

He had stayed in a Chicago hotel the night before and now after an early start was strolling along the lit-e-traveled highway. Ahead lay a stretch of woods which Bailey calculated he could traverse in half an hour or so. In those woods this ambitious young black man would come face to face with a mystery which remains un-olved to this day.

Bailey had taken long walks before with his 150-pound advertising tire. He had long ago perfected an easy stride, a rhythmic pushing, to drive the device ahead of him. He was wearing green overalls, green shoes and socks, and carried a green backpack. Large goggles protected his face and heavy gloves covered his hands.

As Bailey drew near the small forest several miles southwest of Orland Park, Ill., he suddenly felt a ramping, burning sensation on the back of his neck. He turned around without breaking stride and observed that he assumed was a "whirlwind" in the sky in back of him.

The phenomenon was gray and rotating, large at the top and small at the bottom. It was unlike any other whirlwind Bailey had ever seen. But

because he was used to seeing strange new sights during his walks, he did not spend much time trying to figure it out. He continued straight ahead, grateful that the spasm in his neck had eased. His only thought now was to get to Joliet before sunset. Since he planned to spend the night there and continue on to St. Louis the next day, he had no time to stop and gawk; he still had about 25 miles to go to Joliet. A quick glance at the sun told him it was about 11 o'clock.

Bailey's next conscious memory is of standing in the wooded area, staring at a huge silvery-gray object across the road on the edge of a meadow. Sitting silently, its rounded shape reminded him of a water tank, although it was more oval than cylindrical. It was much larger than an automobile.

Puzzled and curious, he broke stride and brought his huge green tire to a rolling halt. As he observed the strange object more closely, part of its surface silently slid back to reveal a sort of door or window in its side. Bailey was less than 100 feet from the object and he saw two strange-looking men come up to its window. They stood side by side staring back at him.

Author Ann Druffel, investigator for the Center for UFO Studies, sits with Reverend Bailey as he sketches UFO he saw that day in 1951.



AP-78

B

Harrison Bailey and the

"Flying Saucer Disease"

PART ONE

In the woods near an Illinois town he encountered the UFO and its occupants — and his life was never to be the same again.

By Ann Druffel



Harrison Bailey is now associate minister of a Baptist church in California.

AT SIX o'clock on the morning of September 24, 1951, 24-year-old Harrison E. Bailey was hiking from Chicago along State Highway 7 toward Joliet, Ill. A healthy, energetic man, he was engaged in the activity he liked best — walking. He had no way of knowing that by 4:30 that afternoon his entire life would be changed forever. An encounter with the unknown — with three types of non-human beings and an alien craft, an

event perhaps unprecedented in UFO history — would affect his body, his mind and his attitude toward life.

Three years before, Bailey had invented an ingenious advertising gimmick: a huge five-foot tractor tire which he had painted green and in the center of which he put signs promoting various products and public events. Over the years motion picture theaters, clothing stores, soft drink companies and various other organizations in and around Gary, Ind., his hometown, had hired him to advertise their products in this fashion. He accepted these jobs during vacations and holidays for he worked full time in the Gary steel mills.

On this September day, however, he was walking his tire as a labor of love. The great green wheel wore a sign, "Let's Come Through in '52 — St. Louis Browns." He was advertising his favorite baseball team as a morale-building gesture. He had started walking from Gary on September 23 and planned to finish on September 26 with a triumphant arrival in St. Louis, where Bill Veeck, owner of the Browns, would greet him.

Bailey realized this was something about which he knew nothing. The men's faces were hidden behind huge green-tinted face shields somewhat like those welders wear. Behind the transparent material of the shields the men's faces seemed oddly distorted.

Confused and a little frightened, he concluded that the object must be an aircraft of some kind because it had no wheels or other means of ground travel. Although it had no wings, props, tails or exterior engines either, he intuitively linked it to the gray rotating "whirlwind" he had seen a little earlier. He felt the same prickling spasms, now intensified and generalized, and his entire body seemed to be vibrating.

He stood transfixed on the road, gazing in perplexity at the ship and wondering where it came from. Perhaps, he speculated, the occupants were Russian spies connected in some way with the war then raging in Korea. In that case he didn't want to have anything to do with them. Or maybe the silvery disc was one of those "flying saucers" people were seeing. If it was, he had even more reason not to stay around; he remembered reading a column by Walter Winchell telling of the ridicule heaped upon witnesses who tried to report these flying objects.

Suddenly one of the men spoke.

