

Big Birds The Flutter of Giant Wings



by Scott Corales

Any reader familiar with J. R. R. Tolkien's *Rings* trilogy and his earlier *The Hobbit* will remember the line "The eagles are coming!" and its importance to the narrative. Gwaihir, king of eagles, and his siblings, whose eyries were high up in the Misty Mountains of Middle Earth, provided the ultimate *deus ex machina* for Tolkien's characters—hope when there was none, rescue from imminent peril, and icons for the forces of ultimate Good. Even more memorable perhaps is the Roc from the *Second Voyage of Sinbad*—colossal birds living in the spiraling heights of a valley whose floor is littered with diamonds and giant snakes, on which the Rocs feed. The Arabian mariner went on to have further experiences with these birds, coming across an island containing a Roc egg so large it looked like a domed building. Mayan mythology spoke of the Itzam Ye,

The Flutter of Giant Wings

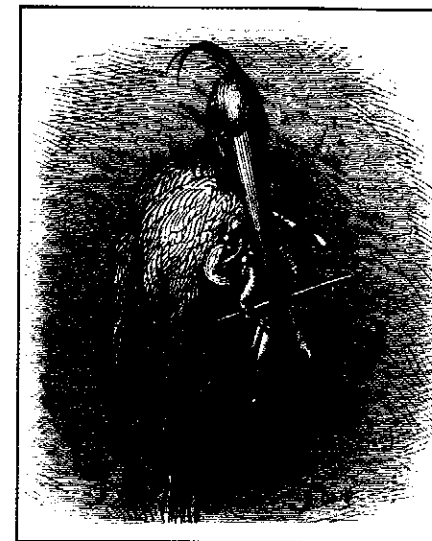
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tunnel from which the birds appeared to fly out. They succeeded in their effort—the giant birds were sealed off in the cave and their raids were brought to a halt.

Mexico's *Calendario del Más Antiguo Galván*, published in 1926, records a curious entry concerning giant avians: On November 9, 1894, the villagers of Zacatlán in the state of Puebla were distressed by the appearance of "a tremendously large bird" that was seen over the area. The entry goes on to say that "In the same way in which a hurricane blew a multitude of never-before-seen birds from the unexplored Chilá Mountains, it is not impossible that some monster, such as the one being seen these days, should figure among their number."

In the mid-1860s, a crew of miners working near Copiapo in Chile's Atacama Desert had just finished a hard day's work and were gathered at their shanty waiting to be served dinner. Precisely at that moment the workers saw a colossal bird appear in the sky, seemingly out of nowhere. Some of them thought at first that a dark cloud had blotted out the sun; closer observation would present them with a truly incredible sight. The winged creature was flying from northwest to southeast and in a straight line.

The creature's wings were covered by gray feathers, but at this point, the details become positively chimerical: the miners described its head as "similar to that of a lobster" and "its large open eyes glowed like hot coals." Further descriptions endowed



A giant bird by Gustave Doré.

the creature with "thick, coarse hair similar to that of a boar." This odd visitor to the Atacama Desert was apparently not seen again, but the account was recorded in the July 1868 issue of *The Zoologist*.

Stories from miners' camps two centuries ago may not inspire much confidence, but the existence of colossal birds is undisputed by science. In 1979, Argentinean scientists Rosendo Pascual and Eduardo Tonni, conducting research in the vicinity of Salinas Grandes in the Province of La Pampa, unearthed the remains of a bizarre and gargantuan animal in sediments ranging between six and eight million years old. It was a hitherto unknown flying creature that was dubbed *Argentavis magnificens*—a massive flying creature worthy of one of Sinbad's adventures. The mag-

a bird so impossibly huge it sat “at the very top of the world tree” surveying the goings-on below. In China we find the Peng bird, whose back is described as “similar to a mountain range.”

Such giant avians—at once wonderful, mythic, and terrifying—populate the literature of the imagination and are dear to the hearts of many around the world. But enormous winged creatures—perhaps not as large as the Roc, but certainly not as friendly as Gwahir—seem to exist in our times, and encounters with them are usually unhappy.

Wings in the Dark

On Good Friday, April 2004, between 9:00 and 9:15 in the evening, Juan Carlos Vazquez, a resident of Colonia Las Alamedas in Mexico’s Atizapan de Zaragoza, reported seeing “two birds of enormous size flying over my house, right below the level of the clouds.”

Vazquez estimated the wingspan of the flying beasts at some 80 meters, judging their size as roughly similar to that of a McDonnell-Douglas DC-9.

“One of them passed right over like an airplane, while the second one beat its wings. I was stunned by what I was seeing.”

Vazquez, who had worked for Aerocalifornia for 11 years, was very familiar with the aircraft he was using as a size comparison. “I really couldn’t believe what I was seeing. I shouted to my wife so that she would come over and see it, but by the time she arrived, [the birds] were gone.”

Chimeras Take Flight

The Guatemalan town of Concepción Chiquirichapa has a tradition involving giant birds that stretches back to the initial settlement in pre-Hispanic times. Tradition holds that the first settlers occupied a fortified position on the height of Tuicacaix Hill, where they began to build their settlements and grow corn. Things went well until the hard-working agriculturalists discovered that the village’s children were disappearing at an alarming rate. They became aware of the giant birds known only as “Tiw,” who would swoop down to bear the youngsters off to their nests to be devoured.

The elders came up with the hardly reassuring trick of placing baskets over the children’s heads to keep the massive birds from detecting them, but the solution was far from effective and disappearances continued. A war party set out to attack the marauding avians, but their eyries were located at the very top of unscalable summits. However—the story continues—one of the “nests” found by the primitive settlers was in a sort of tunnel of unknown extension with a two-meter opening.

Faced with a no-win situation, the settlers gave up their village and moved on, eventually finding a hill beside a vast lake. They were joyful at the prospect of settling in this ideal location (upon which modern Chiquirichapa exists). But the Tiw birds continued their depredations. At that point the strongest men of the new settlement got together to seal off the strange

nificens belonged to the family of the teratorns, very similar to giant vultures that existed all across ancient South America. With a wingspan of between six and ten meters, it measured three and a half meters from beak to tail and stood nearly three feet tall.

In 2001, an unnamed 21-year-old from La Boca, Panama, had a close encounter on the slopes of Cerro Sosa, a sparsely populated elevation covered in dense vegetation. Around 1:00 a.m. one morning, suddenly remembering that he had neglected to feed his dogs, he went out of his house to take care of them. As he filled the second dog’s food bowl, he heard the sound of tree branches being snapped by something very large and powerful—strong enough to snap branches on a six-foot-wide rubber tree.

The young man told reporters, “I turned around, crouching, and saw it. I tell you it looked like a *gallinazo* (South American vulture) but super large. I’m six feet tall, and the creature was twice as big as me, I suppose. I was totally petrified, having never seen such a sight in my life. I stared at it and it moved its head, in other words, it was standing in profile, because I could clearly make out its hooked beak. . . I only supposed it was a *gallinazo* because of its shape.”

Puerto Rico’s Giant Birds

During the wave of cattle mutilations that spread across the island of Puerto Rico in 1975, ascribed to the legendary “Moca Vampire,” reports of strange winged creatures appeared in newspapers everywhere

(a phenomenon that repeated itself shortly before the appearance of the chupacabras 20 years later). These winged entities were described as giant birds in some cases and as “pterodactyls” in others. Laborer Juan Muñiz had a frighteningly close encounter with one of these winged aberrations one night during the Moca Vampire wave.

On March 26, 1975, Muñiz was attacked by a whitish-gray winged creature with an abundance of feathers and a long, thick neck. He had been outdoors on an errand when he saw the creature on a tree branch, waiting to pounce on him. It beat its wings and took flight. At that point, says Muñiz, “I reacted and ran back into my house. Once inside, I looked out and saw that the animal was much taller than me. I was home alone because my folks had gone off to the country house. At that point I saw the creature take off again and land on the roof. It made such a loud noise that I ran off to my room. I didn’t know what else to do. The noise it made with its claws as it walked overhead was tremendous; it must’ve wandered on the roof for about ten minutes and I suppose it flew off. I’ve only ever told this story to my closest friends, but all people do is laugh and think I’m trying pull a fast one.”

It is very likely that Muñiz’s friends would have reconsidered their opinions if they had known that on March 6 of that year, Mrs. Maria Acevedo of Moca’s Barrio María had reported “a strange animal walking on the zinc roof of her house,” suppos-

edly pecking at the roof every so often. The strange bird eventually let out "a terrible shriek" and flew off. In August 1975, residents of the Cuatro Calles district of the city of Ponce on the Caribbean Sea would add their voices to the eyewitness accounts given by Muñiz and Acevedo: Rosario de Jesús reported the deaths of several pheasants and chickens at the talons of "a mysterious giant bird" that passed over the district. According to her description, the avian intruder "made a very strange noise and was huge."

