



CASE HISTORIES

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Case Histories

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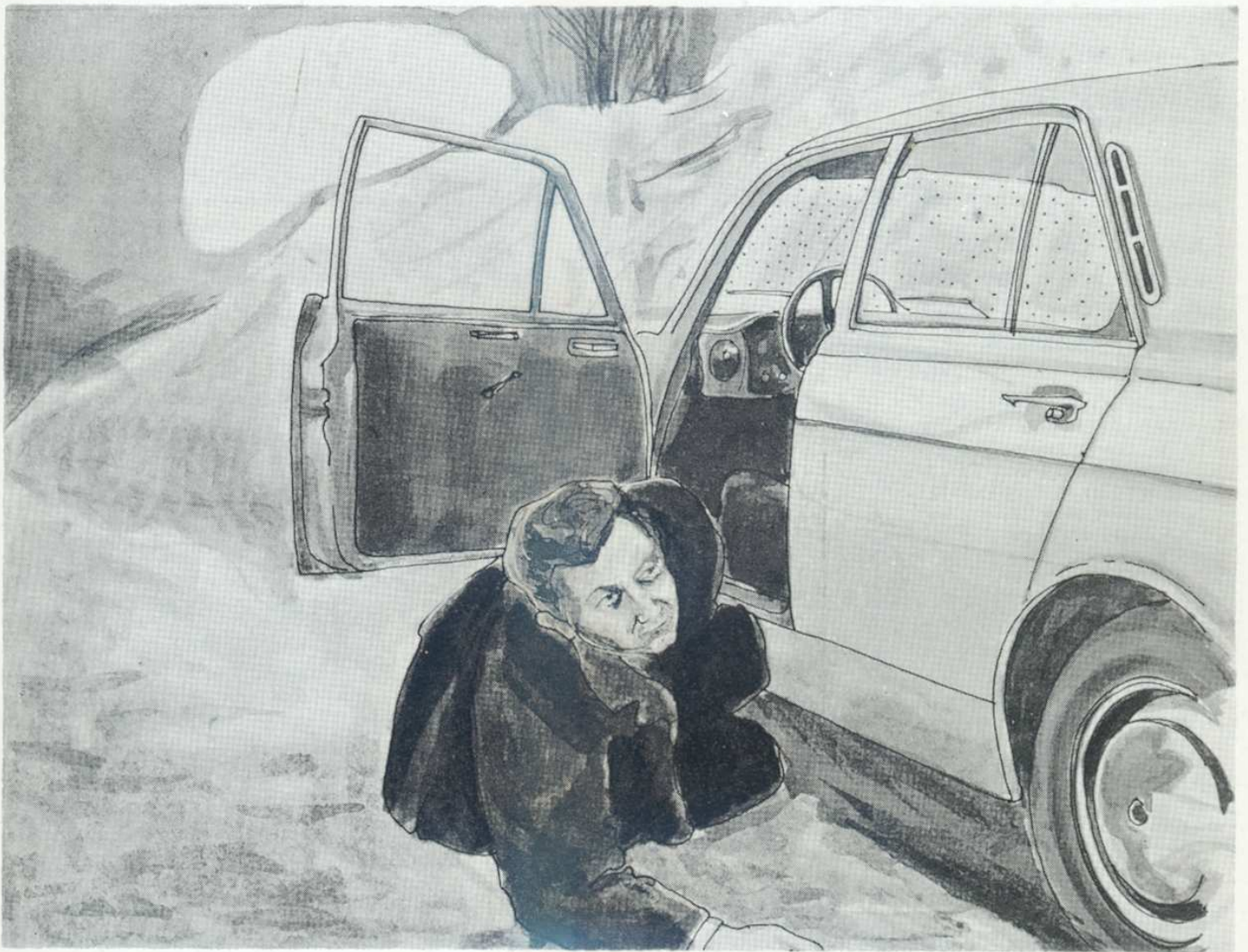


TWENTY PENCE

CASE HISTORIES

SUPPLEMENT FOUR

APRIL 1971



STRANGE ENCOUNTER IN NORWAY

See page 4

Olaf Davy and the Wroxham UFO

with remembrances of two earlier events

Peter Johnson

Our contributor is a BUFORA member and FSR reader of long standing who lives in Norwich.

