This Article is My Addition To The No.3., of NORTHERN UFOLOGY,

By

Bryan Hartley.

I begin this way as this material has been brought to my attention during my research into the Subject of the North American BIGFOOT!

I am bringing this article to the attention of all members reading this, as it was written by LEE FRANK but his findings agree with mine,so I saw it fitting to print it.

STALKING BIGFOOT IN THE LAND OF COTTON

By

Lee Frank

One Monster-Hunter's Search For The Missing Link.

As it happens,monsters are my business.One day a few weeks ago I got a call from some friends who were traveling though the back hills of the deep South.They said they were in a town called Davisville,where a number of the local folk had met up with a massive humanlike beast that eas scaring them out of their minds.My friends said these people had never heard of one,but all their descriptions indicated that the creature lurking about was a BIGFOOT.I asked them how I could get in touch with a reliable eye-witness.Minutes later I was on the honker with a gentleman by the name of Huston Smith.

"Well sir,there's something out here all right," he says in a nervous voice. "Now I can't tell you what it is.I just know there's something out there.Only five days ago this big old thing came skulking out of Peaceful Hollow,which are the woods behind my house.This thing was real gruesome.It was well over seven feet tall and hairy, and it walked on two legs.It looked like a cross between a man and a gorilla.

"This thing tromped over to my neighbors four-year-old son and waved his hands about and made like he was going to play with him.Well,his mother grabbed the boy and had him in the house before that old thing knew what happened.Now that child's daddy,a right good boy named Melvin Robertson,has seen this thing - I'm not real educated so I don't know what you'd call it - four times at close range.And I've seen it seven times."

I asked him what the townspeople made of all this.

"Well sir,they don't believe it.But if you were to walk through Peaceful Hollow,which is where most of the 15 eyewitnesses have seen the thing,every 50 yards you'd come across one of the local boys hiding behind a tree with his high-powered rifle. They're crazed drunk,and out for a good hunt,shooting away at all hours of the day and night.They think there's a big bear out there.Me and most of the others who've seen this thing have been hunting all our lives,and we all say it's no bear.Even so,Peaceful Hollow is so jammed crowded with trigger-happy drunks.I don't go in the woods without worrying about getting shot at."

"Why do you suppose the locals don't believe the beast exists?" I asked.

"Because," said Huston Smith, "they wonder,if the thing really is atound, then why doesn't it come on out for everyone to see?"

I wanted to speak with others who said they'd seen the creature.I wanted to see the hunters who were lit on Daniels or moonshine (although I wondered how they felt about monster hunters of Hebraic persuasion as ersatz Bigfoot targets).I wanted to find out what happened when a hillbilly town gets monster madness,when Jed Clampett meets Godzilla.I wanted to see what kind of evidence there was for the creature.I wanted to search for the beast myself and learn if Bigfoot really lives.I wanted to find out all these things,and I wanted to leave for Peaceful Hollow immediately.

It is a balmy day in the middle of June as I step off the airplane and pick up my rented car.I have a long way to drive.After hours of driving I at long last reach Davisville,where Huston Smith and rumours of where the Bigfoot live.

Two diners,a grocery store and two gas stations are scattered miles apart on the main road through town.In front of the grocery store a plastic-lettered,movie-theatre-style sign warns,"Careful - Bigfoot Country."I drive down a long,narrow,dusty road and pull up in front of Huston Smith's beaten,humble home.

Three guys are chatting in the driveway,leaning against Huston Smith's late Sixties Cadillac.The taller and hunkier one one is pointing to the field beyond me.They come over as I get out of my car,and we all introduce ourselves.The taller and hunkier guy is Huston Smith,and he looks like a Rhett Butler version of Zero Mostel.The other two Gary and Paul,are from town and are interested in the sightings.I could swear I've seen Paul before,but I can't place where.