Twenty years later, the experience of having a strange "bird" standing on top of one's house was visited upon Reynaldo Ortega. In April 1995, Ortega had gone out to look for a small goat on his property, since

the epidemic of animal mutilations on the island was at its greatest virulence. Ortega described the winged oddity as a creature between three and four feet tall, with the body and dense black plumage of an eagle, a thick neck, and piercing eyes. The nightmarish raptor had an even more peculiar characteristic Ortega would never forget—a wolf-like muzzle instead of a beak. This "griffin," for want of a better description, did not harm the terrified onlooker, but others were not quite so lucky: A worker in a sugarcane field near the town of Patillas was allegedly assaulted in broad daylight by a huge flapping "thing" that top-

pled him to the ground.

During the early 1990s, residents of the communities surrounding the controversial Laguna Cartagena reported seeing a ghastly bird-like creature perched on a metal fence. The grotesque avian had leathery wings, scales, and a horned head. The witnesses produced sketches of what they had seen, which to all intents and purposes resembled a pterodactyl.

Pterodactyl-like birds, curiously, have been reported elsewhere in Puerto Rico at different times. One witness recalled that during her high-school years, while walking down a street with friends in broad daylight, she experienced the sensation of time slowing down around her. This bewildering effect made it seem as

if her companions were speaking and walking in slow motion, and made the air appear rarified. In the clear sky above, she saw a large winged creature flap its wings and issue a cry that was apparently not subjected to the time-lag effect. Once the bird had flown out of sight, time resumed its normal "speed." †

Scott Corrales is a frequent contributor to FATE. He is the editor of Inexplicata: The Journal of Hispanic Ufology.



**A worker...
was allegedly
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broad daylight
by a huge
flapping
"thing"...**

Since it is a shapeshifter it may also appear in the form of a horse, a human, or a giant bird.

As a horse it appears docile and attractive. Its shiny black or gray coat is tinged with iridescent blue-green and it may be lavishly saddled and bridled with gold. It takes this form in order to feed.

Near the water's edge it pretends to graze as it waits for passers-by. Few humans are able to resist the desire to mount this elegantly adorned creature. Unfortunately, once mounted, the rider becomes fixed in place and is unable to dismount.

The each uisge then reverts to its true form and returns to the water, where it tears the rider to shreds and consumes all but the liver, which may later wash ashore.

In the form of a well dressed man it enters populated areas and attempts to impregnate as many women as possible. Then it returns to the water and waits for the children to be born.

The female offspring can pass for human but often have malformed hands and are sterile. It is not interested in these.

The male offspring, which will become each uisge, are what it wants. It abducts the males shortly after birth and they do not appear again until they are fully grown. Any male offspring left behind will wither and die.

Should you encounter this creature, do not approach it or attempt to observe or photograph it. Instead, immediately leave the area and do not return. This is rec-

ommended in any situation where an unknown horse, human male, or giant bird is observed near the water's edge anywhere in Scotland or Ireland.

The each uisge prefers to lure its victims rather than actively pursue them. However, on occasion, it may give chase. If this occurs, you should run. To increase your chances of escape, try to locate and cross over standing water such as a puddle or a swamp. This should drive the each uisge back, or at least force it to go around the water, giving you more time to get away.

To destroy an each uisge, draw it out of the water with the smell of roasting meat and administer a trance-inducing poison from a distance by dart. Watch for the poison to take effect, then muzzle the creature and transport it inland.

Once inland the each uisge remains dangerous, but grows weaker each day until it finally collapses and dissolves into a puddle of clear gelatinous goo. Only now is it no longer considered a threat.

(The above method of destruction often produces undesirable results and should not be attempted by anyone. †

Liza Phoenix is a professional fantasy artist from Seattle, Washington. More artwork and creatures can be found on her website at www.Liza-Phoenix.com



Each Uisge

Another strange creature found in Scotland's lochs



Each Uisge in its true form.
illustration © Liza Phoenix

by Liza Phoenix

The Loch Ness Monster isn't the only legendary creature found in Scotland's lochs. There is another, less famous but far more savage: the supernatural water horse known as the *each uisge*.

In its true form the each uisge ap-

pears as a creature with the torso of a human, the teeth of a lion, and the head and hind legs of a horse. It is always male and stands around eight feet tall. The torso and arms are well muscled and seem human except for the hands, which are webbed and end in long, razor-sharp claws.

FATE

THE SILVER BRIDGE by Gray Barker, Saucerian Books, P.O. Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va. 26301, 151 pages, \$6.95

In the fall of 1966 scores of people in the Ohio valley began to have bizarre encounters with a huge, winged, red-eyed creature which became known as "Mothman." A majority of these sightings were concentrated around an abandoned World War II ammunition dump outside Point Pleasant, W. Va. Hard on the heels of the appearances of "Mothman" were thousands of sightings of flying saucers and UFOs throughout the same area. Then these events seemed to reach a horrifying climax on December 15, 1967, when the 700-foot Silver Bridge spanning the Ohio River at Point Pleasant suddenly collapsed while laden with rush-hour traffic.

Investigator Gray Barker, a native West Virginian, was among the first to visit Point Pleasant and interview the Mothman witnesses. He carefully kept tabs on the strange events that engulfed the Ohio Valley during that unreal year. Now, in *The Silver Bridge*, he has produced a lyrical record of those events.

Many years have passed since Barker's controversial and explosive book, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, introduced him as a skilled investigator and perceptive writer. That book dealt with the sinister "men in black" (see *FATE*, April, 1968) who purportedly threatened UFO witnesses and UFOlogists into terrified silence. The reader will not be surprised that Barker has found new "men in black" incidents scattered in the tangle of reports from West Virginia in the years 1966 and 1967.

Since the appearance of his first book Mr. Barker apparently has fallen under the influence of Ray Bradbury, the science-fiction writer whose prose style combines poetry

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FATE

with a soaring imagination. It is often difficult to discern the fine line separating actual fact from vaulting literary license in *The Silver Bridge*.

However, most of the events described in the book were real—or real at least to the witnesses. The people Barker names do exist and their testimonies were widely published in the newspapers of West Virginia. Barker gently adds his own insights drawn from his personal interviews with the witnesses, but he has damaged the tone of authenticity with his complicated construction, often cutting back and forth from one situation and one witness to another like a schizophrenic film editor. When he turns allegorical his reporting suffers, for he twists the facts to suit the needs of his purple passages. But he does succeed in effectively sketching the mood and life of the people of West Virginia during that nightmarish year which began with the appearance of a red-eyed behemoth, which chased cars and stunned hunters into immobility, and ended with a tragedy which made world headlines.

Aside from the vagaries of construction and style and the obviously fictionalized accounts tossed in among the genuine, carefully detailed reports, *The Silver Bridge* is a useful and important record of a long chain of events which furthers our knowledge of the UFO mystery and its puzzling relationship to psychic phenomena. The book takes the reader on a tour of the country where the fantastic and the unreal overlapped into the everyday lives of hundreds of ordinary Americans.

Gray Barker has written a story enmeshing prophecy, demons and gods and phantoms that cry out in the night but he wisely refrains from drawing any absolute conclusions. The identity and precise nature of Mothman will remain a mystery—just as the famous Flatwoods mon-

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CAROLINA'S BIG BIRD

THIRTY million years ago over the seas off South Carolina the world's largest known flying sea bird flew and screamed. Today its fossilized bones have been separated from the stone encasing them and scientists at the Smithsonian Institution have a pretty good idea what kind of creature it was.

First of all it was big, with an 18-foot wingspan and a weight close to 90 pounds. It has been identified as a member of an extinct family of birds called *pseudodontorns*, or "bony-toothed birds." The bird's jaw was lined with a bony structure resembling teeth but lacking the dentine and enamel of genuine teeth.

Oddly enough, *pseudodontorn* couldn't really fly. Storrs L. Olson of the Smithsonian said it probably spent most of its life soaring on ocean winds but its wing bones were such that they did not permit a flapping motion. "It couldn't have had much of a rotary motion at all," Olson said. "All this bird could do is hold its wings out." Nonetheless the family of *pseudodontorns* was successful, present on every continent gobbling down fish and squid from about 50 million years to five million years ago.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 118)

At noon on September 5 in the same coffee shop I heard that a woman had attempted to shoot President Ford. On the 5:00 P.M. news I learned that it was one of Manson's followers, "Squeaky" Fromme.

Next, on September 19 when I heard that President Ford would be back in California to dedicate the Firestone Field House at Pepperdine University in Malibu, I had a strong feeling: "Oh-oh, there's going to be trouble."

At 2:30 P.M. September 22, while driving on the freeway between Alhambra and Covina, the feeling came to me, "Why, I'm surprised nothing has happened to President Ford. I was certain some disaster would strike."

At 7:00 P.M. I heard about the Sara Moore incident. I had missed it when it happened because I had not had the television on.—William Wingfield, Covina, Calif.

