letter is enclosed. Also this information coincided with the time of the sighting and eliminated these aircraft as a possible explanation of this incident. A letter was forwarded to Mr. Eugene Bertrand and Mr. Dave Hunt of the Exeter Police Department requesting clarification of the time of the sighting. A copy of our letter to these gentlemen and a copy of their reply is attached.

The earlier sightings of two unnamed women and Mr. Minchillo are attributed to aircraft from operation "Big Blast" "Dove". The subsequent observation by Officers Bertrand and Hunt occurring after 2:00 AM are regarded as unidentified.

1 Atch
Three Letters

Mr. Raymond E. Fowler
13 Friend Court
Exeter, N.H.

Sincerely,
JAMES P. GALLAGHER
Lt Colonel, USAF
Chief, Civil Branch
Community Relations Division
Office of Information

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

February 9, 1966

Gentlemen:

Based on the additional information you submitted to our UFO investigation office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, we have been unable to identify the object you observed on September 3, 1965.

I am enclosing a copy of a letter to Mr. Richard Fowler of Wrentham, Massachusetts. I hope this will help to clarify our initial statement regarding the sightings in Exeter.

In 19 years of investigating over 10,000 reports of unidentified flying objects, the evidence has proved almost conclusively that reported aerial phenomena have been objects either created and seen aloft by man, generated by atmospheric conditions, or caused by celestial bodies or the residue of meteoric activity.

Thank you for reporting your observation to the Air Force and for your subsequent cooperation regarding the report. I regret any inconvenience you may have suffered as a result.

1 Atch
Letter

Mr. Eugene F. Bernstein, Jr.
Mr. David R. Hunt
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire

Sincerely,
JAMES F. SPURGEON
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Chief, Civil Branch
Community Relations Division
Office of Information

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NICAP MASSACHUSETTS INVESTIGATING SUBCOMMITTEE

13 Friend Court
Wenham, Massachusetts

February 10, 1966

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
Office of the Secretary
United States Air Force
Washington, D.C.

Attention: JOHN P. SPALDING
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Chief, Civil Branch
Community Relations Division
Office of Information

Dear Colonel Spaulding:

Thank you for your correspondence of January 25, 1966 in response to my letter of November 24, 1965 regarding my enquiry concerning the September 9, 1965 UFO sightings in Exeter, New Hampshire. I appreciate your letter and the attached back-up information concerning which I would make the following comments.

The UFO sighted by Herman Muscarelle was identical to the UFO sighted later by Muscarelle, Bertrand and Hunt. Herman observed the UFO at close range during his initial sighting. There is no question in my mind that the same or similar object was involved in both of these particular sightings. The number of pulsating lights, the yawing motion, the same location, etc. make this so very apparent. Since I did not interview the "unknown women" I am not certain of the details of their sighting but according to Officer Bertrand, the object they described was very similar to the UFO they sighted later. I might add that another witness, a male motorist, also sighted a similar object. He tried to phone the police from a paystation at nearby Hampton, N.H. but was cut off. Later, he reported the incident to USAF authorities at Pease AFB. The chances are astronomical that 6 people, entirely independent of each other, should report the identical description of a UFO within the span of several hours in the same general area. I am aware of the fact that UFO sightings in New Hampshire especially in September, may be more than coincidental that many of these sightings occur near power lines.

December 26, 1966

Mr. Gene Bertreadd
 Pickpocket Road
 Exeter, N. H.

Dear Gene:

Hope you've had a pleasant and successful year -- and that INCIDENT AT EXETER didn't bring you too much notoriety. If anything, I hope it might someday make you an international hero!

A friend of mine who is the producer for Owen Murphy Productions, in New York is interested in the possibility of making a documentary on the Exeter case, and since I'm going over to France for several months, I won't be able to carry out the film I once hoped to do. His name is Paul Cohen, and he's a top notch film producer who is going to explore the possibility of doing the film. In doing so, I know he would want to call on you for professional services in helping to do the job, and also Dave Hunt. I'm sure he'll work out an arrangement which would be mutually profitable to you both.

He is planning to come up to Exeter with a writer some time in the near future, and I'm dropping you this line to give or less introduce him in advance. In addition to being a good film maker, he is also a very nice guy, so any advice you could give him would be very helpful.

I hope to do a couple of magazine articles on some UFO cases in France which are remarkably similar to your experience. The comments I've had from Dr. Hysak, head of the department of astronomy at Northwestern, and also the official Air Force consultant is that this mystery ought to break open within a couple of years.

Please give my best to your good wife and Dave, and thanks in advance for anything you can do for Paul Cohen.

Very best,
 Jane D. Fuller

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Norman Muscarello's "Incident at Exeter"



This now well known Manchester Union Leader photo captured the Exeter UFO team in September 1965. Left to right: 18 year old Norman Muscarello who first spotted the UFO, patrolman David Hunt and Eugene Bertrand and dispatcher "Scratch" Toland.



Norman Muscarello speaks to the Journalism class at Exeter High School in 1980, his first public interview since the "Incident at Exeter" in 1965. (Courtesy Talon)

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NORMAN MUSCARELLO

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*In 1965 an 18-year old Norman Muscarello spotted a UFO in a field in Kensington, NH and frantically reported the event to the Exeter, NH Police Department. They and others saw it too. The resulting report led to a book length account, *The Incident at Exeter* by John G. Fuller. Fifteen years after the event, students at Exeter High School with teacher Dennis Robinson interviewed key people in the book again. This amazingly candid interview with Viet Nam vet Muscarello sheds added light on one of the most famous UFO reports in American history. This interview includes questions from students that appeared in a special 1980 school newspaper.*



Read: [Tale of an Exeter-Terrestrial](#)

STUDENT:

Could you tell us what happened the night of the "Incident at Exeter?"

MUSCARELLO:

Now don't put me on the line because I'm no professor of science, that's for sure. All I can tell you about is what actually happened to me. And as in the book (*Incident at Exeter*), on September 3, 1965, on or about 2 am, I was thumbing down Route 50 towards Exeter, in Kensington near Mr. Dining's farm. It was a clear night, no rain. There were plenty of stars in the sky. It was just a clear beautiful night. I'd been up

there seeing a friend of mine. I'd missed a ride and I was thumbing back. No cars pick you up at that hour of the morning. I observed planes in the sky earlier. It's pretty easy for me to understand the difference between a plane and what I saw. I'm sure if you experienced it, there wouldn't be any question in mind. I got just past the Dining farm - There's a little field on the right hand side. You can kind of see the glow of Hampton Beach and the lights from the beach, which is distinguishable. What I'm trying to say is that you can see what's going on. It's pretty obvious that that's the beach area.

I observed pulsating lights coming from the north, heading in a southwesterly direction, towards where I was. I assume the speed must have been something terrific because it came up on me all of a sudden, like this! (Snaps his fingers.) Very distant, pulsating erratically I couldn't make out any distinct pattern, circles or anything like that. It was just very bright. Could not make out a silhouette at all. I didn't know what it was. There was absolutely no sound, other than the fact that I heard horses in Dining's field, raising holy hell, kicking the barn. Crickets seemed to just quit.... My attention was fixed on these lights. I didn't know what it was. Passed over, kind of like disappeared. I don't know what direction it went in. I was kind of dazed. My eyes were like, you know, seeing spots you go through when somebody takes your picture with a camera. Got my eyes cleared -- son of a gun -- here it comes again. I don't have to tell you, you get kind of nervous out there. I mean I'm all alone; there's nobody else standing there to refer to. I mean, is this guy smoking something? I just froze up. I didn't know quite what to do. I got scared.

I ran across the street. I didn't actually dive, I fell, because I tripped on something and I fell into the ditch, and I lay there with my head down. And I looked up, and it was like the whole side of this house which was next door, the next house down from Dining's -- I didn't know the people at the time, but I found out that it was Mr. Russell later -- the whole side of the building seemed to turn out like a blood red. And yet the lights weren't completely all red either. It was a white house and these lights were still pulsating in erratic positions. I couldn't make out any design or silhouette at all, and then (he whistles), it took off. I don't even know what direction it took off in because I had my head down after that. I got up out

of the ditch and ran to that house, pounding on the door. Later on I discovered that Mr. Russell was awake. Mrs. Russell told me later that they were awake and they heard me pounding, but they're not going to answer the door with this crazy nut pounding at two o'clock in the morning, no car out front or anything like that. So they didn't bother answering, but they did remember me. Well, no response there.

I ran back out in the street and here comes a car. I wasn't going to let it go by. I stood right in the road, waving my arms. This fellow and his --. I assumed was his wife at the time -- come to find out I did know the fella. The reason he never disclosed his name is because it wasn't his wife in the car. This is true. I mean, I'm not even going to disclose his name now. He sat out in front of the station after bringing me down to the station because he was kind of curious. He didn't know if I was cracking up or what. I went into the (Exeter Police) station and told "Scratch" Toland what happened as rapidly as I could. I was a nervous wreck. He wasn't surprised, because I asked him, "Well, what do you mean you're not surprised?" He said, "I just had two reports before you walked in here, one from Raymond and another one from Hampton Beach." Both of these people had made a description darn close to what I had said. One woman being chased in a car, on Route whatever, I think it was 101 (Raymond), anyway, headed in this direction, and another call had come into Hampton Police Department via phone. Exeter got hold of a dispatch on it. A gentleman had called from a phone booth and they asked, "What is the number? Where are you at?" He had described pretty much the same thing I had seen. When the police pulled up to the phone booth, the phone was dangling, and there was nobody around. I assume he probably just got scared and said, "I don't want anybody to think I'm a nut." And I want you people to know that the only reason I went to that station was because I thought I was cracking up. I was pretty much your age.

STUDENT:

How old were you then?

MUSCARELLO:

Eighteen, I had just graduated from high school.

STUDENT:

If you saw another UFO, would you report it?

MUSCARELLO:

You're darn right.

STUDENT:

Some people, after they have seen one, may be reluctant to report another because their friends will think they're really weird.

MUSCARELLO:

Well, you see, after Scratch had told me of this, he got on the blower (police radio). Here comes a cruiser. Gene Bertrand, some of you people might know him, he just retired, pulled up and said, Come on. I want to see what you're talking about. And the only reason I'm following this up is because we have other reports." Otherwise they would have sent me home.

Gene went up to the same spot where all this had taken place. He and I got out of the cruiser. He had a good-sized seal beam flashlight. We were on our way into the field. He wanted to actually go right down in there and look around. You could see the whole field from the road, but he wanted to do that anyway.

Before we got out to where we had stopped, another cruiser pulled up. It was David Hunt. I think he is working for the North Hampton Police Department now. And he's a character. "I'm from MO; (Missouri) I gotta see it. What you been drinking fellas?" I could hear him up there rattling and the first one to open his mouth, was Dave Hunt. He says, "What the hell is that?" We looked up and -- here she comes again. I don't know what it is. Gene reached for his gun. He had it out of his holster, I'm not kidding.

STUDENT:

What was he going to do, shoot at it?

MUSCARELLO:

He didn't know. What are you gonna do? Human nature, response, something you don't understand you show fear. Well, I understand that now, but at the time I was more afraid of the gun than that thing because I know what the gun can do. So we boogied back to the cruiser and Gene got on the blower and he says, "Scratch, I see the damn thing myself." After that it was taking me home. And my mother was having a fit because she didn't know where I'd been. She sees the cruiser out there and says, "What did he do now?" Mr.

Fuller who wrote this book, was coming down from Maine. He was doing a follow-up on some story up there and decided to check on this. He had an interview with me. On the hood of his car he asked me to sign something. And I never made a penny on this thing and that is the truth. Not one red cent. I'll tell you why I'm glad I didn't: Because I think it makes it more believable. I'm glad I'm not crazy. I'm glad somebody else, who was responsible and credible saw it, not just myself going and thinking for the rest of my life, "Am I a nut?" You know, I've been called a number of things. I would have believed myself that I had something loose up there.

STUDENT:

That is why it is such a famous story, in part because of the credibility of the police officers.

MUSCARELLO:

Once we get into this I can explain something else. Still to this day it is recorded in the archives in Washington, DC. This story cannot be explained scientifically at all. There were a few of your skeptics at the first - swamp gas or somebody had an antenna and it was sparking with the high tension wire. I'm just telling you what I saw.

STUDENT:

You say you feel good; it makes it more credible that you didn't make any money off it?

MUSCARELLO:

It would have been nice to make a few bucks, right?

STUDENT:

I wonder why you haven't said anything. I would assume that Mr. Fuller sold about a million copies and must have made a fair amount off of it.

MUSCARELLO:

I talked to John (Fuller) on the phone about four months ago. It was the first time I'd talked to him in fifteen years. I had lost my original copy and he sent me that one (points to book).

STUDENT:

You don't feel at all ripped off?

MUSCARELLO:

He told me, he made a bundle.

STUDENT:

He didn't offer to send any along?

MUSCARELLO:

No. This story ended up in Look magazine, which is out of print now.

STUDENT:

... and Reader's Digest and True (Magazine).

MUSCARELLO:

He knew what he was doing. This book (The Incident at Exeter) has been copyrighted twice by two publishing companies.

STUDENT:

What do you do now?

MUSCARELLO:

I work out of Bradford, Massachusetts.

STUDENT:

Did you have any say over what Mr. Fuller put in the book?

MUSCARELLO:

We had, actually, two interviews -- one at the house which was kind of erratic. That first morning at daybreak rolled around, by 7:30 or 8:00 my mother's kitchen was full of all kinds of people she'd never seen before. One being, a Major Kehoe from Pease Air Force Base and his sergeant. And handcuffed to the sergeant's arm was an attaché case, which I thought was a little strange. But come to find out, before it was released to the public, this was the Air Force Blue Book. Major Kehoe raised holy hell with me in the living room, telling me to "Shut up, don't say anything, don't sign anything." He told me, "Have you signed up for the Navy yet?" And I said, "No, I haven't." He said, "Well, if you had, I'd haul you right down to the base right now." You see, then I'd be military property. But I actually didn't get sworn in (to the Navy) until October 4 which was an entire month away - and then I went to Great Lakes.

STUDENT:

Can you trace where you've been for the last 15 years?

MUSCARELLO:

I was in the Navy from October 4, '65 to September 22, '69. I spent 36 months in Viet Nam, was discharged, was married, lived in town here. Got a divorce, went to California where my dad lives. By the way, he teaches high school too.

I went back to the Navy for a year and a half. It changed too much for me; I'd broken service. I just couldn't hack it anymore. I worked for a motor company building recreation vehicles. I got homesick. Got sick and tired of spending Christmas in 80 degree weather. Missed the snow and seeing my friends, so I came back here. That's about it. I don't know what else to tell you.

STUDENT:

Did you experience any mild notoriety when you were in the Service and the book came out?

MUSCARELLO:

You mean from my peers?

STUDENT:

Did someone say, "Hey, there's a book about you! "

MUSCARELLO:

Yup. You see this (UFO incident) happened three weeks before I actually went in. My first command was the USS Boston, out of Boston. My division officer was Lieutenant Larry Bishop, and he and I kind of hit it off. We had hit Singapore, on a liberty in between gun runs to Nam. We stayed at the Singapore Hotel and there is a big open foyer in the middle of the hotel, barbershop here, gift shop over there. Here's Larry in there puttering around, looking at magazines and he picked up a copy of this (taps copy of Incident at Exeter). There was also some cartoon type, caricature thing. They had me running down the street with an attaché case and a three-piece suit. Which is crazy; I dressed pretty much the way I am now. Of course I used to get a lot of hassle in the chow line.

STUDENT:

There weren't people coming in and trying to get your side of the story, assuming that there was more to it?

MUSCARELLO:

The Executive Officer talked to me on the bridge one night. I had a mid-watch. He wanted about a half hour spiel.

STUDENT:

Have you ever seen anything else since 1965 that you could not identify?

MUSCARELLO:

No. There is something, I don't know what page it is on that says I've seen something else. I don't even know why he wrote that. I I asked John about that and he says that I don't understand that he said that he did not write that.

STUDENT:

How did your mother take it when you told her that you had seen a UFO?

MUSCARELLO:

I didn't tell her, Gene did.

STUDENT:

Is that the first time you'd been brought home in a patrol car?

MUSCARELLO:

I've gotten into little trouble before, nothing serious.

STUDENT:

Did you have any contact with the Air Force?

MUSCARELLO:

Yes, at the house... This fella Kehoe was erratic, telling me to shut up, don't say anything -- if you want to make any statements, make them with me. By this time there are cops, photographers, some fella from the Manchester Union, Major Kehoe and his sergeant, John Fuller and his photographer.

STUDENT:

Mr. Fuller was right there on the spot? I was led to believe that he didn't hear about it for a while.

MUSCARELLO:

No, this was the same day. Anyways Kehoe's sergeant had taken this thing off his wrist. He was handcuffed to an attaché case, and set it on the kitchen table. It was unlocked, cocked half open. My mother, she says that she'd better get some more coffee, so she went into the kitchen. She must have gotten curious or something and started flipping through the attaché case. Kehoe spotted her when he came around the

corner and he swore at her. I'm not even going to use the language he used. That is when she blew up. She says, "This is my house, that (the attaché case) is sitting on my table and I'll look at it. If you don't like it, then get the hell out of here." And I said, "That's right ma, because if he won't I'll throw him down the stairs. And that's a fact."

STUDENT:

What do you believe it was that you saw in that field near Exeter that night?

MUSCARELLO:

Very good, I wanted to get to that. I'm a very avid fan of Carl Sagan and his series Cosmos. My personal opinion is -- how naive and ignorant do we have to be to stand here and say that we are the only intelligent beings in this entire galaxy, solar system, and cosmos? I don't believe that we are. It is something. I can't say it wasn't. I don't know what it was.

STUDENT:

Thank you Mr. Muscarello for coming in and talking to us.

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Originally published in The Talon
Exeter Area High School, October 1980
J. Dennis Robinson, Faculty Advisor



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SeacoastNH.com "Incident at Exeter" Exclusive
 The UNSEEN UFO Interviews

OFFICER EUGENE BETRAND

Norman Muscarello / Officer Eugene Bertrand / Officer
David Hunt / Officer Timothy Russell / Mrs. Parker Lodgett /
Mr & Mrs Linwood Dore / Mrs. Turner / Ruth Williams /
Conrad Quimby

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In 1979, Exeter High student Frank Bertrand interviewed retired police officer Eugene Bertrand about his memory of the 1965 UFO siting in New Hampshire. The story appeared in a number of newspaper and magazine articles and was adapted into the book "Incident at Exeter" by John G. Fuller. Frank's interview inspired the my Exeter student journalists to re-interview many of the people featured in Fuller's bestseller. -- JDR



Read: [Tale of an Exeter-Terrestrial](#)

STUDENT:

Mr. Bertrand, would you please tell me what happened the night you saw the UFO?

BERTRAND:

That night, a fellow by the name of Muscarello came into the police station. He had been coming home from his girl's house in Amesbury (MA), walking along Route 150. Some object came out of the sky, swooped down at him. He ran to a house and pounded on the door, and the guy would not let him in. He saw a car, ran out to the road and got a ride to Exeter. So, (police dispatcher) Scratch Toland called me into the station and asked me to go out with him and see what he saw out there.

We got out there, we saw nothing. It was pitch dark.

He asked me if I would come down to the field with him, so I walked down the field with him, and he started yelling. I looked over and I saw some object come skimming across the treetops, about 76-80 feet in the air, and it looked like it might be spinning. At first we thought the lights were going from left to right, but it could be we were losing them as the thing was turning. I grabbed ahold of the guy; I yanked him out of the field because I didn't want to get caught in an open field with something swooping down. We got back to the cruiser and Officer Hunt showed up. The three of us watched it for a minute. It took off and headed towards the coast, making no noise, just about treetop level.

STUDENT:

Were you at all scared of this?

BERTRAND:

Well, I wasn't really scared, but I was concerned.

STUDENT:

What did you think was happening? What ran through your mind when you first saw this?

BERTRAND:

I don't know. It was just something I had never seen before. It was just an ... unidentified ... flying object!

STUDENT:

What did the Air Force have to do with this?

BERTRAND:

Well, I was talking to Hunt. We watched it until it disappeared and I asked, "Where do you think it is now?" He said, "I think it's probably over to Hampton." Just then we got a call on the radio. We heard Hampton talking -- and they had just got a call that some man in Hampton had a red object swoop down at his car. He called Hampton and they sent their cruisers out. They called Pease (Air Force Base) and they sent out a couple of fighter planes.

The next day I got a phone around noontime; it was from the Exeter Police Department. They wanted us to meet, with two Air Force officers at one o'clock at the police station. The first thing they told us to do was to keep it quiet, but we told him it was too late because there was a newspaper man from the Manchester Union was in the station when this happened.

Apparently they had picked up stuff on their radar, before we knew about this. I talked to the operations officer. He said he couldn't figure it out because there was no refueling operations going on at that time on the East coast. Then a theory from the Pentagon came out saying it was a refueling. Then they changed it when they found out I had been in refueling, said I was looking at a planet inversion.

STUDENT:

Approximately how big would you say this was?

