

The Langenhoe Incident

By Dr. Bernard E. Finch

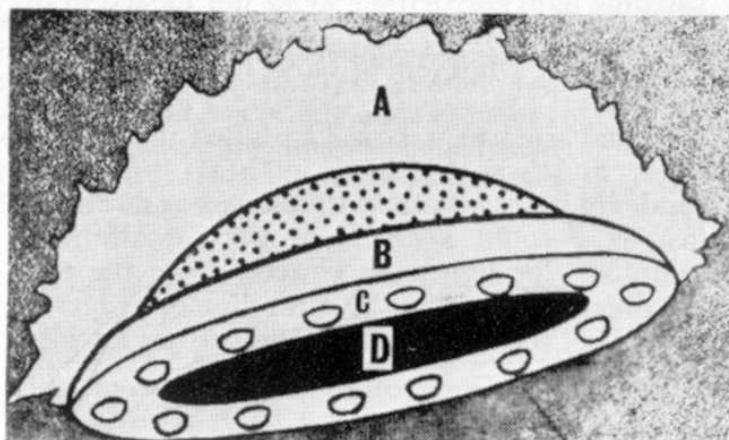
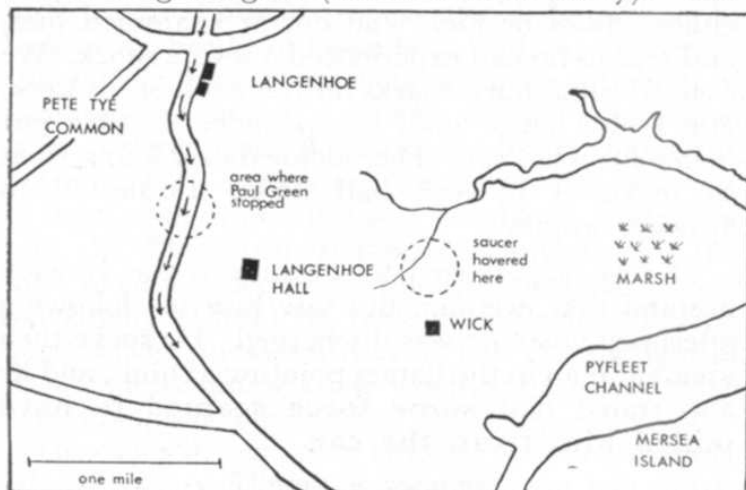
ON September 14, a very interesting sighting occurred near Mersea island, Essex. The incident took place at 1 a.m., and was witnessed by an intelligent engineer by the name of Paul Green, age 29. He was considerably shaken by his experience but had the sense to record the whole of his encounter.

Two weeks later I interviewed, and cross-examined him, in the presence of two others. Without doubt his story is true, and in addition he described various subjective symptoms which can only be ascribed to the effects of a very powerful magnetic field on the human body. Apparently the field is so great that it produces a kind of light as yet unknown to our science.

The following is a verbatim report of Paul Green's experience.

"It was about 1 a.m. Sunday, September 14, that I first saw the 'thing'. It was a bright clear night, the moon was up and I could see the stars twinkling overhead. I was returning to my home in West Mersea, having visited my fiancée in Colchester. I had had nothing to drink and was feeling very fit. I was travelling on a motor bike and averaging 40 miles per hour. Just before reaching Pete Tye common a few yards south of Langenhoe, I overtook a motor scooter. My 'bike was purring along, the engine sounding a healthy note.

"As I approached the straight road south to Langenhoe Hall I heard a high-pitched humming over to my left (the east). This noise became louder and I looked up for sign of an approaching aircraft. I could see none but noticed a small pinpoint of blue light to the east over Brightlingsea (about 5 miles away). The



Artist's impression based on Paul Green's sketch.

