

MAUREEN PUDDY'S THIRD ENCOUNTER

Judith M. Magee

READING through my back copies of *Flying Saucer Review* for 1972-73, I see that Mrs. Maureen Puddy's third encounter experience has never been published, and it occurs to me that I may not have sent the details. Some researchers and scientists now seem to be interested in accounts of alleged psychical events, and in the psychological aspects of ufology, so I have recorded the details of this follow-up to Mrs. Puddy's earlier encounters which occurred on July 5 and July 25, 1972.

About 6 months after the second incident — one Wednesday evening — Maureen telephoned me and, following a few preliminaries, told me "they" had been trying to contact her again. She was hearing voices calling "Maureen, Maureen, come to the meeting place."

Once she had gone to the door to see who was calling, and on another occasion had called out "come in" when her husband, who was confined to a wheel-chair, had asked who was calling, but there was no response. She had gone shopping and still the voice called, but when she turned to see who was trying to attract her attention, no-one was there.

I asked her to let me know when she wished to return to the meeting place, and told her that Paul Norman and I could make it that night if she so desired, to which she agreed. After describing the car we would be in, and the place where she should look for us, it was agreed to meet her between 8.30 and 9.00 p.m.

It was already dark and we waited on a rise opposite an electricity sub-station. Maureen drove up, stopped her car and came running shouting to us that she nearly went off the road a way back; I suggested she could tell me about it on the way to the meeting place.

Before going further, I should perhaps add, that as I entered her car I had the odd feeling that something was amiss. I was experiencing a tingling sensation (like that of a mild electric shock) which shortly passed off. Maureen then told me that in the centre of the front seat of her car — between where the pair of us sat there had been seated an entity, completely clothed in a type of gold tinfoil suit. As she turned her head in his direction she was so startled she almost ran off the road. It was obvious she was quite shocked by that eventful ride. So began the evening.

By this time we had reached the "meeting" place which was somewhat hidden from passing traffic by a few trees. We drew to a stop and Paul came from his car to sit in the back of Maureen's. I was still in the front seat with her.

We were talking of the last incident along the road

The first two encounters experienced by Mrs. Puddy have been described by Mrs. Magee in her article "UFO over the Mooraduc Road" which was published in FSR Volume 18, No. 6 (November-December 1972). The case had had considerable coverage in the Australian press, and particularly in the *Australian Post*, but this is the first time our contributor's new report of the third encounter, of which she herself was a witness, has been published. Her 1972 account of the huge UFO low over her car in the first encounter, with the subsequent chase along the Mooraduc Road between Frankston and Dromana, south-east of Melbourne, and the "auto-stop" by another UFO and "messages" from a "voice" may also be found in the paperback book *Encounter Cases from Flying Saucer Review* (see page ii of cover).

— EDITOR

when she suddenly grabbed my arm and pointed across her car exclaiming: "There he is, can't you see him? He's in the same clothes." I said I couldn't see him and she shook my arm saying that I must be able to. I tried to explain to her that it was probably like closed circuit television — from him to her.

She said he was coming closer to the car, in fact so close I could possibly touch him if I put my arm out far enough. However, he was standing almost by the front left headlight so I persuaded Paul to get out of the car and walk around it. As he came to where the entity was standing Maureen said it moved back to allow Paul to pass between him and the car.

At this stage he (it) motioned to Maureen to follow him, but she adamantly declared she wouldn't. I told her I would go with her but she wouldn't let go the wheel and sat firmly in her seat. She wasn't going to budge an inch!

The entity then became a little impatient trying to get her to follow him, and she became a trifle upset. He apparently disappeared beyond bushes at this point. Suddenly she started to describe the interior of the craft and said the being was there pointing to a large "mushroom" in the centre of the room. She was saying that the centre of this "mushroom" — which was much taller than the "about average" person — was like a jelly, moving all the time, and that there were lines like Roman numerals around the lower portion. The top also had some lines on it and the whole thing seemed fixed to the floor. She was apparently looking around the room and became very agitated at this point crying "I can't get out! There are no doors or windows. I can't get out."