BERTRAND:

Muscarello said it was as big as a barn; to me it didn't look that big. I thought it was just a good-sized plane, like a 124 or something.

STUDENT:

Did it follow the laws of aerodynamics or did it seem to defy them?

BERTRAND:

It did defy them. I've never seen anything fly that way. It was just floating like a leaf.

STUDENT:

Can you describe Mr. Muscarello to me? Do you remember what he looked like, his attitudes and things?

BERTRAND:

Well he's a kind of a crazy kid in a way.

STUDENT:

So if you hadn't seen this yourself, you might have figured he was making it up?

BERTRAND:

Yeah.

STUDENT:

Was there any conversation between you and Office Hunt or other police officers about it?

BERTRAND:

We talked about it, a number of times. That night, and later we tried to figure out what it was, but never could come to an explanation what it should have been, you know?

STUDENT:

Thank you very much. I appreciate your time.

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The UNSEEN UFO Interviews

OFFICER DAVID HUNT

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Mr & Mrs Linwood Dore / Mrs. Turner / Ruth Williams /
Conrad Quimby

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UFO witness David Hunt was interviewed 15 years after the famed "Incident at Exeter" by Exeter High School students Bernard Dubbrac and Paul Marcoaldi. At the time of the sighting Hunt was working at the Exeter Police Dept and was at the nearby North Hampton Dept. when this interview was recorded. The not very revealing interview took place on May 9, 1980. -- JDR



Read: Tale of an Exeter-Terrestrial

STUDENT:

How long did you work in Exeter as a police officer?

HUNT:

All together, about six or seven years.

STUDENT:

Did the UFO sighting have anything to do with your change over to the North Hampton Police Department?

HUNT:

No.

STUDENT:

What did the UFO move through the air like?

HUNT:

More or less on, like a fluttering motion, like a leaf

falling back and forth.

STUDENT:

What was it shaped like?

HUNT:

Couldn't really get a shape, mostly the lights, you'd guess mostly round.

STUDENT:

Did you believe in UFOs before the sighting?

HUNT:

No. I had an open mind about it. Still do.

STUDENT:

Do many people come up and ask you about it?

HUNT:

No, not anymore.

STUDENT:

But they did when...

HUNT:

Oh yeah, the first year, especially the first six months.

STUDENT:

They really came up to you?

HUNT:

Yeah.

STUDENT:

Did the UFO make any noise?

HUNT:

No, not that I know of, not that I could tell.

STUDENT:

Have you read the book "Incident at Exeter" by John Fuller?

HUNT:

Yeah, I read it back then.

STUDENT:

Was it an accurate account?

HUNT:

Yes, it's reasonable accurate.

STUDENT:

Who else was there with you?

HUNT:

Gene Bertrand and a boy named Muscarello.

STUDENT:

OK, Betty Hill told our school paper that Exeter was a UFO zone. What do you think of that?

HUNT:

Well, I don't really know what you would classify as a "zone."

STUDENT:

Well, she seems to think that she sees them all the time. Have you seen any UFOs since then?

HUNT:

Not that I can be sure of. No

STUDENT:

Do you think that UFOs will ever come back around?

HUNT:

I don't know really.

STUDENT:

How did the people react when you told them about the UFO you saw?

HUNT:

Well, about the same as anything else. Some believe you, some don't. Some take it real serious, about the same as any other things. Some people are skeptical, some aren't. Some have an open mind, some don't.

STUDENT:

Did you yourself talk to John Fuller about this?

HUNT:

Oh yeah.

STUDENT:

How do you feel about this now that it's all over 15 years later?

HUNT:

It's just a thing that happened and we reported it the way it happened at that time, which you know is about all you can do I guess.

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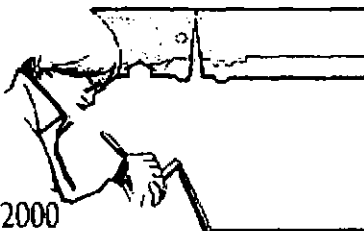
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By J. Dennis Robinson

Vol 4 No 23, November 18, 2000



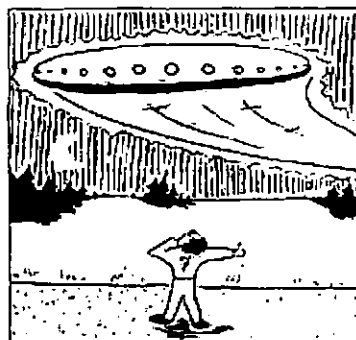
Tales of an Exeter-Terrestrial

*More UFO stories from
the "Incident at Exeter"*

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Norman Muscarello

gripped the yellow paperback book that had made him famous as he spoke to my high school Journalism class. The year was 1980, 15 years after a flying saucer, or something, had swooped out of the clear night sky on the Kensington Road near the Dining Farm on the way to Exeter, New Hampshire.



"**I assume** the speed must have been something terrific, because it came up on me all of a sudden like THIS," Muscarello said, snapping his fingers for emphasis. The night was silent, he recalled, with no crickets, only the sound of the horses braying loudly in the nearby field. Then came the lights.

"**I don't have** to tell you, you get kind of nervous out there. I'm all alone... I mean, is this guy smoking something?" Muscarello said of himself, and the Exeter High School students tittered. "I just froze up. I didn't know quite what to do. I got scared."

Standing uncomfortably, at first, at the head of the class, Muscarello looked like a big kid giving a book report rather than a celebrity guest speaker. Still, my students were at full attention, empathizing with his

awkwardness, drawn to his candor. For days we had been reading "The Incident at Exeter", the best-seller by John Fuller about a UFO spotted in Seacoast, New Hampshire on September 3, 1965. Muscarello, they knew, was the real deal, what Journalism teachers call "a primary source." This, to my knowledge, was one of the few interviews he ever recorded after the incident. My students got it all on tape.

"I fell into the ditch and I lay there with my head down," the speaker continued. "I looked up and it was like the whole side of this house...the whole side of the building seemed to turn out like a blood red. ...It was a white house and these lights were still pulsating in erratic positions. I couldn't make out any designs or silhouette at all, and then -- it took off." Muscarello made a noise like a slide whistle, indicating the disappearing UFO.



Norman Muscarello in 1980

In the last 35 years Muscarello's story and those of other eye-witnesses have been analyzed to smithereens in countless books, white papers, TV shows and web sites. It's part of the Hynek Report where the term "close encounters" was coined. It's documented in Air Force reports and police reports, even the Congressional Record. Skeptics have called the phenomenon everything from fire balloons to a perceptual illusion of the planet Jupiter. For believers, this story is tucked so deeply into the foundation of UFOlogy that removing it would disrupt the infrastructure of the whole system.

It's the cops that hold the whole wild tale together. Three days after the incident, a statewide newspaper photo showed a sullen teenaged Muscarello with three smiling Exeter officers -- David Hunt, Eugene Bertrand and dispatcher "Scratch:

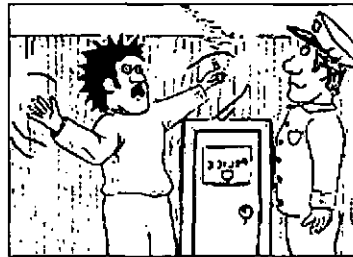


Muscarello and Hunt in 1965

Toland. After crawling from the ditch, Muscarello told the class, he knocked on a couple of doors. No one answered, but they later corroborated the fact that he had

been there. Muscarello flagged down a car and got a ride to the local police station. The driver of the car, he told the students, was never identified in Fuller's book because the woman with him at 2 am wasn't the driver's wife. By the time Muscarello rushed frantically into the station near the famous Exeter bandstand, Scratch Toland had already received a call from another witness.

Toland asked Officer Bertrand to accompany Muscarello out to the field and he too saw something. It was about the size of a plane, Bertrand later told my student investigator in a separate interview. It defied



the laws of gravity, "floating like a leaf". Officer Hunt then pulled up and all three men watched the object disappear seaward toward Hampton. Minutes later they heard a police radio dispatch from Hampton -- a UFO had been spotted there. According to Muscarello, Bertrand had even removed his gun from its holster during the flyover.

"**What was he going to do, shoot it?**" one of my students said laughing. In 1980, back from a long stretch in the military, Muscarello still wore his hair slicked back, Elvis-style, with long sideburns, a thin mustache and was paunchier than the tough teenager in 1965 news photo. "He was kind of a crazy kid in a way," Bertrand told my student reporter. But in front of the class that day, the more Muscarello spoke, the calmer and more confident he sounded.

"**At the time** I was more afraid of the gun than that thing," Muscarello said of the UFO. "So we boogied back to the cruiser and Gene got on the blower and he says, 'Scratch, I see the damn thing myself!'"

The rest is UFO history. Reporter John Fuller was assigned to write a piece originally called "Outer Space Ghost Story" for Look magazine. It appeared in Reader's Digest and then in True Magazine as "The Incident at Exeter" - the title Fuller used for his book. Peter R. Geremia, (see related story) director of the New Hampshire chapter of Mufon (Mutual UFO Network) remembers Fuller as a scrupulous investigative reporter. Geremia has studied Fuller's notes now archived at Boston University and describes his work as "very very meticulous".

But there's more to the Seacoast UFO story. In 1980 my Journalism students fanned out and interviewed everyone they could find associated with the book. We published the results in a special edition of the school paper. Conrad Quimby, then editor of the Derry News and a staunch nonbeliever, told one student that he had tipped off Fuller to the Exeter UFO incident. Quimby said he was also friendly with a Portsmouth couple, Betty and Barney Hill, who had seen a UFO while driving in the White Mountains in 1961. As Fuller worked on the Exeter book, Quimby introduced him to the Hills. I checked this fact with Betty Hill, now living in Portsmouth at age 81. She agrees that her husband Barney had confided in Quimby, and that indeed may be how Fuller - and soon the whole world - learned of the couple's wild ride.

"Interrupted Journey" Fuller's follow-up book about the Hill's alleged abduction by aliens was another big seller. His detailed journalistic style again intrigued even skeptics and positioned Betty and Barney Hill deeply in the hearts and minds of UFO addicts world wide. Distinguished actor James Earl Jones, the voice of CNN, Bell Atlantic and Darth Vader, was a key force in turning the book into a film and Jones played the part of Barney Hill in the 1975 film version "The UFO Incident." The two books were recently republished back to back as one trade paperback volume and are already out of stock again.

The Hills received a royalty for their UFO story, much of it recorded while under hypnosis. Muscarello and the Exeter witnesses were not compensated in an era before the fearful onset of checkbook journalism. One month after seeing the Exeter UFO, Muscarello began a close encounter with the US Navy and served in the Viet Nam



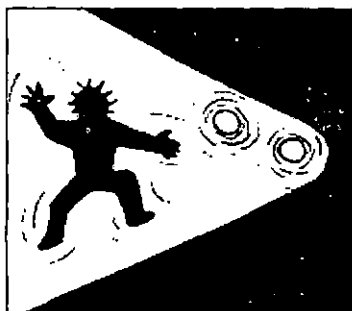
Betty Hill in 1999

War. He remembers first discovering Fuller's book about him at a shop in Saigon. By the time he arrived in my classroom 15 years later, Incident at Exeter had sold over a half million copies.

"Don't you feel at all ripped off?" someone in the classroom asked Muscarello. Teenagers have an inherent

sense of justice that, we should teach them, history, fate, commerce and UFOs do not. If I were in charge of public education in America, all kids would study Journalism, work on the school paper and write oral histories. They would meet real people, ask real questions and report the results with detail and without bias.

"It would have been nice to make a few bucks, right?" Muscarello shrugged. "He (Fuller) said he made a bundle. I talked to John on the phone about four months ago. It was the first time I'd talked to him in 15 years. I had lost my original copy and he sent me that one," Muscarello said, gesturing toward his copy of "Incident at Exeter."



It was, as I recall, one of my best days as a high school teacher. Our school paper The Talon was consumed by the students at Exeter Area High School as soon as it was published. The kids sold ads and paid for the whole process. We bought our own typewriters. We purchased our own textbooks. The paper won some sort of award and 20 years after the fact, the UFO issue is as readable as ever. I made a few calls to see if Norman Muscarello is around town with no luck. I called the Exeter Police Station to see what had happened to the three officers. The young dispatcher had never heard of any UFO flying over Exeter or of the officers in question. Two, it appears, have passed away. One transferred out long ago.

UFO researcher Peter Geremia says he met with John G. Fuller, corresponded and spoke with him on the phone. The two men planned to present a detailed lecture together in Exeter in 1990, but the author died just weeks before. Time passes and the thin cables that connect us to the truth rust and snap. I couldn't find the audio tape of our conversation with the man who saw the lights over Kensington in 1965 - just the transcript my students pulled together. It's not the missing 20 minutes from the Watergate archives - but I'm proud of it and of my students - and it will have to do.

By J. Dennis Robinson
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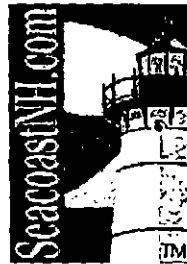
Photos courtesy Manchester Union Leader and Exeter High School Talon. Illustrations by high school artist JP Smith.

Don't miss Dennis Robinson's new column "Seacoast Rambles" every other week in Foster's Sunday Citizen at your local newsstand.



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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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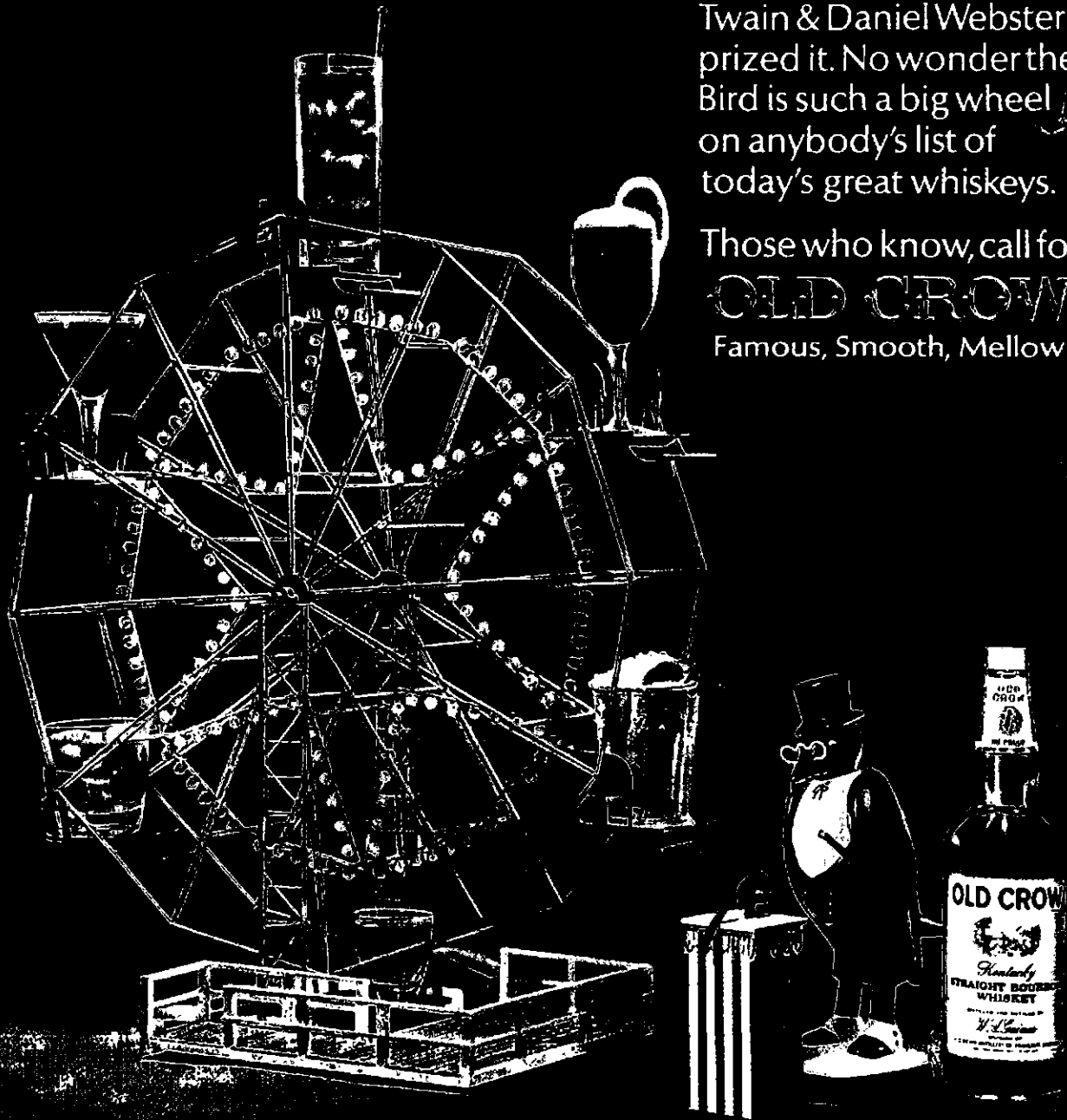
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'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.

BYRON

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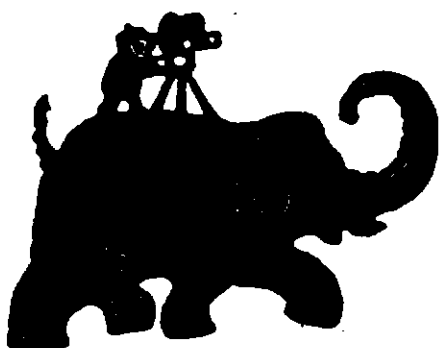
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MOVIES

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING. What do you think would happen if a Russian sub ran aground just off Cape Cod? Well, if Jonathan Winters is the local deputy sheriff, Paul Ford the civilian defense chief and Ben Blue the man who spreads the word, peaceful coexistence will be hilariously shattered. Carl Reiner and Eva Marie Saint are also fine, but Alan Arkin, as a nutty Russian lieutenant, steals the picture.

THE GLASS-BOTTOM BOAT. It's a rarity to see a film with Doris Day where the issue isn't seduction versus marriage, so take note. This time she's just a girl in love with a scientist (Rod Taylor); she's also a suspected spy, which leads to highly comic complications. Arthur Godfrey, Paul Lynde and John McGiver help keep it funny.

THE SUCKER. A frantic French farce about an amiable dope who is talked into driving a Cadillac from Naples to Bordeaux not knowing that the car is stuffed to the fins with gold, heroin and jewels. Everything goes wrong, often uproariously. Bourvil plays the sucker to clownish perfection and Louis de Funès is great as a dim-witted criminal mastermind.

A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY. Home-steader Henry Fonda gets into the biggest poker game in Texas, bets his life savings, is raised—and has a heart attack. His wife (Joanne Woodward) has to carry on, but she doesn't know how to play. After she learns, she goes to the bank for a loan—with the hand as collateral. Often funny, sometimes strained. Jason Robards and Charles Bickford shine as a couple of genial misogynists.

A FINE MADNESS. A fast, macabre comedy about a two-fisted, oversexed poet in search of money and peace of mind. Pursued by police, his ex-wife, various broads and a slightly crazy psychiatrist who wants to operate on his brain, he is always down but never out,

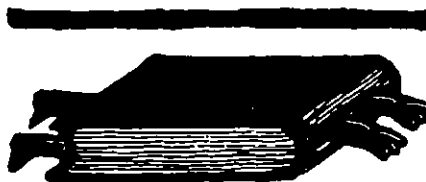
won't take "no" for an answer and even makes love in a whirlpool bath. Sean Connery is miscast as the poet, but Jean Seberg, Patrick O'Neal and Joanne Woodward are good.

THE NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLY. Clint Walker stars as a rancher fighting off debt and a savage grizzly in the Pacific Northwest. It's kind of corny, but a basic sincerity keeps it alive and there's plenty of action. In the end, it's more than bearable.

MAYA. Clint Walker again, this time playing a white hunter in deepest, darkest India. Jay North, his son, runs away from home, meets an Indian boy and a pair of elephants, and travels with them. The scenery is simply beautiful and the story is beautifully simple. Send the kids.

CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE. A dull travelogue, showing some of the more attractive parts of Russia. The Moiseyev Dancers and the Moscow State Circus are standout attractions, but much of it is drab, even though the cheerful Bing Crosby narrates. The technical crudity of Cinerama's three-part screen is also very distracting. If you like smorgasbord, you might like this one.

THE LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS? We deeply, devoutly hope so. Marty Allen and Steve Rossi make their movie debut, and spend 90 witless minutes providing reasons why their first film should be their last.