THE "MOTHMAN" VISITS

Reading your review of *The Mothman Prophecies* by John Keel ("New Books," November 1975 FATE) reminded me afresh of our experience with the so-called "mothman" on Halloween, of all times. In 1974 we did not know of John Keel or his book. I read this revealing material only last September, nearly a year after our own visit from one of these strange creatures.

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My father was patrolling our two and a half acres on Halloween night as he does each year to guard against neighborhood children bent on more than "Tricks or Treats." Since Dad is an ex-navy man and now works as a bank guard he is not given to flights of fancy.

He had been outside in the chill night for more than two hours when I decided to make him some hot chocolate. While indoors I suddenly became extremely anxious about him—for no reason; I had left him only moments earlier. Asking my mother to watch the chocolate on the stove I went back outside and called to him. For long moments filled with a fear I could not justify, there was no response from my father. I looked through the trees and bushes in front of the house, then started around to the back almost in a panic. Then I heard his voice. When I reached him he was shaken from a fall and a most startling encounter with a creature straight out of science fiction.

Dad related that he had felt a strong impulse to walk toward the back of our land to pay a visit to a miniature Stonehenge we had constructed only a month earlier. He had stumbled over a low garden fence, falling to his knees. Unhurt, he recovered his balance and then proceeded back to the henge. Nearing the circle of stones bathed in the moonlight his gaze was drawn toward the woods bordering our land. Above the treetops he was surprised to see an immense bird-like creature with a wingspan of about nine or 10 feet, a human-like body and large grotesque head.

"A gargoyle!" he thought. The "gargoyle" descended toward the henge and toward Dad, then inexplicably veered away from the circle and headed back toward the woods. The creature then disappeared from sight.

Strangely, Dad felt no fear of the

REPORT FROM THE READERS

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creature, only curiosity, while I, who had not even seen the thing, was filled with unreasonable terror.

I am convinced that had it not been for the henge and the old Celtic blessing placed on it by a friend trained in the Celtic tradition, my father might have been in great danger. I believe it was the power of the Celtic rite that caused the "mothman" to veer away.

Also in similar fashion to the aftermath experienced by persons described in Mr. Keel's book, we were plagued by various misfortunes for months following the Halloween visitation. Not until I read John Keel's book, however, did I associate our problems of the past winter to the visit of the "mothman." We have not seen the creature again and I pray to God we never do. Once was certainly enough!—Virginia Margaret Miller, Elma, N.Y.

THE CREATION

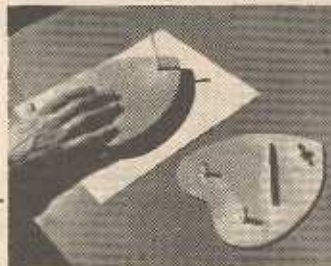
As a 17-year-old reader, having read "Philip, the Imaginary Ghost" in your November 1975 issue, I would like to say that the experiment the sitters conducted is valid evidence that the devil is an artificial phenomenon which manifests through human negativism. The magnification of mass superstition is also responsible for apparitions, demons, gnomes, fairies, etc.

Good and evil are separate essential aspects of reality and God is the one and only Supreme Force and Consciousness in the universe. People create heaven and hell through their karmic conduct and also they create the devil.—Ara Vana Barnes, Turpin, Okla.



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Arizona's Dragon Skies



by Ron Quinn

During the summer of 1890 a remarkable story came to light in Tombstone, Arizona. Several ranch hands arrived in town with a fantastic tale of killing a giant flying reptile west of Tombstone.

As they stopped beside a hill, a sight greeted them that might be seen in night-

mares. It resembled a creature from the Jurassic period known as a pterosaur. Its wingspan reached well over 25 feet.

When first observed it seemed to be injured and had difficulty taking flight. Mounted on horseback and armed with rifles, the ranch hands gave chase. The menacing creature turned toward its pursuers

as if to attack, then changed its mind. After a while their rifle slugs took their effect and the enormous beast fell dead upon the desert floor.

Lost Photo

According to the most popular version of this intriguing story, the carcass was placed on a wagon and taken to Tombstone. There it was nailed to the side of a barn and a picture was taken. The tale supposedly appeared in the *Tombstone Epitaph*, but no evidence supports this.

Some 30-odd years ago I saw such a picture, along with the story, in one of those popular men's magazines of the time such as *Saga* or *Men's Adventure*.

If indeed the story was a hoax, as some have claimed, the photo could have been an old Western picture showing several men beside a barn. It's possible the creature was airbrushed in by the art department. This has occurred with other photos and is quite convincing to the untrained eye. I regret not keeping the magazine.

During my lengthy research into this rather interesting tale, I interviewed several residents of Tombstone, including Bonnie of the *Tombstone Epitaph* Museum, and Ben Traywick, a noted historian of the area. Bonnie mentioned she once saw a letter written in 1890 by a woman who wrote about the Tombstone Thunderbird. During Ben's research he never uncovered any hard evidence relating to the story.

I also spent several days at the Arizona Historical Society searching through microfilm of the *Epitaph* during 1890. I also

drew a blank.

There are a number of different versions of this strange story. One: the body was taken to Tombstone. Two: the carcass was left to rot on the desert. Three: several men returned to skin the animal. Four: it was buried; location unknown. Five: the entire story was a hoax, conceived by some rancher who knew of the Jurassic period and its strange animals. Six: the creature was a large condor with a ten-foot wingspan, apparently shot by a local hunter; from there the tale grew out of proportion until it became some giant reptile with wings.

Sky Predator

There are several other amazing stories of dragon-like demons seen crossing Arizona skies. Calistro, an Opatá Indian born in the shadows of the old Tumacacori Mission ruins south of Tucson, Arizona, once related such a story to Don Manuel Gonzales around 1930.

Over the years, Calistro considered himself guardian of the mission site until it became a National Monument in 1908.

Gonzales, 91 years old in 1956, related the story to us through an interpreter, J. D. Mitchel. It was also said that this elderly gentleman was a descendant of the Spanish Conquistadors. Even at his advanced age, his memory was exceptionally sharp.

Calistro told him that a giant thunderbird, so named by most American Indians, was frequently seen flying among the clouds over the desert mountains west of



Large cave in face of cliff in remote area.

the mission grounds. His description of the creature parallels that of the ancient dragon. This predator of the skies could often be seen sweeping downward and snatching a young deer or javelina, then climbing high to its secret lair among the rugged peaks, only to reappear days later, circling above and searching for its next prey, whether it be man or beast.

During one of its attacks the winged creature broke a claw. It was found at the site of the kill by a Pima Indian. He wore it as a necklace throughout his life. What became of it afterward Calistro didn't know, if in fact the legend is true.

A large cave exists near the summit of

these deadly mountains that could well accommodate a creature of this size. Its entrance measures 17 feet in height by over 26 feet wide. It also extends well back into the cliff face.

My partners and I discovered it during our two-year odyssey exploring southern Arizona (see *FATE*, March 2006). Its gaping mouth can only be seen from one location. Over the centuries it has been visited by others. Various dates and names cover the walls: 1751, 1805, 1912, Tom L., Frank, G. S., et cetera.

No bones, human or animal, or any other foreign material littered the dry, dusty floor of the cavern. Walt, the comedian of

our foursome, jokingly said, "I guess dragons don't foul their own nests."

Searching further we discovered several long, parallel scratches on one wall—made by the talons of a reptile, perhaps?

Not many today know of this hidden cave. Hunters and weekend hikers never climb these perilous cliffs, only adventurous fools like us.

Was Calistro's story true, or did he and others witness a giant condor? Most legends begin with a smattering of truth.

After finding this cave and taking pictures we showed them to Gonzales. He was amazed by its size. Another odd thing: he had never heard of it. I call the cave "The Dragon's Den." Roy calls it "Cave in Rock" after that famous outlaw cave along the Mississippi River.

In Nevada, Too

In the 1880s, residents near Walker Lake, Nevada, had encounters with flying creatures. This menacing demon was often seen near the lake and nearby mountains. One individual was reported to have taken a picture of the thing. This photo and story allegedly appeared in a Reno paper, but there isn't any record of the date.

Descriptions of this beast were similar to those of the reptile supposedly killed near Tombstone years later. Interestingly, fossils of these pterosaurs have been discovered some 100 miles east of Walker Lake.

For a moment, let your imagination soar. Could a colony of these creatures have

survived over the aeons, say in the South American jungles, and over the centuries slowly migrated northward?

Even today tales filter out of Mexico and South America of villagers spotting large flying reptiles crossing their skies, or perched atop high peaks in the Andes.

So here we have several tales of dragon-like creatures seen roaming the skies of the old West. Did these ancient beasts exist near Tombstone and the mission site? Evidence suggests not. Was Calistro's dragon nothing more than a large condor, or did this creature exist along with others?

Most of these stories of flying demons were witnessed during the 1880s and '90s. After that period of time sightings of these animals slowly diminished. Were they freaks of nature that mysteriously returned for only a brief time, then died off?

