

THE UFONAUT'S PLEA FOR WATER

REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER ALLEGED TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1951

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Translation from the Spanish by Gordon Creighton

THE case which I give below is about an engineer who was approached by a mysterious being asking for water. It is one of the most spectacular of the cases that I have investigated in recent months. It forms part of my series which I have entitled *On the Track of the UFOs*, and I am offering it exclusively to FSR. The story is one that it would indeed be difficult to believe were it not for one very simple but overriding fact: namely the professional and cultural standing of the witness and protagonist.

In the course of continual journeyings on the track of the UFOs I met a man in May 1977 with an incredible story. But it was only after a very great deal of effort on my part that I was able to persuade him to tell me about the experience he had had some years ago in South Africa.

In the presence of other witnesses, who were present with us throughout the whole time while I was making a tape recording of the interview, I had to give my word of honour to the engineer that I would not reveal his identity.

I shall call him "H.M." in this report. He is, as I have said above, an engineer, and he is British, and at the present date he is engaged on an important technological enterprise in one of the provincial capital cities of our part of Spain.

"H.M." has been working for the past twenty years as an engineer specializing in instrumentation. One of his specialities, for example, has been the development and construction of automatic pilots for aircraft. And, as I have said, he is at present working for one of the leading firms in advanced Spanish technology.

And now I will let Mr. "H.M.", the British engineer himself, tell us in his own words about what befell him that unforgettable night at a spot not far from Cape Town.

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"I was working then for *Contacto*, a subsidiary of the British Rheostatic Company, and my wife and I were living in a small town named Paarl, near Cape Town. It is in fact some twenty miles outside of Cape Town.

"So far as I can recall, it was the spring of 1951. My wife had a little second-hand French car, very handy for getting into Cape Town.

"Well, to be brief, one day, after the car had been out of use for some weeks, we found that the battery was down. So, that evening, approximately from 7 o'clock to 11 o'clock, I spent my time giving the car an overhaul. I had got it all into good order, by which time it was of course already dark. So I packed

up and went in to wash my hands, thinking to myself that I would leave for another time the question of re-charging the battery.

"But then I changed my mind. Just near our house there was a quite steep slope. So I decided to 'bump start' the car down the slope and charge the battery by taking a run around the neighbourhood. Which is what I proceeded to do.

"I got into the little car and set off in the direction of a mountain called the *Draakensteen*, lying some ten or twelve kilometres distant. My idea was a simple one. It was just to go as far as a level area up near the top of this mountain and then come back. The run would be more than enough to top up the battery.

"And so, in fact, at about 11.15 p.m. I arrived up on this mountain. The traffic along the road at that time of the night was virtually nil.

"The area where I now was lay at an altitude of about 900 ft. above sea-level, and forms a sort of small table-land running right up to the foot of one of the great cliff-faces of the mountain."

"There was a moon that night, and I remember how the vast shadow of the mountain fell across a large part of the table-land, so that this area was plunged into what, by contrast, seemed to be an accentuated darkness.

"I was just about to start back for home when I saw a man waving his arm to me. He indicated that I should pull up, which I did. . .

Q (Benitez): "Where did the man come from?"

A ("H.M."): "From the area of table-land that lay in shadow. From the area, to be precise, at the foot of the cliff face of the mountain. I pulled up and asked him what was the matter. He came up to my window and said: 'Have you any water?' I replied that I hadn't, except for what was in the radiator. The man looked upset when I said this, and went on: *You see, we need water!*' I could see how keen he was to get this water, so I suggested that I take him to a stream that crosses beneath the road a little further down the hill. Then the man asked: 'Is it far to this stream?' I replied that it wasn't, that it was, maybe, half a kilometre or so, and that was a mountain stream. I told him that it was very good water too, because it came straight from the mountain above us. At that the man seemed to be satisfied."

Q: "In what language did the man speak to you?"

A: "In English. But he had a rather strange accent. . ."

Q: "What sort of accent?"

A: "I can't say exactly. In South Africa, as you know, there all sorts of people apart from the English and Afrikaans-speaking folk, there are Americans, Germans, Dutch, Indians, French, Malays, Chinese,

and so on. And pretty well everybody speaks English, each of them with a different sort of accent according to his nationality. But this man's accent was strange. . . Any way, I invited him to get into the car. Which he did. And we set off for the stream."

Q: "and what did you talk about?"

A: "Practically nothing. I asked him if he had any sort of receptacle to hold the water. And he said he had not. . . 'All right,' I said. 'I've got an oil-can with me which maybe will do.' My companions' manner was brief. 'That will be all right' he said.