BOOKS

PROMETHEUS by Andre Maurois. The life and hard times of Honore de Balzac, one of France's greatest writers, as seen by one of the world's great biographers. Life in 19th-century France was lusty, hectic and free, and Balzac exemplified the period. He failed at politics and business, maintained several mistresses, conducted love affairs by mail and turned out a steady stream of novels and stories. He died, burned out, at 50, five months after he married. *Harper & Row; \$10.00.*

HIROHITO: EMPEROR OF JAPAN by Leonard Mosley. A good but leisurely biography of a monarch who was rarely allowed to rule. Hirohito is a gentle man and, according to this evidence, a good one, but he was so

hemmed in by politicians, tradition and the military that he was helpless to stop or change the disastrous course of events in Japan. The book not only tells how, but explains why. *Prentice-Hall; \$7.95.*

THE BONAPARTES by David Stacton. There has never been a family quite like Napoleon's; hopefully, there will never be another. His brothers, sisters and in-laws were loony, lazy, lecherous and treacherous (one made a fortune selling marble busts of Napoleon, then sold him out to his enemies; another "attitudinized all day and fornicated all night"). This dazingly witty book traces the family misfortunes from 1814 to the present. *Simon & Schuster; \$7.95.*

CONFESSIONS OF AN IRISH REBEL by Brendan Behan. The last work of the brawling, bawdy, tragicomic writer is a perfect mirror of the man: vulgar, funny and unfinished. Tape-recorded before his death, it's a long, anecdotal monologue about prison life, fighting the English, drinking, loving and writing pornography in Paris. His crudity never quite obscures his fundamental, warm humanity. *Bernard Geis; \$4.95.*

THE DETECTIVE by Roderick Thorp. A massive novel about a private detective who accepts a case that sets him off on a spellbinding voyage of self-discovery. The author dissects marriage, adultery, suicide, love, psychology, homosexuality and police work so neatly that it leaves the reader helpless to do anything but read on. Quite simply, it's a helluva good book. *Dial; \$5.95.*

THE LAST GENTLEMAN by Walker Percy. Four years ago, the author won the National Book Award for *The Moviegoer*; now he's back with an even better novel. This is the story of a southerner in New York, shy, pixieish and subject to fits of amnesia. He returns home in pursuit of love and finds death. It's melancholy and funny, very deep and very good. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$5.95.*

A SENTENCE OF LIFE by Julian Gloag. Jordan Maddox is a nobody—a successful executive, but dull and ordinary. When he is accused of a violent murder, no one believes he is even capable of it. He's innocent, but he almost accepts the guilt in order to assert his individuality and absolve his failings, though no one blames him for them but himself. An absorbing novel. *Simon & Schuster; \$5.95.*

THIS TIME IN TWILIGHT by Anthony Tuttle. A highly readable novel about a conflict over a prospective dam in the Southwest and the people who fight against it. Much of the story

WHEN FLYING SAUCERS CAME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE:

INCIDENT AT EXETER

A THOROUGH AND UNBIASED REPORTER
TAKES A CLOSE LOOK AT UFO'S -- THE
BIGGEST MYSTERY OF OUR TIMES--AND
REACHES SOME SURPRISING CONCLUSIONS

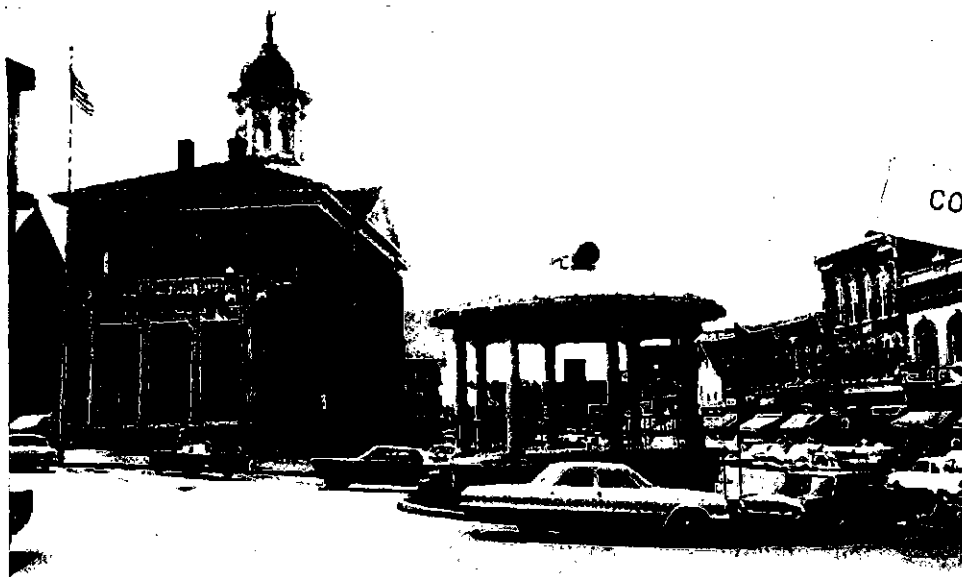
■ The book *Incident at Exeter* was no sooner completed than UFO reports began to break out in unprecedented numbers all over the country. After my research in Exeter, New Hampshire, I was, as a former skeptic, now convinced that this would happen, surprised that it had not happened sooner. For the first time, the general press began treating the subject with respect.

I knew that Exeter was only a microcosm, a small sample of a much bigger story that was taking place and was certain to take place with increasing frequency all over the world. Since one reporter cannot hopscotch everywhere to track down an effective story, I decided to concentrate on Exeter because of a well-documented case there involving the police. It could have been any number of other places with similar reports.

When the now-famous Michigan cases broke in March, 1966, House Republican leader Gerald R. Ford formally requested a congressional investigation and the wire services furnished front-page stories for the nationwide press. But when an Air Force investigation indicated that some of the sightings might be attributed to methane or marsh gas, the press again backtracked and seized on this as a blanket explanation for the UFO phenomenon.

This distortion was deplored by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, head of the Astronomy Department of Northwestern University, who

BY JOHN G. FULLER



STRANGE LOW-FLYING
CRAFT BECAME A
COMMONPLACE EVENT
IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Exeter, N.H., is a typical, small New England town, inhabited by 7,243 skeptical Yankees.



Mrs. Virginia Hale saw a dome-shaped object hovering over neighbor's house in daylight.



Exeter patrolmen Bertrand, left, and Hunt point out spot where UFO rose.

himself had advanced the marsh gas theory. In a letter to me on March 29, 1966, he wrote: "I am enclosing the actual press release I gave out at Detroit because I wanted you to have the full story. The release was not handled in the papers as released.

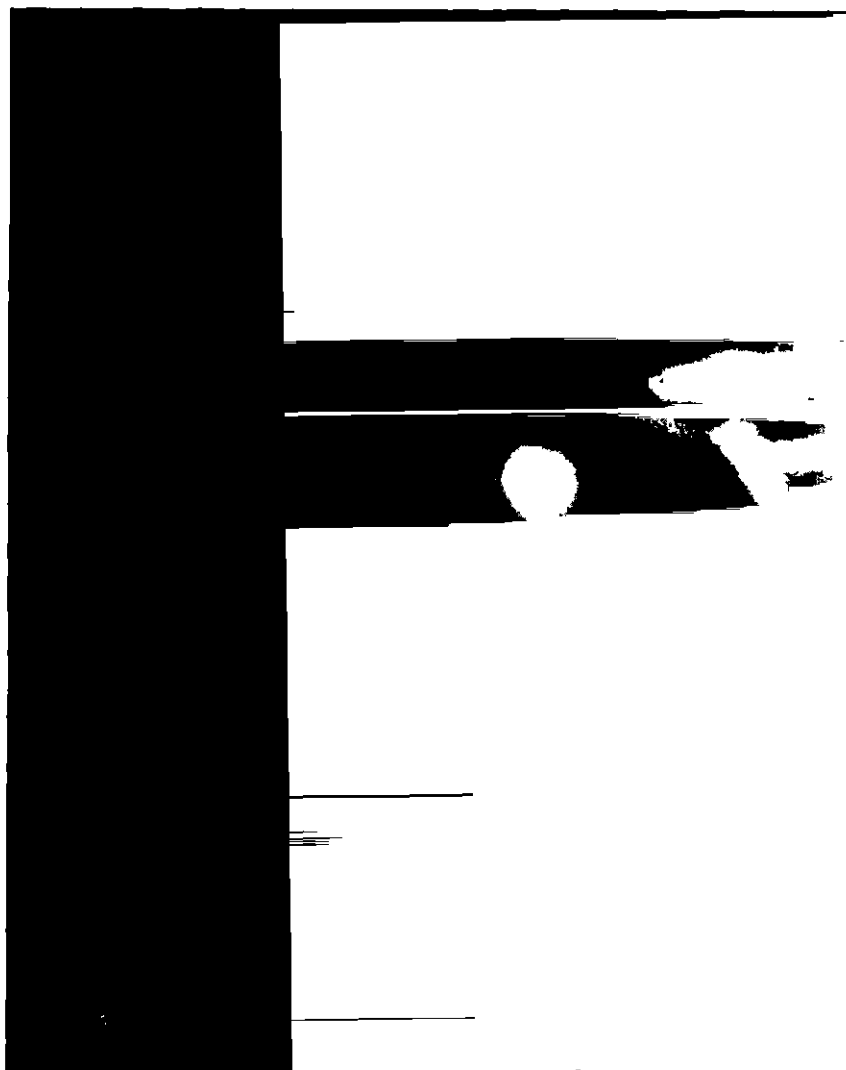
"You will note my insistence that the swamp sightings and their highly-likely explanation does not constitute a blanket explanation for the UFO phenomenon. I'm afraid this point was missed, too."

In the official release so badly distorted by the press, Doctor Hynek states:

"The Air Force has asked me to make a statement of my findings to date. This I am happy to do, provided it is clearly understood that my statement will refer to two principal events as reported to me. . . . It does not cover the hundreds of unexplained reports. . . . I have not investigated those. . . . I have recommended in my capacity as Scientific Consultant [to the Air Force] that competent scientists quietly study such cases when evidence from responsible people appears to warrant

such study. There may be much of potential value to science in such events. We know a very great deal more about the physical world in 1966 than we did in 1866, but, by the same token, the people in the year 2066 may regard us as very incomplete in our scientific knowledge. . . ."

The Michigan sightings showed marked similarity to the astounding, repetitive series of UFO cases that were continuing on such a regular basis in the Exeter area. At Ann Arbor, Michigan, at least 40 people, including a dozen policemen, turned in reports of four strange, glowing objects, hovering over a swamp nearby. The craft was described as football-shaped, about as wide in diameter as the length of a car, with a grayish-yellow hue and a pitted surface like a coral rock. (A witness in Exeter who experienced a UFO hovering directly beside her car described the surface as looking like "hammered aluminum.") The object closest to the observer was reported to have a blue light on one end, a white light on the other and a large red light



A Pennsylvania hobbyist accidentally snapped this UFO while making time exposures of the moon.

in the center. As in most of the Exeter cases, it was silent as it hovered just a few feet over the swamp. Frederick E. Davids, state police commissioner and also director of civil defense for the state, commented: "I used to discount these reports, too, but now I'm not so sure." Stanley McFadden, a Washtenaw county deputy sheriff, reported that he and deputy David Fitzpatrick watched the object fly over their car about the same time farmer Frank Mannor and his 19-year-old son saw it take off.

At Hillsdale, Michigan, 87 college co-eds took copious notes on an object that hovered over a swamp outside their college dormitory. Joining them was a college dean and a civil defense official who confirmed their stories.

Later, in April of 1966, two deputy sheriffs of Portage County, Ohio, chased an object described as being 40 feet wide and 18 feet high, for some 90 miles, from Atwater, Ohio, all the way to Freedom, Pennsylvania. Police Chief Gerald Buchert, of Mantua, Ohio, con-

firmed their story. All the observers emphasized they had seen some kind of a vehicle, as opposed to natural phenomenon such as fireballs or St. Elmo's fire.

I became involved with the UFO subject almost by total accident. As a columnist for the *Saturday Review*, I keep a drawer full of interesting press clippings on a wide variety of subjects, especially if they are news stories that are likely to appear briefly in the press and then disappear into limbo.

During the summer of 1965, I came across a clipping in the conservative *New York Times* that reported on the rash of sightings in Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico during which the teletype network of the Oklahoma State Highway Patrol was jammed for three nights with reports from between 30 and 40 of its officers that varicolored objects were tracked in various parts of the state at both low and high level. The sightings were announced as confirmed on radar screens by Tinker and Carswell Air Force bases and then later denied [Continued on page 107]



REPORT FROM VIET NAM

CAMP ALPHA, SAIGON

■ Everybody knows that the last week in Viet Nam is the week you are most likely to get killed or hurt or go nuts.

That's not really true, of course. The statisticians can prove a man about to go home is no more likely to get hit than anyone else, and the military brass makes a special effort to keep servicemen from becoming casualties just before they are scheduled to go back to the States. In some Army units, soldiers are taken off operations when they get within 30 days of departure time—and the other branches of service tend to be equally protective. But there are just enough tragic ironies during the final days of duty here to make GI's believe in black fate.

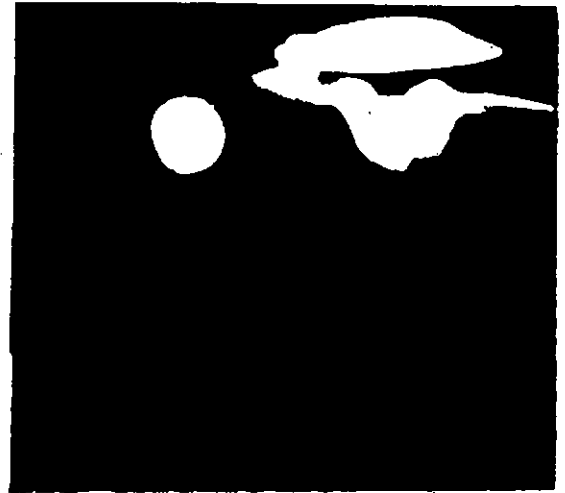
The last stop for homeward bound Army men in Viet Nam is the 90th Replacement Battalion, a bare, crowded compound known as "Camp Alpha" and located inside Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport. It is also,

paradoxically, the first stop for many new arrivals. They are all mixed together: the frightened newcomers and the ready-to-depart veterans.

In its initial year of operation, ending last April, Camp Alpha processed more than 56,000 entering GI's, and sent more than 26,000 back to the U.S. But these rates have increased at a staggering pace recently, making Alpha far from a comfortable encampment. There are only enough huts to house a small fraction of the men passing through. The others sleep in large tents or on the bare ground.

One big hangar serves as a mess hall, and another is used as a club. The makeshift club contains a few dozen tables, a refreshment stand that sells soft drinks and beer, and some pinball machines. When movies are shown at night, it becomes as hot as a boiler room.

Theoretically no soldier about to leave Viet Nam stays at Alpha longer than two days, but in practice



[Continued from page 33]

by the Air Force. I felt that it was incredible that this many police officers could report a phenomenon like this without it being based on fact. I tore out the clipping and waited for a follow-up. Nothing happened; the story disappeared from the pages of all the New York papers.

Facing a deadline for a column, I checked with the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington and learned from its Assistant Director Richard Hall that not only were these cases unexplained, but that two sheriffs in Texas had sped away from an enormous object some 250 feet in diameter that came down to road level and hovered a few feet off the ground. At the same time, I learned about the Exeter case, also involving competent police officers, one of whom was an Air Force veteran.

I knew next to nothing about the UFO subject and in fact was extremely wary of it. I knew that a certain element of UFO believers was wildly irresponsible and I was determined to avoid this element in any research I might do on the subject. On the other hand, the prevalence of recent police reports suggested that there must be substance to the story and, if there were, the press was certainly not giving it proper coverage.

As a naive and unbiased observer, I approached the story with extreme caution and resolved that I would follow one rule: To overdocument and understate.

THE UFO'S ARRIVE

At 2:24 a.m. on September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello, three weeks away from joining the Navy, plunged into the Exeter, New Hampshire, police station in a state of near shock. He was white and shaking. Patrolman Reginald "Scratch" Toland, on duty at the desk, helped him light a cigarette before he calmed down enough to talk.

His story came out in bursts. He had been hitchhiking on Route 150 from Amesbury, Massachusetts, to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. The traffic was sparse, and he was forced to walk most of the way. By 2 that morning he reached Kensington, a few miles short of his home. Near an open field between two houses, the Thing, as he called it, came out of the sky directly toward him. It was as big as or bigger than a house. It appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter, with brilliant, pulsating red lights around an apparent rim. It wobbled, yawed and floated toward him. It made no noise whatever. When it

seemed as if it was going to hit him, he dove down on the shallow shoulder of the road. Then the object appeared to back off slowly and hovered directly over the roof of one of the houses. Finally it backed off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for the house. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered.

At that moment, a car came by, moving in the direction of Exeter. He ran to the middle of the road and waved his arms frantically. A middle-aged couple drove him into Exeter and dropped him off at the police station.

The kid had calmed down a little now, although he kept lighting one cigarette after another.

"Look," said Muscarello, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. But you got to send somebody back out there with me!"

The kid persisted. Officer Toland, puzzled at first, was impressed by his sincerity. He kicked on the police radio and called in Cruiser #21.

Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station. Bertrand, an Air Force veteran during the Korean War with air-to-air refueling experience on KC-97 tankers, reported an odd coincidence. An hour or so before, cruising near the overpass on Route 101, about two miles out of Exeter, he had come across a car parked on the bypass with a lone woman at the wheel. Trying to keep her composure, she had said that a huge, silent, airborne object had trailed her from the town of Epping, 12 miles away, only a few feet from her car. It had brilliant, flashing red lights. When she had reached the overpass, it suddenly took off at tremendous speed and disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in."

Toland turned to the kid with a little more interest. "This sound like the thing you saw?"

"Sounds exactly like it," said Muscarello.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when Patrolman Bertrand and Muscarello arrived back at the field along Route 150. The night was clear, moonless and warm. Visibility was unlimited. There was no wind and the stars were brilliant. Bertrand parked his cruiser near Tel. & Tel. Pole #668. He picked up the radio mike to call to Toland that he saw nothing at all, but that the youngster was still so tense about the situation he was going to walk out on the field with him to investigate further. "I'll be out of the cruiser for a few minutes," he said. "so if you don't get an answer on the radio, don't worry about it."

Bertrand and Muscarello walked down the sloping field in the dark, Bertrand probing the trees in the distance with his flashlight. About 100 yards away from the roadside was a corral

where the horses of the Carl Dining farm were kept. When they reached the fence, and still saw nothing, Bertrand tried to reassure the kid, explaining that it must have been a helicopter.

Then, as Bertrand turned his back to the corral to shine his light toward the tree line to the north, the horses at the Dining farm began to kick and whinny and bat at the sides of the barn and fence. Dogs in the nearby houses began howling. Muscarello let out a yell.

"I see it! I see it!" he screamed.

Bertrand reeled and looked toward the trees beyond the corral.

It was rising slowly from behind two tall pines: a brilliant, roundish object, without a sound. It came toward them like a leaf fluttering from a tree, wobbling and yawing as it moved. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of Carl Dining's pre-Revolutionary saltbox house turned bloodred. The Russell house, a hundred yards away, turned the same color. Bertrand reached for his .38, then thought better of it and shoved it back in its holster. Muscarello froze in his tracks. Bertrand, afraid of infrared rays or radiation, grabbed the youngster and yanked him toward the cruiser.

Back at the Exeter police station, Scratch Toland was nearly blasted out of his chair by Bertrand's radio call. "My God, I see the damn thing myself!"

Under the half protection of the cruiser roof, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, about a football field's distance away. It was rocking back and forth on its axis, still absolutely silent. The pulsating red lights seemed to dim from left to right, then from right to left, in a 5-4-3-2-1, then 1-2-3-4-5 pattern, covering about two seconds for each cycle. It was hard to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights. "Like trying to describe a car with its headlights coming at you," is the way Bertrand puts it.

It hovered there, 100 feet above the field, for several minutes. Still no noise, except for the horses and dogs. Then, slowly, it began to move away, eastward, toward Hampton. Its movement was erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It darted," says Bertrand. "It could turn on a dime. Then it would slow down."

At that moment Patrolman David Hunt, in Cruiser #20, pulled up by the pole. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland at the desk and had scrambled out to the scene. Bertrand jumped out to join Hunt at the edge of the field.

"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "It was going from left to right, between the tops of two big trees. I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear those horses kicking out in the barn there. Those dogs were really howling. Then it started moving, slowlike, across the tops of the trees, just above the trees. It was rocking when it did this. A creepy type of look. Airplanes don't do this. After it moved out of sight, toward Hampton, toward the ocean, we waited awhile. A B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Within moments after the object slid over the trees and out of sight of Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello, Scratch Toland took a call at the desk from an Exeter night operator.

"She was all excited," says Toland. "Some man had just called her, and she traced the call to one of them outside booths in Hampton, and he was so hysterical he could hardly talk straight. He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish he was cut off. I got on the phone and called the Hampton police and they notified the Pease Air Force Base."

The blotter of the Hampton Police Department covers the story tartly:

Sept. 3, 1965: 3 a.m. Exeter Police Dept. reports unidentified flying object in that area. Units 2, 4 and Pease Air Force alerted. At 3:17 a.m., received a call from Exeter operator and Officer Toland. Advised that a male subject called and asked for police department, further stating that call was in re: a large, unidentified flying object, but call was cut off. Call received from a Hampton pay phone, location unknown.