Huston says he was just describing something he saw this morning;"I got woken up before dawn by that thing making all kinds of carrying on.It was making a loud, high-pitched whistle and screaming like a hysterical woman.I opened my front door,and in the light of the spotlights I have hanging around the yard,I saw this tall figure, maybe eight feet high with black hair all over.It just stood there and looked at me.After a couple of seconds it turned and lumbered off into the darkness."

Huston asks if we would like to take a walk through Peaceful Hollow and check out some of the places where people have seen the creature and found other evidence.Before we have a chance to respond,a lanky chap meanders over.He is wearing a baseball cap and carrying a very long rifle.He turns out to be Huston's neighbour,Melvin Robertson.

We all say we'd sure like to go on that walk.Then in unison,for no apparent reason,Huston and Paul and Gary leave.I am left standing alone with Melvin and his very long rifle.It seems natural enough to ask what he is doing with the rifle.

No sooner is the question out than Huston and the guys from town reappear gripping rifles at least as serious looking as Melvin's.And then I remember I am in the land of the fearsome Bigfoot,where Melvin's son nearly got pattycaked by a booeyman. Surprisingly,Melvin doesn't think it's a dopey question."You know I'm beginning to think you may be right," he says dryly."It just may be that thing can't be killed by bullets."

I get my 16-mm movie camera and still camera and we are off.We amble down a path through the high grass between Huston's house and Melvin's cabin,which is 50 yds to the side.The path leads through a field.Huston tells us that here,a few nights ago, five guys came to look for the creature.They waited by the edge of the woods and soon heard a terrific racket behind some nearby trees.One of them panicked and fired and then they all fired and then they bolted.As they ran,they looked back and saw a rock the size of a grapefruit come hurtling out of the woods.

We walk some more and find a trail that Huston and Melvin say wasn't there a few days ago.The trail has been so heavily trod it looks like a steamroler crashed through.And it does look fresh.We notice that a lot of branches have recently been ripped off trees from a height of seven feet.Then I inspect the breaks and see from the curled strands of wood that the branches were not ripped off,they were Twisted Off.

We follow this trail and come to a creek where Huston and Melvin and several others have seen the beast.Suddenly,Huston snaps into firing position.His rifle bounces along to a target I do not see.He looks like he is raring to go at an arcade safari. Then Gary crouches and sights along his rifle.Huston lowers his rifle and says he thought he heard something.Gary says he heard something and thought he saw something too.And Paul says he thought he smelled something .I saw heard and smelled nothing.We head back.

Paul,Gary and I drive into town and have some chili and beer at a diner.A group of people are talking about the Peaceful Hollow sightings.They all say they don't know what to make of them.Gary and Paul will not let me set out unless I take one of their rifles with me.

I declined their offer many times,but I am getting nowhere.The rifle will just sit in the back,but if it makes them happy I'll take it.

I croise back to Peaceful Hollow and park along the field in front of Huston 's and Melvin's.I grab my pack and hide the rifle,which I don't have a license for, under the back seat.I lock the car and have a quiet little chuckle about all this foolish talk of danger.Then I have a second thought,and a bubble of apprehension forms in the pit of my stomach.I unlock the car,grab the rifle,throw my pack over my shoulder flick on my flashlight and wander into the field.

It is dark,I casually shuffle along the path my narrow flashlight beam cuts out.Something about these woods gives me the willies,although I don't realize what it is until I am midway into the field:the forest is dead still.Not a single sound.Not a bird,not a cricket.None of the sounds you always hear at night in the woods.

I amble further in the starlight,I find a good place to set up camp.I drop my pack and walk some to take a leak.

Suddenly,I hear it.From deep within the forest,with my flashlight in my mouth,my rifle in one hand and my schlong in the other.I hear a clear,definite noise pierce the silence.A sort of ponging sound.Like a hammer striking sheet metal.Now there is no way anyone is bopping metal in those woods at this time of night,so at first I'm not quite sure how to react.Then I decide how to react.I scoop up my pack and gallop out of there.

The sun is rising and so I figure I ought to also.Besides,its beginning to get stuffy in the car,the windows having been closed all night.