I put my arm around her shoulder to try and calm her, and could feel tears on my hand. She really

was upset, and I directed my thoughts to the entity — nothing to lose and maybe something to gain — because I was very worried about her present state. Thinking that she may have a nervous collapse or even a stroke, I silently requested that he take pity on the poor girl. Suddenly she said: “He wants me to close my eyes.” I replied that she should do so and almost immediately I felt her relax as if in a trance. Again, she continued to describe the interior, became agitated once more when finding there were still no doors or windows. After a brief period she “came back to us” and we switched on the car’s interior light and asked her if she would like a cup of tea from our thermos flask.

I had just handed Maureen her cup when she said: “Oh, I’m back in there again” and repeated the description, this time a little more calmly, before observing: “He’s gone. This time he’s really gone. I can tell. It feels different.”

She now seemed quite normal and we went ahead with our supper. We discussed the mushroom-shaped thing in the middle of the object’s room, trying to identify it. I asked if it could have been a gyroscope, but apparently that word was foreign to Maureen, so “compass” was suggested. At this, she picked off a little gadget from the dashboard of the car and to my amazement, it was exactly what I visualised from her description of the “mushroom.” A small compass on a suction cup. I had not seen one before, and I have not seen one since.

We didn’t dare let her drive home alone in case of a return visit from our “friend” or nerves on her part. I drove to her home with her — in her car — and I believe it was between 10.30 and 11 p.m. when we arrived. We didn’t take particular note of the time, but it was fairly late.

Over another cup of tea and biscuits at Maureen’s home, we discussed the events of the evening with her husband Jack.

About six months after this, her husband died, and her health was not of the best either. This is understandable as Jack had been an invalid requiring considerable attention for some time, and she had two children under 9 years of age. I expect there are not too many people who could cope with these circumstances and live through such unusual UFO exp-

TIME LAPSE IN BUCKS (from page 13)

passing through (such and such a) village ...’ but at this point the road bore right, so I would have had to negotiate that bend and in fact the road has a series of right and left hand bends after that point... I don’t even remember passing the object.”

This is the story as it stands at the present moment, and there is obviously a possibility that something of greater strangeness still lies in the locked mind of Mr. Walker. He has intimated that he is willing to undergo regression hypnosis and it is hoped this will be arranged. However, it was decided to present the objectively remembered information in this report and the results of any possible hypnosis sessions will form the basis of a subsequent article.

periences — two physical and one psychical — and not suffer some form of ill health!

Though I have not seen Maureen since then, I learned from a later telephone conversation with her that she was remarrying and going interstate. To this day I’ve neither seen her, nor heard from her.

It was an experience which excited me even though I was unable to see the being and it has since interested scientists and researchers who are taking a much more discerning view of this type of “visitation.”

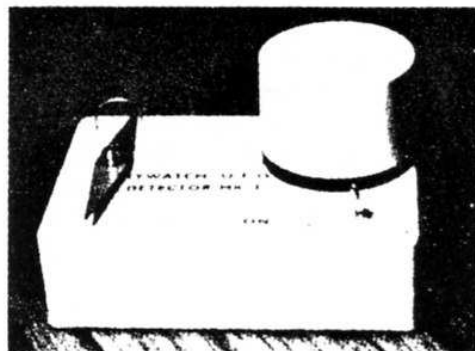
Two thoughts on this third Puddy incident:—

1. Was I also able to communicate with the entity? Did he really receive my thoughts regarding her agitated state? If so, what thoughts can they receive from more important and “delicate” situations than that particular one? Can they transmit to us?

2. Have you ever watched a “fun” hypnotist at work? “When I snap my fingers, you will go into a deeper trance...etc.” Was the second (July 25, 1972) incident—about which Maureen stated that while she was sitting in her car, just prior to the voice speaking to her, “that if one could be in a vacuum, then I have been in one” — such an incident? There was no sound, nothing moved, all was calm and quiet, then the voice delivered its message. Was this third incident due to a “snapping of the fingers” when they urged her to act? If so, how many people can “they” hypnotise, perhaps even in their sleep, so that they react as “they” wish whenever they “snap” the trigger? I find that a very sobering thought.

I have relived the incident many times since that evening when I sat beside Maureen Puddy in her car. I have recorded the incident exactly as it was, with no flourishes.

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