At 4:30 a.m. that morning, Mrs. Dolores Gazda, 205 F Street, Exeter, and mother of Norman Muscarello from a previous marriage, was in her own words "pretty shook up." Without a phone, she had had no word from her son since early the previous evening. Nervous and wakeful, she watched the police

cruiser pull up outside her second-floor flat, where she keeps a spotlessly clean apartment in the face of a restricted budget. She ran to the outside wooden stairs and watched officers Bertrand and Hunt escort her son up.

"You know what a shock this could be to a mother," she says. "And of course I could hardly believe this fantastic story. It wasn't until I talked to the two police officers that I knew what they went through. When he came in with the police, he was white. White as a ghost. I knew he couldn't be putting me on. Thank God the police saw it with him. People might never believe him."

Lt. Warren Cottrell was on the desk at 8 o'clock that morning. He read Bertrand's report, a rough piece of yellow manuscript paper hunt-and-pecked as a supplement to the regular blotter.

Cottrell called the Pease Air Force Base to reconfirm the incident and, by 1 in the afternoon, Maj. David H. Griffin and Lt. Alan Brandt arrived. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length, and returned to the base with little comment. They were interested and serious.

By nightfall that evening, a long series of phone calls began coming into the police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses in previous sightings before the police report.

Nightfall also marked the beginning of a three-week nightly vigil by Muscarello, his mother and several friends. In the short time left before he was to go to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he was determined to see it again. He did.

checked in at the desk of the Exeter Inn on the morning of October 20, 1965, and waited over 10 minutes for a bellhop to take me to my room. Two tape recorders, a Polaroid camera and a suitcase took up most of the space, but the room was cheerful and I would be spending little enough time in it.

I was armed with extensive background material supplied me by Maj. Donald Keyhoe's organization, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP). Both Richard Hall, assistant director, and Ray Fowler, their Massachusetts fieldman, had been most generous with their time and information about a subject I knew literally nothing about.

I met officers Bertrand and Hunt for lunch that day in the sprawling, tearoomish dining room of the Inn. Only a few hushed patrons were lunching at the time and Hunt's bulk as he came through the door of the dining room dominated the room. He looked twice the size of Bertrand in every dimension. He had a quiet, wry New Hampshire accent and a salty sense of humor.

Bertrand was wearing zylonite glasses, was soft-spoken and serious-looking. Although he appeared slight and scholarly, I recalled that his lieutenant had told me over the phone that he was invariably assigned to the tough cases. Over a porterhouse steak I learned more about what had happened and—I was surprised to learn—was still happening in Exeter following Muscarello's UFO sighting, more than six weeks earlier.

"For quite a stretch there," Hunt said, "three or four phone calls a night would come into the station. Most of them were pretty sensible people and a lot of them came pretty close to the description of the things we saw."

"I think you'll find," Bertrand said, "that a lot of people are really afraid to report seeing these things. I know I was damn glad when Dave pulled up in his cruiser that night, if nothing else than to check me out. Some people might be making mistakes, but I'm convinced a lot of them aren't. When I was in the Air Force, I used to work right on the ramp with the planes. I could tell what kind of plane might be around just by the sound of it. Right after this thing went away on September 3rd, an Air Force jet came over. Dave and I both saw it. It was very clear what it was. No comparison at all between it and the object, in either lighting or configuration or sound, or anything else. And, of course, the B-47 was high and the object was low. Right down over the trees. It was im-

possible to make a mistake in comparing the two. On the way out to the place with Muscarello, I thought the kid for sure had seen a helicopter. But it wasn't. Not by a long shot."

"He's a pretty cool kid, Muscarello," Hunt said. "It would take a lot to shake him up. And he was shaken up, there's no doubt about that."

Hunt went on to say that Muscarello was now at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, but suggested I could get some details from his mother.

After lunch, Bertrand and Hunt got in my car, a smallish Volvo sedan which sagged a little under Hunt's weight. We drove out Route 108, then turned left on Route 150 southerly toward Kensington and Amesbury. Hunt pointed toward another road slanting up a hill ahead of us.

"Up this road another kid, Ron Smith, saw the thing too."

"When did that happen?" I asked.

"About three weeks after we saw it. Said it passed over his car twice."

"Anybody with him?"

"Yes, his mother and aunt. They were all scared to death when they pulled into the police station."

"What kind of kid is he?" I asked.

"Pretty decent, from what I know," Hunt said. "Works in the grocery store after school, right across from the police station. You might be able to find him this afternoon."

I made a mental note to interview Smith, just as we approached Tel. and Tel. Pole #668. We pulled up near it and got out of the car. Stretched across the field was a heavy wire with a metal sign on it, reading KEEP OUT.

"The owner had to put this wire and sign up right after it happened," Hunt said. "Dozens of cars out here every night for weeks afterward. People dropping beer cans and cigarette butts all over the place. Some of 'em used to wait here all night to see if it was coming back."

We looked out over a wide, sweeping field of some 10 acres, rimmed by tall evergreens. To the left was the tidy neo-Colonial residence of Clyde Russell. To the right, about a hundred yards away, was the rambling, ancient saltbox farm, its timbers tidily restored by Carl Dining, a gentleman farmer who kept several horses and other livestock. Behind the Dining house was a split-rail fence forming a corral, where the horses were romping. The ground sloped down toward the evergreens, and in the far distance we could see the Atlantic shore at Hampton, a half a dozen miles to the east.

I asked Bertrand to reenact the scene in as much detail as possible. He pantomimed the motions in detail, reliving the incident.

"Well, we both got out of the cruiser, walked down the field, down the slope, down to over by that fence there."

He pointed to the split rails of the corral, about 75 yards down the slope. "I was shining my light all around to see if I could spot anything. Especially over toward those woods."

He pointed toward the woods several hundred feet away, in the direction of Hampton.

"When he yelled, 'I see it! I see it!' I turned fast and looked up. He pointed near the trees over there—the big ones. The leaves are off them now, but they weren't then. It was coming up behind them. It hovered, looked like it banked and came forward toward us. He seemed to freeze, and that's when I grabbed him and ran back to the cruiser. We got in the cruiser and I called in saying I was seeing it. Dave came. Dave came, and it was moving down toward the end of the field, across the tops of the trees."

"Just to the right of the big trees," Hunt said. "That's when I saw that fluttering movement. And the pulsating lights."

Bertrand pointed back toward the two big trees. "These trees must have been blocking the light when we first got here," he said. "It was somewhere, but I didn't see it. Then it came up from behind the trees, it's thick there, thick enough to hide it. It came up and it looked like a big red ball when it was still behind the trees."

"About how far above the trees did the thing seem to be?" I asked.

"Well," said Bertrand, "I figure those trees to be about 70 feet high. And it was about 30 feet above them. That's how I figured the altitude of the thing was about 100 feet."

"A little lower," Hunt said, "and it would have looked like it was skimming the trees. And it was rocking over them. An airplane couldn't do this if it tried."

"And here's another interesting thing," Bertrand said. "Right

after the thing disappeared toward Hampton, we waited, and that's when we saw the B-47 going over—a conventional jet we see all the time around here. Everybody knows them—and the B-52's and the Coast Guard helicopters. Kids in their knee pants know them here. Grandmothers know them. Anyway, when we got back to the station and Scratch Toland told us about the hysterical man calling from the Hampton phone booth, Dave and I back-timed what happened and figured that the man made this call just about the time the craft had moved from us to Hampton."

"And then I saw it later," Hunt said. "About an hour later, down on the 101 bypass. But it was too far away then, and I didn't make any big fuss about it."

"You couldn't identify it for sure?"

"Not positively," Hunt said. "But I could pretty well say it was the same thing. And it was still over Hampton."

We got back in the car and Bertrand directed me toward Drinkwater Road, and then over Shaw Hill, where Ron Smith and his mother and aunt had reported their sighting several weeks later.

"They were scared, there's no doubt about that. Shaking. Really white. The second time he saw it, Smith said it backed up over his car. Like it went into reverse gear. Said it was round with bright lights over the top of it. On the bottom, some different colored lights. Said it looked like it was spinning, like a top."

Next to the tiny room housing the police desk is a small courtroom to handle those cases requiring immediate attention. It is spotlessly clean, with shiny brown woodwork out of respect for the serious business of the dispensation of justice. It was in this solemn room that afternoon that I interviewed young Ron Smith. He was a pleasant-looking 17-year-old whom I had found in the grocer's across the street, unpacking a carton of chicken soup. His boss at the store, skeptical of the UFO situation, had let him off for a few minutes, on the assurance that I wouldn't let him take a ride in a flying saucer. "He's too good a worker to lose," he said.

Young Smith was used to this gentle ribbing, he said, ever since he and his mother and aunt were driving that night first on Drinkwater Road, then on Shaw Hill, not more than a half a mile from where Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello encountered their inexplicable craft. "They can kid me all they want," he said. "I know what I saw. Nobody can tell me I didn't see it. Nobody. That's all there is to it."

Smith, a senior at Exeter High, was planning to go into the Air Force after he graduated. His marks in school were fair to good, averaging around a gentleman's C. His boss at the store, in spite of the ribbings he liked to tender Smith, thought he was a top worker. Mrs. Oliver, at the police desk, knew the boy and described his character as exceptionally good.

Sitting at the attorney's desk in the tiny courtroom, I asked him to describe his experience in as much detail as possible.

"Well," he said, "I was riding around with my mother and aunt. It was a warm night, I guess around 11:30 p.m., and this was just about two or three weeks after the officers here saw this object. All of a sudden, my aunt said, 'Look up at the sky!' I thought she was kidding, but I looked up and then stopped the car. I saw a red light on top and the bottom was white and glowed. It appeared to be spinning. It passed over the car once and when it passed over and got in front, it stopped all of a sudden in midair. Then it went back over the car again."

"Stopped in midair?"

"Stopped in midair, went back over a second time, stopped again. Then it headed over the car a third time and took off. It scared me, it really did. And I started to come back into Exeter to report it to the police. I got partway back—all the way to Front Street—when I came to my senses. I wanted to go back to make sure it was there. To take another look to make sure I wasn't seeing things. We did go back. And sure enough, it was in the same spot again. It passed over the car once, and that was the last time I saw it."

"Did it take off fast or slow?" I asked him.

"Well, it didn't rush. It just sort of eased its way along. Then it took off fast."

"How about sound? What kind of sound did it make?"

"It didn't make any real sound. Just sort of a humming noise, like a cat when it purrs. And incidentally, I got up again that morning, about 4 a.m. to see if I could see it again. But I didn't see it."

Shortly after the interview with Ron Smith, I learned that Bob Kimball, a newsreel cameraman and stringer in New England for all three of the major television networks, lived in Exeter and had been very interested in the Muscarello-Bertrand-Hunt incident. I had worked with Kimball before, on several documentary films I had produced, and knew him to be a hardy and pleasantly cynical man, traits which often characterize the newsreel cameraman in any area.

When I saw Kimball, he frankly admitted that he was puzzled and baffled. He had a long-standing habit of spending a great deal of time at the Exeter police station, especially late at night when he found it hard to sleep. Used to the irregular hours his profession demanded, Kimball was essentially a night person. His habit was to drop by the police desk about midnight, chat with Officer Toland at the desk and follow up on any interesting cases which came in over the radio. Along about 3 in the morning, he would join Rusty Davis, owner of the local taxi company and another one of the night people, and the two would drive over to a bakery in Hampton, in the rear of a small restaurant called Sugar'n Spice, for coffee and hot doughnuts, just out of the oven. This was a ritual for both of them.

"Unfortunately, I wasn't around the night of the Muscarello case. I was sleeping, which is something I don't usually do and don't approve of. I would have given my left arm and an Arriflex camera to have caught a picture of that thing. Gene Bertrand finally did wake me up—about 4:30 a.m., I guess it was—but by the time we got out there, nothing was in sight and I was still half asleep. And Gene was still shaken, which is very unusual for Gene. He's a tough cookie. So is Hunt. They're not the kind to go around making up any story."

I asked him what he made of it all.

"I just don't know," he said. "I can't figure it out and I find it hard to even guess at it. Something was there and something is continuing to happen. That much I'm sure of. Too many people all around the area are reporting this seriously and a lot of them aren't dummies by a long shot. I kept thinking if I could only get a picture, a good picture, a close-up, then we'd have something to work on. I carry a loaded camera in the car with me all the time, but still no luck."

Kimball offered to drive me around the area after midnight and invited me to join him and Rusty, the taxi man, at their nightly ritual at the bakery. He also offered to point out several of the many spots from which reports of UFO sightings had been made both before and after the September 3rd event.

"UFO hunting has become a popular sport. All along Route 88, on the way to Hampton, and 101-C in the same direction. You see cars waiting out there every other night."

The streets of Exeter at midnight are ghostly and quiet. The shops on Water Street, which sprawl along the bank of the Squamscott River, are dim and silent. Across from Batchelder's Bookstore, featuring cards, gifts, stationery, the faint blue fluorescent light police flickers and glows uncertainly from the side of the Town Hall building. Inside, Desk Officer Scratch Toland holds a nightly rein on cruisers #21 and #22, most frequently manned by patrolmen Bertrand and Hunt on the midnight-to-8 a.m. tour of duty.

Scratch Toland, with a round and impish face, is a veteran officer on the force, with a sharp and dour Yankee tongue and a pleasing wit. With his help, I was able to cull the names of over a dozen witnesses to UFO incidents, many more than I had anticipated, from the police blotter. It was my plan to interview as many of these people as I could.

"This is interesting," I told Toland. "I didn't know you had so many leads."

"Lot of people were keeping 'em quiet," Toland said. "Afraid people might think they were nuts. Thing that brought so much attention to the September 3rd sighting was that there were two officers on hand to testify directly."

"Do you think there are many more sightings unreported, not on the blotter?"

"I know so," said Toland. "Keep running into people who tell me they saw such-and-such quite a few weeks ago, a few

night ago, or whenever it was. It's getting now so that people aren't even bothering to report them."

It was nearly 2 in the morning when Kimball and Rusty Davis showed up at the station. There was a lot of kidding around and then the nightly pilgrimage for the coffee and doughnuts got under way. We would have a chance to look at some of the favorite places the UFO hunters haunted on the way over to Hampton.

We piled into Kimball's car, a big Chrysler especially equipped for his newsreel and documentary camera work, with a shortwave radio, a mobile telephone, cameras, lights and film stock. It carried a license plate CBS-TV, although he worked for all three networks. "We'll check a couple of these places on the way down," Kimball said as we moved out of the empty streets of Exeter and onto the Hampton road. "But don't expect to see anything. Rusty and I have been looking every night since it happened and we haven't had any luck. There's one spot on Route 101-C where some reports have come in—and another field on Route 88 where a lot of them have. We'll go by there first."

Rusty, in the back seat, mumbled, "As long as we don't forget the doughnuts." A shaggy, congenial man with an enormous appetite, he had heard a lot about UFO's as he taxied the citizens of Exeter and environs around the area.

Route 88, from Exeter to Hampton Falls, is dark, winding and lonely, a fit place for a tired UFO to rest, if indeed UFO's did exist. In spite of the evidence, some of it rather startling, it was hard to overcome the resistance of a skeptical outlook, born of the scientific age. And yet one of the prerequisites of science is to keep an open mind.

For the first time the idea began to grow on me that, in spite of official protestations, the Establishment (in the form of official government, Air Force and scientific agencies) was actually in as weak a position as the protesters or witnesses, if they could be called that. Regardless of official proclamations, the Air Force offered no definite proof of nonexistence (a paradox, of course, but everything in this case was a paradox, an ambivalence, a dichotomy). But neither did the witnesses offer proof. They offered only conviction, sincerity, dedication and resolute resistance to any who would call them false witnesses. What was most distressing to these people was that the Establishment—mainly in the form of the Air Force—was responsible for calling them liars and incompetents with almost unforgivable bluntness. There seemed to be shaping up here a mammoth confrontation between the Air Force and the growing number of reliable observers.

The threat of the UFO was still psychological, however. No instance of any physical harm befalling a human being had been reliably reported in the 20-year history of the phenomenon's most yeasty occurrences. Even those observers who had had close and frightening encounters experienced no physical harm. Interstellar beings who could conquer the forces of nature to the extent of defying gravity (if thousands of observers were telling the truth), harness electromagnetic forces, and defy G forces which the entire NASA space program showed no indication of conquering, should easily be able to do harm at will.

The UFO's had apparently made no attempt to communicate with earth people, unless, of course, they had communicated directly with the scientific elite, who, having reported it to the government, were promptly restrained from releasing it to the general public.

And then of course the question would come up: Could scientists be squelched like this? Wouldn't some intrepid scientist say to hell with politics and everything else, he was going to bring the Truth to the public because he believed that truth was more important than both politics and the Establishment combined?

On the other side of the fence, if you presupposed a benign and intelligent group of political leaders, or Air Force generals, who were faced with definite evidence and proof of the fact that UFO's of extraterrestrial origin did exist, wouldn't

they, out of concern for the entire organized structure of society, feel that they must be most cautious in the manner in which this intelligence should be released to the general populace? The Orson Wells "invasion" in the late 30's, a single dramatized radio program, resulted in mass hysteria. Would the same thing—or worse—happen if official government sources announced blandly that we definitely had visitors from another planet? What would a reasonable and prudent man in a position of complete authority—such as the President of the United States—do when confronted with such a decision?

There have been, I learned after I started this research, frequent and continual rumors (and they are *only* rumors) that in a morgue at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, lie the bodies of a half-dozen or so small humanoid corpses, measuring not more than 4½ feet in height, evidence of one of the few times an extraterrestrial spaceship has allowed itself either to fail or otherwise fall into the clutches of the semicivilized earth people. What would any of us do if we bore the responsibility of releasing this news to the citizenry? If we were the "reasonable and prudent man" our law courts always use as the measuring stick of judgment, we would probably be very circumspect. We might even delay judgment.

As I drove down the twisting, darkened curves of Route 88 in Bob Kimball's newsreel-equipped Chrysler, thoughts like these were going through my mind.

Another ritual assumed by Rusty and Kimball was to deliver a parcel of doughnuts and hot coffee to the police station at Hampton Beach, the resort section of the town, swarming with visitors during the summer, now deserted and boarded up in October. We drove along the ocean, past the shells of the summer hot-dog stands and curio shops, and pulled up in front of the police station, the only light visible in the entire seashore community. It was close to 3 in the morning by now and the only sound was the echo of the breakers on the beach.

Sgt. Joe Farnsworth was on night duty, a gray-haired gentleman who tendered some friendly insults to the regulars for being so late with the coffee.

He recalled the night of the frantic phone call from the man in the unknown phone booth, pulled out the blotter and showed me the record of it.

"There's another story, though," he said, "much more interesting than this one. It's not on the blotter because we turned the whole thing over to the Coast Guard station and they took it from there."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," the sergeant said, "this was about two months ago. That would make it some time in early September or late August. I don't have the names of the two fellows involved, but the Coast Guard does, if they're allowed to give them to you. Anyway, I was cruising up on the boulevard. It was late, about 4 in the morning, I think. This car was parked along the side and I eased up to it to see what was up. There were these two boys in it, I guess they were in their late teens. As soon as they saw me, they came running to the cruiser. And they were scared to death, I mean scared to death. Both of them. And this one boy said, 'You'll never believe what I'm going to tell you!' Right away, the way they were acting, I checked to make sure they were both sober. And they were. No liquor on the breath, nothing like that. They were just plain hysterical. So they told me they were going down the boulevard, and this thing come in from the ocean right over the top of their car, and it stayed still over the car. And they stopped short, they thought it was a plane that was trying to land and they didn't want to get involved underneath it. Then this thing stopped, too, whatever it was. Right in the air. Pretty soon, they got scared and took off—and when they did, this thing did, too. But when they went up the boulevard straight, this thing suddenly came right at them. That's when they pulled over, the thing shot off out of sight, and they were too hysterical to do anything until I pulled up, I guess. So I took them up to the Coast Guard station."

"How far is that?" I asked.

"Couple of miles up the shore from here. Right on the beach. So anyway, the Coast Guard had these guys write out statements about what they saw, and everything. And they had somebody come over from the air base, I don't know who it was, and check on it. And I don't know what they found, but these kids definitely saw something."

"You don't have the names of the kids anywhere?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. But the Coast Guard does. And the next day, the story was flying around so much I was believing

it myself. Especially the way these kids were so hysterical. They couldn't have faked that in a million years."

"Any other cases come your way?" I asked.

"Oh; a couple of weeks ago," the sergeant said. "After the beach closed. About a week or two after Labor Day. We got a report, you might have heard about it, that the thing was over the marsh, back of the police station here. I went out there, but I didn't see anything. Then there's a woman who works at the high school in Exeter. I took her to school one morning, her car had broken down. She saw it. She was going up the expressway toward the Exeter line when she saw it and she said the thing stopped off to one side of her car. She got petrified and stopped the car and couldn't make up her mind what to do. All of a sudden, she said there was a big white flash from the thing, and it was gone." The sergeant paused a minute, and leaned back in his chair. "Now I still don't know what to make about all this," he said. "Do you suppose it's something the government is working on?"

"That's one possibility. All I can say is that it's anybody's guess."

"It seems to me, and I might be wrong," said the sergeant, "that every night we got a report on this, it's been foggy, hazy."