I take my cameras and stroll through the forest.There are all the normal sounds of normal woods.I HIKE and watch for several hours.Then I decide to head into town to talk to more witnesses and townsfolk.

Stanley Moore is the name of the guy who almost got banged on the foot by the rock allegedly thrown by a Bigfoot,and I have seen this person,but did get lost trying to find him,and had to ask at a Police station for directions.When I found Stanley Moore,he confirmed the story about the mysteriously pitched rock,and he goes on to say,"I think we've got something very important here.I'm convinced it is no accident that this is happening now and it's happening here.I have no idea what it all means,but I have the feeling that its importance is international in scope.There's a man by the name of Stan Ingram who several years ago spoke out a lot on the Communist conspiracy,and -"

A gentleman enters the shop and - speak of the devil - he turns out to be Stan.

"I've been researching this phenomenon for three years," says Stan Ingram, "and I think I've come up with some answers.

"It's my belief these animals exist.They're just as big and just as horrible as people say.As a matter of fact,they look very similiar to the Bigfoot of the Pacific Northwest."

I ask him if he thinks this is a different kind of animal.

"No question about it," he says.I notice he has a severe nervous tic in his hands."I learned a lot in the beginning from my 17 year-old daughter,Becky.Becky came back very late one night,and she snuck up to her room so we wouldn't know how late it was.My wife and I didn't say anything.But when she came in the same late hour a week later,she was all beat-up and bruised.I sat her down and very firmly told her to tell me exactly what was going on.

"That's when she said she'd been riding.She said UFO people had been talking to her for a while,and then one day they said they were going to take her up in their spaceship.They hypnotized her and made her leave school.She walked across the football field and walked into an invisible UFO.The doors went 'whoomp' behind her and the UFO people said not to worry,they were going to take her riding.In a little over a quarter of an hour,they took her to the deserts of northwest Australia and back.Since then, she's been riding lots of times and only got into trouble when the bad UFO people caught on to her.

That's when they beat her up and threatened to kill her.

"Now,I've since learned that many,many people have been riding and most of them don't know it.You see,they can put you in a trance and make you forget the whole experience.And sometimes the extra-terrestrials don't take you up in their spaceships Instead they take you riding in those smaller vehicles that look like golf carts and have force fields to keep the rain out.The only way to know for sure if you've been riding is by the side effects,like if you wake up in the morning with a hangover,even though you didn't do any drinking the night before.I,myself,have been riding dozens of times,although each time they erase it from my memory."

"Why do you suppose they erase your memory?" I ask,Stan Ingram's arms are crossed and his hands do a tap dance of nervous tics.

"Dezezda says you're all right,I can tell you.You see.Dezezda is the monitor who was assigned to me by the UFO people,who call themselves Plantos.I'm able to communicate with her through a series of signals she sends by making my hands twitch. She tells me everything.She says the creatures in Peaceful Hollow are animals from another planet who gather food and supplies for the Plantos.And she says the reason they erased my memory was because I stood to get in a lot of trouble with the government.

"I'm already in a lot of trouble with the MIB's or the Men In Black,who are the bad UFO people.They're the ones who beat up my Becky and have offered us money for what we know.They offered us $500;000.They showed my friend Swarner the money in a suitcase.But I knew if we took it,something would happen to us before we had a chance to spend it.

"Swarner's monitors,named Sarday and Quanquat,told him the MIB's have something to do with the Red Chinese,and the leader of the MIB's goes by the name Harlu Lang Chow.Now I don't know if they've been crossing with the Red Chinese or what.I do know that other UFO people have been crossing with folks in this country,and I've talked to many people they've crossed with.And I'm sure that for every one who knows he's been crossed with,there are hundreds they've crossed with,who don't know."