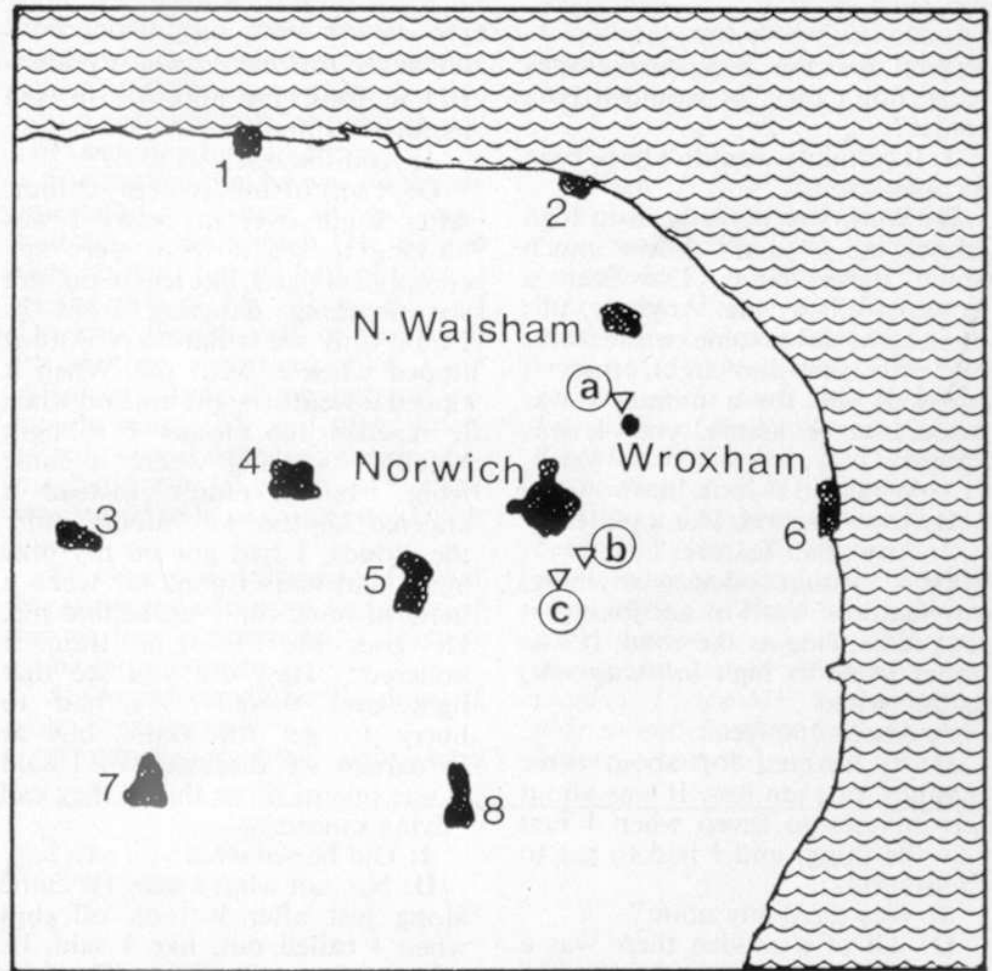
WHEN Dr. J. Allen Hynek drew our attention to "repeaters" in an answer to a question at the *Flying Saucer Review* meeting at Kensington Library on August 28, 1970, I little thought I would meet one of this category of witnesses within so short a time. For, where UFOs are concerned, it would seem that Olaf Davy is a "repeater". Not for this witness a once-for-all-time sighting experience. Instead, he admits quite cheerfully to having been involved over the years in three separate UFO incidents.

Mr. Davy, of Turner's Farm Cottage, is a bachelor, aged 62, who lives alone, and rises every working day at 6.00 a.m. to cycle the two miles into Wroxham to catch the train to Norwich where he works.

On Tuesday, November 24, 1970, at 6.45 a.m., when half way to Wroxham, he noticed a bright light in the sky which, according to him, heralded a remarkable UFO event. His story was published in the local newspaper, and I was able to follow this up with a taped interview at the home of the witness. Mr. Davy spoke rapidly in the local dialect, and gave a graphic description of the affair. It has been necessary to make selections from the dialogue to avoid repetitions and occasional divergences.

Johnson: Will you please tell me about your experience on November 24 while cycling to Wroxham.