"Most of the time," Kimball said, "in Exeter, it's been clear. So I don't think that holds up."

"That night the kids went up to the Coast Guard station, it was quite foggy. But you know—on a second thought, I don't think it could belong to the government, because the government can't keep its mouth shut that long. They'd be so proud of themselves if they had a vehicle that could do all this, they'd have it on TV the next day."

"Well," said Rusty, "they can't be dangerous. Because they've been around enough that they could have done plenty of damage by now, if they wanted to."

It was almost dawn when I got back to the Exeter Inn. Tired as I was, I found it difficult to get to sleep; everything that had happened during the long day of October 20 ran through my mind.

The possibilities seemed to boil down to one of three things: first, a revolutionary government secret weapon, unannounced and unpublicized. Second, it might be a foreign craft. Russia's perhaps, that was so fast, maneuverable and invincible that it could thumb its nose at our own Air Force, and survey the country at will and without fear of being captured or shot down. Third, it could be an interplanetary craft, coming from a civilization far advanced beyond our own.

These were, it seemed to me, the only speculations possible unless it could be assumed that the sightings were psychic aberrations. From the quality of the official and technical witnesses making low-level observations, such as the one Bertrand and Hunt had reported, mistaken identity could almost surely be ruled out. The Air Force explanations of some of these sightings were actually harder to believe than the sightings themselves. Psychic aberrations? Maybe—but highly unlikely. There was photographic and radar evidence, too. Bertrand had refused point-blank to believe the reports of the lone woman on the 101 bypass, of Muscarello, too, until in the company of both Muscarello and Hunt the thing suddenly loomed above him.

Of the three major speculative possibilities, there seemed to be arguments against any one of them being likely. If it were an experimental aircraft of our own design and making, it would be required to carry conventional running lights simply for air safety, if nothing else, regardless of its secret nature. And the Federal Aviation Agency would prohibit it, secret or not, from zooming straight at automobiles on the highway and forcing people into nervous shock. It would most certainly not be permitted to hover and maneuver in populated areas at night, skimming over housetops and cars. And if it were *that* secret the Air Force would not want it in populated areas anyway. If it were not secret, as Sergeant Farnsworth had said, it would be all over TV along with the astronauts, whose feats would be overshadowed by the power and maneuvers of the UFO's.

If the craft were of foreign origin, why had it not set off vociferous complaints about violation of air space in our country, or any other of the countries which had reported UFO's so frequently? The single U-2, which had flown over Russia at 60,000 feet, had created a major international incident, blasted the hopes of a summit conference and brought before the United Nations a case which still echoes through its halls. Logic would seem to rule out this possibility, also.

If the UFO's were extraterrestrial, why had they not at-

tempted to communicate with us? Certainly a civilization advanced enough to create interplanetary or even interstellar craft should be able to make it plain to us that we had visitors from space for the first time in recorded history. Unless, of course, they had already communicated with authorities who had decided to withhold this intelligence on the theory that the public might panic.

The latter possibility is at once the most logical and still most illogical (again the paradox). It is more logical than the other two only because the other two possibilities (advanced U.S. or foreign man-made craft) are so totally illogical.

The next morning, October 21, I had an appointment with Mrs. Virginia Hale—a UPI stringer and a reporter for the Haverhill, Massachusetts, *Gazette*. She lived in a generous ranch house on a trim residential street in Hampton, not far from the ocean. Mrs. Hale was an experienced observer. She knew every conventional flight pattern of the nearby Portsmouth Air Base, as well as the commercial air lanes reserved for airliners on their way to Boston.

She took me immediately to her kitchen window, set above her spotless stainless-steel sink, and pointed out the portion of the sky in which she first saw the unknown craft. She had kept it in clear view over a five- to 10-minute period. She pointed to a soapy smear on a pane of her window.

"I put my finger in the dishwasher the minute I saw this thing in the sky," she told me, "because I wanted to clearly mark the position where it was when it first came into view. The only thing I had handy to do this was the soapy water, and you can still see it there—faintly of course. But it's there."

It was. Enough of a mark to line up a fix on a certain portion of the sky, above the rooftops of her neighbors' homes and out over the Atlantic a short distance. It was from this general portion of the sky, I recalled, that Sergeant Farnsworth had described the craft coming in over the two hysterical young men on the Hampton boulevard that early morning when they had been whisked to the Coast Guard station to make their report.

"I don't know the date I saw this," Mrs. Hale told me, after she had poured a cup of black coffee in the kitchen. "I'd say two to three weeks ago. I was standing right here by the sink, about 25 after 6 in the evening. It was dusk, it wasn't quite dark, and there was still plenty of light. The reason it caught my eye was because it was bright and because it was going slow, very slow. Not at all like the path of the planes as they come over. So I automatically figured something is wrong. Then—it stopped dead over that house—"

She pointed to the roof of her neighbor's house, just out the kitchen window. "It was about three times the height of that chimney," she continued, "and it hovered there. Now you know four minutes is a long time and that's why I hesitate to say that. But I'm pretty sure it was that long. Then I marked the window with the smear from the dishwasher, so I could remember where I lined up the spot."

We moved outside, as she reenacted what had happened. "At the moment the object stopped I came out here on the terrace. Now, I would estimate that it was out beyond the Coast Guard station which is right on the shore, just over these houses here. After it started up again, it moved much faster. The B-47's go further east and further north before they cut back. And when this thing cut back toward the southwest, coming directly back and losing altitude fast, coming in really fast, and coming, almost, I swear I thought it was coming right at me. Of course, to be frank, I was hoping it would land. And it cut over this house behind us here, and I knew I would lose sight of it. But also, it was going so fast I thought it was going to crash."

"Could you get a clear look at it at this time?"

"Well, at this point I could see from underneath, too. It was dome-shaped, and underneath, it was flat. Its altitude was now about twice the height of that chimney. By the time it was over here, I could see the bottom and the front of it plainly. And here I got a full view of the bottom and the back and tail, maybe you'd call it a fin. Then I went into the house and looked out

the front window."

"You could definitely rule out a plane?"

"Definitely," she said. "If you're around here any time at all, you'll notice the B-47's come by here on their landing pattern, and they go just about directly over this house. Then they head out to sea, to the east, turn slightly west, and come in by Rye and North Hampton. So I am familiar with all that. And, oh, there was one thing I forgot to tell you. Right after I saw this there was a commercial plane moving on a steady flight path and I used that to contrast it with this thing, and to check altitude and erratic movements of the object. Now what exactly did it look like? I'd say maybe it looked like a golf ball, sliced off more than half, and with another slice taken off where the fin was. As close as I can describe, it was very bright, not like any kind of light I can think of. I know I've seen something like the texture of this light, not a regular electric light. Matter of fact, the Puritron was the first thing I thought of."

"What's a Puritron?"

"It's an ultraviolet light, an air purifier. I have one here and I'll show you. The light was bluish-green, but more green and white than it was blue. It had very definite outlines, and that was what I wasn't quite sure of at first. It did have a little glow around it, but that could easily have been a reflection of what was coming from within."

"Can you tell me what portion the glow was coming from?"

"Well, more or less from around the rim, that's what I noticed when it was going north along the coastline. And it sort of spread up the top part of the dome."

"Was it a bright light? Anything like neon?"

"You're getting close," she said. "When I described it to my daughter—she's 14—she said you mean something that makes heat? But I would say more like one of these modern streetlights that glow so brightly. Except that it seemed more contained. It seemed to have more substance."

"Could you tell if the surface was metallic or not?" Mrs. Hale's description was so articulate, I wanted to get every possible detail.

"I could not say that it was," she said.

"Any portholes?"

"No, nothing like that."

"Jet trail?"

"No."

"Sound?"

"Absolutely none. None at all."

"When it stopped, you say it stopped still?"

"Absolutely."

"Did it wobble at all? Rock?"

"No."

"Absolutely stationary?"

"Yes. That's the thing that struck me. It hovered only in the sense that it remained suspended. I had heard of some of the other reports and they had said that it rocked or wobbled."

"Did it behave aerodynamically like a plane at all?"

"Well, when it came back toward me, it was going too fast for anything that I know. That's for sure. And in the pattern that it was coming, none of the planes around here would use that pattern. Not even the local ones. When it was out in the east, I thought it might have been a reflection from the chute that the B-47's use just before they touch down on the runway."

This, I noted, showed an inclination to check out her own sighting against other possibilities. It helped support the accuracy of the testimony.

"About the shape again. Could you give me any more detail?"

"Well, if you turn a real deep, very deep saucer upside down, you do come close to it, if you break out a corner on it. If I could think of the right type of light I've seen and the right type of plastic to put it inside of, that's the impression I had."

"A glow from within that left a halo effect?"

"That's about it."

"And the size of it? Could you give any estimate of that?"

"It was big."

"If you saw a B-47, which you know so well, going over in a landing pattern, how would it compare?"

"If it were strictly on its landing pattern, I would say that a B-47 would be half as big."

I had gotten a number of leads from Scratch Toland and other policemen in Hampton and Exeter. The next one I followed up was Mrs. Rudy Pearce. Her home is in a miniature Levittown-type development on Warner Lane. It is a split-level

house surrounded by well-kept shrubbery with the usual quota of bicycles on the lawn. I rang the bell and waited a moment until Lillian Pearce, a large, handsome woman with a shock of blonde hair, opened the door and let me in. I was almost stunned by what I found inside. Sitting in a semicircle was a group of a half a dozen or so of the neighbors, waiting for me, and anxious to tell me of their many experiences with UFO's. Also in the room were several teen-agers, mostly of high-school age, who were ready to volunteer their personal stories. I had been expecting a single description from Mrs. Pearce and, instead, I was faced with a neighborhood meeting. It was helpful, of course, because I could compare several stories with the others I had heard. For the first time in the research, I began to get the feeling that UFO incidents were far more widespread, more frequent and more recent than I had suspected.

The room was so crowded that it was difficult to keep the meeting coherent. Mrs. Pearce dropped the opening bombshell by announcing that she had encountered a low-level UFO only the evening before as she was driving her children and those of a neighbor home from a dance. I quickly scanned the other faces—both the housewives' and the teen-agers'—to see if any disbelief was registered. None was. There were only nods of assent. I was a little numbed by this, but went on with the questioning.

"This was a real odd craft last night, I kid you not," Mrs. Pearce said.

"It was definitely not a plane?" I asked.

"Definitely. It was treetop level and had an enormous span."

"Where was it in relation to your house here?"

"It was up by the next farm," Mrs. Pearce said. "Just as you turn the corner here on Route 101-C."

We were on Warner Lane, just off this road, one of the main highways from Exeter to Hampton.

"About what time?" I asked.

"About 10," Mrs. Pearce said. "These kids here were with me."

I looked around the room at the teen-agers. If there is any proclivity that can be said to be certain, it is that of teen-agers to debate or neutralize any parent who tries to exaggerate in front of them. I was watching carefully for this reaction. "All of you saw this?" I asked the teen-agers.

They replied, almost in concert, that they had.

"It was real wide," said Mrs. Pearce. "It went right over our car. I'm not kidding you. Mrs. Deyo—Doris here—was with us." I looked in Mrs. Deyo's direction. She nodded in assent.

"How can you be sure it wasn't a plane?" I asked.

"Do planes make no noise?"

"This was silent?"

"This was absolutely silent. This was not a plane. All of us here know planes, day or night."

Mrs. Deyo spoke. "It looked like it had a lot of little, I call them portholes, except they were square. The light coming through them was solid white."

"There were other lights on it, but they were dim," said Mrs. Pearce. "Several colors, red, green, orange. All over. And the surface seemed to be metal. I don't mean that metal can change shape, I mean the lights all around it, they can change the pattern and make it seem to change shape. I say the lights can camouflage it in the air, they definitely can. I believe that 100 percent."

"This thing just dropped down toward the car," Mrs. Deyo said. "It dropped down, and it seemed to take on red lights, and it followed us. My son was in another car near us, and he saw it over our car."

"How close over the car?"

"I mean close," Mrs. Pearce said. "Not more than eight to 10 feet above it. The lights seemed to circulate, rotate around it. Airplane lights don't do this. They flash on and off."

The atmosphere in the room was tense and electric. It was still hard to control the group, to keep everybody from speaking at once.

"Let's go back," I said to Mrs. Pearce, "to your first experience. And the objects you saw closest to you."

"The first experience I had was on July 29th, this past summer. This was before anybody had seen anything around here. That I know of, anyway. And I thought I was losing my head. I was with my daughter here, my 14-year-old, and we first thought it was an accident down the road. With these bright, flashing red lights. It seemed to be right on the road. When we got near it, I could see this wasn't an accident. It was a huge craft, right on a field beside the road. Then it suddenly took

off. My daughter won't go out at night alone anymore, since then. I'm not a brilliant brain, but I'm not stupid, either. I can tell you what I saw. I don't care if anybody believes me or not. These things I saw. And nobody's ever going to try to convince me any way different."

Like the others in the room, Mrs. Pearce was passionate in her testimony. It was a little difficult to keep her on the track, but she was a basically intelligent woman, and I encouraged her to go on.

"It's just like I told the colonel at the air base: You show me the craft, I said. He said he couldn't show me the craft, the Air Force had no such thing. I said, Then what is it? He said, It's a UFO. All right, I was told that over the phone, when I called the base after this July incident. I wasn't even going to call them. I told one of my friends that they'll think I'm nuts. According to the officers, none of them have seen these things. When the major and the colonel came down, we looked at what appeared to be a star, except that it was blinking red, green and white. It didn't appear to be a star to the major, but he didn't know what it was. The colonel did see two very puzzling red things in the sky, and he had some very, very poor excuses for it. Very poor, as far as I'm concerned."

"At one point, they thought we might be seeing the strobe lights of the runway. The colonel sent the major and a lieutenant back to the air base to have the strobe lights turned on. This was after Doris and I had gone up to the air base to talk with them. We were all down on Route 88. While we were waiting to see what would happen, we were talking, and a strange object went across the sky, not low, the way the ones which have scared us, but high. I asked him. What do you call that thing there? He said, Well, that's an airplane. I said, Oh is it, well how come it doesn't make any noise? Well, it's too far away, he said. I said, No it isn't, Colonel, and there were about 15 or 20 cars there by the field piled up. He asked me why they were there and I told him. Then I said, What kind of plane is it, are you going to tell me it's a jet? He said, No, it isn't. Well, what is it? I said, Then he sort of, you know, couldn't quite name it. Then he came up with a name, I can't even remember it. I said, I'm sorry, I don't agree with you, Colonel. I didn't. So then another object started over the road, right down on Route 88, right across the road. By the Applecrest Orchard. So the other one starts over, and I said, Okay, what's that? Oh—that's a plane. I said, Oh, you think it is. Okay. So one guy there in the crowd had binoculars, I didn't have any at this time, I went out and bought some later. I asked if he'd let me use them, and he did. The colonel looked through them and his face dropped. It did, I could tell. Now what is that? I said, Well, he says, you know there are passenger planes that come into Boston along here. I said, Oh, you mean they stop in the orchard to have apples? I said, That's pretty stupid. I said, I'm sorry, I don't agree with you. No, I mean it, I don't care what I say. Nobody's going to tell me I can't see something. So, anyway, one woman was standing in the background, she said, I'll tell you something, I've seen those things and they're not airplanes. She said, There's no noise to them. She said, I never saw a plane look like that. I believe that woman down there, she said, meaning me."

I had to admit that I was spellbound by Mrs. Pearce's vivid recollection of the scene. She continued.

"Now he's a colonel in the Air Force, he should have much more intelligence than that. So, anyway, finally he decided he had to leave. I said, Oh, Colonel, what about the strobe lights? You were trying to tell us that we were having hallucinations or seeing reflections from the air-base runway. By this time, the major had returned and admitted that the lights had been turned on and off on a regular pattern, and we had seen nothing unusual at all while they were doing this."

Mrs. Pearce took a deep breath. "All I can say is that if they're from another planet, the Air Force being the way it is, I hope they're friendly people."

I had come up to Exeter expecting to explore a single incident. Now it seemed to have developed into a constant, steady flow, not just from the group on Warner Lane, but in scattered places throughout the area.

My talk with the Pearce neighbors and the teen-agers continued for over an hour. Reports on Route 88 and on 101-C near some high-power transmission lines were the most frequent, but some of them had seen the unknown objects along Drinkwater Road and near the sighting by the Exeter police officers. I kept questioning their capacity to distinguish what-

ever objects they saw from ordinary planes, military or commercial. They insisted that regular planes continually passed over, day and night, and that the objects they were reporting had nothing to do with them.

"How would you feel," Mrs. Pearce said, "if you had a daughter who wouldn't go out the door at night because of these things?"

I figured that mass hysteria here could not be discounted, that it had to be seriously considered as part of this cluster of sightings. Meanwhile, I was going to reserve judgment. When Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo asked me if I wanted to look over the locations they had described, later on in the evening, I said that I would. I had to admit I felt a little odd; this would be the first time I had ever gone UFO hunting, and I made a mental note to ask Bob Kimball to come along. If by the remotest chance we did see anything, I would want to have a solid man like Kimball around, who, in addition to being a newsreel cameraman, was a fully licensed pilot, familiar with all types of running lights on airplanes. He agreed to join us.

That night we covered two or three locations on Route 88 that both Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo described as places where they had seen the objects. When we reached the field where the colonel and the major had been confronted by Mrs. Pearce's wrath, we got out of the car to see if any strobe lights were visible from the runway of the air base, over 10 miles away, and to study the landing- and running-light patterns of planes which might be over the area. Both Kimball and I wanted to do this to examine with Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo the possibility of mistaken identity of planes.

Over a 15-minute period, we saw the running lights of four planes which, Kimball pointed out, would be making a landing pattern for the air base. Both Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo immediately recognized them as running lights on planes and didn't, as I had half expected, attempt to convert them into UFO's. This was a strong point in their favor, and helpful in making a better assessment of the amazing testimony given me that afternoon.

The night was dark, moonless, with a very high overcast. No stars were visible, of course, so that the winking running lights of the planes stood out clearly against the gray void above.

Just as we were getting ready to get back in the car, Kimball noticed the running lights of a smaller plane, moving at a considerably faster speed than the lumbering B-47's and B-52's.

"That boy is really moving," Kimball said. "If he's anywhere near the landing pattern of the field, he's breaking speed limits at that altitude."

The plane was coming toward us, moving southeast at a rapid clip. Its running lights were plainly visible in conventional aircraft pattern. It took perhaps 20 seconds for it to get almost abreast of us and the roar of its jet engine could now be heard. Its altitude seemed to be about 6,000 to 8,000 feet, according to Kimball. We were both watching it rather intently because its pattern was entirely different from the other planes we had observed.

Just before it drew abreast of our position, Kimball nudged me. "What the hell is that?" he said.

I looked and saw a reddish-orange disk, about one-fifth the size of a full moon. It was about three or four plane lengths in front of the jet, which appeared to be a fighter. The plane was moving as if in hot pursuit. The disk was perfectly round, dull orange more than red. It was luminous, glowing, incandescent. The plane was not closing the distance between it and the object. We followed both the plane and the object for 18 or 20 seconds until they disappeared below the southeasterly horizon.

If Mrs. Pearce or Mrs. Deyo were saying anything, I didn't hear them because Kimball and I kept up a running commentary with each other on what we were seeing as the plane moved from abreast of us until it went over the horizon.

"Check me," Kimball was saying. "What exactly do you see?" "An orange disk," I told him. "Immediately in front of the running lights of an apparent jet fighter."

"A little to the port of it, too, wouldn't you say?" Kimball asked.

"Maybe. Not much to port."

"Do you see any running lights on the disk?" he said.

"No. Nothing but the orange glow."

"Right," said Kimball.

In almost precisely the time in which we carried on this conversation, both the plane and the object had disappeared. The whole thing happened so fast that I'm not sure how I reacted.

I said to Kimball, "Well, that sure as hell is the most interesting thing I've seen."

Mrs. Pearce, however, seemed to shrug it off. "That was nothing," she said. "Wait until you see one close up."

The next day, still checking out leads, I visited the town of Fremont, a dozen miles from Exeter. I found my target, Bessie's Lunch, in a lonely wooded clearing not far out of the village. It was a rustic diner, homespun and friendly in atmosphere, with barely enough room behind the long row of stools to stand. A tall, angular Yankee behind the counter turned out to be Mr. Healey, husband of Bessie, in whose honor the diner was named.

Mr. Healey was friendly, but reserved. I ordered a cup of black coffee, and finally confessed that I was on the track of UFO reports, and perhaps he could help me.

"Understand you got several reports down here about them. Is that right?" I asked. "Several" turned out to be a low estimate.

"Ran into one couple here," Mr. Healey told me, "who saw it pretty close. Right along the power lines down here. They all seem to describe it pretty much the same, that's what gets me. No matter what place they see them in. If the people were making it up, I don't think they'd come in with the same descriptions. This couple come in from South Hampton or Hampton. I don't know which one it was. I've known the father ever since I was a kid, and I know he wouldn't lie about it. And his was the same description as all the others has given—dozens of 'em. And we have so many that come from different parts dropping by here. We had a woman in here who come all the way from Epping. She claims she saw it, and she described it the same way: a round flying object with bright lights, and then it's got this orange and red light. And she says it flies along that way—no noise, not one of them. They all say close to the same thing, that's what gets me." Another customer, Jim Burleigh, had also heard a good many reports.

