

M.I.B. ACTIVITY REPORTED FROM VICTORIA B.C.

Four "Men in Black" allegedly visit two separate UFO witnesses in Canada's western province

Dr P.M.H. Edwards

A welcome return to our pages is made by Dr Edwards who, now retired, was formerly Professor of Linguistics at the University of Victoria

THE city of Victoria, B.C., is at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, and is the Capital of British Columbia, Canada's westernmost Province, on the Pacific Ocean. This area has been largely neglected by UFOs in the past, and very few incidents have been reported from here, by comparison with many other regions. About 65 miles due north of Victoria B.C., but on the mainland, lies the large port of Vancouver B.C., terminus of Canada's transcontinental railroads and highways. The city of well over a million inhabitants, must not be confused with the far smaller township of Vancouver, Washington, (U.S.A.), which is across the Columbia River, north of Portland, Oregon.

On October 2, 1981, two major incidents occurred in Victoria B.C., involving two young men who were unknown to one another. The chief witness is Grant Breiland (16), 1507 Winchester Road, Victoria, B.C. V8N 2B6, Canada; he has supplied virtually all the information. The second witness (19) does not wish to be publicly identified, and has refused to be interviewed, preferring to "forget all about the whole thing," — which is regrettable: In this account, he will be given the code-initials *N.B.*; his real name, address, and phone-number are, however, on file.

Grant Breiland attends Mount Douglas High-school; the second witness, *N.B.*, works at a gasoline service-station downtown; they both live in North Victoria, a couple of miles' distance in each case from the writer's home. Grant is a somewhat unusual young man, in that he is of above-average intelligence, is an extremely keen observer of details, and owns his business (spare-time activity) known as "J. R. Security", which involves maintaining a staff of friends for inspecting the homes of absent people, and generally assisting in keeping law and order. (The other day, for instance, he helped arrest a man who was unlawfully trying to enter a parked car in Woodward's parking-lot; Grant handcuffed him, and they took him to the police station.) He not only carries a CB walkie-talkie radio with him, but he also has a two-way desk radio in his office at home, which he uses for running his business. I have also noticed that he is meticulous about keeping important items always under lock and key; and he has proved himself reliable in several

At the end of Dr Edwards' narrative, a note, added as a postscript, proved to be so important that we feel it should be drawn to the attention of readers before they read the full report. It appeared under the heading: **How this story was uncovered immediately after it occurred.** It read:—

"On the morning of Sunday, October 4, 1981, the writer received a phone call from a lady acquaintance, informing him that she had just found a small news item in that morning's Sunday issue of the *Victoria Times-Colonist* newspaper, to the effect that a certain Grant Raymond, 16, had photographed an alleged UFO the previous evening, between Mount Douglas and Mount Tolmie, in northern Victoria B.C. Usually, such announcements are of scant interest to investigators. However, on a mere hunch, I decided to write to Grant Raymond, c/o the newspaper, just in case there was something of greater interest behind that small news item. Within three days, Grant Breiland phoned me saying that the newspaper had quoted his last-name incorrectly, and that he would like to discuss his experience with me. Since then, we have met several times and — one hopes — covered all the important aspects of the events."

Dr Edwards is to be congratulated on following up his hunch so quickly and successfully. It is also gratifying to learn that this was not a case of an enthusiastic UFO buff with a sensational story seeking out a well-known investigator.

EDITOR

ways, besides. These are some of the reasons why I felt inclined to believe his story implicitly. He also told me that the only ufological literature he has ever read, was a book (whose author's name escapes him) called *UFOs and IFOs*; he read only a portion of that book; at that time, he was in Grade Seven at school, — i.e. about 12 years of age. He has read nothing else in our field.

Friday, October 2, 1981, was a windy, chilly and damp day. However, by 9.30 p.m., most of the clouds had drifted westwards towards the Sooke Hills in the

direction of the Pacific Ocean, leaving plenty of clear sky over the city. At that time, Grant's elder sister, who had been visiting with them, was about to leave in her car, so he and his mother walked out to the driveway in front of their house, where his sister's car was parked. As he walked out, he casually looked up at the stars, and suddenly noticed an extremely large, bright "star", much bigger than a normal star, yet much smaller than the full moon. It seemed to be high up in the sky, and he assumed that it was at approximately the same height as the clouds which had until then covered the sky and obliterated the stars. At the time of his sighting, many stars were visible. The object's white light has a yellowish tinge around the edge.

