

# THE ÄNGELHOLM LANDING REPORT

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THE Swedish magazine *Allers* carried, in its issue No. 44 of 1971, an article about a fantastic UFO-observation made in May 1946. The only witness, Mr. Gösta Carlsson, is well known in Sweden. He is an industrialist, and at the same time sponsors an ice hockey team. We have not been able to speak to him, but we have been in close contact with Mr. Eugen Semitjov, the man who wrote the original article. Mr. Semitjov is prominent as a space-science writer, and is one of the few who has seen both the NASA and Soviet space activities from the inside.

The report, as presented here, is a summary of both his, and the GICOFF investigations. When reading this, one must bear in mind that the famous "ghost rockets" over northern Europe did not appear until July 1946.

## Mr. Gösta Carlsson's account

"It was an evening in May 1946. I had been out walking, trying to find pollen for my bees\* and was resting for a while close by the shore. By the time I started to walk back home it was almost dark, so I used a forehead lamp.

"When I saw a light among the trees I thought at first that someone had made a fire. The light was coming from an open space in the forest a short distance away. When I reached the place, however, I saw that in the farthest end of the open ground there was a disc-shaped object with a cupola. The cupola seemed to be a cabin with oval windows. Above it there was a mast, almost like the periscope of a submarine. Beneath the disc there was a big oblong fin which stretched from the centre to the edge of the underside. There were

also two metal landing legs. A small ladder reached to the ground from a door beside the fin.

"The object was approximately 16 metres in diameter and 4 metres from top to bottom at the middle. I know this because I measured the marks on the following day. There were a lot of holes around the edge of the disc, like those of a turbine, and it was from these that jet-beams came which burned the grass when the object departed. The light came from the mast. It was about 5 metres in height, and three antennae were suspended from its top. Lower down something like a lampshade was hanging. It was shining with a strange purple light which covered not only the whole object but also the ground a couple of metres beyond it. The light was flowing and pulsating from the "lampshade" like water from a fountain. Where the light hit the ground I could see a sparkling effect.

"On the ground, beyond the area of the light, a man in white, closely-fitting overalls, was standing. He seemed to be some sort of a guard. He raised his hand towards me: it was a gesture that could not be misunderstood, so I stopped. I was less than 10 metres

\* Anyone who is ignorant of the habits of apiarists might feel inclined to ask: "Don't bees find their own pollen?" In his original version Mr. Fredrickson translated the phrase as: *to find pollen for my bee-keepings*, which is a little puzzling. The point seems insignificant, however, and I hasten to stress that Mr. Fredrickson's translations from his own language into English are always very good: without them much of what happens in Scandinavia in our field would remain unknown to us, and we are greatly indebted to him—EDITOR.

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## ITAPERUNA AGAIN

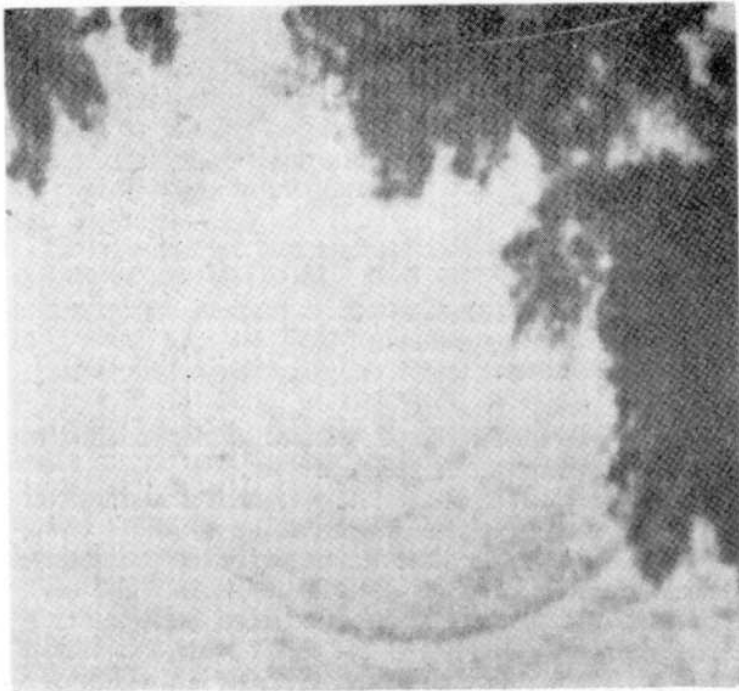
*(Continued from page 14)*

before reaching the target. A second salvo was fired, with the same result, after which the smaller discs swooped down over the missile sites and stalled the whole of the electrical apparatus.

We shall very probably never know whether this Russian report is entirely true, but it must, I think be conceded that, in the light of all that we have heard in the ten years that have gone by since then, such a happening does not now seem to us at all unlikely.