Arizona has many legends and stories, as we discovered during our stay. We heard dozens from Indians, Mexicans, old-time residents, prospectors, miners, ranchers, and cowboys. What a wealth of stories we heard during those two wonderful years!

Once upon a time in Arizona, long, long ago... *♫*

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Big BIRDS



UFO CREATURES ON THE PROWL

By Gray Barker

The hideous animal-beings now being reported from all over the world may be experimental creatures released by UFO-nauts to test our reaction to alien life forms

I looked across at the driver of the souped up Chevy, Mark Swift, and tried to read his thoughts. The young medical student's face was tense, yet inscrutable. We had just investigated one of the most bizarre cases in all my years of UFO research.

I knew we would have to back the case up with lots of facts if our colleagues in ufology were to accept it.

For it involved a UFO-related creature which had physically attacked a human being and almost wrecked a car.

I knew Mark was pondering the same questions I was mulling over. Although the files of our group, SAUCER (Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society), were crammed with data involving UFO landings and strange occupants who obviously employed an advanced technology including levitating devices, paralyzing rays, and other weapons, it just didn't seem logical that such creatures would employ brute force to carry out their unknown plans on Earth. Yet this was the testimony of Gerald Nestor and Linda Burkhammer of Pontiac, Mich., and I believed they were credible witnesses.

Mark was first to break our mutual silence after we stowed our gear and left the scene of the attack at the end of William's Lake.

"I believe those kids were telling the truth!" he said forcefully and simply.

Gerald, who lived in Detroit, was visiting his parents, and Linda had flown to Pontiac from Winchester, Va., to be with him during the weekend. Both young people were apparently intelligent and trustworthy. They belonged to prominent families and their names have been changed upon request. They were engaged to be married in the summer.

On May 15, 1976, they attended a dance at the end of William's Lake, and during an intermission joined friends outside. Although it may have been unrelated to the terrifying experience which would occur later that evening, one of the group pointed to a strange light in the sky, which alternately hovered motionless and oscillated rapidly. Gerald, who had meteorological training, believed it might be an airport beacon reflecting on cirrus clouds. So the group lost interest and returned to the dance.

Gerald and Linda left early, for they wanted to drive leisurely along the lakefront and discuss plans for their wedding. Arriving at a particularly beautiful spot, they pulled off the road to enjoy the view.

"When you're with the girl you're going to marry you're just not sure of the passage of time," Gerald told us, "but we must have spent half an hour just talking, necking, and recalling good times, when all of a sudden I saw a light out over the lake. I couldn't see what it was coming from, it was just a bright reflection on the water, and I leaned out the window to get a better look. As I did, something grabbed me by the shoulders and I instinctively jerked back inside."

Illustration by Anna Jurinch

"We recently received a written authorization from Mr. Bryant directing the release of this information to you. Therefore, we are enclosing a copy of the requested record with deletions and exemptions, which have been made in accordance with the provisions of Title 5, United States Code, Section 552 (b) (5), (b) (6), and (b) (7) (C) and (D). These exemptions authorize the withholding from public disclosure information concerning agency memorandums which would not be available by law to a party other than an agency in litigation

with an agency; unwarranted invasion of personal privacy; and the identity of and information provided by a confidential source."

Not only does the interview report contain no one's name except my own (even though I'd made a record of Agent Castles' full name), it reveals nothing about the FBI's purpose for conducting and documenting the interview. In fact, the apparent demarcation between the deleted portion and the intact portion of the one page, single-spaced report spans somewhat over a

third of the page from the top edge, with the intact portion merely echoing my own notes on the interview.

Perhaps not directly related to any official UFO research program is the FBI's investigation into the so-called R. E. Straith State Department UFO hoax.

Briefly stated, this hoax was perpetrated in December 1957 on UFO contactee George Adamski. It consisted of a letter to him on letterhead stationery of the U. S. Department of State, purporting to give that department's bless-

In addition to all of the sightings wings. Grimaldo estimated it was as tall as "a good sized man."

Mrs. Grimaldo rushed her husband to an Eagle Pass hospital where Dr. Arturo Barres treated him. Although the physician would not comment on Grimaldo's experience, he did say, "I do know that the wounds were real, and that the patient must have experienced a frightening occurrence."

Dr. Barres treated him for two scratches, one on each shoulder. They

were almost 12 inches long and a half inch deep.

"They were very peculiar wounds. Since the patient is broad shouldered, the space between them is quite wide. They were made vertically, either downward or upward, I don't know which. If these were inflicted by a bird, it certainly was a huge bird to have claws that far apart. Yet any other sort of clawed animal would have left other scratches. They would fit a bird better, one with rooster-like spurs."

reported by dozens of people, strange tracks in a plowed field confounded ornithologists who could not identify them as belonging to any known bird.

I remembered how the so-called "Mothman" sightings in Point Pleasant, W. Va., during the early winter of 1966 were ridiculed by scientists and the media, and how the evidence was substantiated during weeks of careful investigation, both by myself and UFO writer-investigator John Keel (see "Invading West Virginia's Saucer Lairs and

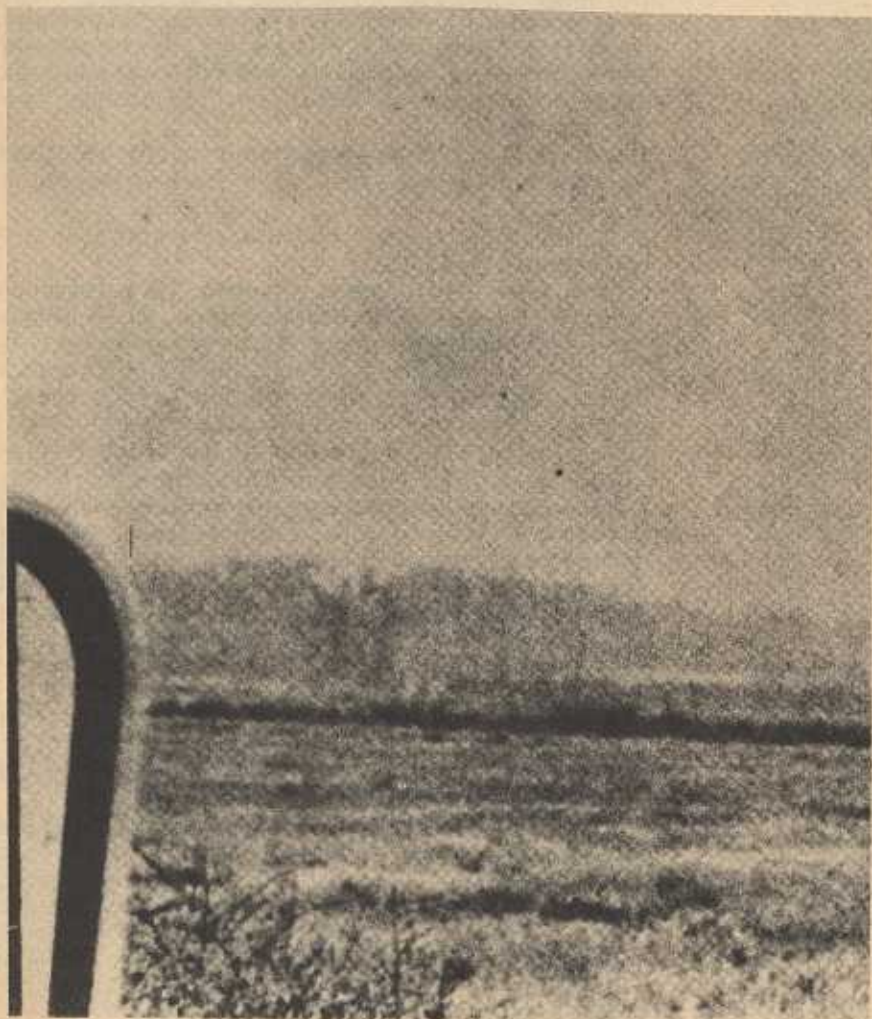
(Continued on page 48)

address—as did I on Jan. 18, 1976—an FIA request to the Bureau for access to its entire investigative file on the hoax. (As of press time, I've yet to have my request fulfilled.)

Lately, in light of the FBI's Watergate-revealed abuses, you might be doubly curious (as I am) about the details of *L'affaire Straith*. Since we know that the FBI's infamous COINTELPRO activities included the issuance of fake political statements and anonymous letters to confuse and/or discredit dissident groups and individuals, how farfetched would it be for us to suspect that such a campaign of disruption has been pursued by the FBI in concert with, or by direction of the UFO policy makers in the Air Force and Central Intelligence Agency?

For that matter, as long as we're indulging in speculation about illicit covert FBI counterintelligence activity, what about the alleged handful of mysterious, uncredentialed "men-in-black" who periodically show up unannounced at a ufologist's home for the express purpose of perusing him to cease operations in the interests of his own safety? Or how about the austere visitors who, during such 1960's events as the Wanaque, N. J., UFO-crisis, would pass themselves off as government officers in order to badger witnesses and to confiscate photographs of UFO's?