"Where are you from?" he asked. The question was phrased in unaccented English.

"Gary, Indiana," Bailey replied.

"Where are you going?"

"St. Louis, Missouri," Bailey said. He didn't bother to shout, figuring that if he could hear the men, they

could hear him. Russian spies or men from space, it seemed hardly a significant or memorable conversation and Bailey was itching to be on his way.

The men looked at each other as if conversing among themselves or preparing other questions but Bailey had lost interest in them. The paralysis seemed gone now and he started rolling his wheel again, headed southwest toward Joliet. He glanced back once toward the strange ship. It was still resting silently in the meadow. Bailey walked on.

He had gone only a short distance before painful cramping sensations afflicted his shoulders, arms, legs and abdomen. Coupled with these unfamiliar spasms was a deep fatigue such as he had never felt before. On all his walking tours, some lasting several days and always comprising hours of steady walking, he had never experienced exhaustion like this.

As he emerged from the woods he noted with dismay that the sky, which had been blue with a few fluffy white clouds, was now gray and foreboding. As he stepped from beneath the canopy of trees, rain was falling. Strangely, the morning was gone. A glance toward the west, toward a sun barely detectable behind thick clouds, informed him that it was now late afternoon.

Bailey was too ill and too tired to worry about what had happened to the time. His only concern was how he would be able to travel the 25 miles of muddy highway and arrive at Joliet before dark. It was impossible, he realized. Still, he trudged on, rolling his tire. His cramped legs and arms cried out for relief.

He had stayed in a Chicago hotel the night before and now after an early start was strolling along the little-traveled highway. Ahead lay a stretch of woods which Bailey calculated he could traverse in half an hour or so. In those woods this ambitious young black man would come face to face with a mystery which remains unsolved to this day.

Bailey had taken long walks before with his 150-pound advertising tire. He had long ago perfected an easy stride, a rhythmic pushing, to drive the device ahead of him. He was wearing green overalls, green shoes and socks, and carried a green backpack. Large goggles protected his face and heavy gloves covered his hands.

As Bailey drew near the small forest several miles southwest of Orland Park, Ill., he suddenly felt a cramping, burning sensation on the back of his neck. He turned around without breaking stride and observed what he assumed was a "whirlwind" in the sky in back of him.

The phenomenon was gray and rotating, large at the top and small at the bottom. It was unlike any other whirlwind Bailey had ever seen. But

because he was used to seeing strange new sights during his walks, he did not spend much time trying to figure it out. He continued straight ahead, grateful that the spasm in his neck had eased. His only thought now was to get to Joliet before sunset. Since he planned to spend the night there and continue on to St. Louis the next day, he had no time to stop and gawk; he still had about 25 miles to go to Joliet. A quick glance at the sun told him it was about 11 o'clock.

Bailey's next conscious memory is of standing in the wooded area, staring at a huge silvery-gray object across the road on the edge of a meadow. Sitting silently, its rounded shape reminded him of a water tank, although it was more oval than cylindrical. It was much larger than an automobile.

Puzzled and curious, he broke stride and brought his huge green tire to a rolling halt. As he observed the strange object more closely, part of its surface silently slid back to reveal a sort of door or window in its side. Bailey was less than 100 feet from the object and he saw two strange-looking men come up to its window. They stood side by side staring back at him.

Author Ann Druffel, investigator for the Center for UFO Studies, sits with Reverend Bailey as he sketches UFO he saw that day in 1951.



tors remained unsatisfied. Finally they asked her if Bailey drank alcoholic beverages. She told them that her husband was a teetotaler; he didn't smoke or use narcotics either.

"Finally," Bailey told investigators years later, "the doctors put down 'Illness: Unknown' on my medical report.

"During my stay in the hospital in 1963, my mind often went back to the object I'd seen out in the woods, and when the people thought they had seen me coming out of a flying saucer ship. Could this have been a real UFO? Could I have gotten too close to it? Could my illness be a 'flying saucer disease?'"

After his surgery Bailey tried hard to regain his health but his body would not respond. He was retired from the steel mills in 1966 on a disability pension and soon after that he began to speak openly about his 1951 encounter. He took to advertising in newspapers in a desperate effort to elicit information from others who might have the same type of illness. When his advertisements got no response he began to fear that he was unique. Maybe he was the only person in the world who had ever suffered physical problems after a close encounter with a UFO. Or perhaps his illness had *not* been caused by proximity to a "flying saucer." Was he wrong? Was it all a series of incredible coincidences?

