

it. They can be dangerous and attack men."

"What is this thing?" asked N.N., and he touched the streak of light with his hand, although he did not feel anything. There was no reply. "O.K., let it be whatever you like. Perhaps it is a massaging apparatus. Could you massage my back with it? My back has been ailing of late."

The streak of light began to squeeze. It loosened its grip, moved and squeezed again, and continued this way over the whole back.

"We will keep your back in good condition."

N.N. states that at the conclusion of the massage the light got brighter.

"Can't you reduce that light of yours? It hurts my eyes," he grumbled.

"Does this suit you?"—whereupon the streak of light began to squeeze hard.

"Do not squeeze so hard, I'm suffocating." The grip returned as it had been.

"How can we arrange that meeting?"

"We haven't time on this trip," said the voice. "We have to leave soon, as we have to stick to the timetable. We will come back after two years."

"Why not until then? Why not sooner?"

"The solar system from which we come, and this one of yours, will be in the most favourable reciprocal position. Go then to a desert, to the kind of place where there are no people, and no domestic animals near you. We will join you there."

"How would you like it if I were to smell of liquor, or tobacco?"

"It would not disturb us. It is no concern of ours, because it is a matter for you yourself."

"Now tell us something . . ." There followed a short pause, then: "We have to leave now, as we have agreed on a meeting in another place. Farewell."

Suddenly, says N.N., the streak of light was no longer present and the bright colourless light went out as suddenly. All that was left was a slight smell of disinfectant at the spot near where it had been.

Ocean Oddity

OUR thanks are extended to reader David Weidl of Hopewell, New Jersey, U.S.A., for drawing our attention to the following item which appeared in the locally-circulated *Evening Times* (issue of August 23, 1971):

"MANASQUAN — A fishing trawler working off the coast near here has dredged up a mystery of the sea, a U.S. Navy spokesman said today.

"The fishing boat, the Zerda out of Gloucester, Mass., late yesterday netted a three-foot-diameter metal sphere weighing about 1,500 pounds

which the Navy has been unable to identify.

"According to Martin Monahan, information officer at the Earle Naval Ammunition Depot, the object was first thought to be a bomb or mine.

"But, Monahan said, a Naval explosive demolition team, flown out to the trawler last night by the U.S. Coast Guard, couldn't identify it.

"Right now, we're not sure what it is," he said. "The team went through our ordnance records to see what it might be but it doesn't look like anything we've heard of. The only thing we're sure of is that it's old."

"The 92-foot-long, 159-ton trawler radioed the Coast Guard that she found the device about 5 p.m. yesterday, 33 miles southeast of Manasquan."

In his covering letter Mr. Weidl writes that John A. Keel's article on "Mystery Aeroplanes of the 1930s" [in four parts in FSR] reminds him of a foo-fighter account of two pilots who, on the night of December 24, 1944, sighted a glowing red ball, which changed into an aeroplane shape, did a "wing over, dived and disappeared." [Any further information on this?—EDITOR.]

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