(Continued on page 66)



Then Linda screamed. She was looking through the rear window at a huge dark shape leaning over the car. They heard a scratching or grating sound as the car began to rock.

Gerald, almost as terrified as Linda, reached for the ignition, then realized the key was still inserted in the glove compartment lock which Linda had opened to get his cigarettes. He reached for the key over Linda, who was now shrieking hysterically, and in the excitement dropped them. At that moment a dark but glistening arm reached inside the passenger window and grasped Linda around the neck. Another arm, which reminded Gerald of a tentacle, grasped her waist.

Gerald's fear, turned to anger. He grabbed the only available weapon, a soda bottle, and began to beat at the attacker. As he did so he came face to face with a terrifying "thing." A huge frog-like face with a wide slit mouth and bulbous eyes thrust itself partly through the window.

"I struck at its ugly face with the bottle and it pulled its head back immediately—yet it still held its grip on Linda. I was afraid of hurting her by hitting its arms so I crawled over her body and struck at it out the window. I could hear the blows and they sounded and felt as if I were striking wet leather. There just wasn't enough light to see it clearly and it's difficult to describe it. But it was something like a huge lizard."

The "thing" suddenly released Linda, and as it withdrew Gerald noted its appendages ended in flippers, serrated to resemble fingers.

"As I leaned across its arm or tentacle I could tell it was slick or slimy. It had no strong odor, except for a dank or musty smell, like stagnant water."

Mark and I became involved with the case through a fortunate coincidence. A faculty member at the medical school who shared Mark's interest in UFOs told him about another doctor in Birmingham, Mich., who had treated a young woman after she had been attacked by a terrifying creature. Through discreet inquiries Mark obtained the identity of the couple and arranged to interview Gerald. Mark drove to Michigan from northern Ohio and met me at the Detroit Airport. Gerald was against visiting Pontiac, though Linda had returned to Virginia.

When the creature retreated from Gerald's blows with the soda bottle, he did not notice where it went but heard a splash in the lake. Gerald quickly found the lost ignition key and the couple sped home.

Linda did not seem to be seriously injured, though there was a slight bruise on her arm. She was still frightened and crying, and the unpleasant, stagnant odor clung heavily to her clothes. Gerald's mother helped her remove her clothing and prepared a bath.

"We called the family doctor in Birmingham, then rushed her over there. The bruise was superficial and he couldn't find anything else wrong with her except an extreme case of fright. He asked us a lot of questions but I don't know if he believed us. He gave Linda a couple of shots and told us to bring her back the next day if her nervousness persisted. By the next day she was fine."

Neither Gerald nor his parents wanted publicity, so they did not report the incident to the police. The experience continued to haunt him, however, so he went to a library and checked out as many UFO books as he could find in an effort to understand the incident. His mental turmoil and curiosity about UFOs persuaded him to talk with Mark and myself, though he had spoken with no one else about it except his parents and his family doctor.

Gerald returned to the lake the next day alone. He found a broken bush between the road and the water and some track-like depressions of undefinable shape in the soft earth, but when Mark and I investigated the site, the evidence had been washed away by rain.

As Mark took me back to the airport, I told him that although the Pontiac case was highly unusual it did resemble a similar case reported about 100 miles south near Monroe, Mich., adjoining Lake Erie.

At about 10 p.m. in August 1965, Christine van Acker was returning with her mother from late shopping in Monroe when the car engine suddenly stopped and the lights went out. They were stranded in a rural area near their home.

The car coasted to a halt on the shoulder off the road. Without warning a huge black shape appeared at the right side of the car and tried to seize Christine through the open window.

Either the screams of the two women or approaching lights from another car in the distance may have caused the creature to cease its attack and flee into the darkness. Immediately the headlights came back on and the car's engine began running normally again.





As strongly as I believed in the honesty and integrity of the Pontiac witnesses, I returned home with some doubts. Considering the strange light spotted at the dance and then, later, at the lake, I concluded that the attack had been UFO-related. Again I remembered that many UFO occupants had demonstrated advanced weapons technology, including the Travis Walton and Charles Hickson-Calvin Parker abductions. A gleaming ray had struck Walton, knocking him to the ground in view of six witnesses. A levitating ray or device had floated Hickson and Parker from a riverbank to a UFO.

If it came from a UFO, why did the "Slime Creature" need to employ brute force in the attempt to abduct its victim?

Then I remembered another incident, involving a similar creature, also associated with a lake and attacking a driver,

Digging into my back files I found the unpublicized case.

The folder contained my notes from an interview with a terrified Charles Wetzel, of Bloomington, Calif., who narrowly escaped from something horrible and unknown. The specter of a nightmarish creature with a scarecrow head stretches its shadow across the years from 1958 and even now makes one shudder.

On November 5th, Wetzel was driving home in his 1952 Buick along a desolate suburban road near Riverdale, Mich. When he reached a location where North Main Street dips down near the Santa Ana River bed he hit his brakes and came to a stop. Ahead, he saw water running across the road and what he thought was a temporary danger sign. He realized after a moment that it wasn't a sign but apparently a



man standing there. Suddenly the "man" bounded across the road toward him and halted in front of his car. At that moment Wetzel discovered it was not human.

It was about six feet tall, built roughly like a man, but instead of clothing, huge scales covered its body. Although he saw no ears or nose, Wetzel did note large bulbous eyes, and, similar to the creature the Pontiac couple described years later, a protruding frog-like mouth.

As the "thing" approached the car it made a gurgling sound ("like the noise you make when you gargle") mixed with a high pitched scream.

Wetzel, momentarily stunned, wondered what he should do as the creature stood in front of his car, peering at him with its luminous eyes. Then it made a grab for him, its arms

reaching the full length of the automobile hood as if it were not aware of the windshield. Wetzel described the creature's "webbed hands" as—"something like those of a bird."

As the thing reached for him, Wetzel jerked backwards in his seat. At the same time he grabbed a target pistol he had been using earlier that day. He took quick aim but didn't fire. If he missed, the windshield, his only protection, would be shattered. He was afraid to roll down the side window. Then he took the next logical action, put the car into low gear and stomped on the gas pedal. He rammed the creature, knocking it down and under the car. He heard the bottom of the car scrape the body as he ran over it.

"Did it get up after you ran over it?" I asked.

"Buddy, I wasn't interested in whether it got up or not—I was only thinking of getting out of there!" was his reply, carefully quoted in my notes.

Wetzel then drove to the nearest police station and reported the frightening encounter. Although reluctant to revisit the scene he accompanied two officers in a patrol car back to the site. The three inspected the road carefully but could find no signs at the spot where the creature had been run down.

Then one of the officers shined his light at the edge of the highway and made a strange discovery. It was an almost circular depression in the soft earth, about 10 inches in diameter, with the suggestion of four "toes" or appendages around the circumference, giving the distinct image of a webbed foot! Inspecting the river bank the men found three other similar indentations, though they were not as clear. The evidence indicated that whatever the unnamed horror was, it probably had emerged from the river and escaped back into its muddy depths.

Although there were minor differences that could be accounted for by the shock and fright of the witnesses, it was apparent that both Wetzel and the Pontiac couple had seen creatures of almost identical appearance and apparent motive. Both creatures had attacked near bodies of water at night. My notes also indicated UFO sightings made by independent witnesses in and near Riverdale, Mich., both before and after the incident.

And as I read my quotes from the interview, I was intrigued that Wetzel, like myself, had also expressed bewilderment when considering the lack of technology and intelligence displayed by the attacker. Asked if he connected the creature with UFO reports he replied, "If you think this thing may have come from another planet you're all wrong. It just didn't act intelligently. People from other planets would be smarter than this thing!"

I did not have to research older reports for other cases that involved brutal physical attacks by strange creatures. Near San Antonio, Tex., in 1958, a flying creature with a bat-like face and described by other witnesses as similar to a pterodactyl of prehistoric times swooped out of the chilly January sky to physically attack a human being. Dozens of witnesses, including three schoolteachers, reported daylight sightings of the creature. The teachers described it as light gray or off-white in color, with a 20 foot wingspan. Patricia Bryant, David Rendon, and Marsha Dahlberg, all of San Antonio, swore that the thing, which reminded them of pictures of the ancient flying reptile,

"dive-bombed" their car, almost forcing it off the road.

Characteristically there were many conventional UFO reports in the area during the same month, again suggesting a connection between creature sightings and "saucers."

Although the local press and national media referred to the phenomena as "The Big Bird," and treated the reports with tongue in cheek, our investigator, Brad Jeffries, discovered much to be taken seriously in the myriad of eyewitness reports.

For example, on Jan. 3, 1976, San Benito police officers Arturo Padila and Hermana Galavan risked ridicule to report that a huge flying creature had "buzzed" their patrol car. "It must have had an enormous wingspan," Padila reported, "for its shadow covered both lanes of the road. When it made the first pass I thought it was a small plane trying to crash-land on the highway. Then it took off again and circled. We stopped the car and decided it was a bird, although the most enormous bird imaginable!"

