

A WEIRD CASE FROM THE PAST

Gordon Creighton

WE are indebted to FSR reader John P. Sutcliffe of Southbourne, Bournemouth, for enabling us to secure details of a very strange experience related by a lady who is well known to him.

We at once got in touch with the lady, Mrs. I. J. Goodwin, of Stranden, Bournemouth, and she has given her consent to publication for the first time of the episode which was witnessed by her and her brother forty years ago. Like a number of other cases which we have recently published, it concerns the alleged sighting of an incredibly tiny craft, and tiny occupant to match.

Mrs. Goodwin's account is as follows:

"I will tell you the facts of my personal experience exactly as I remember them.

"I was born in 1924 at 57 North Road, Hertford, Herts. One day in 1929, at about the age of five, I was playing in the garden. With me was my eight-year-old brother (Mr. Priest, now living at Moordown, Bournemouth). He was suffering from an infected knee, due to a fall, and was consequently confined at that time to a chair.

"At that date the road was a lane, with just two pairs of houses, one of which was ours, and behind the houses there was an orchard.

"So far as I can truthfully recall, what happened was that we heard the sound of an engine—what I would today liken to a quietened version of a trainer plane. My brother and I looked up and saw, coming over the garden fence from the orchard, this small aeroplane (of biplane type) which swooped down and landed briefly, almost striking the dustbin.* It remained there for possibly just a few seconds and then took off and was gone, but in that short time I had a perfect view not only of the tiny biplane but also of a perfectly proportioned tiny pilot wearing a leather flying helmet, who waved to us as he took off.

"Neither my brother nor I ever spoke of the strange sight, so far as I recall, until about ten years ago when, in the presence of our mother and of other members of the family, I asked him whether he recalled the episode. He replied that he too had wondered many times, over the years, about that tiny plane and its tiny occupant.

"May I be permitted to add here that my brother is so honest that he would certainly not claim anything beyond what he could truthfully recall of an experience.

"I am very sorry that I cannot swear to the exact measurements, but I would estimate the wing-span of the tiny aircraft at no more than 12-15 inches, with the tiny pilot in perfect proportion thereto.

"Although I do not recall his having said it, my brother apparently went into the house and told mother: 'That aeroplane nearly hit the dustbin.'

"This is a true and honest account as I remember it. The house and garden still exist, but the orchard has long ceased to be there.

"I have no explanation to offer, but I do know that this was not a figment of my imagination and, although I have not mentioned this correspondence to my brother, I give you herewith his address so that you may question him too should you wish to do so.

"I trust that you will glean something of interest from my experience, and I shall be most interested to hear of any explanation that you can give. You have my permission to print this account."

Since we have undertaken to examine all claims made, however strange, this story from a lady whom reader John P. Sutcliffe describes as entirely trustworthy must also have its place in the record, though we must bear in mind the ages of the witnesses. In the whole weird business of the "UFOs" and of the

"UFO occupants", there is, I submit, nothing weirder than the many tales of creatures that change in shape and size, or of creatures that appear to be minute replicas of human beings.

Those who have familiarised themselves with the huge body of documentation found in Fairylore and Folklore will know that, if human testimony has any value or meaning at all, then the testimony as to the existence of precisely such creatures is copious and striking. One remarkable investigator well known to me who, throughout his whole life, has seen many of these creatures and described them in his books, emphasises that whatever they may be and from wherever they may come,† they are quite definitely *not of our kind of matter, are liable to change shape or size rapidly, and are intensely imitative, apeing the clothing and the doings of Mankind.*

Lack of space prevents further discussion of so thorny a problem. To those who are quite sure that all these tales are the concoctions of raving lunatics, I would put just one question: do you remember the wartime stories in the Royal Air Force about *gremlins*, and has it never occurred to you that the very existence of such a strange body of tales is itself a hint . . . for those who know in which direction to look?

Tiny, shape-changing, size-changing, tenuous creatures of some sort of highly plastic matter have been reported throughout all history and from every land. We can no longer afford to sit back smugly and laugh them off. The reports about them must be collected and studied. We are going to be very surprised by what we find.

NOTES

* English term for the trash or garbage container.

† There is no suggestion that they are extraterrestrial.