"So we arrived at the stream, and the two of us set about washing out the can and filling it with water. When the operation was completed, we returned to the car and set off back to the place where I had met him.

The UFO

"I pulled up at a certain distance from the foot of the mountain, and the man pointed into the dark area formed by its shadow. 'There, please, there!' he said, meaning that I should drive nearer to the rock face. And, as we moved into the shadow and my eyes got used to the darkness, I perceived that there was a strange object there. . ."

Q: "Was it off the road?"

A: "Yes it was about a hundred metres or so from the road, and in the zone of shadow cast by the mountain."

Q: "What was the object like, and what was its diameter?"

A: "Well, it was quite big. Its diameter may have been between ten and fifteen metres or so. It wasn't very high. Maybe, from the feet up to the top it could have measured say four metres or so. In the under part I could see an opening which was lit up and some steps which, as I was able to ascertain shortly afterwards, led to the interior of the machine. I stood there dumbfounded (see figures 1 and 2).

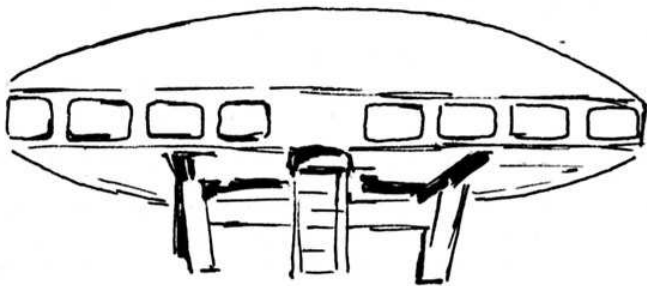


Figure 1: Sketch by the British engineer of his view of the craft

VIEW OF
UNDERSIDE
OF CRAFT



Figure 2

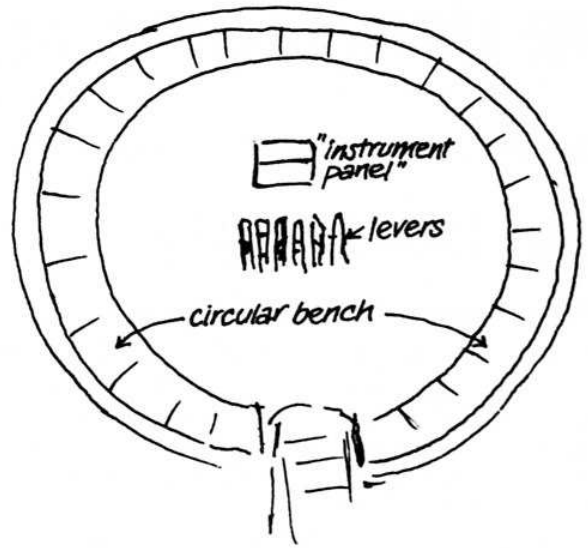


Figure 3: Engineer's sketch of interior of craft

Q: "Did you go into the craft?"

A: "Yes. The man invited me enter."

Q: "And what was your reaction to that?"

A: "Well, I won't deny that I felt afraid. So I just said nothing. Like someone who feels distrust. But the man insisted, and with a friendly gesture invited me to go with him into the machine. And I stepped inside ahead of him."

Q: "And what did you see?"

A: "Inside the object, which was completely circular, there were other men. A total of four more in fact. One of them was lying stretched out. Apparently, so my companion explained to me, they had had a slight accident, and the recumbent man had got burnt. Then I replied that I would like to get a bit closer so as to be able to see the wounded man. But my companion said no, that I must not move from the spot where I was. So there I stayed, just by the entrance."

Q: "What was the inside of the craft like?"

A: "It was a circular room. There were square windows all around it, and under these windows a sort of circular couch going all the way round."

Q: "How high was the room?"

A: "High enough for one to be able to walk about in it. The men were all shorter than I am. They were maybe 1.50 metres or 1.60 metres (about 4ft 11ins to 5ft 3ins). In the area where the windows were, the ceiling was somewhat curved. In the centre of the room there were some levers, like the ones used in railway signalling boxes. These levers were set in a small rectangular area and were about one metre in height. The top of each of these levers ended in a sort of 'fork,' like those on the hand-brakes in the older types of cars" (see figure 3).

Q: "How many of these levers were there?"

A: "I can't say for sure. Maybe there were eight, set in two rows. What I can say is that each lever emerged from the inside of the machine. I could see the rectangular slot quite clearly. And over on the other side of the room I saw a sort of table (see figure 4). But it wasn't a table...I thought it might possibly be an instrument-panel of some sort, but I could see no in-

struments on it. This is my own line of work, so I can assure you that I took a good look at it.