We were interrupted when Bessie, a plain and honest-looking woman, came in with her daughter, a smiling girl in her twenties. I lost no time in questioning her daughter, who mentioned her own sighting first. It had happened as she was standing in her backyard in Fremont.

"The first one I saw," Bessie said, "went right down in back of the trees. It was white and then it turned red. Dark red. But first it looked greenish-like. And then there was a plane that seemed to be trying to circle it. And I was with my other daughter, we both saw that. She has seen it more times than that, too. We saw it two nights in a row, the same time of night. Early evening. I went out on Tuesday night—just last Tuesday, out at the clothesline, and I said, Gee, am I seeing things? It was really close. That night it was round, just as big, and you could see these silver things coming down from it. So I went in and called my neighbor, and I said, Come out on the field, quick. But her husband yells, We can see it better from the attic, and he called down he could see it real good. Then it went down behind the trees, and came up again. It's just like the one we saw the other night. It went right down the power line. That's what it always seems to do—hover over the power lines."

Bessie could not be called an expert witness, but there was no question that she recalled the incident vividly and genuinely. And here again the power lines were indicated, miles away from Exeter.

Jim Burleigh finished his coffee and agreed to take me to the Jalbert family, a few hundred yards down the road. It was a small house by the side of the road, not more than 40 or 50 feet from the poles of the high-tension power lines which crossed the road at that point. The lines, part of the Northeast Grid, interlock communities with electrical power, and permit different utility companies to exchange power when a peak demand requires "borrowing" electricity from another community. Some transmission lines are mounted on huge, gaunt steel towers; others use oversize lighting poles, as was the case here. When they are constructed, a wide ribbon of clearing is made extending dozens of feet on each side of the lines, in order to keep the

wires free of any entanglements with foliage or tree branches. This creates, in effect, wide highways or swaths of clearing which sweep across the country.

Before we went into the Jalbert house, I examined the power lines carefully. The swath must have been over a hundred feet wide, and you could look down it in either direction for several miles. Overhead, some 10 or 12 heavy wires were suspended, sweeping along the open swath until they disappeared in the distance.

Mrs. Jerline Jalbert, a pleasant and unassuming widow, had made a modest home for her boys, Joseph, Jr., 16; Jerle, 14; Kent, 12; and a smiling four-year-old. They were bright kids, standing high in their classes at school, innately friendly and curious. The entire family often stood watching by the power lines at dusk. Mrs. Jalbert told me what she had seen the previous week.

"It was a funny-looking shape," she said. "Very hard to describe. This was Tuesday night. About quarter of 7 when I saw it. We had just been outdoors and we happened to look and we saw this bright-red thing in the sky there. It was really close, because you could see something hanging down from it that night. I don't know what it was. When I had gone in the house to call a neighbor, it had moved across the field by then. Then it slowly disappeared out of sight."

"Can you recall the shape a little more clearly?"

"Well, it was big and it was round. Like a glowing light. You'd think it was just like the moon rising out of the sky, but of course it wasn't that. It was the size of the moon, or bigger, though, when I first saw it."

"What was your reaction?"

"It doesn't scare me any. I'd just like to know what it is."

"How about the way it moves?"

"Well, it does both. First it goes fast and then it goes slow. Slows right down. Then it seems to go up and down. It's the darndest thing."

"Now this thing that was hanging down. What was it like?"

"It was silvery. Several things. And you could see them, because it was glowing in that part of it."

"How long were you able to watch it?"

"A good half hour," Mrs. Jalbert said. "And you see, this is only one time. We see it regularly along here. Always seems to be somewhere near the power lines. It often comes around 7 o'clock, and by quarter of 8 it's gone. Monday night we saw it—" She turned to Jim Burleigh. "Was it Sunday I called you up about it? Anyway, it goes way up in the sky finally, and it gets smaller and smaller as it goes up, and gets more orange. And a lot of times, this airplane comes out and chases it."

I turned my attention to Joseph Jalbert, the 16-year-old.

"When we saw it the first time," he said, "it was even with the power line. Right beside it."

"That low?" I asked. I was fascinated because for the second time in as many days I had run into a cluster of people who reported seeing the objects regularly. These people had no connection with Mrs. Pearce's group and were not even aware of the others' existence.

"All of a sudden," Mrs. Jalbert added, "it'll disappear. Then, just as sudden, it'll come back. Then little red lights will sometimes come on top of it, and one on the bottom. Off and on."

"Now you say it seems to stay pretty close to these power lines?"

"Yup," said Mrs. Jalbert. "It seems to stay over these lines most of the time it's been down through here. It's always over those wires."

That evening Kimball joined me and we went to see Fremont's Chief of Police Bolduc and his numerous family who lived in a rambling old farmhouse. Kimball and I were admitted by the chief into the sprawling country kitchen, where an assortment of children and adults were in varied stages of finishing up dinner. Mrs. Phyllis Bolduc, plump and cheerful in spite of the confusion, was as cordial as her husband.

At the head of the large kitchen table was Meredith Bolduc, the 22-year-old daughter-in-law of the chief. Jesse Bolduc, married to Meredith, leaned back against the wall in a wooden chair underneath a rack packed with hunting guns, while children and grandchildren of assorted ages made occasional excursions in and out of the room off the kitchen which housed the television set. The scene created the impression of a Yankee version of a Bruegel painting of friendly family confusion.

I told the group that the chief had suggested earlier in the day that they might be able to give me some information on Unidentified Flying Objects.

Meredith, an attractive young housewife with short black hair, spoke first. "Go no further," she said. "I tell you that the experience I had is enough to make your hair curl."

"Tell me about it," I said, slinging the battery recorder off my shoulder and turning it on.

"Oh, dear," she said. "Am I going down in history?"

"Doesn't make you nervous, does it?"

"Not really. Maybe a little."

"Just relax and forget about it."

"It's these men of mine here who really make me nervous," she said, referring to her father-in-law and husband. "But anyway, I know exactly what I saw and I'm going to tell you about it, no matter how much they kid me. Actually, they know better."

"You're darn right they do," said Mrs. Bolduc. "They know this is no joke."

"Anyway," Meredith Bolduc continued, "this thing was coming up the power lines toward the road, this was going from Fremont toward Kingston, at the power lines right down near the town line. It was coming and it didn't stop. I just kept on going on to Kingston, to my folks. And when you see one of these things, you don't forget them. This was last week, just a few days ago. But I saw it much closer two weeks ago Wednesday, that would make it—that would make it October sixth. This is the closest it ever came to me."

"Where were you at the time?" I asked.

"On the Raymond road. Driving."

"Did you stop?"

"No. I didn't know whether to goose the car or turn around and go home."

"It was close?"

"Yes. Came right down toward the car."

"What was your reaction?"

"Scared! Scared to death. In fact, a couple of minutes after that, I saw a light shining over my shoulder and I turned around and jumped a foot—but it was only the moon!"

"This was the only night I was really afraid of it," she continued. "The other nights it was fascinating, it was way off in the distance. What good is it going to do to reach for a gun or to goose your car and make it go faster?"

"About how high up was it when you saw it that close?"

"I'd say a couple of treetops high. You just had to look up a little, right in front of the windshield, and there it was."

"Could you make out any detail?"

"Well, it was bright, and white, with sort of fluorescent red around the rim. Like a big light bulb, the way the white part of it shone. It might have been more whitish-yellow, the main part of the thing was."

"What about the shape?"

"It wasn't flat, but it wasn't round either. Not oval like an egg, but it was oval—not quite as oval as an egg. You could tell it wasn't round, but it wasn't square and it wasn't flat. It was a funny shape."

"Where was the red?" I asked. I was continuing to ask the same question more than once, as a double check on accuracy.

"On the outside of it. Around the rim. And I'll tell you this much—I don't particularly care about seeing it that close anymore."

The men chuckled. Meredith reacted quickly.

"By God, you guys laugh!" she said. "But wait until you see it up close! And I'll also say this: I absolutely refuse to drive alone at night anymore."

Kimball and I were silent on the first part of the drive back to Exeter. Finally I spoke.

"Now what do you think?" I asked.

Kimball just shook his head.

"I certainly never expected to run into so many reports, two days in a row," said Kimball.

"All these things that keep repeating themselves," I said.

"Like where do the cars always seem to congregate?"

"By the power lines," said Kimball. "Both Fremont and Exeter."

"How many people have had the damn things come right at their cars?"

"Let's see," said Kimball. He was driving slowly because the fog was still rather thick. "There's the woman that Bertrand reported on the 101 bypass. There's Mrs. Pearce, down on the Exeter-Hampton line. There's the two young fellows the Hampton police took to the Coast Guard station. Muscarello, he wasn't in a car, but he had to dive down on the road to get away from it. Actually, it came right at Bertrand, too, wouldn't you say? When he was out on the field with the kid?"

"Well," I said, "he started to pull his gun on it."

"That's close enough," said Kimball.

Before leaving Exeter, I made a point of visiting Norman Muscarello's mother. She is Muscarello's mother from a previous marriage and her name now is Mrs. Dolores Gazda. She lived in a modest but spotless apartment on Front Street in Exeter, about a mile out from the center of town. An outdoor wooden stairway with a small landing on the top led to the door, and she sat me at the kitchen table for a cup of coffee. She was young-looking and trim, barely old enough, I thought, to have an 18-year-old son.

"Do you want me to tell you something interesting?" she said as she poured the coffee. "When this whole thing started, I told my son I really couldn't believe him. He had been out all night, and he came walking into the house at about 4 in the morning. I was really concerned and very upset. You see, he'd sold his car because he was going into the Navy in a few weeks, so he hitchhiked all the way to Amesbury to see this friend, and that's how the whole thing started. Well, of course, I could hardly believe this fantastic story, but when the two police officers told me what they went through, I knew that all three of them couldn't be pulling my leg."

"Now my son says it was as big as a house, and that's about the description of it when some friends of mine saw it over the hospital. And then one night I went down with these friends on Route 88. I hadn't had any luck on several nights when I went with Norman. But this night, we weren't there more than 10 minutes when all of a sudden this thing, you couldn't see what it was shaped like, came out from behind some trees, like if it was just parked and rose. Now I describe it as being beautiful. It went right along the top of the trees, oh, several hundred yards away. It was hard to tell the distance. It was huge, it looked awful big even from that far away. What it looked like to me, there were lights on the bottom going around it like pinwheels. Red ones. And it was very bright and it was beautiful. Since then, I've seen it right over the house here. And the other night, the whole neighborhood was shook up. I could see it right here from the landing. And I went and told all the neighbors and they all saw it with me. It was very low, and spinning like always, with these red lights. So a few minutes later, an airplane came over and made a circle around it. And darned if that thing didn't just turn around and take off like a bullet."

It was nearly 2 in the afternoon on October 23 when I checked out of the Inn and began driving toward my home in Connecticut. I had to admit my head was spinning. For nearly four days I had been talking to everyday people who were discussing in infinite detail what might become the most important news story in history. But why hadn't it broken? What was holding it back?

I had talked with and interviewed, either singly or in groups, nearly 60 people. I had nearly 20 hours of tape recordings.

Driving along the broad, straight superhighway toward Boston, I tried to summarize in my own mind just what specific conclusions could be drawn from these long and involved days in and around Exeter. What had I been able to gather that was irrefutable evidence?

First, it was uncontestedly true that Unidentified Flying Objects had been reported and verified in many cases by more than one reputable person at regular intervals over a wide area of southern New Hampshire.

Second, it was uncontestedly true that the reports were coming in very frequently.

Third, it was uncontestedly true that many reports indicated the objects sighted over, near and along high-power electrical transmission lines, although sightings were not confined to such locations.

Fourth, it was uncontestedly true—to Kimball and me, at least—that we had seen an object that could not be identified as any known aircraft in existence.

Fifth, it was uncontestedly true that some people were in actual shock or hysteria as a result of extremely low-level encounters with these objects.

The tape recorder was beside me in the front seat of the car as I circumvented Boston on Route 128 and continued along the Massachusetts Turnpike. I picked up the microphone and began dictating a memo to my agent and editors in an attempt to give them a brief picture of the progress of the research to date. I indicated that I could not understand why some kind of major newsbreak should not be forthcoming on this subject in the light of the material I had gathered.

"I say this after several days of intensive research in Exeter, in which I interviewed nearly 60 people and tape-recorded hours of testimony," the memo began. Then it continued:

The people who have given this testimony have been checked out as far as character and reliability are concerned. For the most part I would say that their judgment and capabilities range from average to better than average.

The testimony adds up to this:

There is overwhelming evidence that UFO's or "flying saucers" do exist.

They seem to exist in uncountable numbers.

They move at incredible speeds and in aerodynamically impossible patterns.

They are reported, checked and verified almost continuously.

They hover for considerable time, often at less than tree-top level.

At low altitude, they sometimes assume a domelike shape with an inner red or white glow. A pattern of red pulsating lights is frequently observed. In others a red whirling pattern is reported around the edge.

They are usually absolutely silent, although in some cases a high-frequency hum is heard.

They move almost directly overhead of cars and people, at times causing fright and panic.

At least four women, living in widely separate areas, are afraid to go out alone at night and they refuse to do so.

At least four people report extremely large objects, 60 to 80 feet in diameter, rising up silently from behind trees.

The low altitude movement has been reported to consist of a yawing, kitelike motion, wobbling in the air and moving slowly back and forth, sometimes with a fluttering pattern, like a leaf.

At times, it is reported to throw a brilliant red light glow which paints the side of white houses a brilliant red. It can light up a wide area on the ground around it.

At high altitudes, in some cases, it seems to assume a shape of a small disk, in the relationship of a pinhead (star) to a tennis ball (UFO).

Reliable, but off-the-record information from the Pease Air Force Base in Portsmouth indicates frequent radar blips and fighters are constantly scrambled to pursue these objects. This information is not official, but it comes from a reliable source.

The objects are often reported in the vicinity of high-power transmission lines: Some of these locations have been crowded with cars many nights, with group sightings sometimes reported.

No one has ever been harmed physically by any of these objects, although psychological trauma has been evident.

The area covered by the research extends from Hampton, New Hampshire, on the coast some 20 miles west to Derry, New Hampshire, near Manchester.

In most interviews, I was able to determine the reasonable capacity of the respondent to differentiate between a helicopter, balloon, jet, prop plane, planets or stars. Some sightings have been described in daylight.

O

n October 27, I drove from Pittsburgh north some 30 miles to Beaver, Pennsylvania, in a rented car to investigate a dramatic UFO photograph NICAP had sent me. The *Beaver*

County Times, an extremely able newspaper covering a large population in the Pittsburgh area, had covered the picture and story in depth, I had learned, and I planned to talk to their reporter first before interviewing the youthful photographer directly.

One especially interesting thing had shown up in the picture: under the upside-down luminous dinner-plate shape was a whirling halo, a misty cloud extending beneath it like a ghostly tail of a kite, which had not been visible to the naked eye but which had shown up on the photographic negative clearly. Since film will pick up some invisible infrared and ultraviolet light, this might provide a clue to the power source of the objects.

I found Tom Schley, a reporter for the *Beaver County Times* who had covered the story, at his desk in the large, modern building of the paper.

He had plunged into the subject cold, and was as mystified as I. He was convinced that the 17-year-old James Lucci, who had taken the picture, was sound and able, an amateur photographer who often took pictures of the stars and moon as part of his hobby. His father was a professional photographer for the Air National Guard, and both the family and the boy were highly regarded in the community. At the time of the observation and the taking of the picture, James Lucci was with his brother. A third witness, Michael Grove, saw the UFO from his home across the road. James was making time exposures of the moon in the driveway of his home in Brighton Township, Beaver County, at about 11:30 p.m. A round, thick object, glowing brighter than the moon, came into the field of the camera from over a high, steep hill behind his house. Realizing the camera must have caught it, James closed the shutter quickly, wound the film down for another shot. Before he could get a third shot, the object climbed rapidly out of sight.

The entire Lucci family was afraid, as many other people were, of ridicule and publicity, but friends persuaded James to bring the picture to the *Beaver County Times*, where three photographers superimposed negatives and made other tests which showed the UFO had slowly moved closer, left to right, as described by the witnesses. After a full evaluation, they labeled the photograph genuine. The boy's character was vouched for by the chief of police, Brighton Township, the high school principal, and Beaver County police.

With reporter Schley's help, I was able to catch two of the photographers on the newspaper who had made the examination of the Lucci negatives, Harry Frye and Birdie Shunk. We joined them in the cafeteria.

"How do you go about checking out the negatives?" I asked.

"The only way," said Frye, "is to make completely sure that there's no double exposure involved, or anything like that. If the negative is faked by a double exposure you have overlapping images. Now I studied the negatives for considerable time and I don't think they could possibly have been double-exposed. Everybody else in the department agreed on this."

"It wasn't a lens-reflection freak in the development, either," Shunk added. "We examined the negatives thoroughly for that possibility."

"After we all had studied them, we couldn't help but come to the conclusion that the image was a definite picture. There was no other way it could have been done."

"How did you go about matching up the two negatives?" I asked.

"Well," said Frye, "we put the two negatives, two separate exposures, we put them together and lined up the trees, the horizon line, the moon, and other things that were in both negatives. And you could see where the object had moved across the film. From my judgment, the object had moved from a position closer to the camera to a position a little farther away and across."

"And that would have been difficult to fake?"

"It would be, yes," said Shunk. "I would be difficult to fake it in another way—to put something up there and photograph it, and still get the things that are seen in the background. Just about impossible, I'd say. You also noticed that tail of mist coming down from the object."

"That wasn't seen by the naked eye," I said. "What sort of thing does a film pick up that the eye doesn't? Infrared? Ultraviolet?"

"Ultraviolet will appear on a film and not to the eye," said Frye. "It would tend to produce a white image."

"Then is there a possibility that these rays coming down

from the object could be ultraviolet?"

"Well," said Frye, "this is something I couldn't answer. It could be, and it could be also something else. There is a lot of light outside of the visible spectrum that you can photograph."

"How about infrared?" I asked.

"That will also photograph on a plate to a certain extent, especially with certain film."

"We discussed ways that the picture could have been faked," said Shunk, "and we couldn't come up with a logical way you could do it."

"In other words," said Frye, "if somebody asked us to go out and duplicate this picture, we would find it impossible."

I thanked Schley and the photographers for their information and then left to see James Lucci and his brother John to reenact the way the photograph was taken, and to see what other information I could pick up in their neighborhood.

James Lucci was quiet, soft-spoken and shy. His brother John was 20, three years older. He was a student at Geneva College nearby. Both were articulate and friendly. The Lucci house nestled at the bottom of a steep hill, so typical of western Pennsylvania. I got both boys to take me to the exact spot where their camera had been set. It was in the gravel driveway, directly beside the house, and we stood there, looking up at an angle toward the hill. The trees stood out sharply in silhouette against the sky, the same tree line which had showed up in the pictures.

I asked James Lucci to point out the exact spot where the object was when the picture was taken.

He pointed to the high ridge, at about a 45-degree angle from where we were standing.

I looked up, following the direction of his finger, and caught my breath.

For immediately below the part of the sky he indicated were the sweeping wires of a high-power transmission line, extending from a tower on top of the ridge and stringing across the valley to the next hill. It was Exeter all over again, this time with a striking photograph to go with it.

I returned to Exeter on October 31. On the following morning, I followed up half-a-dozen leads by phone; they were interesting mainly because they indicated the high frequency of sightings in the area.

At noon, I stopped by the power plant on Drinkwater Road in Exeter and spoke to a couple of the engineers for the Exeter and Hampton Electric Company. They had heard many stories about UFO's but had not been aware that so many people were reporting them above or near power lines. They were intrigued with the idea, though, and planned to investigate it. They said that high-voltage power lines do create an electromagnetic field, and that if the objects had any kind of affinity for electromagnetic fields, the power lines would be an obvious attraction. There had been no unusual voltage losses reported on the meters, but, they added, it would be possible for an object to enter an electromagnetic field without affecting the voltage.

In midafternoon, I went to Officer Bertrand's house to get his reaction to a story the Pentagon had released to the local papers about his and Officer Hunt's sighting. It was such a garbled distortion of facts that I could not understand how the Pentagon could release it. Later, an officer at the Pease Air Force Base told me he was "shocked at the Pentagon's stupidity."

With a Washington, D.C., dateline of October 27, 1965, the news story read:

The Pentagon believes that, after intensive investigation, it has come up with a natural explanation of the UFO sightings in Exeter, New Hampshire, on September 3.

A spokesman said the several reports stemmed from "multiple objects in the area," by which they mean a high-altitude Strategic Air Command exercise out of Westover, Mass., was going on at the time in the area.

A second important factor was what is called a "weather inversion" wherein a layer of cold air is trapped between warm layers.

The Pentagon spokesman said this natural phenomenon causes stars and planets to dance and twinkle.