Bailey knew in his heart this was not the answer. His problems were very real indeed — as real as the object he had seen in the woods, as real as the strange men who had stood at the "window" and stared at him from

across the highway, as real as the questions they had flung at him across the mild September air. Yes, he knew.

He found he could bear the uncertainty and the discouragement but what hurt most was the ridicule from friends and strangers alike, and the occasional "human interest" articles written by unfeeling reporters — "human interest" being synonymous in this instance with derisive humor. The sometimes indifferent, sometimes patronizing letters he received from various government agencies he contacted were even more infuriating.

* * *

THEN ON April 24, 1975, he placed an ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, one of the largest daily newspapers in the United States. His ad urged any reader who had information concerning "flying saucer disease" to contact the Rev. Harrison E. Bailey, associate minister at the New Salem Baptist Mission Church in Pasadena, Calif. Several days later he appeared on "The Mickey and Teddi Show," a local television talk program. As a result people — serious people — finally heard of Bailey and responded to his plea.

Because of the ad and the television appearance I came to know the Reverend Bailey. In my capacity as representative for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) and the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) I initiated an investigation of Bailey's alleged experience.

I was interested in the possibility that Bailey's memory of the encounter had been blocked in some manner and therefore he had no conscious answers to such questions as

Late that evening he reached a small railroad town northeast of Joliet. There were no hotels to put up a tired traveler but a friendly stationmaster permitted him to sleep warm and dry inside the red-painted depot. He parked his tire outside. As he tried to catch a few hours' sleep, he heard voices outside asking if anybody had seen the "flying saucer" and then laughter. Sleepily he wondered if they were joking about his huge green wheel. It did not occur to him that they might have been discussing the same odd craft he had encountered that day. He slept fitfully.

The next morning Bailey thanked the stationmaster for his kindness and continued on his way. He felt somewhat better. The extreme fatigue and cramps of the previous evening had eased but Bailey still did not feel his usual exuberant self. Nevertheless he resumed his journey, rolling his advertising tire all the while.

As Bailey continued on toward the city of Joliet he suddenly became aware that numerous people were watching him. He was used to having small children follow him, running along, grinning and enjoying the swish of the great wheel. But these rural folk were muttering and as Bailey approached some lined up across the road to block his path. Bailey stopped and considered his situation, which did not look good. These people were Caucasians and looked as though they had something on their minds. A lone black man would be helpless against them if they tried anything. One of the men barked, "Hey, you!"

Bailey waited, his gloved hands resting on the wheel.

"Did we see you come out of a flying saucer yesterday?"

The blunt question shocked Bailey. If the tone in which it had been spoken had not been so serious, Bailey might have laughed in relief. He was used to being called a "flying saucer man" in Gary because of the similarity of his huge wheel to a spinning saucer.

"No, sir," Bailey said. "I'm not from any flying saucer."

He hurriedly showed his identification, including some newspaper clippings about his advertising wheel. The townspeople listened sullenly, not yet convinced.

"Take off your shoes," another man demanded roughly.

Bailey removed his green shoes and socks, his fingers shaking with anxiety and returning fatigue. As he uncovered his feet the men closest to him broke into relieved grins.

"Hey!" they called to the others in the crowd, "this fella ain't out of a flying saucer. He's *black!*"

Bailey breathed a sigh of relief as the men handed back his credentials and murmured an apology or two. He put on his shoes and socks and continued on his way. He made it to Joliet that evening and from there to St. Louis the next day.

* * *

THROUGH subsequent years Bailey continued his walking tours, advertising various products and productions and gaining considerable newspaper publicity. In 1957 he outfitted his tire with lights and more than once was reported as a "flying saucer" by startled citizens of Gary and other towns. But he kept closely locked within himself the

why the encounter had occurred or what the motives of the helmeted men might have been. He also wondered why the time had seemed to pass so quickly that day.

When Bailey and I studied a map of Illinois we were trying to identify the small railroad town where Bailey had spent the night after slogging through the rain for hours after his sighting. The lines which denoted the highways of Illinois between Chicago and Joliet spoke clearly, if mutely. Obviously, at least six hours were missing from his life.

It had been Bailey's custom to walk swiftly and surely at a rate of four to five miles an hour during his walking tours. He estimated that the walk from South Chicago through Orland Park had taken four or five hours. Passing through Orland Park, he remembered clearly that he still had about 25 miles to walk to Joliet. Ordinarily he could have traveled that distance in six to seven hours, even allowing time for lunch.

