

from hallucinations they are not fit to fly and are therefore unfit for further service.

Yet none of the pilots who have submitted reports have been sacked, which indicates that their statements have been accepted as being true and that they are in a good state of health.

Therefore, the Air Ministry must have a good deal of data upon which to formulate some answer: 1. That

Flying Saucers do not exist. 2. That they exist and are secret weapons. 3. That they exist and are interplanetary.

From all the confusion one thing seems to emerge fairly clearly. That Flying Saucers do exist. What is not clear, however, is whether they are in fact secret weapons or interplanetary space-ships.

**My italics. G.C. 1983*

A LANDING AND CLOSE ENCOUNTER NEAR ALDERSHOT

Omar Fowler, Chairman, S.I.G.A.P.

(Surrey Investigation Group on Aerial Phenomena, Guildford, Surrey)

ON October 10, 1983, I received a telephone call from a local newspaper, with the request that I investigate a report of a UFO landing in the adjacent County of Hampshire. I duly did so. The case seems to be authentic and I give below a report on my findings.

The subject, aged 77, has spent many years in Canada, and has in his time hunted bear, fought wolves and lived in the out-back wilderness of Canada. The result is that he is not scared of anything and, as he pointed out in the interview, thought that at his age he had nothing to lose by investigating the UFO craft.

Name: Mr. Alfred Burtoo, 49 Pegasus Avenue, North Town, Aldershot, Hampshire.

Date & Time of Incident: 0115, August 12, 1983.

Place:- Basingstoke Canal Bank, near North Town, Aldershot, Hampshire.

Transcription from taped interview with O. Fowler 10/10/83. (Mr. Burtoo had written to the local paper to enquire if anyone had seen a light at the time of the incident: he did not mention a UFO, but a reporter called on him, heard the story, then phoned me for an opinion. I arranged to call and interview.)

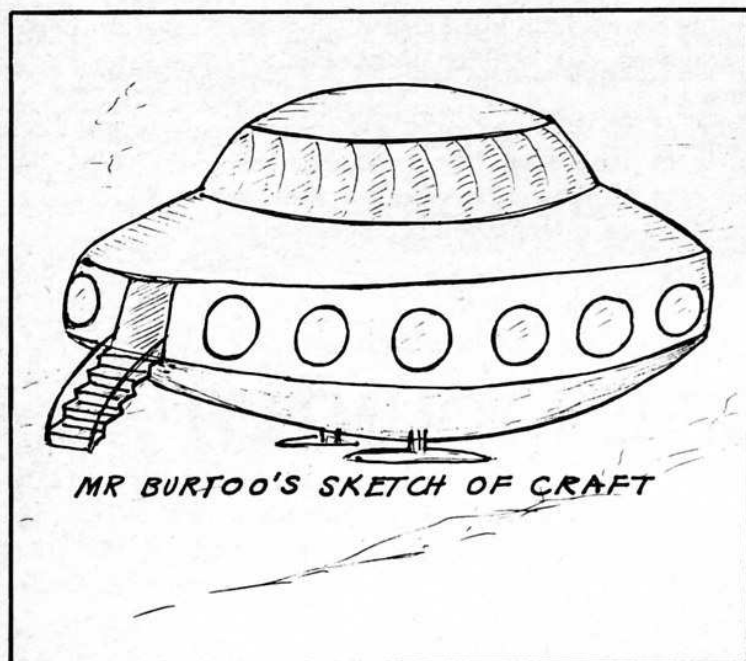
Statement by eyewitness

"On the one o'clock news on the 11th of August, the weather report said the weather was going to be fine, and the moon was only four or five days old, which is what I considered to be ideal conditions for fishing, so I got the wife to go and get me a loaf of bread, which she did (bait). I got all my tackle ready and I moved off from here at a quarter past twelve at night (i.e. the morning of Friday, August 12, 1983). On the way up to the canal, I stopped on the road to put the dog on a lead, when I heard footsteps behind me and it turned out to be one of the M.O.D. (Ministry of Defence) po-

licemen on his duties, so we stopped and had a talk ... After a short time he went his way and I went mine up onto the canal bank. As soon as I got there I put my tackle on the ground and undid my rod-case, stuck the rod in the ground, and tied the dog to it. Then I started to unpack my tackle-box, then, just as I started, I heard the "gong" at the nearby Buller Barracks strike one (1 a.m.). I got everything ready for dawn because that is your best time for fishing.

"I sat there on my tackle-box watching the water for any movement of fish, and decided to have a cup of tea. I poured out a cup of tea, when I saw a light suddenly appear from the South, so I put my cup down on the box and stood and watched it. It came in towards the railway bridge and I thought ... it's not going to land on the railway bridge? I straightaway guessed that it wasn't an aeroplane or a "chopper", because it was only about three hundred feet off the ground. Then it settled down further along the towpath and the brilliant light that had been showing was extinguished. I stood there watching it and presently I saw two 'forms' coming towards me.