Stan Ingram says he has something interesting to show me.He goes out to his car and returns a minute later.He hands me a long,thick animal's nail.He says he believes it comes from a Bigfoot.The nail is much larger than that of a dog or a wolf and looks nothing like a bear's claw or that of any animal I can think of.He wants me to hold onto it and have it analyzed.He says it was found in an area where he and others have heard the beasts wailing.The nail has a glob of flesh at the base and it's easy to see why even a Bigfoot would howl if they did have one of their nails ripped out of its socket.

Stan Ingram leaves and I tell Stanley Moore I'm going to head back to Peaceful Hollow to spend the rest of the day in the woods.I ask him to join me.We pull into Peaceful Hollow as Huston is pulling out,and he stopshis car and is very excited and yells,"Kenneth Sons,Melvin's brother-in-law,saw the thing this morning just after you left.And he saw the thing close enough to touch."

We run ahead and see a ruggedly built,sandy-blond six-footer talking with Melvin.I meet Kenneth Sons.Kenneth and Melvin are both very somber,so neither of us wishing to be the life of the funeral ,Stanley and I get somber too.

We somberly march down to the forest,where Kenneth says he will tell us something incredible.As we walk,Kenneth says over and over how there aren't many people he'd tell this to,but he considers Stanley Moore his Friend.I am beginning to realize just how terrified Kenneth Sons,ex-Marine,actually is.

In a clearing just inside the woods,Kenneth speaks in a shaky voice,"It was 11.30am., when I was down in the back woods.I was on my knees digging ginseng.Suddenly I felt something like someone was behind me,looking at me,even though I didn't hear a thing.I looked around and slowly stood up.And there the thing was.Seven-plus foot tall well over a foot taller than me,and I'm six foot.It had black hair all over,four to six inches long anyway.It looked like it was half-human and half-ape.It had a flat face - almost like a human's,but more like a gorilla's - and a flat nose.Ears - the ears were kind of higher than on a person,and they were round.Hands - its hands were just like a human's.

I couldn't see its feet because they were in the brush.Its eyes,they were just one solid colour - red.The thing just stared at me through hair hanging over its eyes like it was trying to hypnotize me.I couldn't tell if it was male or female because its hair was so long around those.

"It was just standing there.And it had a rabbit in its mouth.Then it dropped the rabbit and made smacking sounds with its lips.And then it eased its hands down.It stuck its right hand out and made some different sounds like it was trying to show or tell me something.

"Now I'm not afraid to admit it - I was scared I ran and tripped and fell and just prayed to God that thing wouldn't harm me.I looked over my shoulder and saw the thing lope off.And I swear to you,that's exactly the way it happened."

It is about to rain and I am in Stanley Moore's shop talking with Stanley and Cecil agree that most locals don't believe in the creature,although many have surprisingly open minds."Yeah," says Cecil off handedly, "and there are people like my wife's folks who never would have believed in Bigfoot if they hadn't come across those giant footprints the other day."

Cecil tells us that his wife's folks were at the Davisville cemetery where they saw footprints in the fresh dirt.They said the prints were far larger than those that could be made by any person.

Thick woods border the cemetery on three sides.We soon find several huge, foot-shaped impressions that are too indistinct to identify as footprints.And then we find two impressions that are clearly footprints - one left foot,one right.They are shaped like human prints,and each measures 14 inches.One print has five well-defined toe impressions.I know enough about footprints to tell these were not made by any animal,other than human,that we know about,including those of bear when their fore and hind tracks are superimposed.I can duplicate the depth of the impressions in the now-damp soil only by jumping from a height of two feet.I would make a plaster cast,but the rain comes down and I don't even care.

It is 10.30 at night and very dark; Kenneth and I are standing in a field by the side of the forest and listening for odd sounds.We hear an odd sound: something is stepping on branches and stirring up a ruckus 20 feet into the woods.It could be a person,but when we call,no one answers.More and louder noises like bushes and branches being crushed underfoot.This is getting very eerie.We cannot see into the dark woods, so we step back a few feet and crouch down and hope that whatever is in there will come out and has already eaten.Adrenaline jets through my body.Something is out there. And it's big.