Then the creature swooped down again for another pass. Officer Padila, who admitted he didn't get a good look at it because of its speed and his obstructed vision from the police cruiser, believed it had a man-like body, grayish or white in color, like other reports.

And near San Benito banging noises outside his mobile home led to an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation between Alverico Guajardo and the aerial anomaly. Leaving his wife and child inside Guajardo grabbed a knife and walked around to the back of the trailer to investigate.

Standing in the shadows was a terrifying bird-like thing, about four feet tall, with huge folded wings and red glowing eyes that seemed to "pierce through him" as he momentarily froze in fear and stared at its "ugly monkey face." Then, recovering from his shock he ran back inside, locked the door and called the police, who found nothing when they arrived.

Although some scientists tried to explain away "The Big Bird" as a large stork and subtly derided the reports, one eyewitness, 26-year-old Armand Grimaldo, of Raymondville, wasn't laughing. Like the other rare but substantiated reports, he also suffered a physical attack from the bird-creature.

On January 14 about 11 p.m., he returned from helping a neighbor with some home repairs. The porch light was out and he fumbled to locate his key chain. Suddely, with a loud gurgling cry, a towering dark figure rushed at him out of the darkness, knocking him

face down. Grimaldo cried out with pain as sharp claws dug into his back. He managed to get to his feet and turn to face his attacker, while at the same moment he heard his wife scream and come running downstairs. The attacker jumped from the porch and fled. Although he did not know whether it had run or flown away, Grimaldo did get a fleeting look at it in the reflecting light from an upstairs window. Like the description given by Guajardo, it had a "face like a monkey" and ashen-gray



UFO CREATURES

(Continued from page 25)

Monster Hideouts," *UFO Report*, Dec. 1976). The Texas sightings were almost identical to descriptions given by witnesses 10 years ago in West Virginia.

Like the Texas mystery, the "Mothman" sightings were definitely UFO-related. The Point Pleasant creature did not display any technology beyond mystifying instances when it flew at great speeds and at one time when it rose vertically in rapid ascent without any wing movement.

Thinking of other cases of physical attack, I remember Bigfoot, a huge, hairy, ape-like creature with glowing eyes which utters a pitiful, baby-like wailing. The creature has chalked up an impressive list of eyewitness appearances in recent years. These sightings have been documented by veteran

Bigfoot depart from current tradition: The massive awkward thing had tried to abduct not just one human, but two young persons!

It occurred near Marshall in a small agricultural community made up mainly of itinerant workers harvesting cucumbers. It involved three young migrant workers living temporarily in a small shack.

On a Saturday night two brothers, Herman and Philip Williams, 20 and 17 years old respectively, along with Otto Collins, 20, returned from dates in town. Usually the trio liked to sit outside and talk late into the night, but that evening there had been a freak thunderstorm and it was chilly; so they decided to go to bed early.

There was no indoor plumbing in the simple dwelling, and Philip went outside prior to retiring. He was startled to see a huge dark figure lurking in the shadows of a clump of nearby trees. He ran excitedly back into the shack, and while Herman was looking for his shotgun,

the headlights, was a ghastly scene. A huge black hairy thing was carrying the two young men away, one under each arm!

Like the sunlight that causes things under rocks to scurry in circles, the headlamps momentarily confused the huge creature. It veered, and brushed against an outdoor table at the end of the shack. As it touched the table it seemed to lose its balance, dropping Otto to the ground. Suddenly released, Otto's terror turned to anger and concern for rescuing his friend, and he rushed at the black hulk, pushing at it with all his strength. Appearing to be further confused and frustrated, the creature let go of Philip, and "ambled off in a sort of stumbling, sidewise motion" into the blackness of the woods.

Since Philip had momentarily fainted, the other two thought he had been severely injured and were more concerned with his condition than with the escaping attacker.

"We grabbed Philip and lifted him to his feet and he came to. We dragged him inside and propped a bed against the door." Both Otto and Philip retained a "rotten egg" odor from contact with the thing, and although they stripped and bathed and later burned their clothes, the persistent odor clung to their bodies and the surroundings for days.

During the panic of the near-abduction neither the two victims nor the other witness were able to note many details. All agreed the creature seemed to be covered by thick hair, and was probably about eight feet tall. Otto, who did not faint when seized, said it had enormous strength, confirmed by its ability to lift two rather large young men easily with single arms. Dr. Jessup estimated that Otto weighed about 150 pounds, and that Philip weighed at least 180.

Whether self-luminous (as in many Bigfoot cases) or reflecting the car lights, "It had big green eyes," Otto reported, "and they were as big as light bulbs." Then, almost in understatement, he added, "They were enough to scare you to death!"

Unfortunately Dr. Jessup had little time in his busy lecture schedule to gather other possible reports in the area, and none of the scientific UFO groups had a chapter in the area to investigate the incident in depth. However, a search through the files of *The Marshall Evening Chronicle*, which carried a brief news item on the case, reveals what we now know as the usual pattern: Although there was no spectacular UFO "flap," there were three reports of strange lights in the skies two days prior to the incident, and on the

"There in the direct glare of the headlights was a ghastly scene. A huge black hairy thing was carrying two young men away, one under each arm!"

UFO investigators, who have also noted the consistent creature pattern: Bigfoot is definitely UFO-related.

Complementing the horror of its sudden appearance, usually when an unsuspecting housewife peers out a window on a dark night to meet its Peeping-Tom stare, is a sickening odor connected with the mysterious entity—described, almost universally by witnesses, as smelling like rotten eggs, probably "rotten egg gas" (hydrogen sulphide) which in concentration is poisonous and could represent an explanation of the illness of dogs that have gotten too close to the creatures.

Although UFO researchers can list no substantiated reports of physical attacks by Bigfoot on humans, most of them have overlooked a little-known case from May 1956.

I was intrigued by the case. To me it presented credibility for three principal reasons: 1) The victims had no opportunity to read about Bigfoot cases; 2) Their descriptions of the creature, complete with its odor, fitted perfectly with the hundreds of sightings to be reported 20 years later; 3) The late astrophysicist Dr. Morris K. Jessup had the opportunity to interview the witnesses in depth during a Michigan lecture tour and supplied me with his notes.

In only one respect did the Marshall

the other two went outside to investigate.

The sky was still cloudy after the rain and it was very dark. They could barely see the clump of trees from the reflection of the kerosene lamp inside. Then they noted the large stump of a tree broken in a windstorm and decided that was what Philip had seen. Except for a peculiar odor which pervaded the area they detected nothing unusual.

Then, terror struck from the pitch darkness.

"It must have been behind us," Philip reported, "for all of a sudden I felt arms wrapping around me, and I was hoisted off the ground!"

Herman, still inside searching for his shotgun, heard Philip scream and ran outside. He couldn't see what was happening in the darkness, though he heard the loud screams of his brother and friend nearby. "I've never heard anybody scream like that—I thought it must be the devil dragging them down to Hell!"

The plight of his buddies overcoming his own fright, Herman thought of the automobile. Rather than run back inside to get the keys, he stumbled through the darkness to the Ford, yanked at the loose vent window, and reaching inside, turned on the headlights.

There, almost in the direct glare of

distances nor had the necessary surveying equipment. We can only conclude that the maps were copies of charts even more remotely ancient. Once again, does it not seem possible that this is further knowledge which some unknown Greek student had gleaned from the libraries of Alexandria, which were said to contain all the knowledge of the human race from a remote time?

Examination of the maps has shown them to be incredibly accurate. The American cartographer, Arlington H. Mallery, with the cooperation of the U.S. Navy Hydrographic Office, determined that the distances between Europe, Africa, and the Americas on the Piri Reis maps were exact. This despite the fact that until the 18th Century no longitudes had been determined with any accuracy.

The chart of South America shows the rivers Orinoco, Amazon, Parana, Uruguay, and Rio de la Plata with extreme accuracy, and none of the explorers of the southern Atlantic at this time—Vespucci, Magellan, or Columbus—had charted the rivers of South America beyond the coastal deltas. Therefore we can see that the continents of North and South America were mapped with extreme accuracy, not only before the time of the 15th Century explorers, but before the time of Alexander the Great.

It is when we look at the portions dealing with Antarctica that the greatest mysteries lie. Both the Piri Reis maps and that of Orontus Finaeus accurately chart the outline of the continent and show rivers and mountain ranges. For one mystery, the first explorations of Antarctica did not begin until the 19th Century, and no really accurate mapping was completed until the International Geophysical Year 1951. When the survey was completed the old map was compared with the seismic soundings through the ice cover taken in 1951. A discrepancy was discovered that an error had been made—but it was not the ancient Piri Reis map that was wrong. The old map was more accurate than the modern ones.

The other peculiarity about the Antarctic maps is that they show mountain ranges and river courses whose existence was not suspected, and that were not charted until the 1951 I.G.Y. The fact that the ancient maps show the continent that is now hidden by ice leads to the conclusion, unwelcome though it may be to many scientists, that the maps were drawn at a time when there was no ice at the South Pole.