Finally, the moment is opportune to mention a mysterious case which has been on my files for some years, and which may possibly also have involved a UFO's force-field, though no UFO was actually seen.

It happened in or around 1947 at Newnham Park, just outside Oxford, which was at the time a Royal Air Force Camp. The place had the reputation, so it seems, of being "a bit spooky", to use the words of my informant, who was in the RAF and was at that camp at the time. What happened was that one of the sergeants was riding his bicycle in the grounds of Newnham Park when suddenly he seemed, as it were, "to have hit a brick wall" and was thrown violently over the handlebars on to the ground. Despite the most careful examination of the bicycle and of the site, so my informant tells me, no conceivable cause for such an accident could be found. There was no question of any hoax.



**Aerial photograph of the site, taken in 1963**

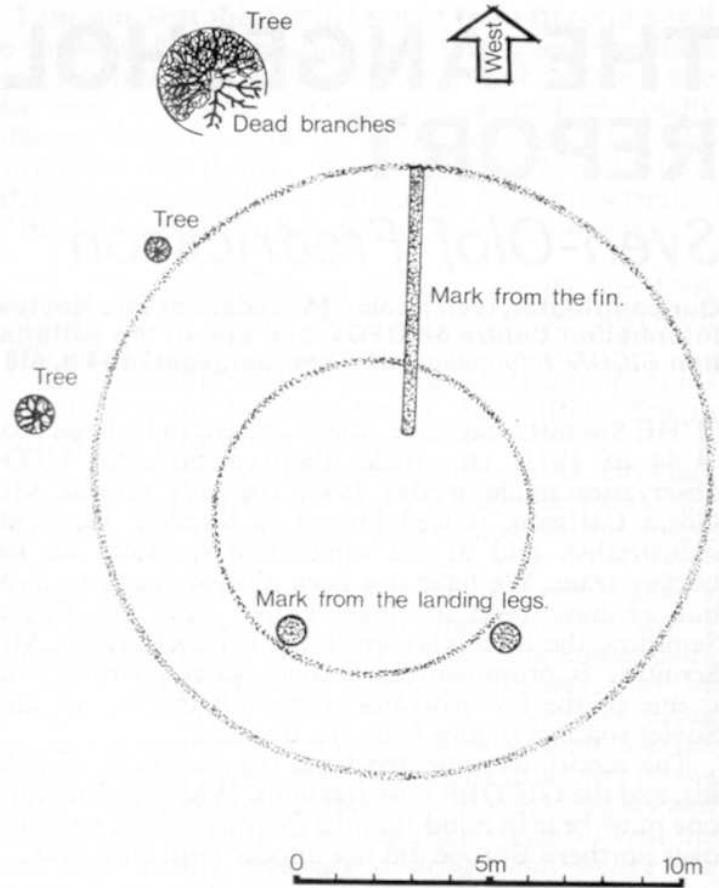
from him. He was approximately as tall as I am, maybe a few centimetres shorter, but he was thinner than me. There were others like him, but the strange thing was that nobody said a word. It seemed as if they had just finished repairing a window, because they put their tools away and looked at me. Everything was silent. The only thing I heard was the sound from the guard when he walked on the grass. There were three men working at the window, and two more were standing alongside. There were three women as well, and one more came out of the object later. On the far side there was another guard. In all I saw 11 persons.

“They wore short black boots and gloves, a black belt around the waist, and a transparent helmet. The women had ashen-coloured hair, but I could not see the hair of the men as they wore black caps. They were all brown-coloured, as if sunburned.

“I went a few steps closer, but then the guard raised his hand again. After that I stood still. The guard had a black box on his chest which was suspended by a chain around his neck. It looked like an old black camera. He turned it towards me and I thought he was going to take a picture of me, but nothing happened, except that I thought I heard a click from my forehead lamp. The lamp did not work after that, but that may have been purely coincidental. When I returned home I found that the battery had run out, although it was a new one.

“It seemed as if the ‘cheese-dish cover’ of light stood like a wall between us. I think it was created to isolate them from our world and atmosphere. One of the women came out of the cabin with an object in her hand. She went to the edge of the wall of light and threw the object beyond the area of light. At the same time I heard her laugh. (Mr. Carlsson later retrieved the object. An investigation in 1971 showed nothing exceptional. It was composed, among other things, of silicon. Its shape had been changed by the witness, and it looked like a staff.)