Neither his sister nor his mother could see it and a boy riding past on his bicycle — on seeing Grant watching the sky, alighted to have a look at whatever it was, up there. Seeing nothing, the boy shook his head (presumably in the belief that Grant was being foolish), remounted his cycle, and rode off. Grant then got his CB radio walkie-talkie, and asked whether anyone listening-in were on Mount Tolmie, 3 miles away from him — a place from which an unimpeded view of the surroundings can be had. A young man, about 19, replied and gave his name. (This was our second witness, code-initials N.B.) He confirmed that he was looking at a big white light which he described to Grant as "like a star that is about to shoot"! Then, N.B. took out his binoculars (field-glasses), and reported that he could indeed see the object, but that there were no other lights around it. Then he exclaimed: "All I can see now, is one **big** red light — and it's pointing right at me."

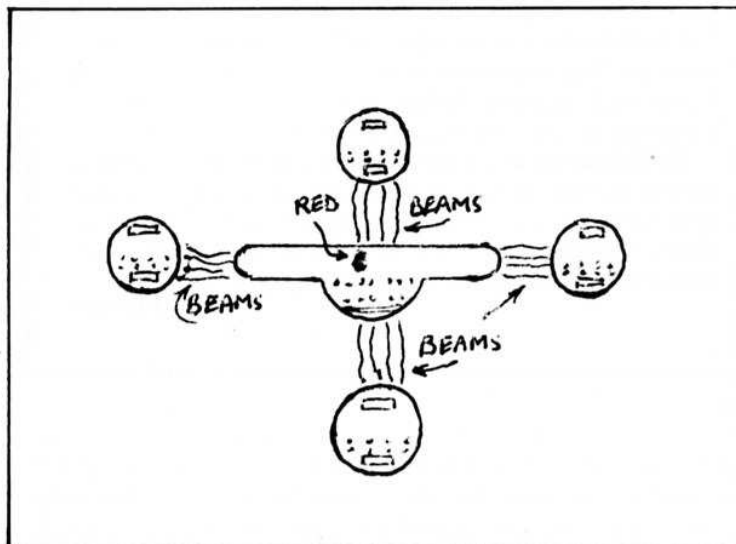


Figure 1: Rough sketch, based on Grant Breiland's drawing of the UFO — as seen by him.

Grant then went indoors for his camera and tripod (Ricoh KR 5, 35mm Pentax; Tripod VELBON VGB 3 adjusted to 5'8"; film ASA 100 — colour), and fixed on the camera a Telsor Super-zoom Lens, 2 × 22

converter to 400mm., pointed up at a 45° angle. On looking through the viewer, he could see that the object was no star. It looked like an inverted object, because the dome was underneath. In the centre of the UFO, there was a small diamond-shaped red light,

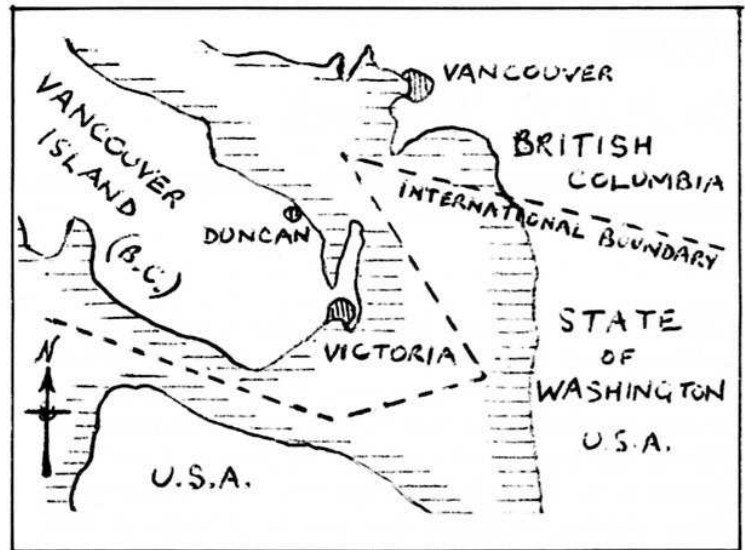


Figure 2: Location of Victoria B.C.

that kept moving back and forth along the width of the object, and then down to the bottom of the dome and around, up the invisible side of the craft, and finally up over the top edge, and down again in front, in continual circular motion. Each time this little red light reached the centre of the object, it halted for a brief instant, before resuming its gyrations.