Looking at the map Bailey determined that the small railroad town where he had slept in the depot might possibly have been Mokena, Ill. The town of Mokena is about 15 miles

from Orland Park. It had taken Bailey from 11:00 o'clock in the morning until long after sunset to travel that distance.

In an effort to explore the time lapse associated with his September 24, 1951, sighting, Dr. Bill McCall, a California physician specializing in family practice, regressed Bailey hypnotically on June 6, 1977. Dr. McCall uses hypnotic techniques in the course of his practice to assist in the diagnosis and treatment of certain illnesses and physical malfunctions.

The information obtained in this fashion from Bailey's hidden memories proved both gratifying and disturbing. It answered numerous questions about the man's experience and supplied corroborative facts which strengthen Bailey's conscious account. But it also brought out additional surprising facets of the sighting which have raised new, intriguing questions about the presence of the silvery-gray ship and its helmeted occupants.

For hidden in Bailey's subconscious mind were the details of an encounter that is almost unique in UFO experience.

(This is Part One of a two-part article.)



THE SAINT BLEEDS AGAIN

THE "MIRACLE of St. Januarius" — the liquefaction of what Catholic authorities say is the clotted blood of the Fourth Century martyr and patron saint of Naples — occurred on schedule Saturday, April 30, 1977. Church officials said the blood liquefied, as it usually does twice a year, after hour-long prayers led by Cardinal Corrado Ursi of Naples.

The blood, kept in a small reliquary, failed to liquefy at this time in 1976, causing considerable alarm among Catholics in Naples.



secret of his 1951 encounter on the road. Persons who reported *real* flying saucers were ridiculed and Bailey wanted none of this. He was respectable and employed and he did not want to jeopardize his reputation or career. But he kept thinking back to the strange craft, the odd helmeted men and the questions they had asked him. "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" The incident seemed to make no sense at all.

Besides the continuing puzzlement in his mind Bailey's life changed in other respects. His former vitality, energy and vibrant health were gone. He began to experience stomach trouble, symptoms which doctors found vague and undiagnosable but which were real and painful to him.

He was drafted into the army in 1952 and served two years. During this time the stomach pains continued intermittently. Although Bailey tried several times to tell doctors at sick call what was troubling him, they did little more than prescribe Maalox and send him back to duty.

By 1954 Bailey was out of the army and back at work in the steel mills of Gary. Life was good. He had eight years' seniority with the company and all the advertising promotions he could handle on vacations and weekends. He found, however, that he had to change his walking habits considerably because he was tired and often ill. He went repeatedly to the doctor and always was told that nothing was wrong, that his trouble was merely a "nervous stomach."

By the late 1950's he rolled his tire only for special occasions — for a favored candidate during an election,

for safety campaigns in the steel mills and for the Fight on Organized Crime in America. His illness was now so serious that doctors at Hines Veterans' Administration Hospital in Illinois decided to operate.

In 1963 Bailey underwent surgery, ostensibly for gallbladder trouble. The surgery was simple enough but a few days later, according to Bailey, one of the doctors who had performed the operation asked him, "What's the matter with you?"

"What do you mean?" Bailey said.

"What's going on inside your body?"

Bailey was confused by the question. "I don't know," he said.

"Don't lie to me!" the doctor shouted. "We've been all through your records. You've been somewhere or something has gone through your body you're not telling us about. What is it?"

All Bailey could do was to stare at him in amazement. "I don't know, I don't know," he protested.

Later other doctors at the hospital asked him some of the same questions, sometimes in the presence of other doctors, sometimes alone. Finally they brought in Bailey's wife and told her that he was in "very, very bad shape." Bailey claims the doctors said that his internal organs were three times older than they should have been for his age, which at that time was 35. They asked her what had happened to him in his lifetime to make him age in that manner.

When she told them where her husband worked, what kind of food he ate, the kind of clothes he wore and what his other habits were, the doc-

MAY-78

Harrison Bailey and the

"Flying Saucer Disease"

PART TWO

The Rev. Harrison Bailey of Pasadena, Calif., discusses his close encounter of the third kind with author Ann Druffel.