The spokesman said, "We believe what the people saw that night was stars and planets in unusual formations."

I was confident that no one, including the Air Force, had in-

vestigated this sighting in greater detail than I had. What's more, the release was a direct slam at both Bertrand and Hunt and their capacity to distinguish between "stars and planets" and an enormous, silent craft which had brought Bertrand almost to the point of pulling his gun. I had spent part of two nights patrolling with Bertrand and Hunt, and had come to respect them and their jobs. For the Pentagon to ascribe their sighting to either "high-altitude exercises" or "stars and planets in unusual formations" was patently absurd. If anything, it could only lead eventually to the embarrassment of the Pentagon.

Bertrand was very calm about it. "If they want to turn out ridiculous statements like that," he said, "that's their business. I know what I saw. They don't. And of course I can't accept what they say there. I know for sure it had nothing to do with the weather. I know for sure this was a *craft*, and it was not any plane in existence. I know for sure it was not more than a hundred feet off the ground. I'm not saying it's something from outer space. I'm saying I don't know what it was, and from this newspaper story they've released, I know damn well they don't either. I know it didn't have any wings, and I know it wasn't a helicopter. Or no balloon, or anything of that sort. It's absolutely stupid of them to release something like that."

A rather extensive random survey in the Exeter area brought many more stories to light. Most impressive were the off-the-record accounts by the military:

—A Coastguardsman from New Hampshire told me that although his station would never release any official information, he was on watch one night when an enormous reddish-orange disk moved slowly up the beach, not more than 15 feet above it. He confessed that he was so shocked by the sight that he went into the radio shack and closed the door.

—From an Air Force pilot I learned that pilots had been ordered to shoot at any UFO they came across in an effort to bring them down. But he said that they were apparently invulnerable and that they were capable of outmaneuvering any aircraft the Air Force had. He said that he simply ignored the orders to fire on such objects, since he felt personally it would be better not to alienate them.

—A military radar operator reported that a UFO came directly toward the base, was clocked both visually and on the radarscope. It seemed as if it were brazenly going to land at the base. But instead of landing, it hovered over the base. The officer of the day was notified, and he put a telescope on the object. As he watched, it suddenly accelerated to a speed of over 800 miles an hour, as clocked on the radarscope. It disappeared within a minute.

—A brilliant orange object landed directly off the edge of one of the runways at the Pease Air Force Base, illuminating a wide area where many of the Air Force officers and their families lived, according to a member of a high-ranking officer's family. Some wives reported that the light was so bright that they thought it was morning; one actually started to get dressed until she realized it was still in the middle of the night. Phone calls swamped the switchboard at the air base, and eventually the base was cut off by the commander from outside communication. The fire unit of the base was dispatched to the end of the runway as the object took off and disappeared at an unclocked speed.

—I was given several more reports about the constant scrambling of jet fighters after the strange object when radar sightings had been made in concert with visual sightings.

—Constant radar reports were being made at the Portsmouth Navy Base. In one instance, an object hovered over a water tower at the base before taking off at incredibly fast speed. It was checked both visually and by radar.

—One highly qualified officer at the Pease Air Force Base told me that he had been skeptical about UFO's before he had been assigned to the command at Portsmouth. He was no longer skeptical at all. At least 15 pilots at the base felt the same way.

—Two additional officers of the air base told me that they

were shocked and dismayed by the Pentagon report issued about the Bertrand and Hunt case in Exeter. They said it was so unbelievable in the light of what local authorities knew, that it could make the Pentagon a laughingstock. They said in no uncertain terms that the report was severely damaging to the Air Force.

Although none of the personnel supplying this information can be identified, for their own protection, these reports are no less real than any of the other information I put directly on the tapes. In fact, in view of the position of these people, the stories reinforced the thesis that UFO's not only existed, but were beyond the capacity of the military to deal with them. This impotence, of course, might be the underlying reason why the government was carrying out its ostrichlike program of non-recognition. The public has a naive and childlike faith in the military, and anything admittedly beyond its control might shatter this faith forever.

I was not able to talk to Norman Muscarello until several weeks later, when he came back to Exeter on leave from the Navy. But the interview with him was strangely antidramatic. The recorded tapes of Officer Bertrand, Officer Hunt, his mother, Officer Toland and others so surrounded the incident in detail that Muscarello's story was simply a total but necessary confirmation of everything which had happened on that predawn morning of September 3. It coincided almost exactly with the description given by officers Bertrand and Hunt. He demonstrated how he had dropped down on the shoulder of the road to keep away from the object when it came toward him. The interview with him completed the cycle of the original incident at Exeter, which had set into motion such a long and arduous period of research.

On Monday, November 8, I was in Exeter with two companions, an editor and a photographer from a national magazine. We were there to recheck some of my earlier interviews. We covered Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Gazda, the entire community in the area of the Pearce home, the police, Ron Smith, Bessie's Lunch, the Jalbert place by the power lines in Fremont and Chief Bolduc and his family in the same neighborhood. In reviewing their sightings with them, it was interesting to note that the descriptions remained basically the same as when they had given them to me a few weeks previously.

At the Bolduc house, Jesse Bolduc had joined the ranks of the observers since the time I had first talked to him. He confessed that he no longer laughed at his wife, and admitted that he had to eat his own words.

At the Jalbert home, the entire family reported continued sightings, and both Joseph Jalbert and his mother recounted a most interesting observation which had happened since I had first met them.

Joseph had recently noticed a reddish, cigar-shaped object in the sky, high over the power lines. It hovered there motionless for several minutes—exactly how many he did not know because he was so absorbed with watching it. After a considerable length of time, a reddish-orange disk emerged apparently from inside the object, and began a slow, erratic descent down toward the power lines. As it reached a point within a quarter mile of them, it leveled off, then moved over the wires until it reached a point several hundred feet away. It then descended slowly until it was only a few feet above the lines. Then a silvery, pipelike object came down from the base of the disk and actually touched the lines, remaining there for a minute or so.

The protrusion then slowly retracted into the body of the object, and it took off at considerable speed—exactly how fast. Joseph could not estimate—and then rejoined the reddish-cigar-shaped object and disappeared inside it.

Joseph's mother had not seen this but had observed a similar occurrence some 20 miles away, near Manchester. The only difference in their descriptions was that the protrusion extending down from the object she observed was reddish rather than silver colored. Joseph was very reluctant to bring this sighting up. His younger brother had prodded him into telling about it, and when we asked him why he was so hesitant, he told us that the whole thing looked too scary and he didn't like to talk about it. "It's the first time I've ever seen one of these things touch anything," he said, "and it happened so near to me that I really tried to put it out of my mind."

By Tuesday, November 9, I was ready to close out the research and begin the long job of trying to correlate all the tapes and notes. Several more reports of sightings were brought to our attention that morning, but most proved to be repetitive,

and I could see no reason for extensive interviews. I met my companions back at the motor inn in Hampton for dinner. It was a cold, sparkling clear night, with a brilliant hunter's moon, and the huge fireplace in the dining room was a welcome sight. We met at about 5:30, and as I was leaving my room, I noticed that the electric lights flickered, faltered for a few seconds, and then came on brightly again. I thought nothing of it, went on into the dining room. My friends were waiting for me in a booth. We ordered Martinis and prepared to relax.

As the waitress brought the drinks, she had a broad smile on her face. She had been helpful in the past in supplying the names of people she had heard about who had sighted objects, and was interested in the story as it developed.

"I suppose this is all your fault," she said, putting the Martinis down on the table.

"What is all our fault?" I asked.

"You mean you haven't heard about it?" she said.

"Heard about what?"

"The blackout. The power failure. All over the east."

"You're kidding," I said. The lights in Hampton were blazing brightly. I did recall, though, the flicker as I had left my room.

"It just came in over the radio in the kitchen," she said. "New York, Albany, Boston, Providence, all of Massachusetts, are absolutely black. Not a light burning. This is no joke, I mean it."

This seemed so incredible that we hardly took it seriously. I got up, went back to the room, and turned on the television set.

I was startled to see the news staff of NBC-TV broadcasting in faint candlelight. The picture was fuzzy and barely discernible. The commentary, of course, confirmed all that the waitress had told us, and more. I still found it hard to believe. And, of course, the first thing which crossed my mind was the long series of UFO sightings involving the power lines, such as Joseph Jalbert's report the evening before. I forgot completely about dinner.

I quickly started pouring through the 203 pages of transcript of the tape recordings. The words "power lines" or "transmission lines" appeared on an alarming number of pages. I began making a notation in the margin of the transcripts wherever a reference like this was made. There were 73 mentions in various locations by various people. These included either the actual use of the words or references to locations near where the power lines ran.

I sat glued to the television set, waiting for some word as to the cause of the unprecedented failure. The news commentators were as confused as everybody else. No one seemed to have any idea of the cause and never in history had there been a power blackout of such extent. I tried to phone my home in Connecticut and was told by the operator that the only calls she could put through were those that were a matter of life or death.

The Portsmouth-Exeter area, we learned, was one of the few pockets of light in the entire Northeast. I found small comfort in that, because I thought of the millions of people in the large cities who must certainly be trapped in cold, dark subways or jammed, stuffy elevators.

I waited in vain throughout the evening and early morning hours for more news but no announcement came which gave even a clue to the mystery. I ran through the transcripts again, still noting the phrases and descriptions referring to the power lines. Suddenly, the major emphasis of the entire UFO research—the power lines—was now becoming the focal point of a new mystery—no less mysterious than the UFO phenomenon I had been dealing with for weeks.

The blackout caused by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid created one of the biggest mysteries in the history of modern civilization. Eighty thousand square miles and 36,000,000 people—one-fifth of the nation's population—were suddenly plunged into inexplicable darkness.

There was a curious lack of physical damage: The utility companies looked for something to repair, but there was nothing. Only a few generators were out of action as a result of the power failure, not a cause. What's more, the utilities were able

to restore service with the exact same equipment that was in use at the time of the blackout. What happened that night was not only far from normal; it was mystifying.

If there had been a mechanical flaw, a fire, a breakdown, a short circuit, a toppling transmission tower, the cause would have been quickly and easily detected. Mechanically, however, the system as a whole was in perfect repair before and after the failure.

At 10 p.m., it was announced that the crux of the difficulty lay at a remote-controlled substation on the Power Authority's transmission lines at Clay, New York, a town 10 miles north of Syracuse. The high-tension 345,000-volt power lines stretching over Clay are part of the authority's "superhighway" of power distribution, running into Niagara Falls, east to Utica and south to New York City.

Niagara Mohawk repairmen who drove out to Clay found the substation in apparently perfect order. There were no signs of mechanical failure, fire or destruction. Another report sent FBI investigators and state police to the desolate Montezuma Marshes outside of Syracuse, but they found nothing out of order there.

Something else happened outside Syracuse, however, which was noted briefly in the press, and then immediately dropped without follow-up comment. Weldon Ross, a private pilot and instructor, was approaching Hancock Field at Syracuse for a landing. It was at almost the exact moment of the blackout. As he looked below him, just over the power lines near the Clay substation, a huge red ball of brilliant intensity appeared. It was about 100 feet in diameter, Ross told the *New York Journal-American*. He calculated that the fireball was at the point where the New York Power Authority's two 345,000-volt power lines at the Clay substation pass over the New York Central's tracks between Lake Oneida and Hancock Field. With Ross was a student pilot who verified the statement. At precisely the same moment, Robert C. Walsh, deputy commissioner for the Federal Aviation Agency in the Syracuse area, reported that he saw the same phenomenon just a few miles south of Hancock Field. A total of five persons reported the sighting. Although the Federal Power Commission immediately said they would investigate, no further word has been given publicly since.

Pilot Ross's sighting took place at 5:15 p.m., at the moment when the blackout occurred in the Syracuse area. At 5:25 p.m., a schoolteacher in Holliston, Massachusetts, watched through binoculars with her husband an intense white object in the sky moving slowly toward the horizon. At the same time, David Hague, a 17-year-old from Holliston reported an identical object, moving toward the southwest.

In New York City, simultaneously with the blackout, two women declared in two separate statements that they sighted unusual objects in the sky.

In spite of the lengthy report issued by the FCC, the Great Blackout has still not been adequately explained. Ostensibly, backup Relay #Q-29 at the Sir Adam Beck generating station Queenston, Ontario, was eventually pinpointed as the source of the massive failure. But further investigation, hardly noted in the press, showed that nothing in the relay was broken when it was removed for inspection. In fact, it went back into operation normally when power was restored. The line it was protecting was totally undamaged. "Why did everything go berserk?" *Life Magazine* asks in an article about the blackout. "Tests on the wayward sensing device have thus far been to no avail." A later statement by Arthur J. Harris, a supervising engineer of the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission, indicated that the cause was still a mystery. "Although the blackout has been traced to the tripping of a circuit breaker at the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 plant, it is practically impossible to pinpoint the initial cause." As late as January 4, 1966, *The New York Times* in a follow-up story indicated a series of questions regarding the prevention of future blackouts. The new item says: "These questions more or less are related to the cause, *still not fully understood*, of last November's blackout." The italics are ours.

The Great Northeast Blackout was a mystery, but not any more puzzling than what followed on its heels. On November 16, a series of power blackouts hit many parts of Britain. Dozens of sections of London were darkened, and telephone operators in Folkestone, on the south coast, worked by candlelight.

On November 26, NICAP was advised that power failures in St. Paul, Minnesota, were reported by the Northern States Power Company simultaneous with the appearance of objects overhead giving off blue and white flashes just off Highway 61.

Fifteen minutes later, just north of the original sighting, a resident on Hogt Avenue reported a "blue-glowing" UFO as all house lights and appliances in the area went dead. A motorist also reported that his car lights and radio went out.

The power company announced that it was unable to determine the cause of that blackout.

By December 2, sections of two states and Mexico were plunged into darkness after a widespread power failure in the Southwest. Juarez, Mexico, was hit, as well as El Paso, Texas, and Las Cruces and Alamogordo, New Mexico. Authorities were unable to explain the cause of the trouble.

A few days later, on December 4, portions of east Texas were knocked out electrically, with 40,000 houses losing power. It was the third major blackout since the Northeast Grid failed.

By December 26, the mystery was growing deeper. The entire city of Buenos Aires, and towns as far as 50 miles away, were plunged into darkness by a power failure, with hundreds trapped in subways beneath Buenos Aires' streets. The cause was thought to be a single generator.

On the same date, four major cities of south and central Finland were hit by a loss of electrical power attributed to a single insulator.

One news story on January 13, 1966, is particularly interesting because it received little attention in the press aside from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, *Herald* of that date, even though it was an AP release, with an Andover, Maine, dateline:

The Telstar communications satellite tracing station was blacked out by a power failure which hit a 75-mile area in western Franklin County.

Electrical power failed at 4:30 p.m. Wednesday and was restored at 11:20 p.m.

A spokesman for the Central Maine Power Co. blamed the failure on "an apparent equipment failure which somehow corrected itself."

Noteworthy are two things: 1) The power failure involved a space satellite, and 2) in this age of science and engineering, the equipment "somehow corrected itself." Coupled with the stories of the numerous other blackouts, it is strange indeed that the engineers could not figure out how it went out—and how the failure was remedied.

On the following day, an AP story datelined Augusta, Maine, stated that Chairman Frederick N. Allen of the Public Utility Commission indicated that there was no negligence by the two power companies involved. The Central Maine Power Company said that the blackout was caused by the failure of a big transformer in its Rumford substation.

CMP Vice-President Harold F. Schnurle went on to say that it had not been determined why the transformer failed or why it restored itself to service nearly seven hours later.

The relationship of the Unidentified Flying Objects to the power failures is entirely circumstantial, of course. Both UFO's and the Great Blackout still remain unsolved. But stranger yet is the incapacity of modern science to come up with any kind of real answer to either question. More baffling still is the attitude of the large bulk of the scientific fraternity in presumably laughing off a phenomenon testified to by hundreds of technicians, other scientists, airline pilots, military personnel, local and state police and articulate and reliable citizens.

In the third week in November, a month after the Pentagon explanation, officers Bertrand and Hunt jointly received an undated letter from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, and signed by Major Hector Quantanilla, Chief of the Project Blue Book. It read:

Mr. Eugene Bertrand, Jr.
Mr. David R. Hunt
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire
Gentlemen:

The sighting of various unidentified objects by you and Mr. Norman Muscarello was investigated by officials from Pease Air Force Base, New Hampshire, and their report has been forwarded to our office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. This sighting at Exeter, New Hampshire, on the night of 2 September has been given considerable publicity through various news releases and in magazine articles similar to that from the "Saturday Review" of 2 October, 1965. A portion of this article is attached for your information. This information was released

by the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, a private organization which has no connection with the government. As a result of these articles, the Air Force has received inquiry as to the cause of this report.

Our investigation and evaluation of the sighting indicates a possible association with an 8th Air Force Operation, "Big Blast." In addition to aircraft from this operation, there were five B-47 type aircraft flying in the area during this period. Before a final evaluation of your sighting can be made, it is essential for us to know if either of you witnessed any aircraft in the area during this time period either independently or in connection with the objects observed. Since there were many aircraft in the area, at that time, and there were no reports of unidentified objects from personnel engaged in this air operation, we might then assume that the objects observed between midnight and 2 a.m. might be associated with this military air operation. If, however, these aircraft were noted by either of you, then this would tend to eliminate this air operation as a plausible explanation for the objects observed.

Sincerely,

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., Major, USAF
Chief, Project Blue Book

1 atch.

Article "Saturday Review"

Curiously, the letter was not only undated, but the large brown envelope in which it was mailed bore no postmark.

The letter referred to the sighting as September 2, when of course it took place on September 3. It also indicated that the high-altitude exercises were conducted from midnight until 2 a.m., while the police officers encountered the close-range object at approximately 3 a.m. But most ironical was the indication that the case was still in process of "final evaluation," while the Pentagon had already released its own "final evaluation" over a month before the letter arrived.

Officers Bertrand and Hunt replied to the Air Force with this letter on December 2, 1965:

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., Major, USAF
Chief, Project Blue Book
Wright Patterson AFB
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir:

We were very glad to get your letter during the third week in November, because as you might imagine we have been the subject of considerable ridicule since the Pentagon released its "final evaluation" of our sighting of September 3, 1965. In other words, both Ptl. Hunt and myself saw this object at close range, checked it out with each other, confirmed and reconfirmed the fact that this was not any kind of conventional aircraft, that it was at an altitude of not more than a couple of hundred feet, and went to considerable trouble to confirm that the weather was clear, there was no wind, no chance of weather inversion, and that what we were seeing was no illusion or military or civilian craft. We entered this in a complete official police report as a supplement to the blotter of the morning of September 3 (not September 2, as your letter indicates). Since our job depends on accuracy and an ability to tell the difference between fact and fiction, we were naturally disturbed by the Pentagon report which attributed the sighting to "multiple high altitude objects" in the area and "weather inversion." What is a little difficult to understand is the fact that your letter (undated) arrived considerably after the Pentagon release. Since your letter says that you are still in the process of making final evaluation, it seems that there is an inconsistency here. Ordinarily, this wouldn't be too important except for the fact that in a situation like this we are naturally very reluctant to be considered irresponsible in our official report to the police station.

Since one of us (Ptl. Bertrand) was in the Air Force for four years engaged in refueling operations with all kinds of military aircraft, it was impossible to mistake what we saw for any kind of military operation, regardless of altitude. It was also definitely not a helicopter or balloon. Immediately after the object disappeared, we did see what probably was a B-47 at high altitude, but it bore no relation at all to the object we saw.

Another fact is that the time of our observation was nearly an hour after 2 a.m., which would eliminate the 8th Air Force operation Big Blast, since as you say this took place between midnight and 2 a.m. Norman Muscarello, who first reported this object before we went to the site, saw it somewhere in the

vicinity of 2 a.m., but nearly an hour had passed before he got into the police station, and we went out to the location with him.

We would both appreciate it very much if you would help us eliminate the possible conclusion that some people have made in that we might have a) made up the story, or b) were incompetent observers. Anything you could do along this line would be very much appreciated, and I'm sure you can understand the position we're in.

We appreciate the problems the Air Force must have with a lot of irresponsible reports on this subject, and don't want to cause you any unnecessary trouble. On the other hand, we think you probably understand our position.

Thanks very much for your interest.

Sincerely,
PTL. EUGENE BERTRAND
PTL. DAVID HUNT

Nearly a full month went by, but the officers received no reply whatever from Wright-Patterson. Finally, on December 28, the officers wrote again:

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., Major, USAF
Wright Patterson AFB
Dayton, Ohio
Dear Sir:

Since we have not heard from you since our letter to you of December 2, we are writing this to request some kind of answer, since we are still upset about what happened after the Pentagon released its news saying that we have just seen stars or planets, or high altitude air exercises.

