

A TERRIFYING CAR TRIP AND OTHER EXPERIENCES

by G- L- K-

We are indebted to Frau Dora Bauer-Lammer of Vienna (one of the pioneer figures in UFO research in Central Europe and an early friend and correspondent of Adamski) who, with the help of another lady, Miss J- Z- of Michigan, was able to secure for us the following details of some extraordinary experiences claimed by an American housewife. The full name of the writer is on our files, along with many details about her life, and it has been expressly requested that they be kept confidential. In my opinion the story bears all the hall-marks of being entirely genuine (though of course the question of what kind of "reality" it was that she contacted still remains unanswered).

This business of the "teleported or controlled or guided car" is something that has already cropped up many times in the UFO literature. We have published some seven or eight such accounts from South America, and in FSR Vol. 21/2 (1975) we gave Carl van Vlierden's famous report on the young couple who were carried in their car almost the whole way from Rhodesia, as it then was, to South Africa. More recently, in Vol. 29/3 (1984), in the Rev. Donald Thomas's description of some "Sightings and Strange Doings in Oxfordshire", we also touched upon the book "The Janos People" by Frank Johnson (Neville Spearman, 1980) in which the claim is made that a British family was teleported, in their car, in like fashion in Oxfordshire in 1978.

In the near future, moreover, we hope to give the full account of what befell a whole coach-load of devout Catholic pilgrims who, in 1981, when returning to Spain at night from Fátima in Portugal, found their driver slumped in a dead trance over the wheel as they tore along at 60 m.p.h. through the darkness along the rugged mountain roads of the Portuguese-Spanish border — very reminiscent indeed of what our American housewife claims happened to her and her family in 1942. — EDITOR.

I WAS born in Michigan in 1914, and am married, with two children, to a man who works in an agricultural community. My life has been that of an ordinary housewife, and we have enjoyed a relatively happy and peaceful life.

I do not recall that, as a girl, I had any particular "psychic" abilities. But, undeniably, there were some strange experiences. For example, over all the years when we were living on a 200-acre farm near Escanaba, Michigan, I used to see a mysterious blue light down the road, south from our house. The strange thing is that nobody else in the district seemed to see the light at that time. But, as a result of enquiries, I discovered that others had indeed seen it as far back as the 1890s, when lone travellers were known to have been confronted by a bluish-violet-coloured ball of light hovering some few feet above the ground on the side of the road north of the very small village of Hyde.

At first it used to be thought that it was due to reflection of the Moon in a pond near the road. But when winter came, and the water of the pond turned to ice, the coloured glow of light could still be seen from time to time. And then snow would fall, and cover the ice of the pond, and still the light continued to be seen. *But, curiously enough, only on very dark or cloudy nights.*

In the course of my enquiries I learned that there had once been a tragedy near that very spot. Back in the early days, when that whole area was just a vast wilderness, a middle-aged railway worker, walking home at night, was shot and robbed and left there to

die. Some few days later his body was found, still clutching his small red switch lantern in one hand.

Whether of course this "blue light" was in any way linked to UFOs I do not know.

Apart from having seen that "blue light", I do not feel that I was very especially sensitive to "influences". At the time of the first UFO experience, which I am now going to relate, I was not over-wrought or confused or emotionally insecure. Indeed I was in good health.

During the 1950s it is true that I had read a little about UFOs. My first UFO experience came in 1967, but it was only some months later, after I had discussed it in detail with a close friend (Miss J- Z-), that I was able to look back and associate my experience with the so-called "UFO Phenomenon".

The First "UFO" Experience (Green Bay, Wisconsin)

It was June 3, 1942. We were on our way to St. Paul, Minnesota. We had left our home in Michigan at about 8.30 that evening, and were travelling in our 1937 Chevrolet car, loaded down with suitcases and five adults and our five-year-old daughter.

Arrived at Green Bay, Wisconsin, we decided to stop and rest for a few hours, since we still had many more miles to travel to our destination, and it was only fair that the driver should get a little sleep.

What was to come was one of the most terrifying experiences of my life. I had no idea that it could have been a UFO, hovering some 100 ft. above us. It was a

strange light beaming down, from an object which turned out to be disc-shaped, and almost lilac in colour. The object stood perfectly still, as if it were suspended from the air. It must have been about 15-20 feet in diameter. It made no noise. Then, in a matter of a split second, it seemed to be moving, slowly moving our car from its parking place. And soon we were travelling along at a pretty high rate of speed, with the large ball of light hovering above us, leading the way through the crowded streets.

But here I am anticipating, so I will go back and describe the events in detail.

As I have said, our driver had wanted to get a little sleep. But no sooner had we got nicely settled down, when the car seemed to start moving backwards from its parking place. Then slowly it began to go forward, around the building, not taking the same street along which we had come, but into an entirely different direction, until we came to a street lined with large trees on either side. I could see very many headlights of oncoming cars, moving towards us. I asked the driver to please be more careful when meeting the cars, because he hadn't even switched on his own headlights, because the light from above which seemed to be accompanying us and shining down through the trees overhead, gave us more than enough light by which to travel!