Davy: I was definitely on my own . . . and until it went up and left me it seemed to be beneath the clouds all the time . . . I started away from home at 6.35 as near as I can tell. I have to get to Wroxham to catch the 7.07 train. I turned out of the bottom of this lane on to the



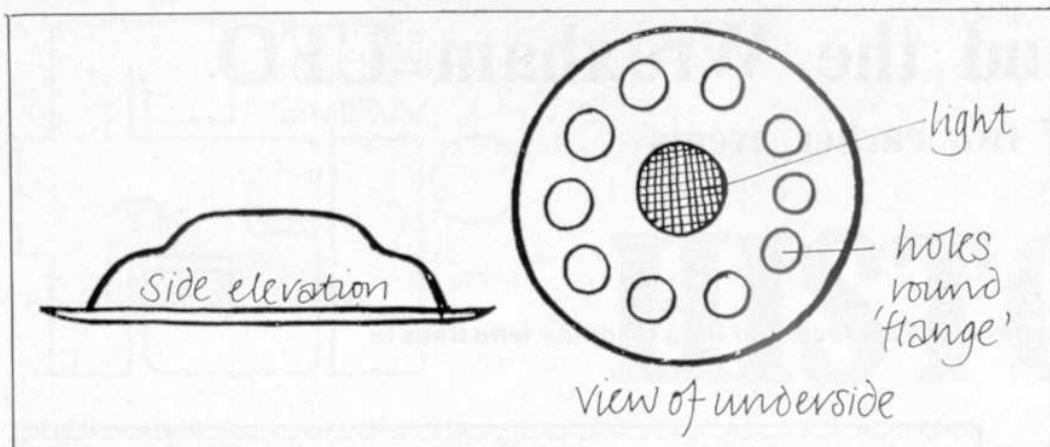
Norfolk: Locations of Olaf Davy's sightings

KEY: a. November 25, 1970 b. September 1962 c. 1957 (?)
1. Wells 2. Cromer 3. Swaffham 4. E. Dereham
5. Wymondham 6. Gt. Yarmouth 7. Thetford 8. Diss

North Walsham-Wroxham main road. About half way to Wroxham at a rough estimate, I was cycling along when, from out of the blue you might say—I've only got one eye—I was attracted by a bright light from the heavens. "What the hell's that," I thought, like anyone would. It was well above the clouds. It was a very heavy, cloudy day, and I could see the reflection of the light before it came through the cloud.

J: You were still on your bike?

D: When I saw the reflection I hopped off my bicycle. "Something coming to earth" I thought. It seemed to be getting bigger, whatever it was, then all of a sudden it came through the clouds, and it didn't seem to be more than 10 or 20 seconds before it came through. Then the light went dim. It was still coming down and I stood hugging a tree . . . I was all tensed up and was



The object seen by Olaf Davy — based on his original sketches

waiting for the bang—meteorites bang, don't they, or would it be a comet?

J: It certainly wouldn't have been a comet.

D: Well, I've never been to high school, so I don't know much about these things. I've been a gardener all my life. Anyhow, this thing came down some considerable bit with the dim light, then it stopped, and for a minute I was eased, for I assure you I was scared.

J: What did it look like?

D: It was round, like a plate.

J: Any other features?

D: I couldn't detect anything, any features, but I'm not joking, it looked as wide as the road. It was about twice as high (*altitude—PJ*) as the pylons.

J: About 360 feet.

D: It hovered for about three minutes, or even less. It was about ten minutes to seven when I first saw the thing, and I had to get to the station.

J: Was there any noise?

D: All of a sudden there was a noise like a dynamo singing, then it would stop and there'd be a sort of throb. Now this is the uncanny thing about it . . . listen . . . there was a very uncanny, horrible feeling descending on me, like as though I was in a magnetic field . . . would that be it? I believe if it had stopped there I wouldn't have survived . . . seemed to be sapping the strength from me. I was hoping my letter to the paper would bring someone in authority to speak to me about it.

J: Was it phosphorescent?

D: Seemed very fluorescent-like when I first saw it, but not when it had come through the cloud.

J: Was the whole thing glowing?

D: Say that plate was upside

down (*he indicated a dinner plate—PJ*) it took up about $\frac{1}{2}$ in the middle . . . underneath.

J: And the rest was dark?