The noise continues,although there are long periods when we don't hear anything.At one point,Kenneth stands,so I stand.He says he feels as though the creature wants him to go into the woods,as though he is being drawn in.I say if he goes in.I'll go in with him.Then we decide that it's so dark the beast could peck us on the cheek and we wouldn't even see it,so who wants to go into the woods anyway? Especially if that's the beast's idea of a good time.We sit down and chuck bananas into the forest instead.A half-hour later,we hear whatever it is that's making the commotion,off,deep in the woods.

It is the following morning and I am looking through the area where we heard the noises the night before.I find the bananas we tossed and they're untouched.I locate other bananas I've peppered through the woods and they're all untouched too.Later in the afternoon ,I meet Kenneth at Melvin's,where he is spending a few nights, and we hike together.

As Kenneth gets to know me better,he feels he can open up more.He tells me something today that he was afraid to tell me before because it is so unbelievable that I might think his entire sighting is not what it's made out to be.When he first turned to see the Bigfoot,the largest bobcat he had ever seen was sitting on his haunches next to the Bigfoot.It was the size of a German shepherd.And it just sat there.The cat didn't go for the rabbit when the Bigfoot dropped it.When Kenneth looked back and saw the Bigfoot lumber off,he saw the cat trail a few feet behind.

It was Kenneth's impression that the bobcat was the Bigfoot's pet.

A few days later,Kenneth seems on the verge of telling me something through out the afternoon and evening.That night,as I am about to lock myself in my car and settle in,Kenneth says goodnight and pauses awkwardly for a moment.I ask if there's any thing he wants to tell me.

"If there's anything I can think of," Kenneth says as he strides into Melvin's house,"I'll come back and let you know,"

In five minutes he is out and says,"You're going to have a visitor tonight. All day I've had this strong and clear feeling that thing is going to come up to your car and try to rip it open.I can feel it the way I've felt other things that have happened."

Question of precognition aside,my heart begins pounding fast and hard inside my chest and head.There is only one way to find out if Kenneth's prediction will come true.Instead,I make the long drive to Stanley Moore's home to take him up on his open invitation to spend the night.I'm all keyed up and I drive like I'm at the wheel of a getaway car - my foot heavy on the accelerator.I'm constantly checking the rearview mirror for pursuing Bigfoots.

Stanley Moore tells me several dozen people in the neighbouring county saw a squadron of ten UFOs.He says the Civil Defense was alerted.The local TV evening news dedicates the last-three-minutes-human-interest-story to these sightings.The newscaster interviews a deputy sheriff who got a good look at the saucers.Later I shall find out there is more to the story: the deputy saw two Bigfoots while the spacecraft hovered above.

Allan Thomson and Jim Mattick were among those with Stanley Moore when he nearly got clobbered with that rock.Allan and Jim had seen the creature before.

"We were sitting by the creek keeping real quiet," Jim says."Then,around 10.00pm.,we saw something - about 50 yards away.We got a pretty good look at it since there was a full moon.It looked like some kind of horrible ape but it walked like a man. Hairy and between seven and eight feet tall and weighed 500 or 600 pounds.We kept still and watched for 10 minutes while it just hung around.Then one of us made a sound and it saw us and left.

Jim,who is one of the best grizzly bear hunters in the country,and Allan got the blood and flesh and hair and also a chewed branch,found by Huston and Melvin, that might contain saliva.Why Jim and Allan got this stuff is because they have a friend who is a scientist and works in a lab at a medical school.Allan and Jim took the specimens to their friend and returned a week later to see if he got any results.

Allan says,"We were met by a team of scientists,which included our friend, and they said they were sorry because they misplaced our samples before they had a chance to examine them.Jim,here,got so mad he almost decked one of the scientists.Then later,when no one was around,our friend came over and said,'I can't tell you any more than what I'm about to tell you,and I shouldn't even be telling you this.You've got something there.You're on to something hot.'

"It's sure a good thing we didn't give them all our samples."Allan says as he stands and goes into another room.