At the 12 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock positions around the object, and at some distance from it, Grant saw four fairly large white lights, a good deal bigger than the little red light, but smaller than the main object. These remained at a constant distance from the craft; when the latter moved, they moved with it, as though attached to it by an invisible link. On these four white lights that Grant described as circular, he thought he saw many dark dots, which he took to be — possibly — windows; these are shown, arranged in a pattern, on the accompanying diagram of the UFO. It will also be noticed that the central portions of these four lights displayed no dots; the latter were clustered at both "ends" of each circular light, rather than in the middle. From the another-craft there were many yellow beams of light aimed towards each of these four lights; nowhere else were such yellow beams in evidence. Grant then took a picture, but it has not yet been developed.

The craft then started to move slowly sideways to the left and to the right; then slowly upwards and downwards — just like the hand motions of a priest making the sign of the Cross. The four large white lights kept at the same distance from the central object, the small red light continuing its regular movement left and right, and then down, over, up, and down again, all around the large craft. However, at

one point, the small red light stopped for two seconds in the centre, and beamed a red light directly at Grant's eyes; then it resumed its movements. At 9.59 p.m. he looked at his wrist-watch, then back to the UFO; and, at precisely 10 p.m. everything was switched off, like an electric light bulb being extinguished.

Seven hours after this, at 5 a.m. Saturday morning, October 3, 1981, Victoria B.C. experienced a very strange electrical thunderstorm: just *one* enormous thunderclap, followed a little later by a deluge of rain. Although the street lights were unaffected, the single street light immediately opposite the writer's house was out of action; but, in a minute or two, it began slowly to come on again, passing through various shades of green, towards white. (In this part of the world, thunderstorms are quite a rarity). That day, N.B. came to see Grant, as they had previously exchanged addresses — although they had never met before; they merely discussed what they had seen, while they stood by Grant's front-door. Both were experiencing a bad headache which aspirins were unable to relieve.

Next day, Sunday, October 4, N.B. came by again in his truck (lorry), to discuss the matter again with Grant, as he seemed excited and disturbed; he also wanted to show Grant the new car radio he had bought for the truck, and he invited Grant to go around the block for a ride in the truck. Apparently, N.B. drove so wildly, that Grant was glad to get home in one piece; he told me, too, that during the ride, N.B. kept talking violently, and swearing, about people and things that evidently annoyed him. Whether this was his customary behaviour, or whether he was suffering from the after-effects of his experience, it is impossible to say.

On Monday, October 5, Grant left school at 3.15 p.m. and walked down MacKenzie Avenue to the intersection of Shelbourne Street; he wished to get a part for his radio that he had ordered from the Radio Shack store in the K-Mart shopping Mall. As that part had not yet arrived, he walked through the big K-Mart Department Store, as he hoped to meet a friend, Len, at the main entrance doors which face onto the car-parking area along Shelbourne Street. However, Len was not there, so Grant used the coin-operated public phone in the vestibule that lies between the two sets of transparent glass doors at the store's main entrance. In that vestibule, next to the single public phone, there are some candy-vending machines which are usually besieged by youngsters; and the whole vestibule is the scene of much activity — people entering or leaving the store, or waiting to meet friends, or waiting for their cars to be driven up the doors, or sheltering from the rain and so on.

Grant dialled Len's phone-number, and Len's sister answered; her brother would be unable to come; he had just broken his arm. Grant said goodbye and hung up the receiver, turned around, and saw that two