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------|----|--------------------|
| A | Blue flashing light | C. | "Ball race" lights |
| B | Rim of Disc | D. | Smoking aperture |

light was winking and became rapidly larger, and I then realised that it was coming in my direction from over Langenhoe marsh. The humming then became very much louder and changed to a high-pitched buzz. It dawned on me that the light and the sound were connected. The engine of my 'bike then began to cough and splutter, it missed several times and then stopped dead and the lights went out. The blue flashing light was now about a mile away to the east. I could make out some sort of an outline and an enormous object spun into view, looming up large and uncanny out of the sky. It resembled the upper half of a large spinning top and was about the size of a gasometer. There appeared to be a dome on top, inside of which was flashing a strange blue light. The object slowly descended, tilting as it did so, and I was able to catch a glimpse of its under-belly. This was rimmed by numerous round objects, the whole resembling a 'ball-race'.

"I had dismounted and approached a few paces towards the object. I felt spellbound and was not able to move or speak, just as if I had become paralysed. The flashing blue light became so intense that it was painful, and it appeared to fluctuate in rhythm with my heart beat and hit against my chest. I felt myself tingling all over rather like the electric shock one gets when handling an electrified cattle fence for too long. The buzzing then became quieter, and

the object descended in the area of Wick where there are several farm houses.

"Suddenly, the scooter that I had overtaken on the road, approached, its engine coughed and stopped, and the rider, a young lad in a leather jacket, dismounted and stood petrified staring at the blue light; he neither spoke nor looked in my direction. My head began to throb, and I felt as if there was a tightening band round it. With a great effort I was able to move, and I grasped my bike and tried to start it. I pushed it along the road, and was gratified to hear the engine suddenly burst into life. I mounted and raced as fast as I could away from the dreadful and 'painful' blue light. As I raced down the road the object was hidden by a tall line of hedges on the side of the road, but I could still see for some

time a blue glow in the sky.

"I arrived home at nearly 2 a.m., and woke my invalid mother (a thing I had never done before), but so frightened was I by my experience that I had to tell someone about it.

"The following day I noticed that my hair and clothes were crackling in an unusual manner, and appeared to be charged with electricity.

"A few days later I was discussing my experience with a friend who lives at Shrub End, which is 5 miles N.W. of Wick. He told me that at about the same time his dog commenced to bark, and as he opened the door to put it out, a large blue light passed by rapidly in the sky directly overhead. It passed towards the North West."

Knock-out Blow at Felixstowe

UNDER the headline FELIXSTOWE GLOWING OBJECT MYSTERY, the Ipswich *Evening Star* of September 21 carried a front-page account of the alarming experience of Michael Johnson (22) on the evening of September 20.

"There was a high-pitched humming noise . . . the great orange-tinted object moved across the sky . . . a man staggered from the hedge and collapsed."

So ran the opening paragraph. This was seemingly a new or rare kind of UFO encounter. As Felixstowe is only 20 or so miles from Colchester, near where Paul Green (see previous article) found himself immobilised by the effects of a mystery aerial object at a range of about one mile, we again asked Dr. Bernard Finch to investigate the case. Dr. Finch is bound by his professional code not to divulge any information he gains from hospitals, but he has been in touch with Geoffrey Maskey, the 25-year-old driver of the car in which three young people had been out for the evening. Mr. Maskey's account is slightly more significant than that published in the *Evening Star*. Says Mr. Maskey:

"At approximately 10.30 p.m., I was parked in Walton Avenue, Felixstowe, with two friends, Mavis Forsyth and Michael Johnson. We were talking together when suddenly Michael made a hasty exit from the car. I thought this most peculiar, as he didn't say where he was going.

"Several minutes passed while we were waiting for him, and then suddenly we heard a weird high-pitched humming noise, almost like something from a science fiction film. Mavis was terrified by the sound. I myself wondered where it was coming from, and I looked out of the car window to see an

orange-coloured object above the trees, approximately 100 ft. above us. It was oval in shape, apparently 6 ft. long, and emitting an orange glow. It is difficult to describe it as the lane was lit up by its glow. As the object disappeared behind the trees, the alarming noise was once more heard.

"By this time we were wondering what had happened to Mike. I called to him, but he didn't answer, so I reversed the car down the lane and called his name again.

"Suddenly he emerged from the hedge clutching his neck and eyes, stumbling away from the car. I thought he was having a game with us, but when he collapsed in the road, and I went over to him, I found he was unconscious. Mavis and I took him to Felixstowe Hospital.