D: A sort of dull, cementy colour. After I got over my scare I was looking to see if there were any component parts, like legs. Couldn't see anything dangling from it. Could only see it flat-ways until it tipped when it went off. When it tipped it went straight up, and when it reached the clouds I thought "Hallo, its going where it came from," but it didn't. Instead it crawled all the way along under the clouds. I had got on my bike again and hadn't gone far when a mate of mine came up behind me. He goes on the same train. I hollered: "Hey, did you see that light over there?" We had to hurry to get the train, but at Wroxham we discussed it. I said it was one of those things they call "flying saucers".

J: Did he see what you saw?

D: No, not what I saw. He came along just after it took off, but when I called out, like I said, he said he saw the light. Then he asked: "Hey, what the bloody hell is that, Joe?"—he calls me Joe.

J: Did anyone else see it?

D: A boy, but where he saw it from I don't know. I kept taking a look to see it until we got to Wroxham station, then it went straight up. It was difficult to judge in the dark, but I'd say it was about three miles away, going towards the coast.

Near Kirby Bedon

Before we began the recording session, Mr. Davy told me that he had had two previous UFO experiences. The more recent of these was

near Kirby Bedon, south-east of Norwich.

J: You say you had previous experiences?

D: Yes. You'll laugh about this one. This was an experience like the one near Wroxham I've just told you about. I'm a lover of mushrooms. I was out mushrooming in a field where there was a herd of cows, gathering a lovely crop and picking the best, for some had been trampled. All of a sudden these cows went delirious, scampering about.

J: Animals seem to sense these things.

D: Yes, I think they did. It was a warning to me and I was afraid they might trample me. I thought: "What the hell's the matter," then I saw a shape—no light—exactly like the one I saw this previous Tuesday near Wroxham.

J: Did your hair stand on end, or anything like that?

D: Well no . . . but I had a pin stuck in my tunic, and I'm sure this pin was being drawn out of my clothes.

J: What sort of pin was it?

D: An ordinary sort of dress-maker's steel pin. I felt as though I was being pressed to the ground. Horrible sensation.

J: And then the thing went?

D: No. I felt this sensation first—I hadn't thought about flying saucers then, you see—then suddenly I heard this noise, and I knew it was no aeroplane. There was a slight mist, and I could hear this noise, and I thought the thing was after the animals. I looked up, and I could see this round form well above me, just like the one last Tuesday. The sensation I got was much stronger, and I'm not kidding

you, I felt weak after the thing left. Went straight up . . . just the same. I never mentioned it. I'd have been laughed at!

Near Shotesham

The earliest of Mr. Olaf Davy's experiences was near Shotesham, which is about five miles SSE of Norwich.

J: Now you say you've had yet another experience.

D: Yes. I was with another chap, and we'd been to a party. We hadn't been drinking . . . no more than a glass of wine. Nothing particular to affect us. We'd got to ride bicycles nine miles, and we both got home all right. On the way home we'd gone through Shotesham when, all of a sudden, my mate called out: "Hey, what's that up there? It's not an aeroplane." It was coming towards us. A long thing like an airship, but not so big. Now there were various lights on it, and however they were fixed they were either going round, the lights were, or there was something going round the lights.

J: What happened then?

D: It was a dark night, and it came so close to us that we dived off our bicycles into a ditch. My mate would have told you that.

J: How were the lights arranged?

D: As near as I can remember the back light was red, the next was

green, and then there was a hideous-coloured blue light. Then there was a white light. This one went past us, not over us.

J: How high was it when it went past you?

D: About three times the height of the towers (*pylons—PJ*).

J: I see. About 1,000 feet.

D: Aye, it went past us.

* * *

Mr. Davy introduced a bizarre note of science fiction when he speculated that these things were equipped with some powerful device which, "if you gave them trouble could even kill you, or polarise you (*sic*) or something like that."

I remarked that he was obviously interested in "these things", and had read about them. He agreed that he had, but he had not heard of the case of Mr. Robin Peck of Docking (which will be described in another report to *FSR Case Histories*). Indeed, he became excitedly interested, and often interjected, when I described the electromagnetic effects which Mr. Peck was stated to have experienced with his car.

To close our discussion, I asked for some indication of the dates of his earlier experiences. I learned some more besides.

J: Do you remember the dates of your experiences?