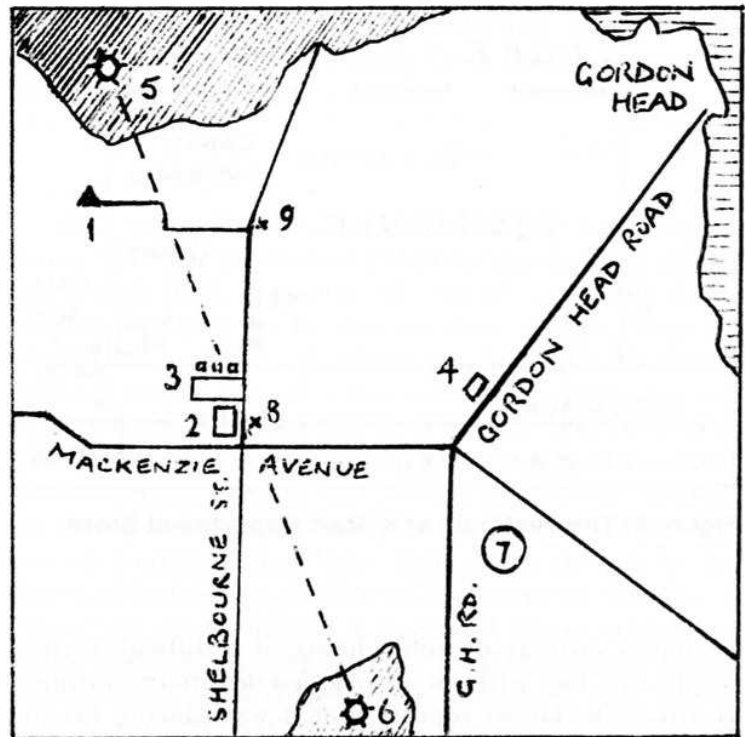


Figure 3: Sketch of North East Victoria, about six or seven miles from the City centre. It is about 2½ miles from the summit of Mt. Tolmie to Mt. Douglas.

KEY:

1. Grant Breiland's home
2. Shopping Mall, including K-Mart store
3. Ploughed field
4. Grant's Highschool
5. Summit of Mt. Douglas, Mt. Douglas Park
6. Summit of Mt. Tolmie
7. University of Victoria campus
8. Bus stop
9. Bus stop

very weird-looking "men" were standing extremely close together, apparently waiting to talk to him. At first he thought they might be from the police. But their appearance was so strangely non-human that he became very frightened. Another thing that caused him fear, was the — at that moment — total absence of people passing through the vestibule while he was with those "men". Yet he distinctly remembered having seen very many people walking about inside the store, and also along the outside side-walk, since all the doors are transparent.

(The writer spent a little more than one minute at that very spot, on Friday, October 16, at precisely the same time of 3.30 p.m.; during that one minute, no fewer than 48 people passed through the vestibule. It is true that there is somewhat greater activity in most stores on a Friday afternoon than on a Monday afternoon; and it is equally true that the weather was rainy on October 5, whereas it was dry on October 16. Nevertheless, the K-Mart is an extremely busy de-

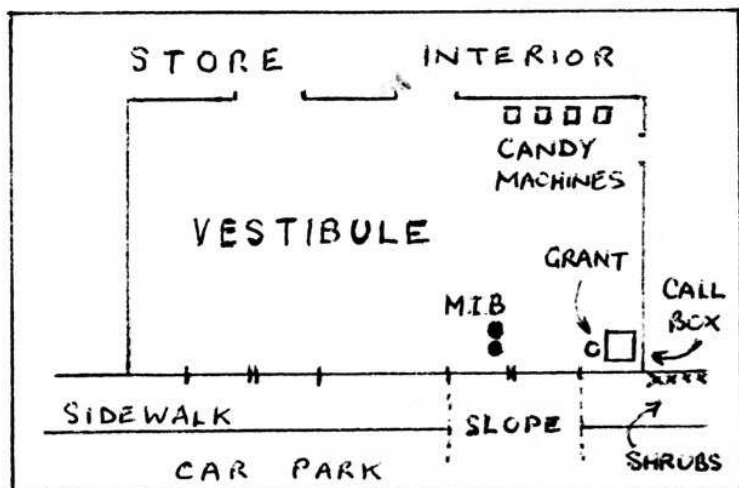


Figure 4: The vestibule at K-Mart Department Store.

partment store at all times; hence, it is difficult to reconcile this fact with an *utterly deserted* main-entrance vestibule, as Grant reports that it was, during his interrogation. It will be recalled, too, that during that short time, he remembered having seen *many* people, both inside the store, and outside on the side-walk!)