FINNISH ENCOUNTER IN THE SNOW

Sven-Olof Fredrickson

More about the post-UFO-experience illnesses of the two skiers

SINCE I posted my first report of the strange events of January 7, 1970, near Heinola, to *Flying Saucer Review* [included in the World Round-up feature of our May/June issue—EDITOR] we have received more information from the two Finns. One of them, Mr. Esko Viljo, seems to have misunderstood some of our questions, so we haven't received much new information from him. Mr. Arno Heinonen, on the other hand, has done a lot to help us. He tells us in the letter: "We were not scared. We didn't talk. We just did nothing. We found ourselves in a sort of mist that paralysed us. The next day we did not remember much of what had happened. Not until now has it become clear to us what really happened."

This explains why Mr. Heinonen has a lot more to tell this time. He wrote it down some time between April 10 and 15. Some parts of his letter are not included in this text because they are the same as in our previous report (see Fig. 1).

From the latest Heinonen letter

"As usual we were skiing at Imjarvi. It was cold, -17° Celcius. We took a pause and then, after a while, I heard a sound far away which gradually became stronger and stronger. I looked up against the sky and saw a light grey object coming towards us. It was round and, on its underside, there were three balls, or half-balls. In the middle there was something like a round tube or ring from whence came a weak light (see Fig. 2). Out of this came a red-grey mist or something of that kind. You had to turn your eyes away. The object halted about 4 metres above the ground. (Readers will observe that it is now called an *object*. The object must be the thing that Mr. Viljo previously called a *phenomenon*, and described like a cloud—

S-O.F.) The diameter was about 1.30-1.50 metres. From the tube came a lightball, which came down and spread out above the snow. (It is here described as in our previous report—S-O.F.) The colours of the sparks were firelike, green and purple.

"This phenomenon was seen in front of us for some 3-4 seconds. Then it started to rise in the middle and shrink from the edges. About one metre above the ground it appeared like a ball (Mr. Viljo described it as more like a disc—S-O.F.), then it rose up to the object hovering some 4 metres above. I looked for my friend Viljo, but at first I couldn't see him because of the red-grey mist. After a short while, however, I did see him, standing there hanging on his ski-sticks about one metre from the ground. He seemed very small, maybe no taller than 90 cm., unrecognisable, and with a very strong light coming from him. I felt sick and turned away. When, after a while, I looked again, he was as usual."

It should be noted that neither Mr. Heinonen nor Mr. Viljo have stated how the object departed.

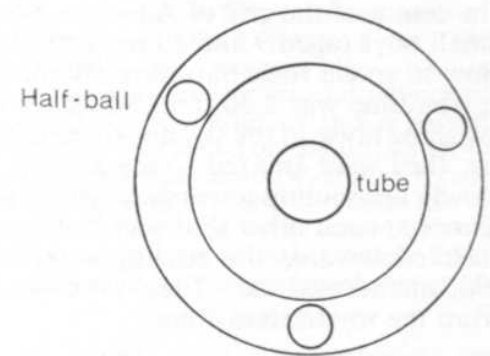
Continuing symptoms of illness

Mr. Heinonen hasn't visited a doctor since January 14, and he here records what has happened to him up to the time of writing:

"My right arm is painful and I can't work. Also my back still hurts. I feel like there is warm water in my stomach going round and round the whole time. My memory is poor, and so is my balance. I have a headache the whole of the time, and my ears have begun to hurt. My nerves are badly affected, which is something I haven't suffered before. My eyes are highly sensitive to all light, and my eyelids have become swollen. Even worse is that I dream at night. I see the object falling down on me,

and I also dream about my friend Esko. I see him as he looked when it happened. He looks old, and small in size, and a strong light is coming from him. I'm afraid of him, and haven't the courage to visit him any longer. I feel as if he is following me and will hurt me, and this even during the daytime.

"I don't feel well, but I can't go to the doctor because Dr. Ihämäki is becoming nervous of me, and Dr. Kajanoja is away. Now I am very nervous, but I will not go to any doctor in Heinola because they



don't believe me. They say there is nothing wrong with me. I can hardly believe it is true that I have so much pain and no one will, or can, help me."

Mr. Esko Viljo says in his letter:

"My eyes are very sensitive to light. I feel bad mostly in the evenings. My face and my hands become red, and I get a headache. Sometimes I feel cold, and my hands become blue in colour. I have problems with my balance."

Mr. Viljo hasn't been to a doctor since January 17, when he saw Dr. Ihämäki.

Comment

This case is becoming more and more interesting [and disturbing, too, in view of the reported plight of the two witnesses—EDITOR]. The description given by Mr. Heinonen