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PADRICK CONTACT CLAIM

On January 30, 1965, just before 2 A.M., a 45-year-old television repairman named Sid Padrick was taking refuge from insomnia by walking along Manresa Beach near Watsonville, California, approximately 1500 feet from the house in which his wife and three sons lay sleeping. Hearing what sounded like a jet at low altitude, he looked up to see a shadowy outline of a huge craft, some 50 feet in diameter and 30 feet high. It looked, he would recall, "like two real thick saucers inverted." The object was moving slowly in his direction until it reached the beach and descended to within a foot or two of the sand. A bright but silent flash emanated from it.

Panicked, Padrick started to run in the direction of his house. A voice spoke from the object: "Do not be frightened. We are not hostile." But these reassuring words did not slow his flight. The voice said again, "We are not hostile," and invited him aboard. By now Padrick's curiosity had begun to overcome his fear, though the latter never entirely abated at any point during the encounter. He ceased his flight and started to walk cautiously in the direction of the UFO.

A door on the craft opened, and he walked through it into a small room. Beyond it another door slid open, and he passed through that one as well. This time he met a human-looking male in a flying suit. The being spoke perfect American English. From his manner Padrick thought he seemed as curious about Padrick as Padrick was about him.

The stranger introduced himself by saying, "You may call me Xeno." He said Padrick could ask any question he wished. ("It took 15 minutes for me to ask the first question," Padrick recalled. "I was so darned scared.") Xeno proceeded to take his guest on a tour. Padrick soon learned that the ship had a crew of nine.

One member was a woman. Only Xeno spoke English, and thus all communication was between him and Padrick. The other crew members paid little attention to him as they labored at their stations in front of complicated instrument panels. In an interview given to the contactee newsletter *Little Listening Post* a few months later, Padrick had this to say about the space people he observed:

These people were all about 5'9" to 5'10" tall, about 150 to 155 lbs. They all had the same short hair-do, all except the woman. She had long hair, pushed right down the back, under her clothing. We didn't go into the room she was in—we just passed by the door—so I didn't get a close look at her; but I did see that she was very pretty. By our standards, I could say they all looked between 20 and 25 years old—very young, pert, energetic and intelligent-looking. The men's hair was short and wavy; all had dark auburn-color hair. They had light skin—very light. Their features were similar to ours; there was only one feature I noticed that would differ from us greatly, and that was that their face came to a point, much more than ours—they had sharp chins and noses. As for the eyes, there was nothing unusual about them—their brightness, depth or luminescence. I would say their fingers were a little longer than mine. The hands were very clean. The fingernails looked as if somebody had just given them a manicure.

All of them were wearing two-piece suits—slip-on type suits, light bluish-white in color, the same color as the walls. They had no buttons or zippers on them that I could see. The bottom section actually included the shoes and heels, similar to ours. I could hear them walking with a

thump-thump sound on the rubbery-like floor. The collar had a very pretty design on it. It came down into a V on the front. Very pretty. It had colors, but I can't tell you what they were, because they weren't colors that I had ever seen before. Much more beautiful than ours ["The Padrick 'Space Contact'," 1965].

Xeno took Padrick on a tour of the ship, which had 14 rooms on two levels connected by an elevator. Each room was illuminated by blue-white light of no discernible source. "The light seemed to come through the walls," according to Padrick. There were no square corners. Everything, from corners to doors to seats, was rounded. At one point Padrick looked through an oblong lens. Through it he saw a cigar-shaped object which his companion called the "navigation craft." Curiously, though it was the middle of the night, the structure was in sunlight. Padrick said that Xeno "told me that the power source was transferred to them from the other craft and it did all the navigating and all the manipulating through space" [*ibid.*].

Padrick suspected that Xeno was getting telepathic instructions from someone; either that, or he was trying to think of some way to phrase the answer in a way that Padrick would understand it. Every time Padrick asked a question, however minor, Xeno would hesitate for about 30 seconds before answering. Because he never heard any other crew members speaking, Padrick believed they communicated with each other via telepathy.

According to Xeno, the ship came from a planet in back of a planet observable from earth. He showed Padrick a photograph of a city and said, "This is where we live." Padrick recalled:

It showed buildings from 1/10th of a mile to 1/2 mile in the background. Every building in that picture was rounded off, half-moon shaped. I saw windows in the buildings. I cannot say the picture looked like anything I had ever seen before, because the buildings were spaced differently. . . . It looked like they put one about 50 feet from another, and the next one 150 feet. There appeared to be roads in the distance, and there was foliage in the background—trees and brush, too. The photo was a shade of gray, very

sharp in detail. You could see every little feature in it [*ibid.*].

The planet was free of sickness and crime—at least, Xeno said, "as you know it." It had neither police nor schools, and each child was prepared for a single task he or she would do in later life. The people lived long lives and therefore practiced strict birth control. "We live as one," Xeno said. Once during the excursion Xeno led Padrick into what he called the "consultation room." Padrick thought of it as a chapel. The colors inside were beautiful beyond description.