The "men" stood motionless, arms and legs stiff, and "to attention." He reports that they were in extremely dark-blue — almost black; this was the colour of their suits, their shirts, and their shoes. They wore no ties, and the shirts were "buttoned up" at the neck, although he saw no sign of buttons either on the shirts or on the jackets. The latter were longer than wind-breakers, yet shorter than lounge-suit jackets, and they were open; no trouser-belts were visible. He saw no rings on their fingers, and they were not wearing wrist-watches. He had the impression that they lacked fingernails. Their lips were not reddish, but were of exactly the same colour as their skin, which was sun-tanned "... like after a holiday in Hawaii." Their eyes were very dark and peculiar, with no point of light reflection on them: just mat, not glossy. Their faces were entirely devoid of expression, and so were their voices. They never blinked, or moved. They wore no hats, and their hair was black (or possibly extremely dark-brown) — Eton crop, the hair covering only the

upper half of their foreheads. They seemed to have eyelashes, but no eyebrows at all. (As Grant's small sister's ears stick out a bit, he automatically looks at people's ears, he says, and he was amazed to see that these men's ear-lobes were not rounded, but "squarish.") The No. 1 "man" kept his mouth perpetually half-open like a rectangle, whereas the mouth of No. 2 was somewhat more "normal." Both had regular and perfect teeth. They did not move their lips at all when they spoke, and they did not address him by his name.

When No. 1 began to speak to him in a stiff, monotonous, robot-like voice, Grant imagined that they were perhaps going to speak to him in French, or some other language.

No. 1 asked him: "What is your name?"

Grant replied "I'm not going to tell you." (After that, No. 1 did not speak again).

Then No. 2 said "Where do you live?"

Grant replied "I'm not going to tell you that."

No. 2 continued "What is your number?" (he did not say *phone* number).

Grant remained silent, and they asked no further questions. They stood there for about five seconds more, just staring at him. Then, as one man, they mechanically turned on their heels, and left by the main doors on to the side-walk. This they crossed, went stiffly down the short slope to the roadway (this slope is an aid for customers in wheel-chairs), and then turned stiffly, in complete sychronization, to the left as in military drill, and walked along the roadway parallel to the side-walk, towards the northern end of the car-parking area. At the edge of the ploughed-up field, they stopped for a short while in the heavy rain.

Grant had followed them very closely at a distance of about two feet, and reports that they did not speak, neither did they turn round to look at him again. The strange thing, now, was that whereas in the vestibule Grant had distinctly seen very many people walking up and down the side-walk outside, and many cars driving past, yet when he went out through the main doors to follow the "men" there was no sign of life anywhere, and no moving cars; (he only noticed *parked* cars, some distance away). By now, Grant was getting quite drenched by the rain. He stopped by a line of decorative shrubs along the wall of the store

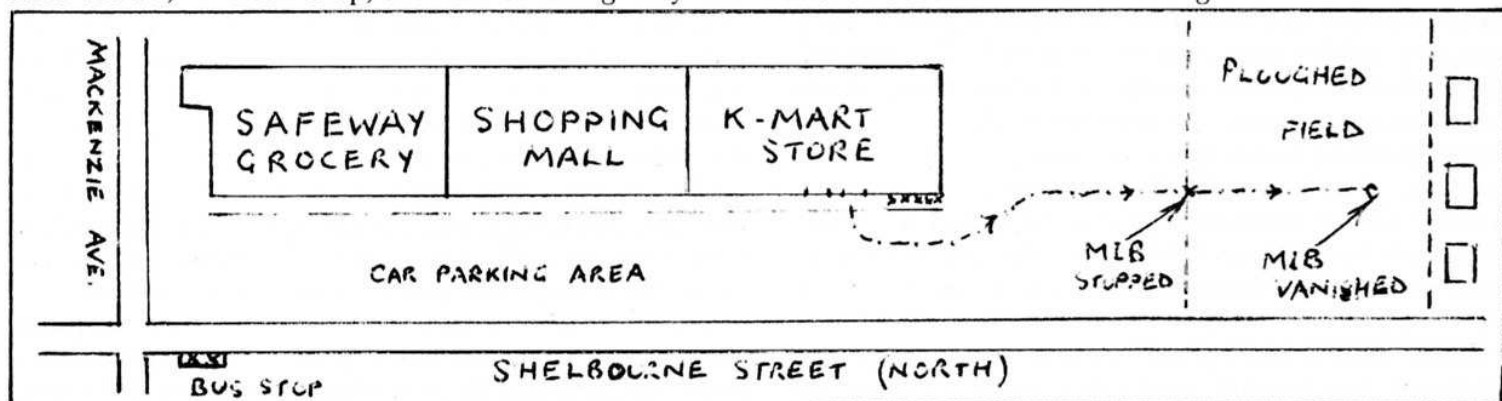


Figure 5: The departure of the "Men-in-Black."