"The dog growled and wouldn't pack up until I told it to; two 'forms' came up to me, just over 4' high I would say, dressed in pale green 'overalls' and visors. I stood there looking at them, and they stood there looking at me and then the chap on the right waved for me to come, and that was all. I was curious, so I followed them. Well, when we got down to within fifty to sixty yards of the railway bridge, there was this object sitting on the towpath, with ten to fifteen feet over the water and about ten to fifteen feet over the bank. There were steps. They were off line to the towpath, and we had to step on to the grass to go up them. One of these 'forms' went across the corridor, which was hexagon in shape (see plan view) and the other one stood near the door, and I stood to the right of him.



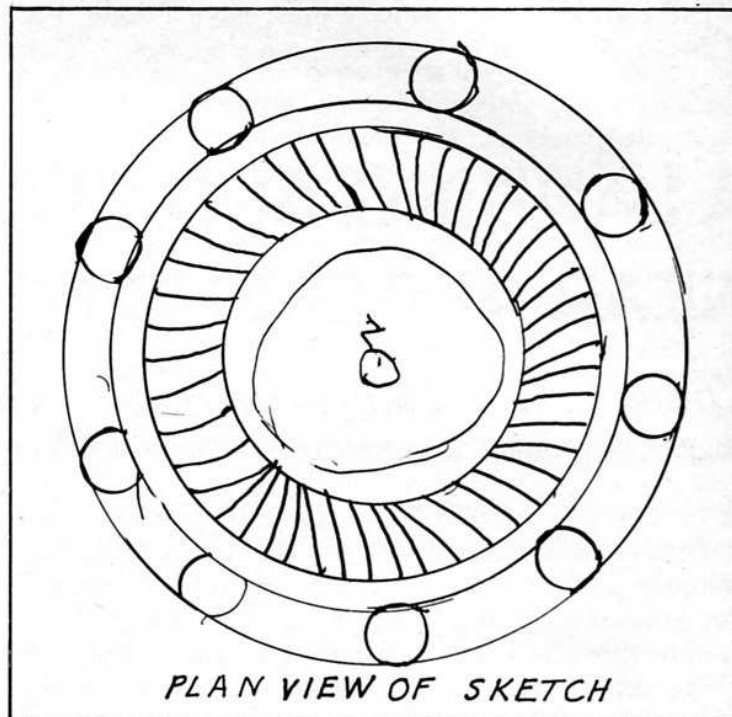
"Presently a voice said, in broken English 'come over and stand under the amber light' (question by O.F. 'did you actually hear a voice?') "Yes I actually heard it say 'come over and stand under the amber light.' Well, right in the centre of the floor there was a column that went up, about 4' in circumference. At first I couldn't see an amber light, but when I stepped to one side I could see the light on the wall. I walked over and stood under the light, and this voice that asked me to come over and stand under the light, asked me... 'what is your age?' I said I shall be 78 next birthday. There was a pause, then he said 'turn around' and I turned around facing the wall, and after about five minutes he said to me 'you can go, you are too old and too infirm for our purpose'.

Description of craft

"Now this column that was in the middle of the floor, there was a Z-shaped handle on it, such as you might see on a well, and there was a 'form' (being) standing on either side of that. These were two different 'forms' from those that had accompanied me along the canal-path. I took it to be that these two 'forms' were standing by, ready to wind the gear that drove it, but that is only my suspicion.

"I looked around when he said 'you can go', and I came down. As I was coming down, holding the banister-rail on the steps, I felt two joints in it, which gave me the impression that the steps were telescopic, and folded up in. Anyway I came down, and got about twenty or thirty yards from them, and then turned and watched it. It had a turret on top of it, very much like an inverted saucer, but it looked like a cowl like you have on top of a chimney, but instead of it going around clockwise, it went anti-clockwise. I carried on back to where my dog and my tackle were, and the first thing I did was to pick up my cup of cold tea and

drank it... still watching. I saw it lift off to about three hundred feet (it had come in at about three hundred feet) and it shot off to the South-West over the military cemetery. I saw it pass over Tongham (1/2 mile S.E. of Aldershot) and over the 'Hog's Back', 2 1/2 miles distant, and out of sight."



A calm witness

Question: "You seem very calm and collected about the whole thing."