All The Others Asleep

Everyone in the car seemed to be sound asleep, for nobody had showed any sign of being aware of what was happening.

The driver was sound asleep, both his hands hanging on to the wheel and his head right down, resting on them.

Several times I asked him: "*Where are we going?*" for I thought it had been our plan to rest for a few hours before taking off again. But I never got any response from him. Nor did he even raise his head.

They always say that you should never awaken a person when he is in a nightmare, so somehow I felt that the driver must know what he was doing.

It seemed like forever, riding down that brightly-lit street. Then suddenly the car swerved off the main thoroughfare and headed into a more deserted area. Now this road was leading us away from the city lights, and the only light now was from the huge globe above us that we seemed to have been following all this time.

The Windmill in the Pasture

After travelling in this manner for some time, the road seemed to be getting more rough and narrow, until finally the car appeared to be coming to a halt, as it slowly turned off the narrow road, through a wooden gateway, and finally stopped in front of a

windmill and an old water-trough that stood directly in the middle of the track, in an old cow pasture. As the car stopped, I glanced at my watch. It was 0230 a.m., and when I looked up again the light above us had disappeared. Again I asked the driver: "*Well, do you think this is any better than before?*" But still there was no answer from him, so I laid my head back, on the back seat of the car, and finally dozed off to sleep.

It was not until 0430 a.m. that the dawn began to show signs of light, and the rest of our party began to awaken and look around. They all seemed much surprised to see a windmill and a big cattle-trough there in front of them. And, what was worse, to find themselves in somebody else's cow-pen! No one had the slightest notion of how we had got there.

That was the beginning of it all. But there was more to come.

The Encounter

It was about midnight on August 27, 1942, about three months later. I suddenly found myself on the road going northwards from our farmhouse, and I heard the dogs barking, and was impressed to go on. Then I found myself near the creek on the north side of the river, about a quarter of a mile from my home. When I came to within 100 ft. or so of the creek, I noticed a large bright light shining down from the tree-tops. It shone as bright as day. Slowly I kept walking on, as if drawn by some unseen guiding hand. Suddenly I looked up, and saw a strange man approaching me. He was on the other side of the creek, which was very narrow — so that indeed one could hold hands across it.

He gently took my hand and greeted me by name, and I said: "*I have been looking forward to meeting you for a long time*". He answered in a low tone and his voice was soft and clear. He asked me "*if I remembered seeing him before?*" and I answered: "*Not to my knowledge*". As we stood there, he took from his pocket a small pad and a pencil, and looked at me from head to foot. He seemed to be writing something down. After a few moments, I began to feel a little uncomfortable. As I looked down on the ground before me, I saw, to my surprise, that I was standing barefoot, clutching tightly on to my blue nightgown.

He did not move, but kept on looking at me, and writing. It was then that I noticed that his wearing apparel was unlike ours. He wore a bright red satin shirt, open at the neck, with full sleeves gathered at the wrist; tight-fitting brown ski-pants, slightly bloused over a heavy pair of combat boots. It made me wonder that our own men did not dress in this style.

The Man's Appearance

He looked to be about in his middle thirties, a

round face, fair complexion, and wavy hair, of a sandy colour and cut in our style. His eyes seemed to be of a greyish-blue. He spoke in a soft, low tone of voice. As I stood there, it seemed that I heard other voices, and I glanced towards the north, in the direction from where the bright light was shining, and I saw people moving about there around a large dome-shaped craft underneath the light, and about 50 ft. from me.

A young girl was sitting on a huge rock near the creek, combing her hair. She seemed to be quietly and contentedly watching something in the water. Her long blonde hair fell around her shoulders and back, and she wore a loose flowing gown of a beautiful sheer material that seemed to radiate all the hues of blue as the rays of light fell upon her from above. I could not see whether or not her feet were bare. It seemed as though I must have spent an eternity there.

The Instructions

The man looked at me and said: *"You may leave now, but tell no one of your visit here with us tonight"*.

It was after 2.00 a.m. when I got back home, and sat on the edge of my bed, feeling rather dazed and a little tired. I just could not think. Nothing made sense. I had a burning sensation in my feet, and, as I looked down at them, I saw they were covered with dust and sand.

My husband, who I thought had been asleep, turned to me and asked: *"Where have you been? You've been gone almost two hours!"*

Confirmation Next Day

But the next day only seemed to confirm the reality of my experience, because a neighbour, a foreign-born lady who lived a little way down the road from us, came over and said: *"I don't know what happened last night; but my dog, he make so much noise that I had to get up and look out of the window, and I see somebody walk on the road at 2.00 o'clock in the morning! Maybe you see something too?"*

I told her I hadn't seen anyone, and had not heard anything. But what she told me had set me to wondering even more. So I took my five-year-old daughter with me and got into the car and drove out to look at the place where I had been last night.