(see diagram), and waited to see what the "men" would do at the edge of the rough, ploughed-up muddy field. (This field has since been bulldozed, preparatory to the erection of new buildings). On the farthest side of the field, some nine car lengths away, there is a stout wooden fence, and beyond that, three white stuccoed houses. But, on October 5, the bulldozers had not yet begun their work, and the field was simply muddy, and full of small puddles, with practically no grass left.

Suddenly, Grant thought he heard someone calling him by his first name from some 20 feet away behind him; he turned, but there was no one near him. He looked back at the MIB*, and saw that they were still waiting at the edge of the rough field, in the heavy rain. I asked him whether he noticed if their hair and clothes were showing signs of becoming drenched; but he can not remember this. Again, he looked back to make sure no one was calling him, but there was nobody there. He looked once more towards the MIB and saw that they had begun walking across the mud, in the direction of the wooden fence. He then again thought he heard his first name called out behind him from a little distance away, and he again turned round. No one was in sight. By that time, the MIB were three-quarters of the way across the field; then, they seemed to vanish into thin air.

There are no trees or shrubs behind which they could have hidden in so short a time.

Grant ran towards that spot, using exactly the same part of the field on which he had seen the MIB walking. His shoes quickly became very muddy, and he saw that the MIB he left *absolutely no footprints anywhere*. This thoroughly frightened him, so he turned back, ran to the bus-stop, and caught the Gordon Head bus northwards so as to get home quickly; he was worried, and didn't know what on earth was going on.

The run from the middle of the field to the bus-stop, couldn't have taken more than one minute, and he told me that he was "sure" he caught the 4 p.m. bus (they run every ten minutes at that time of day) — although he admitted that he did not check this by his wrist-watch. The weird part of this homeward journey, was the fact that he only reached home a few minutes before 5 p.m. just as his father was arriving from work, at his usual time. Now the trip in the bus from the bus-stop at Shelbourne & MacKenzie intersection to Cedar Glen Road corner, where Grant had to alight, only takes, at most, five minutes; from that corner stop, the walk up the hill to Winchester Road takes probably less than ten minutes. (It is my belief that, although he thinks he took the 4 p.m. bus, it is possible that he may have only caught the one at 4.40 p.m.; his

only objection to this thesis, is the fact that the 4.40 p.m. bus would have normally been far more crowded than that at 4 p.m.)

The Dream

That night, October 5, Grant states he had a nightmare. He says he dreamed that he got halfway across the rough field, and that the "men" were still there, waiting for him. In his dream, they grabbed him by the wrists and then disappeared; he suddenly found himself inside a pure-white, circular interior (spacecraft?), where they led him around (see arrows on diagram), and then strapped him to a chair, and repeated their interrogation. In this dream, he saw the interior (of this spacecraft?) as being illuminated, but he could see no source of that light. Still in his dream, he refused, as before, to give them any answers. The No. 1 "man" sat on a chair at a desk and began scribbling while keeping his eyes steadily on Grant; when Grant still refused to divulge any information, the "man" merely said "You'll be sorry." Grant can recall what he "saw" in that circular room. One thing that impressed him was a large globe of this Earth, in conventional colours; it was large, and stood on a high, polished, tapered black pedestal. Then, still in the dream, he seemed to recall that in his phone-call to Len from the store's vestibule, he had been arguing with Len. Grant was claiming that, on the previous day, he had phoned Len to arrange a meeting at the K-Mart entrance, and that Len had failed to turn up; Len kept repeating, in this dream, that he had never received any phone-call from Grant on the preceding day. Then, Grant dreamed that he hung up the receiver, turned round, and "saw" the two "men" standing behind him, waiting to speak to him. In the circular interior, he dreamed that the "men" asked him whether he had told anyone of his experience; he replied in the negative. They then accused him of lying; they said they had been watching him, and knew that he had reported his experience to people. They finally said "Forget it, destroy it."