“Afterwards it is difficult to explain what one does,



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and why one does it. I thought the disc-like object could be some sort of military device. The whole scene seemed so strange. I never take alcohol, and I knew it was not an hallucination, but nevertheless I decided to go back to the seashore, and from there return to the opening to see if the object was still present. I was aware of a smell like that from ozone ( $O_3$ ) following an electrical discharge.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Carlsson was away for something like 30 minutes. Then he says he set off to return to the site, but by another route so that he could see the object from the other side. Before he had time to leave the shore, however, he suddenly saw a bright red light. With a whining sound the object slowly rose above the tree-tops. It went up with a corona of red lights from the “turbine holes”. At 400-500 metres its ascent slowed and it wobbled a little. Suddenly the red light became brighter and turned to purple: the object accelerated away at a tremendous speed and disappeared.

#### **GICOFF investigation**

The preceding account was the story as presented in *Allers* by Mr. Semitjov. He believes the witness was telling the truth, or the truth as it was after 25 years. During all those years a lot of details may well have become distorted.

The place where the incident is stated to have taken place is just outside Ängelholm, a town 100 kilometres to the north of Malmö in southern Sweden. After contact with our representative there, Mr. Nils-Erik Lind, we decided to look at the place ourselves.

The opening, or glade, is located 100 metres from the nearest road, but is accessible by tractor. It is between 30 and 40 metres in diameter, with only a couple of very small trees. We could see a big circle, two small ones, which, presumably, were caused by the "landing legs", and a straight line, caused presumably by the "fin" (see diagram). What was strange, however, was that the marks had been made recently: someone had dug a circle 10 centimetres deep, 10 centimetres wide and 16 metres in diameter, and then filled it in with sand. The same had happened with the marks of the supposed "landing legs" and "fin". Mr. Semitjov assured us that this had not been done by him, and that there were no signs of digging when he was there two months earlier. The original marks were still visible without digging them up, he said, so who had done it and why? We discovered that a reliable witness was at the place the day after the *Allers* article was published on October 30, 1971, and by that time the marks had been dug up.

While we were at the site we saw something else. Inside the big circle, but not in the middle of it, there was a smaller one (see diagram). Nothing was said about this in the original article. If Mr. Carlsson knew about it, why did he not tell Mr. Semitjov? If he did not know about it, then why not? According to his own testimony he has been to the place several times, so he should have noticed it, even if it was difficult to see. We also noticed that the mark indicating the fin, re-cut by our strange "someone", pointed exactly towards the west. By chance?

We had taken with us, from the Chalmers University of Technology, a sensitive GM-counter. The result was negative, as was expected.

Could the marks have been made recently? No, because they appear in aerial photographs which have been taken over the area. The series of aerial photographs were taken in 1939, 1947 and 1963. In 1939 and 1947 the photographs were taken from an altitude of 3,000 metres, and on both occasions the same type of camera was used. In 1963 they were taken from 900 metres. We have been able to check all of them, and have in our possession copies of the photographs of 1947 and 1963. On them can be seen the inner circle



The witness, Gösta Carlsson

as well as the outer one, but not the marks of the "fin" and the "landing legs", which is understandable because of the great distance between camera and object. No circles are visible in the 1939 photographs. If they existed then, they would have been seen.

Our investigation has thrown some more light on this case, but we have also uncovered a few problems. Who for instance dug up the marks? Why were we told nothing about the inner circle? Why is the mark of the "fin" pointing due west?

One thing we do know for certain: the two circles were created between 1939 and 1947, and Mr. Gösta Carlsson says he had his fantastic experience in May 1946.

## TRANSLATORS NOTE ON CERVANTES

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ever have been a slave of the Moors seems highly improbable. It must however be borne in mind that in 1605 (the date of his mysterious "disappearance"), the dread terror of captivity among the Moors must have still been very much present in the minds of all the peoples of Western Europe, so Saint Vincent would not

have been at all unlikely to think of the "slavery" theme when casting around for a good "excuse" for his absence.

In the *Captive's Tale* Cervantes tells us that no less than 15,000 Christians, Europeans, were liberated from the slave-galleys of the great Turkish fleet after that mighty day of Lepanto. And during the reign of our own Elizabeth the First of England, it happened more than once that Moorish sea-raiders, just like the Vikings before them, landed on a Sunday morning on

the coasts of Cornwall and Devon, caught the local populace at their church services, and carried them off, able-bodied men and comely women, for the slave-galleys and the harems.

With the political changes now occurring in the world, and particularly in the Middle East, it is interesting to reflect that history could repeat itself, and such terrible things could well happen again. But that is another story, and not for *Flying Saucer Review*.

### Trust the French to find a name for it . . .

Critics of *That Report* who delve into *Soucoupes Volantes : vingt ans d'enquêtes* by Charles Garreau (see p. ii of cover), may find their worst fears realised when, in the Table of Contents (p. 212), they read of *Le rapport Condom*, which, of course, was prepared by the *Commission Condom* (cover flap). Misprints which could cause the English to doff their caps?