Mr. B.: "I was more curious than anything; at my age, nearly 78, what have I got to worry about? I can only die once. I had read a lot about UFOs and I didn't believe in them. Well I definitely do now, and seeing is believing. I don't care a damn who believes it or who doesn't, but I definitely went into that machine. When I came back I told my wife and her friend. Up to then I took the UFOs as a lot of 'bunk'. I definitely wasn't scared, just curious and I wanted to see what was going on. If they had taken off with me, then it would have been just my lot. It would have been just the same as me going out on the street and being knocked down."

Question: "Let us just go over the beginning, when the beings came up to you."

Some questions

Mr. B.: "I got a bit of a shock when they came up to me with these green overalls on, I couldn't see any buttons or zips or anything; it was just as though it was moulded onto them. The dog sat there quietly after I told it to shut up. They had like pea-green helmets on their heads, but the visor on the front seemed to be blacked out, like smoked glass. You couldn't see their faces. I didn't notice their hands; maybe they

had gloves on. I've been a gardener for fifty-two years and I've learned to notice things as I go along."

Question: "Did they have any belts on?"

Mr. B.: "No, no belts; no buttons, no torches in their hands... nothing. The overall seemed to be a one-piece affair to my way of thinking."

Question: "These steps, were they just a little ladder or what?"

Mr. B.: "Just a wide set of steps, with a handrail up both sides."

Question: "Had the two figures gone inside this craft?"

Mr. B.: "One went in ahead of me, because that is the way they walked down the path, and one behind me. The one in front of me walked across what I would call the corridor, into what I took to be a room on the other side, and the other one stood just inside the door, and I stood on the right of him."

Question: "What sort of illumination was there?"

Mr. B.: "There was a light; it was very dim and everything appeared black."

Question: "Was there a light attached to the ceiling or what?"

Mr. B.: "No, that's the funny part. I didn't see anything like that, but there *was* a light there. Whether it was around the ridge of the ceiling? The inside of the craft was all black, but the *outside* was like polished aluminium. When I walked across the floor I didn't hear my own footsteps, so I got the impression that there was some sort of cloth down on the floor. The ceiling

was only about 5' high, and it was as much as I could do to get into it. The 'beings' were about 4'-6". I am 5'-4½", so they were a shade shorter than I am. I had to "bob down" going into the door, and the light was good enough to see where we were going, but once we got inside there was a dim light, but this must have been due to the blackness of it."

"Whoever built that thing certainly made a good job of it; there were no nuts, bolts, joins, or welds that I could see. I reckon I was in there a good half hour, I had to wait for a while with this chap standing beside me."

Question: "So you had a good chance to look around?"

Mr. B.: "I wasn't scared or anything like that, I was just curious. I've spent many years out of doors, and tackled many things in Canada; shot a bear, rattlers, wolves; I don't think I'm scared of anything."

* * * * *

COMMENT BY EDITOR

It will be noted that this account contains several features that are already familiar to us from other cases. There is, for example, the central 'stem' or 'pillar' inside the craft, which has appeared in several reports, and has been claimed by some investigators to be a polarized magnetic contraption intimately related to the secret method of propulsion employed by the aliens (or, at any rate, by some of them.) — G.C.

THE SWEDISH UFO "LIKE HALLEY'S COMET"

Acke Svensson

Mr Acke Svensson, of Karlskoga, Sweden, is a member of an active local UFO group, UFO-Center Karlskoga, in his home town, and the group is affiliated to UFO-SVERIGE, Sweden's national investigation body.

THIS report concerns a strange sighting which occurred in a village called Udenäs in the county of Västergötland and lying about 250 kms. to the north of Göteborg (Gothenburg), which is in south-western Sweden. There was only one witness, but this lady is a personal friend of my family and we know her well, and we know that she is reliable. I investigated the case myself about two weeks after the event, and we published my account of it in our local UFO bulletin.

The UFO Appears

It was about 9.00 p.m. on May 3, 1979, when Mrs Ragna Karlsson, a lady in her mid-sixties, stepped out of her house and went to a small birch copse, about 50 m. from the home, to fetch some wood for the fire. Her husband was indoors, watching the TV news.

Suddenly and utterly surprisingly, because there was not a cloud in the sky, there was a vivid bluish-white flash. She looked up, thinking that a thunderstorm must be brewing and, among the trees, at slightly lower than tree-top height, she beheld an object about 2½-3 metres long, which was slowly and carefully 'navigating' its way in and out among the trees and carefully avoiding hitting them. The object was only about 30 or 40 metres from her, and seemed to be totally silent.

The Spiral Cloud

Mrs Karlsson was very frightened by the sight, and began to run towards the house. Between the house and the birch-copse is a meadow, and after she had got across the meadow she paused for a moment and looked back, and saw that the object was hovering over a pile of logs and had apparently changed in shape (perhaps had reversed?) and now looked oval and "transparent as a glass bowl, with all the colours