The map of Zeno, showing Greenland,

was likewise checked by the French polar expedition of Paul-Emile Victor in 1947-49. Again, the ancient map was found to be extraordinarily accurate and, like the maps of Antarctica, had been apparently drawn when the North Polar regions were ice-free.

This must surely be a hard pill for the scientists to swallow. No matter which viewpoint is taken, these maps totally contradict all traditional scientific thinking regarding the earth's climatic history. Most scientists have been of the opinion—and, still are—that the two polar regions have been sealed under the ice for many hundreds of thousands of years. Now, on the one hand, they can accept the view that the maps were drawn up hundreds of thousands or even over a million years ago—before the human race appeared on the planet, according to the anthropologists.

On the other hand, if they admit that human beings intelligent enough, and

with a high enough level of civilization to draw up such accurate maps, existed so long ago, then their hypothesis of an Ice Age and the polar ice caps being in existence at this time are false. And how do they explain that cores taken from the sediments of the Ross Sea in Antarctica indicate that vegetation of a subtropical nature was growing at the South Pole some 6,000 years ago, and fossils of orange and magnolia trees in the North Polar regions also indicate a much warmer climate with no glaciation in this area only a few thousand years ago?

These maps alone should cause a revolution in considering the past, and they point to two factors in particular that have never been taken into account by our scientists. One is that our ideas regarding the earth's climate in the past of 6,000 to 12,000 years ago are in error, and that quite possibly the hypothesis of an Ice Age in the past is totally erroneous. (Continued on page 52)

Andre F. Lotard, head of the French Antarctic Expedition, studying a map of the Antarctic Region. Right: Paul-Emile Victor, who is responsible for polar research.



following day a short item briefly noted a mysterious aircraft flying low over a suburban area without sound. Although this is explained as "a prank by boys with kites," it is unfortunate that this explanation, which sounds so traditional from the school of UFO debunkers, was not subjected to skilled investigation.

I knew that even if debunkers discounted all the reports of witnessed creature attacks in the U.S., they would still be stuck with some incredible foreign accounts which, like their domestic counterparts, were impressively documented. South American cases of the early 1950's presented a macabre parade of diminutive hairy dwarfs whose aggressive dispositions matched the fiery Latin tempers of their human adversaries. *In remembering the many recent abduction cases I chuckled as I recalled how Gustavo Gonzales represented the only Earthman to turn the saucerian tables and attempt to abduct a UFO occupant.*

In Caracas, Venezuela, on Nov. 29, 1953, daylight was just breaking in the city as two husky men in their 20's, Gonzales and his partner Jose Ponce, were returning from a suburban warehouse with a panel truck loaded with groceries and produce. They wholesaled the merchandise to small grocers and delivered door-to-door in a well-to-do neighborhood.

Gonzales suddenly braked the panel truck to a screaming halt upon reaching a street leading to a small factory. For there, right in front of them, was a large spherical object, about 10 feet in diameter, and hovering six feet off the ground, blocking their way. The machine was self-luminous and even in the growing daylight appeared quite bright.

The two men leaped from the van to investigate, and were even more startled to discover a brown, four-foot dwarf-like being standing near the sphere. Displaying a derring-do no other UFO witness has ever mustered, Gonzales decided to capture the creature and toss it into the van. He seized the dwarf-like being with a quick grab. It was unusually light, even for its small stature, and its bristling hair felt stiff and sharp.

But he did not reckon with the strength and agility of the creature. It drew back its arm and with one slap to Gonzales' body freed itself and knocked him several feet.

At that moment Ponce was distracted from observing the struggle by the appearance of two other identical creatures that emerged from some bushes carrying handfuls of earth. With this new development and Gonzales' losing battle, Ponce made a hasty retreat to a

nearby traffic inspector's office to get help.

Gonzales had been knocked completely off the street, into some brush which broke his fall. As he staggered to his feet he saw the two other creatures jump into the sphere through an opening in its side. Then, in a unique instance of a ufonaut displaying emotion or anger, the little opponent suddenly leaped six feet into the air and came at him, its small, beady red eyes glowing with apparent hatred. By that time Gonzales had managed to draw a large pocket knife and as the thing approached him with claw-like hands extended, Gonzales lurched forward and stabbed at it with all his might. The blade struck its shoulder but was deflected as if striking metal. The creature grabbed at his midriff, its sharp claws tearing his shirt and slashing his skin.

At that point one of the other creatures emerged from the craft carrying a tube-like contrivance which it pointed at Gonzales and his attacker. As if to

onto the sidewalk, allowing several other honking vehicles to pass. He turned off the ignition and helped Gonzales into the police car.

As the traffic moved by Paz saw one car skid, its rear wheels spinning, and he noted an oily residue on the street. But he was more interested in getting Gonzales, whom he believed to be drunk, back to the station, and did not investigate until later when the residue had disappeared after the sun came up.

At the station Gonzales soon recovered his equilibrium and Ponce became calmer. Although possessing no breath analyzing equipment at the local post, the officers realized they could not smell alcohol on the breaths of the two men, nor did they display symptoms of drug use. Concluding they might need medical attention, they drove the men to a clinic staffed by Dr. Mendez Alamase, Gaspar Escandon, and a nurse, Josephine Perez.

Although Dr. Alamase would not release complete medical records, he did

Putting the car into low gear and flooring the gas pedal, he rammed the creature, knocking it down under the car. He heard the bottom of the car scrape the body as he ran over it.

break up the fracas the weapon emitted a bright beam of light which temporarily paralyzed Gonzales. The creature let go, retreated into the sphere, along with its weapon-bearing comrade. Then the sphere glowed more brightly and shot up into the air with a loud buzzing noise, soon disappearing behind tall buildings.

It is interesting to note that the most bizarre of the attack cases, such as this one, are substantiated by the most documentation.

Here, for example, in addition to witness interviews, my South American associate Jane Thomas (who at that time served at a Venezuelan consulate) conducted careful follow-up inquiries.

The police report noted Ponce's excited entry into the local station begging for help. The officers were skeptical, believing him to be either drunk or demented as he shouted that his partner was "being killed by demons" (*he evidently was not acquainted with UFO reports, or else he would have given it a ufological interpretation*). However, they reluctantly accompanied him to the scene where they spotted Gonzales, staggering and disoriented, trying to open the door of the van. The motor was still running.

One of the officers, Simon Paz, got behind the wheel and moved the van

tell my investigator that the men were not intoxicated, and displayed no medical evidence of having taken alcohol in several hours. Other tests disclosed they had not used drugs. Ponce had probably been badly frightened but had recovered at the time of admittance. Gonzales had superficial scratches on his body and was suffering from mild shock. Dr. Alamase treated both men with tranquilizers and urged them to be admitted as in-patients for observation and further tests.

"After a while Gonzales regained his composure and strength. Both men insisted upon being released, and since my superficial examination revealed no abnormal medical circumstances, I did not object to their signing out. I prescribed mild tranquilizers to be taken for a few days. I believe the men had a very frightening vision of an unusual nature."

Thomas unearthed another corroborating report while canvassing the area. Horatio Barcinas, a local printer, told her he had a strange experience earlier that month, on November 4th. He was in his launch when he saw a luminous sphere hovering off the ground along the shore. He approached the spot, tied up his launch, and while some Indians who were with him fled in terror, he hid behind some bushes and rocks to watch.

He, too, saw three little creatures (similar to the ones described by Gonzales and Ponce) that made repeated trips to the sphere with handfuls of earth before boarding the craft and taking off rapidly, also with a buzzing noise.

Whatever planet or dimension the creatures called home, they were not weekend tourists or casual visitors. For one year later they were still around, when they showed up near the small hamlet of Caroro, Venezuela. As if imitating the aggressive behavior of Gonzales, who tried to seize one of them, this time the four-foot-tall creatures tried to drag a young boy on board their "saucer." According to data supplied by my associate they were identical in appearance to those of the Caracas incident.

On the evening of Dec. 10, 1954, at about five p.m., for it was just getting dark, Lorenzo Flores and Jesus Gomez, 10 and 12, were returning home from rabbit hunting along the Trans-Andean Highway between Chico and Cerro de las Tres Torres. Walking along the highway they spotted a shiny machine sitting about 150 feet away among some bushes and trees. Believing that it was a wrecked automobile that had skidded off the road, they decided to investigate and offer help.

As they approached the machine they immediately noticed it was not an ordinary car. Instead it looked "like two soup bowls put together." They heard a dull thudding noise coming from it and noticed a glow emanating from its underside, suspended about three feet off the ground. While they watched the machine which they said was twice the size of an automobile, they did not see the horror approaching from behind nearby bushes.

Suddenly Gomez screamed and Flores whirled to see four little hairy creatures. Two of them had sized his buddy and were dragging him toward the strange machine.