“Another detail that surprised me greatly was the lighting. . .”

Q: “Why?”

A: “Because I couldn’t see any lights anywhere. It was just as though the light was coming from the walls or the ceiling or from everywhere, all at once.”

Q: “What was the colour of the light?”

A: “Very white.”

Q: “And what were the crew doing?”

A: “Well, the man who had accompanied me set down the can of water near where the other four were, and then came back to where I was standing.”

Q: “Were they talking to each other?”

A: “I don’t think so. One thing is certain, and that is that those other four did not even turn to look at me when I entered the craft. They seemed to be engaged in attending to the injured man who, as I have said, was stretched out on the circular couch running round the whole interior of the machine.

“When my companion returned to where I was, I asked him if they needed a doctor. But he said they did not. It was he who then asked me whether there were any matters on which I would like to ask questions and be given information. And I said: ‘Yes, naturally.’”

Q: “And what were your questions?”

A: “I said that, being an instrumentation engineer I was puzzled to see no panels or navigation instruments. I also asked him how the machine worked. I asked: ‘Where are the engines?’ To which he replied: ‘We don’t have any engines.’ So I asked: ‘Then, how do you navigate?’, and at this he pointed to the levers and said: ‘We have a different system. We nullify gravity. That is how we rise.’”

Q: “But, did you go into the details of it?”

A: “Yes. I asked him how they overcame gravity, and he replied that they used a very heavy fluid, which circulated in a tube. And with this system they created a magnet. . . . That is to say, somewhat as we do with electromagnets, except that they, instead of using electricity, were using this fluid.”

A: “I asked him about that too and his answer was: ‘It is a very heavy fluid.’ So then I thought of mercury. . . . Meanwhile, the man continued his explanation to me. Apparently this fluid was subjected to a velocity similar to the velocity of light. That is to say, the velocity of electricity. But, I answered: ‘That is impossible inside a tube. . . .’”

“No”, he replied. ‘It is simple. When the fluid is leaving the tube, it is already entering at the other end. Thus, its relative speed is infinite. . . .’

“So it seems that, on the basis of this system plus a few ‘magnets’ of a kind which clearly do not exist on our planet, these beings had achieved enormous velocities and were able to conquer gravity.”

Q: “Did you ask any further questions?”

A: “Yes, I asked where they came from. . . .”

Q: “And what was his answer?”

A: “He pointed towards the stars and said: ‘From there.’ I even insisted on wanting to know from which cardinal point in the sky they came, but he simply kept repeating: ‘From there.’ And then he rapidly changed the subject. It was obvious that he

did not want to say any more about that. So, after we had chatted about fifteen or twenty minutes, he pointed in a friendly but firm manner towards the door and invited me to leave. And I did. I went down out of the machine and departed.”

Q: “How long do you estimate had elapsed since you first met the man?”

A: “About 45 minutes, more or less. And I can assure you that they were the strangest minutes of my whole life.”

Q: “And did the machine remain there?”

A: “Yes. Next day, thinking it had all been a strange dream, I went back to the spot. And there were some very strange marks there. And, on top of that, there was the matter of my can, which we had to carry the water in, and which now was missing. . . .”

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For “H.M.” this experience (resembling as it does many others that have occurred in similar cases to other people) is something that it will never be possible to erase from his memory. As he explained to me: “Had it been a dream, I would have forgotten about it straight away. But this was something very different from a dream. And I remember it all still with absolute perfection, and in all its details. . . .”

When I enquired about the physical appearance of the five men, “H.M.” replied: “They were all dressed in the same way. In a sort of laboratory overall, which fell to below the knees on all of them. And it was fastened with a belt. The clothing was of a sort of beige colour.” (see figure 5.)

Q: “What might have been the age of the man who talked to you?”

A: “He was a bit older than the others. Maybe he might have been 40 plus.”

Q: “And how was the rest of their clothing?”

A: “It did not strike my attention for the simple reason that it was not abnormal in any way. They were wearing trousers and shoes. I imagine that if these had been different from ours I would have noticed it.”

Q: “And how were their faces?”