I pulled up about 100 ft. from where I had met the man the night before, and told my daughter to sit there in the car and wait for me to return. Then I followed the path ahead of me, and there, right before my eyes, were the tracks as plain as daylight. In the brown dirt were the prints of my bare feet, and, a few feet distant, were the prints of a man's heavy-soled boot of about size 10 or 11. A cold chill ran over me as I stood there and wondered if anyone was watching

me. I looked over to where the light had shone during the night before, but there was nothing to be seen. The big rock was there, beside the creek, but there was of course no sight of the girl, but only a well-trodden area of brown, dried grass.

Twenty-three years later, there was one more major incident . . .

A Landing Near the House?

This time, on July 24, 1965, our entire family was excited over the possibility that an object might have landed right there in our own backyard at 2.00 o'clock in the morning.

We all enjoy listening to the radio. But by 10.30 or 11.00 p.m. our radios are switched off. But on this evening in question, something seemed different. We had retired to our bedrooms for the night and, after sleeping but a short while, we seemed to be awakened by the most beautiful music. It seemed to be so soft and sweet, and its strains seemed to be coming from everywhere, such as no earthly music could do.

I said to my husband: *"I could listen to this sort of music forever!"* We listened for a while, expecting it to stop, but it went on and on. I got out of bed, and went around the house from room to room, checking to see whether anyone had forgotten to switch off their radio, or had left the TV on. But everything was turned off. Clearly, the music had not been coming from within our house.

Then my husband suggested that it might be coming from a car parked outside? I replied: *"The car would have to be parked very near to our bedroom window to have music coming in this loud and clear!"* (Actually, of course, such a car would have had to be parked right on our lawn, as there is no road in that area in front of our house.)

Finally, we decided that the music was coming from right outside below our bedroom window, which was some ten feet or so from the ground. So I stepped out into the hall from our bedroom and glanced out through the bathroom window. And I heard low voices and laughter. And, as I reached the window, a flash of light passed the window, and I heard an odd sound like a whole swarm of honey-bees just taking off!

All the time while we were lying there listening, and not moving, the music had continued to play and we had heard faint sounds from outside the house. But the minute I got up and was about, it all came to an end.

Early next morning, we walked out behind the house to see if there were any signs to show that something had been there during the night. And there, right before our eyes, was an area on the ground, about 12 ft. in diameter, of a burnt brown colour, which looked as though something might have hovered there above it. And, all around this brown,

burnt circular area, the grass was well trampled down, as though by many heavy footsteps. It looked as though once again we had experienced a visitation from who knows where and who knows what?

Having gazed at that bright light, I felt for several days as though my eyes had been affected — blinded. Whereas, in the case of the bright lights seen on the two earlier occasions, those had not affected me in the same way at all.

Other Minor Incidents

On March 26, 1967, a small disc-like object was seen hovering about three feet above the ground over our driveway. It stayed but a few seconds, and then took off and vanished. It was of a burnt orange sort of colour.

On October 31, 1969, as our children were returning home from a Halloween party at a neighbouring school, they saw a huge object overhead, which followed them as far south as the railway track. There it disappeared, but when they got here they found it hovering, a large bright light, right over our house. The children were scared to death and rushed into the house. It remained overhead for a short while, and then disappeared into Space.

On February 8, 1973, as I looked out through my kitchen window, at about 8.30 p.m., my attention was caught by a bright round silvery-looking object sailing across the sky just above the tree-tops to the north of our house. Its silver colour was vividly bright against the dark blue evening sky. It was following a

straight course and was visible for about three minutes before suddenly vanishing.

NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR

Miss J- Z-, the other Michigan lady who knows both the author of our article and Frau Bauer-Lammer, served for some time with the U.S. Forces in Europe after World War II and, as an early subscriber to *FSR*, knows a good deal about "our subject". She informs us that she has been acquainted with the author of this report since 1967 or 1968, and has known all the details of the episodes and has discussed them with the housewife. (It seems in fact that it was not until she had met Miss J- Z- that the lady fully realized that she had probably been having "UFO experiences", whatever "UFO experiences" may be.)

She told Miss J- Z- that she feels that all the episodes described are somehow connected, and that there are still more to come in future. She said that, over the years, until now, she had kept her promise to the mysterious being that she would not reveal the experience to anyone else. She was adamant that, although so much time had passed, she would recognize him again instantly were she to meet him.

Questioned about the "blue light", she replied that, having told Miss J- Z-, and Miss J- Z-'s sister about it, she had never seen it again.

In conclusion, one might probably say that, although the account of the "blue light" is a typical "psychic" story, there seems to be no particular evidence that it had anything to do with this lady's later experiences which she regards as "UFO-related".



At least eight more sets of "rings in the cornfields" have been reported in southern England this year, and a comprehensive account is being prepared. Photo shows Dr Bernard Finch and Editor of *FSR* at a site near Alresford, Hampshire, in August 1985.