There were eight chairs, a stool, and what appeared to be an altar. [Xeno] said, "Would you like to pay your respects to the Supreme Deity?" When he said that, I almost fainted. I didn't even know how to accept it. I said to him, "We have one, but we call it God. Are we talking about the same thing?" He replied, "There is only one." So I knelt on the little stool and did my usual prayer. I'm 45 years old, and until that night I had never felt the presence of the Supreme Being—but I did feel Him that night. . . .

I wouldn't even classify [Xeno] as a scientific person. It's obvious that they *are* on a very high scientific level, but their relationship with the Supreme Being means a lot more to them than their technical and scientific ability and knowledge. I would say that their religion and their science are all in one [*ibid.*].

The space people were here for exploratory purposes only, or so Xeno claimed. Padrick suspected there was also a "religious facet which I was unable to decipher." They had no desire to contact government or military officials. On one occasion the navigation craft had been fired on. Xeno complained, "Your nation and all nations will attack an unknown object for purposes of destruction, without cause." Not, he implied, that the space people feared earthly weapons technology, which was too primitive to do any harm, but they did not appreciate the unfriendliness.

Padrick learned that the ship had flown elsewhere as they were speaking. It was now parked on a hillside which during the summer months harbored house trailers. Padrick left the ship for three minutes, appar-

ently to relieve himself. He later decided that it was a place some 175 to 200 miles northwest of Watsonville.

He was returned around 4:05 A.M. with the promise that he would meet the space people again. This time he would be able to initiate the contact. Xeno gave him instructions on what to do to attract their attention, and they would come see him.

The aftermath. On February 4 Padrick called Hamilton Air Force Base and reported that he had witnessed the landing of a spacecraft. He would say no more over the phone but would be willing to discuss further details in person. Four days later the base's operations officer, Maj. Damon B. Reeder, flew up to Watsonville to interview Padrick. Padrick drove him to the encounter site and told him about his meeting with Xeno.

Maj. Reeder learned that Padrick, the owner of a TV-radio repair business and a private pilot, had a high school education and served in the Air Force Reserve. "He appears to be of above average intelligence with an excellent vocabulary and command of the English language," Reeder noted in his official report, sent to **Project Blue Book** at Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio. "He is a glib talker."

Padrick mentioned that he planned to write a book or article about the incident. Reeder considered this suspicious. He was certain that Padrick was lying and that he had attempted to "get the Air Force involved in order to lend his story some authenticity and credibility." He urged that the Air Force take no further action, and there is no independent evidence that it did so.

For his part Padrick would claim to have spoken with more than one Air Force officer. This is his version:

There were certain details which they asked me not to talk about publicly. . . . They didn't want me to say that the space people had no money. They did not want me to disclose the type and shape of the craft, because that would indicate the Air Force is not doing its duty. . . . They didn't want me to divulge [the space people's] means of communication and where they get their power from. Also, the man's name—they told me I should never repeat that, because it didn't mean anything. The spaceman had said,

"You may call me Xeno." He didn't say it was his name. I had spelled it "Zeno" or "Zeeno." I got notice through the mail some time later that the correct spelling is "Xeno." That's in the dictionary [*ibid.*].

Padrick said that Air Force personnel had spent "quite some time" investigating his encounter and they proved "beyond the shadow of a doubt" that Xeno's UFO had been in the area both before and after the meeting on the beach. A newspaper reported that the mayor of Monterey, less than 30 miles down the beach from Watsonville, had observed a "bright object" over Monterey Bay on the evening of January 29 ("Watsonville's Weird Story," 1965). Whatever this "bright object" may or may not have been, it could not have been Xeno's spacecraft; Padrick insisted that the ship's exterior was not illuminated.

Over the next few years Padrick gave some lectures and appeared at a few contactee conferences but otherwise stayed out of the public eye. He stuck to his basic story, which he repeated without elaboration. Speaking to a contactee gathering in Reno, Nevada, in 1966, he said of the experience's aftermath, "My understanding has grown to such a great degree that I'm even frightened by it. Every day new things come to me that I could not have conceived of otherwise. I have not had a day of sickness since then. I feel absolutely good every day."

In 1970 a friend who five years earlier had loaned him \$1000 to publish a book about his experiences brought suit when the volume failed to materialize. The friend, who had hoped to receive a share of the profits, charged that Padrick had never responded to repeated challenges to prove that he was in fact writing a book. Padrick told a San Jose Municipal Court judge that the manuscript did exist but had been lost when an associate loaned it to a third person, who never returned it. The court ruled that Padrick had to repay the loan ("Contactee Loses," 1971).

Padrick was still alive in 1995. According to some reports, his contacts with space people continued past 1965, but he has refused comment on UFO matters for many years (Farish, 1994).

The story has received relatively little attention in the UFO literature. Ufologists Jim and Coral Lorenzen