D: Mushroom time, eight years

ago. That would be September . . . 1962 . . . last half of September. The first one was all of thirteen years ago. That would make it 1957. I wish now that the other fellow was alive. Now, you may not know it, but I'm a psychic sort of a fellow, and I can see things happen. One may live a bit rough, but one's heart can be good. Now I try to help people when I can by sending them to a healer I know. Now what was I trying to dig up? Ah, yes. Thirteen years ago . . . it must have been Christmas time, either just before or after. That was when we had the parties.

* * *

[When I first listened to Mr. Davy's recording, and heard talk of "magnetic fields" and "polarising" (*paralysing?*) I thought: "Hullo, he's been reading the literature!" And, indeed, he said later that he had read about "these things" (UFOs). In view of the facts that he had no knowledge of the Peck case of nearby Docking, in Norfolk, and seemed to be hearing of E.M. effects for the first time, I suspect his reading has been very limited: maybe nothing more than the occasional newspaper item. Owing to the postal strike we were unable to clarify this point about the extent of Mr. Davy's reading: I hope Mr. Johnson will be able to enlighten us further on this matter.—EDITOR.]

TO BE PUBLISHED IN JULY . . .

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Strange Norwegian Encounter near Helleland

Anders Liljegren

The author is Editor of *Scandinavian Newsletter*, and a member of UFO-Sweden, of Box 311, 591 03 Motala 3, Sweden.

THE case of Reidar Salvesen, reported briefly in *FSR*, has been one of the highlights of the recent Scandinavian UFO "flap", which started last autumn (1970). It has affected all the Scandinavian countries, and produced an increase in public interest in the matter. Other highlights of the autumn/winter flap are the cases of policeman Maarup (Denmark), the landing marks at Lake Anten (Sweden), the observation from a Finnish airliner of a UFO with subsequent radar "blip", a UFO photographed over Helsinki, Finland (possible fake?), a brilliant red object which landed on a Norwegian islet, a light phenomenon that damaged the wall of a house in Medelpad (Sweden), a UFO that stopped a car near Ramsele (northern Sweden), a UFO that landed at Kuusamo (Finland) and transformed snow to deep-green coloured ice, the sighting of 16 objects at the same place (Kuusamo) one week later, and so on. Many of these reports have already appeared in the columns of *FSR*.

I have collected newspaper and magazine clippings on the Salvesen case, and I have also been in contact, by letter, with Mr. Halvor Toreskaas, a journalist with the *Christiansands Tidende*, and Mr. Reidar Salvesen, the witness. The following case report has been adapted from these sources (readers will find a full list at end of article) and put into proper sequence.

Sequence of events

On October 29, 1970, Mr. Reidar Salvesen was driving on road E-18 from Stavanger to his home at Vågsbygd, Kristiansand. Reidar Salvesen is a 35-year-old salesman (marketing consultant) with the Norwegian "Butcheries Sales Central". He had been on a business trip to Stavanger and was glad to be on his way home to see his family (wife Synnøve and children Karsten and Gerd); he had not had much family life during the last few weeks.

He had passed the densely-populated area of Helle-



Reidar Salvesen

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Our thanks are due to **Nils Jacob Jacobsen**, a correspondent of *FSR Case Histories* in Norway, who sent us an earlier, but less detailed account of the alleged event at Helleland. Mr. Jacobsen also sent the photograph of Reidar Salvesen which appears on this page.

land (in the province of Rogaland) and was now about 3 kilometres east of that district. It was about 16.40 hours when his Hillman *Sunbeam** sped up a little slope. He passed a transformer station close to the road on his right. His parking lights were on. There was no traffic on the road. Mr. Salvesen takes up the story:

"Suddenly, I was blinded by a very strong light, blue-white, like the light from a welding flame. It hurt my eyes and I had to stop the car (some 10-12 metres past the transformer station). The intense light-body, maybe 20 metres in diameter, came down the slope and hovered over my car. The light lasted only for a few seconds. I opened the door and looked up. I will never forget what I saw. About 10 metres above, an object, round, shiny and smooth, was hovering, which resembled descriptions I have seen of flying saucers. It stopped there in the air, without any motion or noise at all.

"I stopped the motor and got out, standing by the side of the car. Then the object moved some seven or eight metres forwards and stopped almost as though sliding in front of the car.

"Instinctively I took my note book from its place between the front seats and started to sketch the object. Now I was convinced it was a flying saucer. I thought: This is something important and I will hardly get another chance to see it. I was not afraid, maybe because I hadn't the time to be afraid.

* Possibly the Hillman *Minx* is exported under this name—
EDITOR.