"At the hospital he came round and, in a confused state, mumbled about the noise and the light 'getting' him. He didn't seem to recognise either Mavis or me. The doctor examined him, and told us he had experienced a severe shock. We noticed some burn marks on the back of his neck, and I also felt a small bump under the skin just below his right ear. The doctor didn't know what to make of it, and had Mike transferred to Ipswich hospital.

"I was not allowed to see him at the Ipswich hospital that evening, but saw him the following afternoon when he was discharged. He spoke then about a 'man in the flames pointing at him', and he also stated that **some force seemed to have pulled him from the car.**

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THE SIGNIFICANT REPORT FROM FRANCE

G. E. P. A. Investigation

In the September/October issue of the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* we gave a bare newspaper account of this classic case from the Basses Alpes district of France: a few comments of our own are added for good measure. Meanwhile a Monsieur G. C. (a magistrate who desires at present to remain anonymous) has conducted an investigation on behalf of the Groupement d'Etude des Phénomènes Aériens et Objets Spatiaux Insolites (G.E.P.A.). We have taken the advice of our friend Aimé Michel that we reprint the basic G.C. account from the G.E.P.A. bulletin PHENOMENES SPATIAUX, September 1965 issue: an article by M. Michel, based on his own investigation, follows this account.

M. MASSE was in his lavender field, a little north of Valensole, and near the road to Oraison, at about 5.30 a.m. on July 1, 1965, as is his customary practice. He had not yet started up his tractor, which had been left parked behind a mound of rubble about 2 metres high. He was just about to do so, and was lighting a cigarette, when he heard a whistling noise, the source of which he could not locate. He then stepped out from behind the mound which had been concealing him and saw, at a distance of about 80 metres from him, a peculiarly shaped machine which had landed in his field. His first thought was of a helicopter, but he realised that this could not be one. He was too familiar with these Army craft which, whether or not in difficulties, frequently land in his field or near by. He never fails each time to go over and chat with the pilots who are very frequently keen hunters like himself. But what could this be, this machine resembling a big rugby ball, the size of a Dauphine car, with a cupola on top, and standing on six legs? Perhaps an experimental machine, he thought. He goes on walking calmly towards it all the same, empty-handed, across the young lavender plants with which his field is covered. And he perceives, right beside the machine, two little beings of human appearance, bending over to look at a "head" of lavender. Without overmuch concern he goes up to them with the intention of contacting them. And thus he reaches a point five or six metres from the strange visitors, but these perceive him, straighten themselves up, and one of them at once points a sort of tube or "pistol" at him. M. Masse is thereupon instantly glued to the spot, to such a degree that he cannot make a single movement. Could he have called out? To my question, he answered that he had not thought of it, and he does not know whether he would have been able to or not.

He can still see what is going on around him. He has plenty of time to examine the two "little

men", with their bodies the size of an eight-year-old child, and their enormous heads, three times the size of a normal human head. He notices the absence of any hair; the skin, apparently as smooth as a baby's and white—at any rate the skin of the face and head—for the rest of the body is covered by an overall.

As for the face, its dimensions and characteristics are approximately those of a human face, except however for the mouth, which has no lips and resembles a hole. The two little beings were communicating with each other by means of inarticulate sounds which did not seem to come from what for them took the place of a mouth.

They were looking at him, and must have been mocking him. But their glances were not unpleasant, indeed quite the contrary. The general effect of their stature did not, as M. Masse states explicitly, give him the impression that he was face to face with monsters. After a few moments, the two visitors returned with a surprising agility to their machine, which they entered by means of a sliding door.

And then came the take-off, in a westerly direction, at an angle of approximately 45 degrees, at an astonishing speed, the machine emitting a whistle similar to the one when it arrived, and leaving no trail behind it.

M. Masse thought then that he was going to be in full possession of his faculties again, but it was not so, and he remained totally paralysed for a further quarter of an hour. The use of his limbs then came back to him bit by bit.

After being delivered from his invisible chains—the relatives of M. Masse are explicit on this point—he does not resume work in his field. He returns to the village, and goes to see his friend, the proprietor of the Café des Sports. He tells him about the machine that landed in his field, the marks it left, its staggering take-off, but scarcely says a word