"I thought of firing the gun," Flores stated, "but it was not loaded. Then I did what I could. I grabbed the gun by the barrel and swung at the strange men with the butt. It was like hitting a rock for the gun bounced right off them. After I struck at them many times the gun broke into two pieces, but they released Jesus and ran into their machine."

The boys fled back to the highway and ran homeward, halting at a highway patrol station where they told their incredible story. Although not believing them, the police noted that Gomez's shirt was almost torn off, revealing scratches. An officer drove them to Flores' home, where the parents, influential politicians, elicited the same story.

Incredulous, like the police, they took the boys to the family doctor who could find nothing wrong beyond some bruises and scratches on Gomez's body and bad cases of fright. Still worried, the parents had them examined by Dr. Gottfried Orendorf, a prominent psychiatrist in Caracas, who assured them the boys were perfectly normal and probably had seen something quite out of the ordinary. He also advised the parents against discouraging the boys from relating their story, although it might be personally embarrassing to them. Such retellings could accomplish an "anti-phobic device which would prevent the experience from becoming traumatic." He praised the boys' bravery in German-accented Spanish, and with much ceremony presented them with a book on big game hunting, much to their delight.

Questioning by my associate, Jane Thomas, revealed that the boys, though avid readers, had not seen any books or reports about UFOs, including the Caracas incident. Though prominent

"Do the lists of missing persons include those living in interplanetary zoos—or on the menu of some intergalactic chef?"

locally, the parents were not considered wealthy, and the shotgun represented a considerable luxury, a prized possession that Flores had meticulously taken care of. He certainly would not have used it as a clubbing weapon except under extraordinary circumstances.

I am indebted to Coral Loreznen of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) for another Venezuelan case of dwarf-like creatures physically seizing a witness, as she reported the episode in Ray Palmer's magazine, *Flying Saucers*.

The incident occurred at about the same time as the Gomez-Flores case, and although it involved a man caught in semi-humorous circumstances, this fact, to me, adds to its naturalness and believability.

Jesus Paz and three friends were walking along a country highway when he experienced "the call of nature" and entered a clump of bushes to relieve himself. As his friends waited they heard him scream, rushed to his aid,

and observed three small hairy beings dragging him toward a lighted object in the woods. At their appearance the abductors released Paz, who fled back to the road with his friends. They were too frightened to look back as they ran toward home but did not believe that they were pursued. Again the creatures had scratched and bruised their victim.

Another completely different type of creature, again not using technology, appeared in Sweden. Near Halsingborg on the Straits of Oresund, which divides Sweden from Denmark, four "impossible" things, described as a cross between bowling pins and spongy cakes, with short, stubby appendages, seemed to employ superior mental powers rather than brute force in their attempted abduction of two men.

At about three a.m. on Dec. 20, 1958, merchant Hans Gustavsson, 25, and student Stig Tydbert, 30, were driving home from a dance when they stopped to observe a bright light in the opening of some nearby pine woods. Their curiosities aroused, they left the car and walked about 100 feet toward the light and then halted in amazement. They were confronted by a brilliantly lighted circular object about 16 feet in diameter, resting on a tripod.

Before they were able to do anything they were attacked by four creatures. Although only four feet tall and with short extremities, the things had excellent grasping ability, and soon were dragging the pair slowly toward the landed UFO.

Although the creatures did not display much strength, it was difficult for the men to defend themselves because they could not get good holds on the almost jelly-like creatures. "My right fist," Stig said, "sank into one of them up to the elbow when I tried to fight myself loose." This pliability was combined with a high intelligence or telepathic ability. "I got the impression," Hans observed, "that the creatures read my thoughts. A second before I tried to get a grip on them they evaded the holds I was planning."

Luckily the struggle swirled past a camping sign and Hans grabbed the pole and held on. This action confounded his two adversaries who apparently did not have the strength to pull him loose. Displaying what may have been a lack of practicality, the other two creatures abandoned Stig and went to the assistance of their persistent fellows in trying to dislodge Hans. Stig ran to the car and jabbed at the horn, hoping to summon help. Meanwhile the abductors had grabbed Hans by the legs and had him spread-eagled in the air as he valiantly held onto the pole. But at the sound of the horn they released Hans. Stig, sensing a lucky turn in the strug-

gle, ran back to Hans' rescue, but as he neared him the machine rose into the sky with a shrill, high pitched whine almost on an inaudible level.

Local newspapers ridiculed their story, especially Hans' reference to the creatures as reminding him of "scones or skittles" (ninepins or a kind of tea cake), and referred to the incident as "an attack by the Cake men."

However, the men agreed to psychiatric examinations by Drs. Lars Eric Essen and Killhelm Hellsten who concluded that the men's experience had been real (under hypnotic regression they recalled nothing significant to add to their conscious memories).

This final case raises the same old question, plus a new one: The almost formless, jelly-like attackers evidently arrived and departed in a UFO, though of unknown origin and purpose—a machine of some kind which displayed a high order of technology. Certainly beings capable of designing such a machine should also possess weapons or devices for paralyzing, tranquilizing or otherwise capturing their intended "specimens." If so, why the necessity to employ brute strength, or, in the case of the "cake men," superior agility and mental prowess?

The other question involves the diversity of the types of creatures involved. In this survey we have noted victims attacked by reptile-like slime creatures, Bigfoot, flying "Mothmen," and violent hairy dwarfs.

If interplanetary, are the creatures coming from a number of different worlds? Do their physical structures adhere to a logical model which would indicate the most likely type to evolve successfully into machine-using civilizations?

Is there some cosmic law against using a technology to attack or abduct human beings? Evidently not: We again refer to the Walton and Hickson-Parker cases. Indeed, use of such rays or devices are common in many of the UFO landing incidents and most abductions. In the Caracas attack the hairy dwarf used a paralyzing ray, though perhaps as a last resort to escape from a situation that they had lost control of.

John Keel has theorized that the ufonauts may release experimental animals for close contact with humans, for environmental testing, to disguise the real physical nature of the occupants, or for other unknown reasons. If Keel is correct, such lower life forms would unlikely be armed.

The seemingly illogical actions of UFO "monsters" could represent, still borrowing from Keel's many creative ideas, clever ploys to confuse us as to their purposes as well as physical appearances.

Or could some of the Ufonauts represent a group of retarded escapees from some interplanetary institution, who have somehow seized complex technological devices they do not know how to use properly? Are we being visited by dangerous ignoramuses? Or, like the late Richard Shaver's "dero," could the visitors represent a degenerate race which has discovered the ancient "mech" of a long-vanished technological society, begun pushing buttons and learned some limited mastery of the devices—in Shaver's theory, deep within the bowels of the Earth?

Instead of incredible theories, I would prefer to give you answers—if I had them. I am not trying to explain the UFO mystery—no researcher, including myself, has been able to do that after almost 30 years of study.

Dr. Donald Menzel, Harvard astrophysicist, can explain away some UFOs as natural phenomena. Avant-garde thinkers such as Dr. Jacques Vallee can give us sociological and mythological data. Spiritualists can "contact" them and convince some of us the UFOs are designed by some kind of genius in the "spirit world"! John Keel can fit them into a sub- or supra-physical spectrum of mysterious radiations. And none of these theories should be dismissed without consideration. After all, many capable and renowned scientists have attacked the problem and failed to solve it.

With these cases involving physical attacks by non-human creatures I hope that I have conveyed that there is no simplistic solution to the UFO mystery,

and that it represents a vast, complex problem.

And if I occasionally treat this subject in a light vein it is with psychological soundness. Like the Venezuelan children telling about their nightmarish experience I am being *anti-phobic*, an attitude akin to whistling in a graveyard! Some levity may help us deal with a potentially devastating situation while preserving our sanity.

If I have angered or assaulted anyone's credibility, I have succeeded! The enormity of the "flying saucer" mystery demands the attention, the thought, and the sensitivity of all persons on Earth—from fifth graders to senior citizens.

Aside from potential physical threats from some unknown source, the world sits on a psychological powder keg. Should the UFO phenomena suddenly escalate sharply, even slightly beyond the tolerance we have adjusted to, there could be widespread panic.

Finally I urge you to view the mystery from a more personal level. I have dealt here with *unsuccessful* or *thwarted* attacks or attempted abductions by non-human creatures.

Hans Gustavsson and Stig Tydbergt may have been, in saucerian parlance, "the big ones that got away." Every year thousands of people disappear in the U.S. alone and are never seen again. True, many of them turn up eventually; a majority are runaway kids, and some are fleeing nagging wives, brutal husbands, and interfering mothers-in-law. But what if Hans Gustavsson had not grabbed the sign pole or his friend had not blown the auto horn? What if Jesus Gomez had not struck the hairy dwarf with his gun butt? What if Gerald Nestor had not found a convenient soda bottle? What if Herman Williams had not been alert enough to turn on the auto lights? What if Charles Wetzel had not flattened the horror with his car?

Do the lists of missing persons include those living in interplanetary zoos?

The next victim could be YOU—with no fortunate circumstance to ward off the horror!

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