Now Jim leans forward and says,"A lot of people are mighty interested in that animal out there.A bit too interested,if you ask me.People know me through my reputation as a bear hunter,and I've been getting anonymous phone calls all hours of the day and night offering me $500,000 for the animal,dead or alive.And one of the biggest Las Vegas casinos called to say they'd pay me $1 million if I could deliver the animal alive."

Allan enters the room carrying a large cardboard box.Inside are large hunks of coagulated blood,rocks with scraps of flesh clinging to them and a lot of strands of long,thin hair - some black,some white,some curly,some straight.Allan holds up a thick branch that's been gnawed on.Allan and Jim give me the Bigfoot materialto have analyzed back in New York.

I talk with Allan and Jim until two in the morning,and then I head back to Peaceful Hollow.

As I pull in.I see Melvin and Kenneth standing behind Melvin's house and watching the woods.It's the first night of the full moon,so it's pretty light out.Melvin is toting his rifle.I walk over and ask what's going on.

"The house is under attack by Bigfoot,"Melvin says."That thing has been shrieking and hollering all day,and it quieted down early tonight.A friend of my wife's came over and we were telling her about the thing and she wanted to hear it,too.So we brought my son outside because we figured that might stir it up.Well let me tell you That thing began wailing loud enough to wake the dead.It came charging through those woods as fast as lightning.Kenneth yelled.'Get the kid inside quick,'and we did and I grabbed my rifle.We've been holding that thing at bay ever since."

I hear hefty branches crack 25 feet into the woods.Something is out there.I step to the edge of the woods.Melvin,who has been the staunchest UFO disbeliever of any one around,says he and Kenneth saw great glowing spheres just above the trees several times tonight. "You don't think there's anything to that UFO business,do you?" Melvin says,believing his most frightening suspicions.

I move closer to the woods.Melvin and Kenneth darkly warn me not to go any further.I want to see whatever is in there and I want to see it bad.Another loud crash. I get the shakes.My mouth fills with the taste of coins.But I want to go into those woods and I tell Melvin and Kenneth so.Melvin aims his gun above my head and says he'll keep me covered.I determinedly walk forward,as if pushing against an elastic wall.More branches cracking,exploding.It is pitch black inside these woods.I can't see a thing.I hear something moving a few feet in front of me and I suddenly think this isn't such a hot idea and I tear out of there rabbit-quick.

Melvin and Kenneth and I stand between Melvin's house and the woods for an hour and a half while we hear noises of something colossal close by.Twice,Melvin says he sees some form through the trees,but I see nothing.Then we hear the creature plod away,fading deeper into the dark woods.

Melvin is relieved because his home and family are safe,and I am mistified because I have seen nothing.Melvin says he wishes I saw something,and Kenneth says that can be arranged and yowls those creepy noises that he thinks attract the beast.It is a very bizatte growl he makes as he cups his hands in front of his mouth and inhales.

From the woods we hear heavy footsteps barreling toward us.Closer,Closer. I've got the heebie-jeebies bad,but I step forward and stand in front of the path so I can see.And as incredible as this sounds,it's the absolute truth.The thuds approach the wide part of the path 25 feet away still behind trees;they swerve to the left and change to what sounds like a loud mechanical clicking.Like baseball cards snapping against wheel spokes,only slow - about two clicks per second - and much louder and very mechanical.The clicks come from a height of nine feet.In four seconds,the noise abruptly ends and there is nothing but dead silence.Word of honour.

Melvin and Kenneth and I are trembling.We wait and watch and listen for hours and there is nothing.Then the sun begins to come up and we investigate where we heard the noises.We find a very fresh print where the animal apparently skidded and tried to dig in with its toes.We find a long white hair in the print.

For the hell of it,I try bellowing Kenneth's Bigfoot call.I listen for a couple of seconds and I try again.Then from a few feet into the woods comes the same grisly call,so loud it sounds like it's amplified over a PA system.It reverberates all around me and I get groggy with awe.It gets louder and louder and then dies out after 20 seconds.I wonder what I said.I run to the other side of the field and get Kenneth and we go into the woods and find nothing.