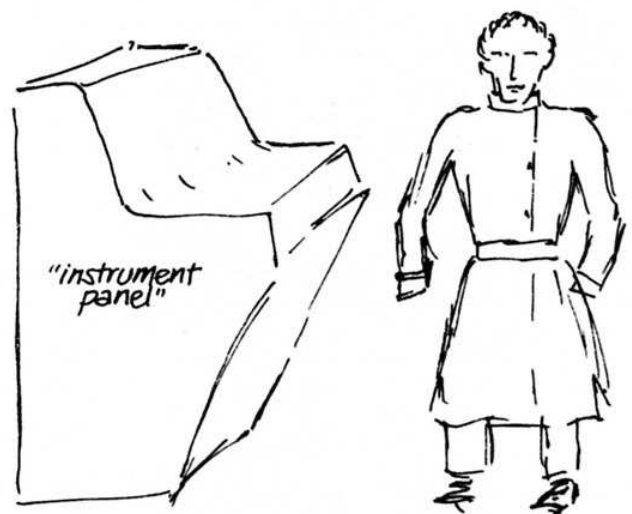


Figure 4 (left): The metallic device (instrument panel?)

Figure 5 (right): Engineer’s sketch of the entity

A: "I noticed nothing strange about them. Maybe their foreheads were a bit more pronounced. . ."

Q: "And their hair?"

A: "Not very long. And the same on all of them. It wasn't black hair. Maybe chestnut coloured. As I said, it wasn't strange in any way."

Q: "Were they very muscular in their build?"

A: "No. Rather on the slim side. Their hands reminded me somewhat of the hands of women."

Q: "Did you notice if they had beards?"

A: "No. They had no beards at all. It is curious. It seemed as though they had never had any beard."

Q: "And were their movements normal?"

A: "Yes, completely. As I have already said, there was nothing about them that might have caught my attention."

Comment

Such then, in brief, is the amazing experience of this English engineer who had the great fortune to get inside a UFO. A story which, as I have already mentioned, the engineer has always been careful to keep secret until now.

As I have indicated above, the professional and academic status of this engineer lends an altogether unusual value to the case. For the time which he spent in the inside of the craft was long enough to enable him to be able to memorize clearly a whole rich gamut of details. And, what is more important, the UFO's propulsion system as described by him has been confirmed, years later, by various other similar cases. One likes to think that thanks to many of these cases, some of the Great Powers on our Earth may well be devoting large sums of money to the task of discovering such a system of navigation as has been described somewhat basically, herein.

PARKSTONE UFO & OCCUPANTS

CLOSE ENCOUNTER REPORTED WITH POSSIBLE PHYSICAL EFFECTS

Leslie Harris

An account specially prepared for Flying Saucer Review and UFOIN

THIS interesting case came to my attention as the result of a promotion organized by the manager of the local Gaumont to publicise the opening in Bournemouth of the famed movie, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The idea was to invite a number of local people, who had experienced UFO phenomena, to be guests at the film's opening night. To this end, the local newspaper published an appeal for witnesses to send written reports of their sightings to me, my job being to sort the wheat from the chaff and put forward the names of the most worthy applicants.

Among the reports I received was this one, which I felt was sufficiently strange to warrant proper investigation. I therefore visited the witness on Wednesday 22nd March, taping our conversation, and paid her a further visit on Thursday 6th April to tidy up some points and take photographs.

The local reporter, who had written the original appeal, contacted me for details of any interesting cases which might have come to light, and I mentioned this case. The result was a back page splash in the local paper, followed by nationwide coverage in the London dailies, a situation which the witness had not wanted. Before writing to me she had reported her sightings to no-one.

The witness

The lone witness of this event is Mrs. Ethel May Field, 62, a housewife of Sea View Road, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset. Her husband, Maurice, 68, and daughter, Teresa, 24, were indoors watching television when the sighting occurred and noticed nothing unusual.

The event

The exact date of the sighting is not known, but Mrs. Field does recall that it occurred during the latter part of September, 1977, at about 11 p.m. She had gone out to the back garden to take in washing from the clothes-line, when she heard a humming sound which prompted her to look at the sky, which was clear.

Approaching from a SSW direction was a round object with a dome on top. There could have been "something on the dome", but owing to the swiftness of events, Mrs. Field could say no more on this point. The object was emitting light of a brilliant intensity — the object itself glowing with a "greyish" colour, whilst from around the perimeter of the disc, light of a much more brilliant "bluey-yellow" colour beamed downward, giving the overall impression of an umbrella shape. This light did not illuminate anything on the ground, and Mrs. Field did not notice how far down it extended. Beneath the object, Mrs. Field thought she saw a "patterned" effect, but was unsure on this point and unable to elaborate.

The object's size was difficult to determine, but Mrs. Field eventually decided that it must have been the width of her garden (22 ft.). The altitude was another problem, but Mrs. Field agreed that the object could not have been very high up, as she was able to observe *occupants within the dome*.

This dome had two "windows," which did not occupy the full area of the structure, but extended to about two-thirds its height and one quarter its circumference. Standing at these windows were two