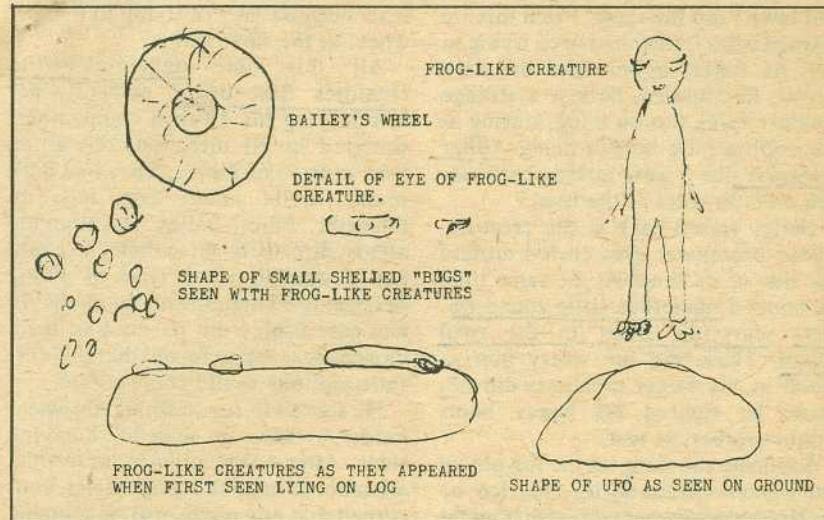
The froglike creature lay on a log staring at the approaching human being — then suddenly it got up and walked toward him.

By Ann Druffel

EARLY IN the morning of September 24, 1951, 24-year-old Harrison E. Bailey of Gary, Ind., left Chicago on his way to Joliet, Ill., where he planned to spend the night. As a promotion gimmick Bailey was pushing a five-foot tractor tire with a sign which advertised the St. Louis Browns baseball team. He hoped to be in St. Louis by September 26 where Browns owner Bill Veeck would greet him personally.

As Bailey approached a wooded area near suburban Orland Park, Ill., he suddenly felt a cramping, burning sensation on the back of his neck. Turning around, he saw a gray "whirlwind" in the sky.

The next thing he knew, he was standing among the trees looking at a huge silvery-gray craft nearby. A door opened and two strange men wearing green-tinted face shields emerged. Bailey's whole body now seemed to be



Reverend Bailey drew these pictures of the UFO and the strange creatures he encountered as he entered wooded area.

Highway 7. His own footsteps, an occasional birdcall and the swoosh of his great green advertising wheel were the only sounds. He had glanced back briefly at what he thought was a gray "whirlwind" and then continued on his way. A stretch of woods waited ahead.

Bailey suddenly interrupted his account to shout, "Right up there! They're waiting for me!"

"What is 'they?'" McCall wanted to know. Bailey did not answer. He was busy trying to comprehend an incomprehensible sight.

"You say they're waiting for you. Does that mean you saw 'them' before?" McCall asked patiently.

"Well, I saw them before I got to them," Bailey said, responding in the maddeningly literal phrasing characteristic of a person in deep trance.

"A lot of little bugs," Bailey said. He paused. "They're bigger than a bug — about the size of a big frog. They're on a log that's partly out in the road. They're coming close to me, a lot of them on both sides. Close enough to touch me!"

Bailey's smooth brown face took on an expression of distaste. "A frog hops! These are walking!"

He shifted uneasily. "I don't know how come so many of them. I been touched, maybe bit. I start to run. Woods still dark — it was early morning when I went in. Should be out of the woods by now! It seems to be getting pretty late. I don't understand. I'm beginning to feel . . . confused. I musta lay down. I know I wouldn't lay down! It's a wooded area, no houses."

McCall questioned Bailey carefully

vibrating and he felt physically uncomfortable.

As the young man wondered if the two figures might not be Russian spies, they abruptly asked him where he was from and where he was going. When Bailey told them they looked at each other and Bailey, his physical discomfort gone, continued on his way. He glanced back once and saw the object still resting in the meadow.

He had walked only a short distance before painful cramping sensations afflicted his shoulders, arms, legs and abdomen. At the same time he was overcome with extreme fatigue. Emerging from the woods he was astonished to discover that the sky had clouded over, rain had begun to fall and it was late afternoon. Only moments before — or so it seemed — the sun had been shining in the mid-morning sky.

Late that evening Bailey found shelter in a railroad depot northeast of Joliet.

Soon after Bailey resumed his walk the next morning, he encountered a group of rural people who demanded to know if he had stepped out of a flying saucer the day before. Perplexed, Bailey denied it and finally the crowd let him go.

He arrived in St. Louis on time despite the puzzling delay two days before. But Bailey's life was never the same after that. His formerly excellent health and vitality were gone, he suffered from recurring stomach trouble and he was often ill.