An hour later I am hiking through the woods,blaring my new Bigfoot call every few minutes.This is not easy to keep up.For one thing,I've been doing it so loud and so often that my throat is getting scratchy.For another thing,I jitter every time I hear it.The creature approaches but stays behind cover 40 yards away,then moves off.

I spend the rest of the morning trekking through Peaceful Hollow,and I get to thinking that whatever is out there remains a very important discovery.We have a lot to learn from these animals.

I also get to thinking I don't have any of the proper tools to make that discovery.I've learned a lot about the animals behavior.I've also learned that its genius lies in its ability to elude people.Since the animal is nocturnal,I need night-vision instruments and camera stations that will be triggered automatically by infrared electric eyes and other equipment.I need to enlist accomplished scientists who will be part of an organized and sophisticated expedition.And I need to know that no harm will come to this creature that has managed just fine without human interference.If I thought this beast would end up in a zoo or circus - or getting picked off by Phantom jets from atop some Vegas casino - I would do everything I could to assure people that Bigfoot is really just a myth,just a legend.

I tell Huston and Melvin and Stanley and Kenneth and Allan and Jim of my plans for a more effective expedition,and they agree that it's needed.I say goodbye, that I'll see them soon.Staring into Peaceful Hollow,I tlepath the same message into the thick green woods.

Since I left,the police have been keeping people away from Peaceful Hollow This resulted from the decision of those in the search that the less the creatures were disturbed,the better.I have changed the names of the localities for the same reason.

Progress: Eight more people,including a priest,have seen the Peaceful Hollow creature.My plans for a return expedition are coming together.A mammalogist is examining the nail Stan Ingram gave me.He has said it looks like it came from a primate,although he hasn't yet been able to identify which particular primate it belonged to.World-known forensic pathologists are analyzing the other specimens.Preliminary tests on the hair reveal it bears many human characteristics although not enough to make it human in origin.What kind of animal the specimens came from has still not been determined.

(I use the letter (I) TO mean LTE FRANK.

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NOW YOU SEE THEM - NOW YOU DON'T

By
Jenny Randles.

It would be nice to believe that UFOs are some solid physical phenomenon from 'out there' - in other words spacecraft.However,as readers of my recent contributions on the subject will know,I have little personal faith in this.I do not deny the existance of a 'real' phenomenon - but the definition of this reality is open to question

A truly vexing question one must confront is why the UFO phenomenon has such incredible attributes.I will look at some of these in relation to the perceptual detection of these 'objects'.

There are numerous reports on file where UFOs are here one minute and not the next.Take the famous Bowles/Pratt encounter at Winchester last November (1) The object disappeared with no perceptual indications of when or how it did so.This is a comparativly common feature which,it can be argued,may be due to an incredible rate of motion as the UFO leaves the scene.This is seemingly illustrated by Detective Norman Collinsons experence at Bury. (2) However,one wonders how such feats are physically possible (especially at low altitude as there would be a tremendous vortex created).

Clearly one could argue for an ability for the UFO to become invisible. Cases such as that of the car that vanished into thin-air, (3) or reported experences where a UFO apperently dematerializes in one location and appears in another ,may be leading us in this direction.

Probably the most popular theory to account for such facilities is the one that the UFO manipulates dimensional space in some manner.Think of the Moebius Strip- a piece of paper which is long enough to fold into a circle with a single cut in it. If one traces a path along one side one eventually ends up back where one started but on the opposite side of the paper!

One has taken the 'long' route using two dimensional space. If one takes a third dimension into account (thickness) one can go right through the paper and achieve the same result in no time at all.

One might suppose from this extraterrestrial vehicles with the Star Trek trappings of 'hyperspace' - or one might conceive of visitors from adjacent 'dimensions' (if they exist). This latter suggestion often brings in the Bermuda Triangle or other possible relevant sources of data.

