

ON THE ROAD FROM SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE

by Joanna Hugill

Mrs. Hugill prepared her article from the transcript of a taped interview with the witness—a very thorough cross-examination—by Peter Norris, LL.B., and N. Thornhill, both of Melbourne. Mr. Norris is chairman of the Victorian Flying Saucer Research Society of P.O. Box 43, Moorabbin 3189, Victoria, Australia, and we are greatly indebted to him for his cooperation. *Flying Saucer Review* has complied with the request to withhold the name and address of the witness, a nicety which, it seems, has not been observed elsewhere.

THE story of the refusal by an Australian motor-cyclist to respond to the invitation of two silver-clad figures standing beside a saucer-shaped craft has been sent to us by the Victorian Flying Saucer Research Society, whose investigators, P. Norris and N. Thornhill, closely questioned the witness.

The motor-cyclist, whom we shall call Mr. Hunter, has asked us not to reveal his name because the reaction of friends to whom he described his strange experience was derisive comments and laughter. The two investigators of the V.F.S.R.S. are convinced that his story is true.

About 5 p.m. on August 24, Mr. Hunter was riding his motor-bicycle at 70 m.p.h. on the highway from Sydney to Melbourne. The sun was low on the horizon, the sky above him clear, with some cloud in the distance. Suddenly he was engulfed in a bluish-white light, so brilliant that it almost blinded him, and was forced to stop. The source of the light seemed to be directly above him; its brilliance, like that from a welding torch, blotted out the surrounding countryside. All he could see for a few moments was a short section of the road ahead.

Taking off his tinted driving goggles, Mr. Hunter wiped his watering eyes. When his sight began to clear he saw, about 100ft. away in a wide grass clearing sloping gently down from the road, a metallic object hovering 3 to 4ft. off the ground, with no visible means of support. It resembled two saucers, one inverted over the other, separated by a band of metal 9 to 12in. deep. On top of the object was a small dome, some 5ft. high, surmounted by what the witness described as a small flat-topped bell about 12in. deep. The lower half of the object had a protrusion about a foot deep and a third of the overall width, which Mr. Hunter compared with the lip on the bottom of an ordinary saucer. The protrusion was black, and the lower half of the craft appeared a dark grey. The upper half was made of metal resembling highly polished chrome, while the dome, crowned with its flat-topped "bell", was also made of a silvery metal, but was unpolished, with no reflecting surface. Mr. Hunter estimated the width of the object as 25 to 30ft., and the depth, from the base of the protrusion to the top of the bell, to be about 15ft.

On the dome, and almost out of Mr. Hunter's sight, was a black, crescent-shaped mark about a foot high and 2in. wide. He felt that it could have been part of a larger insignia out of range of his vision. He stood

looking at the UFO in amazement until his eyesight returned to normal, when his attention was caught by what he thought to be a passing car.

He looked away for a few seconds but saw no car; when he turned back towards the machine, he was startled to see two silver-clad figures standing beside it. From a distance of 100ft. they looked about 5ft. tall, and wore silvery overalls which covered both hands and feet. Mr. Hunter could see no sign of pockets, seams or fastenings, and he described the "overalls" as being so close-fitting that they looked like silver skin. On their heads the humanoids wore helmets that resembled opaque fishbowls, through which he was unable to distinguish any features. There was no visible opening in the side of the craft facing the road, to show where they had emerged.

From the direction in which their bodies were turned, Mr. Hunter presumed they were studying him. Curious and a little frightened, he stared for a few moments, then took a cautious step in their direction. The two figures did likewise, their movements similar to those of a human being. Scared, Mr. Hunter stood his ground. For a few moments man and humanoids stood still, looking at each other, until the figure on the left took two steps forward, raised his arm and beckoned.

The motor-cyclist wasted no more time in investigation. Badly frightened now, he jumped on to his machine and set off as fast as he could. Flat out along the road and slowing for corners as little as possible, he estimated that he was doing 100 to 120 m.p.h., determined only to put as much distance as possible between himself, the strange craft and its occupants. But above the noise of his engine, he heard a deep, steady hum, and looking up he saw the craft, now surrounded by a pink glow, following him at an estimated height of 100 to 200ft., and about the same distance from the road. Mr. Hunter slowed down and tried to flag a couple of passing cars and to draw their attention to the object, but the drivers neither stopped nor appeared to see the craft. As he sped along, he looked for a house or farm where he might find witnesses to the unusual sighting, but there was none to be seen. Feeling there was no escape, Mr. Hunter once again drew into the side of the road and stopped his engine, intending to take another, closer look.

As he came to a halt, the craft stopped as well, but this time it tilted its base about 45°. The pink glow

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