That was the end of the dream. There were also further dreams on successive nights, but these merely repeated the interrogation in the vestibule of the store.

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On Tuesday, October 6, while taking a shower in the morning, Grant noticed that there was a new reddish skin-welt on his right thigh, about half a centimetre ($\frac{3}{16}$ ") round, some nine inches above the knee-cap, and slightly on the inside of the thigh. He asserts that it had not been there before, and that it is certainly not an ordinary pimple. He has been urged to report any change in this welt, and he has promised to do this. He has also undertaken to report any kind of unusual incidents that may happen to him or his family from now on, together with dates, times and places.

*MIB; Men-In-Black, so notorious in ufological reports of close encounters and their witnesses. They are here reported to be 5'9"—5'10" in height.

When he entered his home after his K-Mart experience, his small sister, and his dog Sparky, welcomed him as usual — and displayed no alteration in their behaviour such as is often noted when a person has had a close encounter.

The second witness, N.B., reported to Grant that, about noontime on October 5 (Monday) — i.e. some 3–4 hours before Grant's interrogation — two slender-built "men" with *white* hair, VERY pale, and dressed exactly as the two who visited Grant later at the K-Mart at 3.30 to 3.45 p.m. came to the gasoline service-station where he works (the location is in our files), and asked N.B. for some *petrol* for their car, which was probably out of sight around some street-corner. ('Gas', or 'gasoline', is the North-American term for the English word 'petrol'). He found an empty can and filled it with gasoline, but first, he asked them what type of car they were driving, and whether they needed leaded or unleaded fuel. One of the "men" replied "I don't know", so N.B. gave them unleaded gasoline. Then he asked for their names, so that he could get them to sign for the can of gas; but the spokesman said they couldn't give any name. The other "man" never uttered a word.

N.B. asked "How long will you be?" and the "man" said "Fifteen minutes." N.B. then pointed out that they owed him \$2.65; they gave him a bill (bank-note) for \$10, in payment. He handed them their change in the form of several bills, and a few coins, and noticed two very odd things about them when they took the change from him; firstly, the hand which was held out for the change had no fingernails; and secondly, they eyed the coins in an extremely weird manner, as though they had never before seen such objects.

The "men" then turned round mechanically, and walked away with the can of gas. He watched them go a way up the street till they turned into a side street. Exactly fifteen minutes later, they returned with the can, put it down, looked at N.B. and asked: "Where do you live in this fine city?"

He answered: "At Gordon Head," and they stared at him — then they turned round and walked away stiffly.

During this visit, N.B. has not reported that he noticed anything unusual about the street activity on either side of his service-station which stands in an angle between two main thoroughfares in the downtown area.

He picked up the gas-can, and to his surprise found it to be still completely full of gasoline. He reported through Grant that these "men" walked in a very strange manner, without bending their knees.

* * * * *

Last evening, October 20, 1981, I phoned Grant Breiland again, to ask him two final questions, and to enquire whether he had had strange phone-calls, or

seen strange people eyeing him on the streets or in buses, and so on, and urging him to report any and every unusual occurrence that comes to his notice. He informed me that he had indeed received a few "blank" and/or "crank" phone-calls during the past two days.

The writer, last night five minutes before midnight, received four strange phone-calls: the first, third and fourth, were "blank"; whereas the second displayed a faraway-sounding croaking voice. In each case, the receiver was promptly put down again.

* * * * *

The present Breiland family consists of Father, Mother, elder brother, elder sister, Grant, and a younger sister. However, before Grant's birth, another daughter existed; she died very young. Some years ago, Grant dreamed that he saw the child lying on the floor, in a small sailor-suit. When he told his mother of this dream about a sister he had never known, his mother was dumbfounded, because that child had been buried in her little sailor-suit. (There was no way that Grant could have known about this.)

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It is satisfying to be able to report an event which is so fresh and recent. Most reports are about one year old by the time they are communicated to the investigators, and possibly two years old by the time they are printed in the specialized Reviews.