Clearly, though, there is another important possibility. This is, that, the presence of the phenomenon (be that what it may) is only detectable to certain people under certain conditions. Think of the analogy of the TV screen with picture and no sound. The picture can disappear in two ways. Either the actual production of the image could fail (the set could be switched off) - or your perception of it could cease (you could close your eyes). Metaphorically speaking some people might close their eyes to UFOs.

This would, of course, explain the enigma as to why we can have a UFO experience such as the one claimed in March 1977 at Crewe (4) where a UFO encounter is photographed by one witness, where as a colleague might by the side of the photographer failed to see the object at all.

This then is, I feel, most important and is one which has been developed considerably by Mr Peter Warrington and myself in some new ideas we put forward in our book 'UFOs: A British Viewpoint' due for publication in 1978.

References

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This Article Was Sent in By Mr STEPHEN DAVIES OF NUFOIS, But Had No Title.

Numerous UFO Sightings have been recorded throughout the ages. In the 'contact' cases the beings usualy claim to come from another planet, Mars and Venus have been mentioned numerous times by the Aliens who claim to come from neighbouring planets. But surely a being from Venus dressed in a "nice suit" would explode (The atmospheric pressure of Venus is 92 times that of Earth's, a release of this pressure from a 'Venusians' body would have the same effect as a man entering a Vacuum.)

'Martians' would do the opposite, and crumple under the Earths atmospheric pressure. But the UFO occupants do not. In the past decade we have gradually given up hope of intelligent life in our Solar System, and have now started to search the nearby stars. (Searching for radio signals from distant star systems, the so called 'wobble' that is seen when watching distant stars, which is an indication of a planetary system around that star) But now Ufonauts claim to come from worlds afar'. The further we open our minds to the universe the further the Ufonauts claim to come from. I beleive that they are leading us on a false trail.

Many UFO's have been seen to enter the oceans. A satellite has photographed a hole in the North pole (The U.S.S.A. - 7 Satellite) Could the Ufonauts be survivors of a modern civilization destroyed by a catastrophe thousands of years ago? I say something because I beleive it caused the ice age. The ice age was caused very suddenly a few seconds or minutes, Mamoths chewing food were instantly and perfectly preserved by a servere and sudden drop in temprature. But what about evidence of a past modern Civilization?

A footprint was found in a coal seam.The coal seam was 15 million years old. The strange ceiling which one found in a similar coal seam with an unknown writing, which no one can translate, walls artificialy made,Models of aeroplanes and legends of Atlanyis,and it goes on.

Before this catastrophe,I beleive that somewhere in the Earth a Base was set-up by people who knew about the coming of the catastrophe (mainly Scientists I would think) They would develop,and being a body mainly consisting of scientists,they might discover the various types of Saucers,the ideal flying machine,and anti-gravitat ional,force-fields etc.All the things we are trying to achieve now.When they ventured out of their bases they found the survivors and their descendents had gone back to being 'barbarians',something had to be done.Trained scientists would have to bring the barbarians back to civilization.They would have to start in one section of the world at a time.This starting up of Civilizatioh is best presented by the ancient peoples of South America.

The civilization of antiquity have a quick beginning.It is said that the 'Culture bearers' were the founders of Civilization.The Culture bearers were always described as bearded white men.

In Mexico with the AZTECS was QUETZALCOATLITL,great priest/king.He came with his builders,Astronomers,Mathematicians, and painters. He gave people food,and taught them not to give human or animal sacrifices.

Yucatan,The Maya greeted the old white fathers who came in a great arrival from the sea.

They were succesfull and they civilized the rest of the world as & when they could.As the centuries passed the servivors decendents watched the world progress from their saucers.But people were aware of this and began to ask questions.The Ufonauts warned us of the dangers from Atomic energy,and knowing we had little knowledge of our increased so did their distance from us.If anyone on Earth made a Breakthrough where their Base is,they would be silenced by the Men In Black.

Where is this Base? under the sea? underground? The possibilities are endless.

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TILHØRER
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