

"THE SECRET OF ROOM 801"

Very, very rarely, during the 1950s and 1960s, a little snippet of information would somehow or other slip through "the system" and emerge in the national press, and would indicate that maybe — despite all their denials — the authorities in Great Britain do after all take a definite interest in Flying Saucers.

There are of course people whose prime task it is to see that "inconvenient" items of this kind do not appear in the first place, and one can well imagine that when they do appear a head or two may roll somewhere or other in Whitehall.

But very fortunately for those who have that appointed task extremely few original press-clippings or photostats of such clippings have survived until today. And this fact also may not be unconnected with the thought that there is someone who is charged with the task of seeing that they *do not* survive.

We give below however for our readers' edification a photostatic copy of such an item that appeared originally in *Reynolds' News* of London for June 16, 1957, just two years after FSR had been launched, and that *has* survived.

Those who are perverse enough to seek to delve into such taboo matters are advised to take a look at the passage *Room 801 — Top Secret*, on pages 48 and 49 of Timothy Good's masterly compendium ABOVE TOP SECRET: THE WORLDWIDE UFO COVER-UP, published by Sidgwick & Jackson of London in 1987.

Two men, so far as we know, not only saw the inside of Room 801 in those early days, but published reports on it. They were the journalist John Pitt and his friend David Wightman, one of the very first investigators of "our subject" in Britain. Their reports were published originally in FSR 2/5 (September/October 1956) and again in FSR 29/5 (June 1984). Owing to the very interesting nature of this material, we shall re-publish it for the

third time in the near future!

The former Board of Trade official, Mr. R.R. Russell, referred to in the *Reynolds' News* report, is also known to the Editor of FSR. He still lives in the London area, and his main activity today lies in the field of psychological research. ■

FLYING SAUCERS ARE NO LONGER A JOKE

THE SECRET OF ROOM 801

REYNOLDS NEWS REPORTER

Reynolds' News
June 16
1957

IN Room 801 of what was once the Hotel Metropole Britain's Air Ministry is investigating Flying Saucers and that's official. After years of speculation it can now be revealed that Defence Chiefs are taking the Flying Saucers SERIOUSLY.

Not only is there this special department for following up all "Saucer" reports but there is action, too.

At airfields all over Britain, fighter planes are kept ready to intercept, and if necessary engage, any unidentified flying object within combat range.

The heart of all this activity—Room 801—was once an attic on the ninth floor of the former hotel building in London's Northumberland Avenue, off Trafalgar Square.

Its existence was admitted last night by an Air Ministry spokesman. He disclosed that it has been investigating Flying Saucer reports since 1947. "We have something like 10,000 on our files," he said.

Mystery remains

Many of these had been "cleared up." But there were some that could not be explained.

"This is why nobody in the know is prepared to say that A&L reports about these mysterious objects are nonsense," he added.

Earlier, I spoke to a man who has been inside Room 801. Its secrets are well guarded. But hanging over three padlocked filing cabinets is a map of the British Isles covered with thousands of coloured pins.

"The heaviest concentration of pins," he said, "appears to be over the Norwich area."

Again I talked to Mr. R. R. Russell, a Board of Trade technician, who has reported flying saucer sightings to the Ministry. He showed me some special forms on which these reports have to be made.

The Ministry, he said, always insisted on the greatest secrecy

This is a photostat of the original Reynolds News report on Room 801.

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A UFO

By Lt. Col. Lev Vyatkin
(Russia)



On August 13, 1967 I took off in my interceptor for a training flight. The time was several minutes past 23 hours. I turned on the afterburning in order to climb to 10,000 metres. I manoeuvred the plane to face the beam, determined my location, reported to the Flight Commander and smoothly banked the plane to the left...

It was a calm, moonless night. The bright constellations added to its charm. The plane had performed half of the turn and was facing the sea. The lights of Yalta, a Black Sea resort town, glimmered below along the half-moon of the beach. I made a routine check of the flight instruments. The engine murmured behind my armoured chair. Everything was O.K., the flight conformed to all standard procedures.

At that moment I caught sight of the thing that later kept returning to my memory and troubling me, making me recall the details of my night flight, time and time again, searching for an explanation for what happened then. I saw the Object when I looked up from the instruments: it was a very large oval-shaped object which was somehow fixed to the port of my plane. A strange object so close to my plane could not help but worry me so I requested the Flight Commander, Major Musatov, at once: "Who is in the zone?" He consulted his instruments and answered to my surprise that there was nobody in the zone as all the other planes had already landed.

I banked the plane to the right, trying not to lose sight of the strange object which worried me a lot. Attempting not to approach the object too closely, I tried to determine in what direction it was moving. However, several seconds later its lights went gradually down as if a rheostat switch had been turned off inside.

Meanwhile the plane made a complete right turn and came back to the starting point. I considered my next move and then decided to make the left turn I had planned, trying to be as careful as possible. Hardly had I banked the plane to the left and adjusted the speed and thrust when I saw a flash of bright light from above straight on the course of my plane. Then a slanting milky-white ray appeared in front of my plane. The ray was closing in on the plane. Had I not levelled out, the ray would have hit my fuselage or, to be more

exact, my cockpit.

All the same I hit the ray with the left wing. I was approaching the ray at very high speed, not taking my eyes off it, so I had time to notice and feel something very strange. No sooner had the wing touched the ray than the latter broke into a myriad of tiny sparkles like those you see in a spent firework. The plane shook violently and the instruments read off the scale.

"What's the matter? Is the ray solid?" I thought instinctively, with my eyes still on the strange sparkling pillar which stretched downwards. Soon the light above and the ray below disappeared.

Flying back to the airfield I kept searching the starry skies above for more surprises but everything was quiet. My night flight ended safely. For many days afterwards the surface of the wing which had come into contact with the strange ray shone at nights as if to remind me of the phenomenon.

One knows from experience that there is no such thing as "solid rays". And yet it was I, a pilot, who had happened to encounter the impossible phenomenon in real life. I felt some relief when the popular newspaper "*Komsomolskaya Pravda*" published an article entitled "*Cosmic Ghosts*" (October 17, 1989). The article stated that "solid rays" really existed and I had not been the only person to come into contact with them. V. Selyavkin, the police chief of Voronezh, Russia, described a similar experience he had when he found himself at night on a road in the town suburbs. "Suddenly a ray of light fell down on me from above. It was so bright and powerful that I felt it physically. You won't believe it, but it pinned me to the ground with its weight. Then the ray moved aside and disappeared. I will not forget it as long as I live..." Many other sources mention this phenomenon so characteristic of UFOs. Another feature of the ray is no less strange. It can project itself from a UFO like a telescope support or a probe. It terminates abruptly.

None of the physicists can explain these peculiarities. The nature and functions of the ray are not clear. Is it a ray at all? There is a need for a different name, but what? Which physical laws govern it?

Both the impact on contact and the frantic running of the instrument needles suggest that it is not a