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Author's Postscript: Although personally not a devotee of author Carlos Castaneda's books about the alleged Mexican magicians Don Juan and Don Genaro, the writer can not refrain from drawing the attention of readers to what might be a very pregnant sentence indeed, in the book *Tales of Power* (Pocket Books, New York; 1976). The magicians had been explaining to Castaneda the difference between the *tonal* and the *nagual*. And, on page 180 of that edition, Don Juan tells his disciple Castaneda that they will return to a row of eucalyptus trees where something supernatural had previously occurred in their presence. Castaneda asked: "Aren't we risking being seen by people?" and Don Juan replies "No. The *nagual* will keep everything suspended." Could this be connected with the apparent absence of any sign of movement or life, during a UFO-sighting, or an MIB visit?

DR. FELIX ZIGEL' AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF UFOLOGY IN RUSSIA: PART II.

The fantastic sighting of June 14, 1980, over Moscow: Panic on the streets.

Gordon Creighton

THE Italian weekly illustrated magazine *Gente*, published in Milano, carried two articles in its issues for July 31 and August 7, 1981, reporting events which — if true, and, given the circumstances which I shall recount, I cannot see how they could fail to be true — constitute the most staggering UFO story ever to have come out of Russia, and certainly one of the most fascinating yet produced anywhere in the world, for it is supported by four good photographs and it sounds likely that many, many more photos may have been taken that night.

The author of the two articles (translated from English into Italian for *Gente* magazine) is the American Henry Gris, of whom I wrote at some length in the first part of this report.¹

Mr Gris is in the USSR again as I write this (September 1981), but just before his departure from his home in Los Angeles for the current trip — his *twelfth* visit to the USSR — he sent me a letter saying that the material of the two *Gente* articles (of which I give only a very brief translated digest below) will form part of a forthcoming new book by William Dick and himself on UFOs behind the Iron Curtain. The book is scheduled to appear in print first in the USA and Japan, but not before 1982. The material of the two *Gente* articles derives from two sources: partly from the last interviews which Mr Gris had with the Soviet Ufologists on his latest trip to Russia, and partly from a very special and most sensational report, with the four UFO photos, recently sent out of the USSR with the help of a foreign journalist.

The Huge "Principal Object" (*Glavnyy Ob'ekt*) or Mother-Craft

At 11.50 p.m. on the night of June 14, 1980, an enormous reddish-orange circular UFO (seemingly horseshoe-shaped or crescent-shaped owing to the belts of swirling luminous gases flowing backwards and around it on both sides) appeared quite suddenly over the city of Kalinin,² which lies at 56° 55' N., 35° 55' E., and approximately 200 km to the north-west of the Soviet Capital, Moscow. Fortunately one of the many people in Kalinin who observed the awesome sight was a distinguished Soviet geophysicist named

Aleksei Zolotov,³ who is an experienced student of Ufology. Zolotov is moreover a member of Dr Zigel's closely knit team of 19 scientific UFO investigators, men drawn from a wide range of disciplines, so he at once put through a telephone call to Zigel' in Moscow. By great good fortune Dr Zigel' was at home, and was therefore able to call all the members of his team and alert them. From then on, all he had to do was to remain sitting at his desk, taking the phone calls as they came in from his nineteen colleagues and from many members of the public, and plotting on a map before him the course of the huge craft or GO (*Glavnyy Ob'ekt*), the term by which he describes it.

Report from Geophysicist Zolotov

In his report to Zigel', Zolotov said that the gigantic UFO seemed at first to be following a strange, irregular course, proceeding "by jumps,"⁴ but that after a while it seemed to "stabilize." Throughout its journey across the USSR it seems to have made frequent changes of altitude, but the scientists give its average altitude for the course as about 90,000 metres. Over Kalinin, says Zolotov, it performed an acute-angled turn and then headed away south-eastwards towards Klin and Moscow, where it arrived about eight minutes after Dr Zigel' had received Zolotov's phone call.

According to Zolotov's account as given by him to Henry Gris, and also according to the general opinion of the members of Zigel's scientific team, the width of the mighty disc was not less than 120 metres! This figure does not of course include the width of the enormous horseshoe of gases enveloping the craft. Its average cruising speed as it passed over Russia was estimated at around 1,500 km per hour.

Zolotov reported that the Soviet Air Force put up a considerable number of fighter planes, evidently in the hope of studying or contacting the gigantic interloper, for he heard the planes passing overhead. "Next day," he told Gris, "there was nothing whatsoever about it all in any of our newspapers, though the people were discussing it everywhere. The continued silence of the authorities added to the general sense of alarm among the public, and the wildest hypotheses