As we mentioned in our letter to you, it could not have been the operation "Big Blast" you mention, since the time of our sighting was nearly an hour after that exercise, and it may not even have been the same date, since you refer to our sighting as September 2. Our sighting was on September 3. In addition, as we mentioned, we are both familiar with all the B-47's and B-52's and helicopters and jet fighters which are going over this place all the time. On top of that Ptl. Bertrand had four years of refueling experience in the Air Force, and knows regular aircraft of all kinds. It is important to remember that this craft we saw was not more than 100 feet in the air, and it was absolutely silent, with no rush of air from jets or chopper blades whatever, and it did not have any wings or tail. It lit up the entire field, and two nearby houses turned completely red. It stopped, hovered and turned on a dime.

What bothers us most is that many people are thinking that we were either lying or not intelligent enough to tell the difference between what we saw and something ordinary. Three other people saw this same thing on September 3, and two of them appeared to be in shock from it. This was absolutely not a case of mistaken identity.

We both feel that it's very important for our jobs and our reputations to get some kind of letter from you to say that the story put out by the Pentagon was not true; it could not possibly be, because we were the people who saw this; not the Pentagon.

Can you please let us hear from you as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
PTL. EUGENE BERTRAND
PTL. DAVID HUNT

In the official Air Force files at Wright-Patterson field is other information on the case:

—In his signed statement to the Air Force investigators, Patrolman Bertrand said: "At one time [the lights] came so close, I fell on the ground and started to draw my gun." He also noted that the lights were always in line at about a 60-degree angle, and when the object moved, the lower lights were always forward of the others.

—In the official Air Force report of the investigation by the Administrative Services Officer of the Pease Air Force Base to Wright-Patterson, dated September 15, 1965, the following information was included: *Identifying Information on Observers* (1) Civilian. Norman Muscarello, Age, 18. 205½ Front Street, Exeter, N. H. Unemployed (will join Navy on 18 Sept. '65) Appears to be reliable. (2) Civilian. Eugene F. Bertrand, Jr. Age, 30. Exeter Police Department. Patrolman. Reliable. (3) Civilian. David R. Hunt. Age, 28. Exeter Police Department.

Patrolman. Reliable.

—In the same official report, a statement by Major David H. Griffin, Base Disaster Control Officer, Command pilot. "At this time have been unable to arrive at a probable cause of this sighting. The three observers seem to be stable, reliable persons, especially the two patrolmen. I viewed the area of the sighting and found nothing in the area that could be the probable cause. Pease AFB had 5 B-47 aircraft flying in the area during this period but do not believe they had any connection with the sighting." (Our italics)

The difference between this report of the actual investigating officer at Pease AFB, and the one officially released by the Pentagon to the local press on October 27, is marked and startling.

When I left Exeter, the sightings were still continuing, seemingly without letup. In the early months of 1966, while Hunt and Bertrand were still waiting to hear from the Pentagon, as many as two or three reports a week were being received by police in the vicinity of the town, one of which induced a dyed-in-the-wool skeptic to run to the police station with a full account of a UFO viewed by at least seven people.

On February 9, 1966, the Pentagon finally wrote a letter of apology to Patrolmen Bertrand and Hunt:

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
Washington

Office of the Secretary
Gentlemen:

FEBRUARY 9, 1966

Based on additional information you submitted to our UFO investigation office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, we have been unable to identify the object you observed on September 3, 1966. . . .

In 19 years of investigating over 10,000 reports of unidentified flying objects, the evidence has proved almost conclusively that reported aerial phenomena have been objects either created or set aloft by man, generated by atmospheric conditions, or caused by celestial bodies or the residue of meteoric activity.

Thank you for reporting your observation to the Air Force and for your subsequent cooperation regarding the report. I regret any inconvenience you may have suffered as a result.

Sincerely,
/s/ JOHN P. SPAULDING
Lt. Col., USAF
Chief, Civil Branch
Community Relations Division
Office of Information.

MR. EUGENE BERTRAND, JR.
MR. DAVID R. HUNT
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire.

The most logical, but still unprovable, explanation is that the Unidentified Flying Objects are interplanetary spaceships under intelligent control. NICAP and others have been supporting this hypothesis for years. Its credibility, however, has suffered by the support of the crackpot fringe. In spite of this, the hypothesis remains stronger than any other theory advanced.

The biggest remaining question is the apparent attitude of government and scientific authorities who have shown no indication of setting up a full-scale project either to prove or disprove the existence of UFO's. Or if they have, the ostensible paternalistic protection of the public is not consistent with democratic principles. The reaction of those who have experienced close encounters with UFO's in the Exeter area has been one of shock, followed by intense curiosity rather than sustained panic. An unprepared public is far more likely to panic than an informed one. Truth isn't likely to remain hidden forever.

In the light of recent developments, the situation has reached a point where it appears to be the duty and responsibility of the government either to reveal what it knows, or to order a scientific investigation on a major scale and report the findings immediately to the public at large.

—John G. Fuller

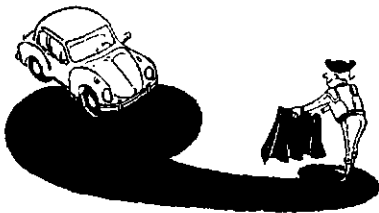
THIS FUNNY LIFE

While attending an exhibition game between the New York Yankees and the West Point Cadets team, one of the cadets in the stand began to heckle one of the Yankee players who had been charged with three errors early in the game.

"Hey, you," he bellowed. "How did a little runt like you ever get into the major leagues?"

The player's reply convulsed the stands: "My Congressman appointed me!"

Harry Bowley
Waltham, Mass.



Residents of Vermont, by payment of a special fee, are able to obtain automobile license plates bearing four or five letters of their own choosing. Thus one may see such license plates as: SKIER, MARY, SATYR, OOPS and many other novel letter combinations which inventive car owners have thought up.

One of the most amusing combinations is held by the artificial insemination technician who services dairy cows in central Vermont. This fellow makes his rounds from farm to farm in a Volkswagen bearing the license plate: TORO.

John R. Cashman
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Four demerits during barracks' inspection usually meant a one-hour tour of guard duty for a hapless cadet. The inspector, a brand-new second lieutenant, was either trying to be funny or believed there was corruption in low places when he discovered a dime on one cadet's bottom shelf.

The lieutenant's discrepancy report read as follows:

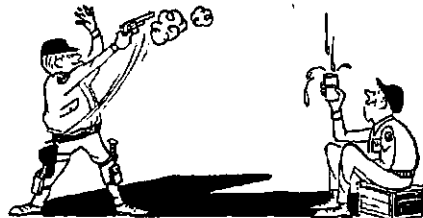
Untidy bottom shelf.....2 demerits
Trying to bribe
inspecting officer.....1 demerit
Insufficient bribe.....1 demerit

Earl C. Steady
Bath, New Hampshire

I work in a lumberyard. One day a customer told me that she wanted a three-quarter-inch pipe plug. I asked, "Do you want a male plug, a female plug or both?"

"I just want to stop a leak," the woman replied. "I don't plan to raise them!"

Joe Olsen
Miami, Okla.



As the hour of noon rolled around, the pilot and copilot of our SAC Jet Tanker decided to eat lunch. The young copilot was dressed as though he were over enemy territory; he had a revolver strapped to one boot and a hunting knife strapped to the other.

He picked up a can of fruit juice and took out his knife. Two quick thrusts of the knife punctured the top of the can.

Because I was new on the crew, the older, more experienced pilot turned to me and sighed, "Thank God! He usually shoots them open."

Capt. G. G. Gibbons
Amarillo AFB, Texas



While I was waiting to get a haircut in a Detroit barbershop, I noticed a one-armed customer in the chair wince when the barber accidentally nicked him. But the barber kept right on talking and paid no attention.

Finally the barber asked, "Haven't you been in here before?"

"Hell, no," the customer replied. "I lost this arm in the war."

Charles Kennedy
Jackson, Michigan

The pert little co-ed minced her way into the professor's office the day before final exams and said nervously:

"Oh, Professor, I'll just do anything to pass this course!"

"Anything?" asked the professor.

"Oh, yes, just anything. I'll do anything to pass this course!"

The professor sat back, thought for a minute, then replied, "Even study?"

Name withheld at writer's request,
San Diego, Calif.

During basic training at Parks AFB, I was assigned as flight leader over 48 other men of Flight 391. I was assigned all barracks' cleaning details, barracks' guard and KP duty, etc.

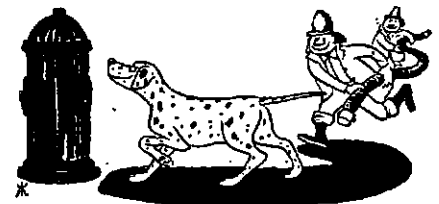
I guess I gave the guys a pretty rough time because when I returned to the barracks one night, I found this note:

Cates—

Tomorrow will be Tuesday—if it's all right with you. Thanks.

God

Donald J. Cates
Billings, Montana



One warm afternoon a small group of firemen were sitting in front of the station house, playing with their company mascot, a large spotted Dalmatian. A woman and her small son drove up to the parking area. The lady asked, in a serious manner, "Why is it most fire departments have dogs?" One old-timer said, with a smile, "They find the hydrants for us at night."

Bill V. Sininger
Lexington, Ky.

\$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Volume 2 No. 27

Second Class Postage Paid, Derry, N.H.
Published Monday & Thursday

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1965

6 Birch St., Derry, N.H. 03038

Tel. 432-3368

Reporter Doubts UFO Is Hoax



"ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE" went these two Derry policemen this morning (Officers George Casren, left, and Roland Caron) as they were called to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan B. Shepard in East Derry to capture a wild goose which apparently was crippled and an inviting prey for neighborhood dogs. As it turned out, this was the same goose which Derry policemen captured at the traffic circle in Derry Village yesterday and gave to a local sportsman for safe keeping. The bird escaped from his new home this morning and after a bit of fancy footwork by the men in blue, it was safely captured and turned over to a member of the DERRY NEWS staff who will contact Game Warden Phillip Carr to seek permission to raise the half grown bird.

When the Manchester Union Leader printed last Monday a story concerning UFO's, or "unidentified flying objects," over Exeter, N.H., a great "stir" was created within the ranks of the DERRY NEWS.

Throughout the summer, a continual argument, or rather "discussion," has raged as to whether people really do see these objects, whether UFO's do, in fact, exist at all, and whether they are interlopers from other planets or just natural phenomenon caused by certain conditions within

our own atmosphere. At any rate, I was assigned the task of chasing down a few of the answers to our questions and reporting them to the DERRY NEWS.

Because I knew little more than what I had read in the newspapers, I decided that the best start would be to contact the Exeter police and interview the two officers who apparently saw the UFO last Friday morning. Unfortunately, both men were unable to be contacted but I talked with Lieutenant Cottrell, the Chief Deputy.

He told me that contrary to what many newspapers had reported, Eugene Bertrand, the officer on duty that evening, discovered on Rte. 101 one woman, not two, as many readers had been led to believe, who had been chased by the UFO. He said that the woman stated she had been chased along Rte. 101 from Exeter to the Exeter inn, a distance of 12 miles. He also told me that Officer Bertrand had not stated that the UFO was "as big as a house" as the Manchester Union Leader had previously reported.

From the police station, I went along Rte. 150 to his home in Exeter. Talking to me, he described



Peter Laverport

the object as being a galaxy of five, brilliantly red lights, all patterned in a straight line and all blinking in a definite order. (The Manchester Leader had previously reported it being "no brilliantly red that its shape could not be determined in the glow.") Also, he said that it had not chased him and, when asked whether it had taken any apparent notice of his presence, he said, "no." (Another misrepresentation of fact by the Leader.) However, he admitted it had passed by him at a distance which he estimated to be forty feet.

Continued P
UFO ISN'T HOAX

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(To Have Your Program Listed, Please Mail Or Phone In Separate Notice)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

2:00 p.m. - Derry Garden Club meets at home of Mrs. Fredrick Dodge.

7:30 p.m. - Plaza Cinema: "The Family Jewels" and "Girls On The Beach"

8:00 p.m. - Episcopal Guild, First fall meeting at home of Mrs. Aren Merizon, Mao, Rd.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

6:30 p.m. - Baptist Women hold first fall meeting at home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Pillsbury, Beaver Lake.

7:00 p.m. - Derry Lions Hold first fall dinner meeting with new President Larry Evans presiding.

7:30 p.m. Plaza Cinema: "The Family Jewels" and "Girls On The Beach"

8:00 p.m. - Free Square Dance lesson at Association Hall, Derry Village

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

2:00 p.m. & 7:30 p.m. Plaza Cinema - "Lawrence of Arabia"

8:00 p.m. Derry Historical Society meets at Library.

Hold Two Youths For Superior Court Following Store Theft

Two breaks were reported to Derry Police last week, one occurring Thursday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hille on the Island Pond Road and the other at Cash and Carry Cleaners on East Broadway.

Camera equipment was reportedly stolen at the Hille home and police are looking for a Massachusetts car that was seen in the area. Police are still investigating.

Daniel LeClaire age 19 of Chester and James Reader, 17 of Derry were apprehended by Derry police and charged with breaking into Cash and Carry Cleaners where approximately \$200 was taken.

The break was discovered by the proprietor at 6 a.m. and the men were apprehended the same day at 9 a.m. The money was

also recovered the same day.

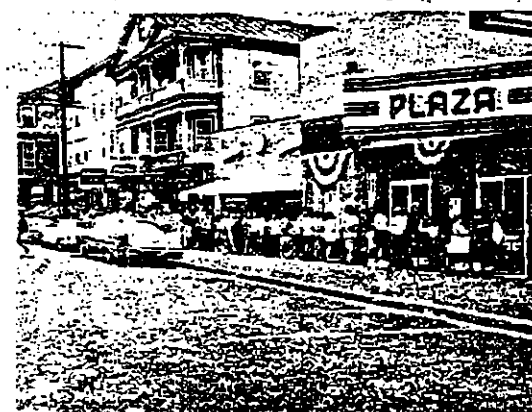
A special session of District court was held this morning for LeClaire and Reader with Judge Grinnell presiding. Probable cause was found and the two men were bound over to the next session of Superior Court.

Mrs. Robert Perry Has Paintings At First National Bank in Derry

Mrs. Robert Perry of Lane Rd., East Derry, N.H. has currently on exhibition at the First National Bank of Derry oil and water color paintings.

Mrs. Perry, a former elementary teacher taught in Chester and Derry Schools.

She has received a B.S. De-



A RE-MODELED PLAZA THEATER WAS BACK IN BUSINESS in downtown Derry last week and this huge Saturday Matinee crowd filled the house to its 400 seat capacity.

gree in Mathematics at the University of New Hampshire and Masters of Education at Columbia University majoring in teaching of Elementary Art.

She has exhibited at the Kennebunk Brick Store Museum, Kennebunkport and Ogunquit. The Perry Paintings will be on exhibit at the bank through the month of September.

Derry Jr. Women To Dine Monday

The Derry Junior Women's Club will open its fall series of meetings with a dinner gathering at the China Dragon restaurant in Hooksett on Monday evening at 7:30 p.m.

DERRY DOINGS

May Caston Tel. 432-3360

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Bronsdon of Chester Road had as recent guests, Mrs. Bronsdon's Aunt and Uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle B. Tyler of Newton, Iowa.

During their visit the group went down Maine for some deep sea fishing and from what I hear did pretty well.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor and family of Everett Street vacationed recently in Arlington, Virginia. The Taylor's visited with Mrs. Taylor's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nicoll. Mrs. Nicoll is the former Rosemary Warren.

Ralph "Dash" DesRostiers had quite a start, (to say the least) the other morning about 5 A.M. to be exact. He awoke with a start, jumped out of bed, ran downstairs, flew back again for his pants and when wife, Leona asked him what on earth the matter was, Ralph told her there was a whole bunch of horses outside of their house. Well, Leona thought this was

"It". By that time the whole household was up and when Ralph had gone downstairs for the second time he went outside.

Hearing a commotion and voices outside, Leona and Mary looked out to see husband and father Ralph (Castle Rustler) DesRostiers talking to and leading four brown horses into his corral.

We found out that these were the same horses that Officer Roland Caron was chasing that morning.

The case of the missing horses has been cleared up now. They had broken loose from Linda Webber's farm about two miles away.

Our new police officer, Roland Caron, must think that he has signed up with a wild animal farm; he's chased horses and wild geese already, and he's only been on the job two weeks.

Well, that does it for today. See you Thursday.

OBITUARY

Ernest Webster

Ernest W. Webster, 72, formerly of the American House in Derry died Sunday afternoon at the Mitchell Memorial Hospital in Brentwood, N.H. after a long illness. He was born in Derry and had been a resident here for most of his life. He attended Derry Village School and Pinkerton Academy. Previous to his illness he had been employed by a Poultry Processing Plant in Merrimack, N.H.

He leaves his sister, Maude A. Parshley of Derry and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 from the Peabody Funeral Home in Derry. The burial will be in Forest Hill Cemetery in East Derry.

Friends may call at the Funeral Home Monday evening from 7 to 9 and Tuesday afternoon and evening from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 P.M.

Baptist Women To Meet Tues.

The Daughters of Ruth of the First Baptist Church will conduct their first meeting of the new season Tuesday at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Phillips at Beaver Lake. A cookout will be enjoyed.

Members are to bring something to cook, the beverage and dessert will be served by the hostess. The group will meet at 5:30 and those needing transportation should meet at the church at 6:15 p.m.

Frost Home Has New Occupants

The DERRY NEWS was informed this week that Mr. and Mrs. J.A.G. Theriault and family are now residing in the Frost home on Rockingham Road.

The Frost Home, formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lee was recently sold to the State of New Hampshire for \$40,000. The State plans to make the home into an historical shrine to perpetuate the memory of the famous poet and former teacher at Pinkerton Academy.

When asked by the DERRY NEWS as to why the Frost home was rented, a trustee of the historical site said the committee board does not expect to start renovating until next year. The home was rented to discourage vandalism and to keep the property from deteriorating.

Much luck to the new Alexander Eastman Hospital Administrator and his family who will

Girl Scout Program Meet Thursday

Do you care about your daughter? Would she like to be a Scout? Would you give a little time, just to help us find that out? There will be a planning meeting, On Thursday Morn at ten: If you care about your daughter, May we hope to see you then?

There will be a planning meeting held on Thursday, Sept. 16th, at 10 A.M. at the home of Mrs. Kay Home, Route 28 By-Pass, to discuss ways and means of providing better Scout Programs for the Brownie, Junior and Cadette age girls of Derry. If you can volunteer your time or help in any way, you are invited to attend. For information, contact Mrs. Home, 432-5952, or Mrs. Virginia Reenie, 432-5496.

UFO Isn't Hoax

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After the object disappeared, he dragged down a passing car which took him to the Exeter police station where he related his story to Desk Officer Reginald Toland. During this time, Officer Bertrand entered the station and, upon hearing his story, drove him immediately to the scene of the sighting. They were soon joined by Officer Dave Hunt, also of the Exeter Police Force. The three proceeded into the field where Mr. Muscarello had first sighted the object but found nothing, following a cursory search.

The two officers had turned back towards their cars when they were alerted by Mr. Muscarello's shout. Turning, they both saw the UFO rise, in a hovering fashion, from behind a small knoll in the field. (While I was in Exeter, I checked the field with a geiger counter borrowed from the Civil Defense unit in Derry, but so no positive results. From what Mr. Muscarello said, the field had been checked for radioactivity earlier in the week by some civilian agency. The results of that test are unknown to me.) It gradually drifted to the left side of the field, a width of perhaps 150 yards, and settled close to the ground beside a stone wall. They viewed the object while it continued throughout the field and adjoining lots until it finally disappeared on the horizon. (Although I say "drifted," Mr. Muscarello told me it exhibited astonishing speed at one point in his observation.)

One interesting note volunteered by Mr. Muscarello was the fact that the crickets, normally noticeable in the field at night, were absolutely silent while the UFO drifted over it. Also, he added that the horses stabled in a barn close to the top of the knoll were extremely restless until the object was finally out of sight.

To date, I have neither completed my story nor arrived at any positive conclusion. I have no reason to believe the whole thing is a hoax and, in fact, was impressed by the sobriety of those people I have already interviewed. This week, I plan to interview Officers Bertrand and Hunt as well as Desk Officer Toland. In addition, I hope to arrange an interview with two Air Force officers at Pease A.F. B. who were assigned to investigate the case at Exeter. Also,

have the distinction of being the first family to occupy the Robert Frost Homestead after it was purchased by the State for an historical site.

I have arranged to talk with one man in Fremont who allegedly saw the UFO Thursday night and who has remained silent for fear of not being believed.

At any rate, I hope to gain enough information so, combined

with what I have already learned, it will provide me with some sort of basis to form a conclusion. I will keep my readers posted on what I find and hope to have something in the Thursday edition of the DERRY NEWS.

E. W. Poore-

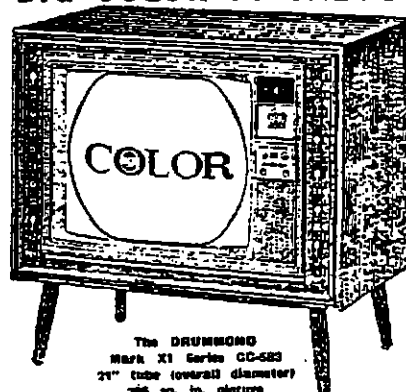
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