Finally in 1963 he underwent surgery, ostensibly for gallbladder trouble. A few days later one of the doctors at the hospital angrily asked Bailey what

was going on inside his body. Bailey had no idea what he was talking about. Eventually the attending physicians, saying he was in "very, very bad shape," told him his internal organs were three times older than they should have been for his age (35). They wrote in his medical report: "Illness Unknown."

In 1966 Bailey retired from his job in the steel mills on a disability pension. Convinced now that his physical problems were related to his UFO encounter, he advertised in newspapers trying to locate other people who suffered from "flying saucer disease." No one responded.

After moving to California Bailey met Ann Druffel and other area ufologists who began an investigation of his story. Bailey agreed to undergo hypnotic regression in an effort to retrieve the memories of the missing hours.

AS HE SAT deep in hypnotic trance the Pasadena, Calif., minister shifted uncomfortably. He was reliving a frightening experience that had lain hidden in his unconscious mind for over a quarter of a century. The rest of us watched quietly in the private lounge of a hospital in southern California where Dr. W. C. McCall had regressed the Rev. Harrison E. Bailey back to a warm September day in 1951. The story emerging from this hypnotic session was astounding and disturbing — quite unlike anything any of us had ever heard before.

In trance Bailey was walking along a road somewhere between Cicero and Joliet, Ill., on Highway 6, he stated carefully, near where it joins

and later I did the same. From this we learned what Bailey had been trying to say. As Bailey approached the dark woods, he claimed, he saw a strange creature lying flat on a log, staring at the approaching human being. Other creatures like it were lurking half-hidden on both sides of the road.

Bailey stared back at the creature, whose prominent eyes curled around the side of its head. At the same time he noticed numerous little round objects scurrying about in the road ahead. These did not worry him as much as the larger creatures did because he figured his heavy boots would protect his feet.

Suddenly the thing on the log got up and walked toward Bailey. Startled, he realized quickly that whatever it might be, it was not a frog. Then all the frog-like creatures, close to a dozen in all, clustered around him. Their high-pitched calls sounded like the piercing cries of wild ducks. They seemed to be talking with each other.

Bailey couldn't understand why they walked along with him, repeatedly jumping up to touch his hips, his waist, arms and shoulder. What were they? About 18 inches in height, they were covered with brown, smooth, striped skin. Their paws were like little hands and their feet three-toed. They jumped and touched, jumped and touched. Bailey was grateful for his protective overalls. The sensations he felt when they touched him were unpleasant.

Bailey noticed that the entities had slitlike mouths but except for the eyes their faces and heads seemed quite featureless. Bailey fought them off with his left hand, not the easiest of

feats because he was trying to roll his wheel at the same time.

All this time numerous little creatures "like bugs," evidently accompanying his 18-inch companions, skittered in all directions along the road in front of Bailey. They had dark round shells about one inch in diameter. Since Bailey was looking almost directly down at them, he could not determine what type of living being existed underneath the shells. In any case Bailey did not look at them closely because he feared that their erratic motions would confuse him.

He started to run, pushing his wheel harder to keep up with his hurrying steps. After a few minutes he left the alien horde behind. Nevertheless, concerned that one might still be clinging to him, he brushed his clothing.

Suddenly he felt a vast heaviness and time became unclear. The next thing he knew, some hours had passed and he was still in the stretch of forest.

He passed along a thinner section of woods dotted with large ponds of marsh water. Here Bailey noticed a large object sitting in or on one of the ponds, just off the road to his right. It was roughly the size of a Greyhound bus and its surface was rounded, silvery-gray and smooth.

Bailey slowed his pace. He heard a sliding sound and saw an opening appear in the body of the object. Two helmeted men stood looking at him.

For 26 years Bailey would not allow his conscious mind to consider the possibility that his encounter had been anything but a brief, seemingly pointless conversation across the road. Under McCall's soft and patient questioning Bailey repeatedly resisted the

ctor's efforts to uncover the mystery of the missing hours.

"Do you think they took you aboard that tank during the time you were in the woods?" McCall asked, a full hour after the start of the hypnotic session. Bailey paused for a long time. "Well, if they *did*," he countered, "you wouldn't talk about a thing like that. People have very peculiar ideas out there about people that see something like that."

Later in the session McCall tried again. "You mentioned that if you *had* been aboard you wouldn't tell anybody about it," he said. "You'd have no objection to telling us about it, though, would you?"

"I can't," Bailey said. "I can't recall going aboard. I don't want to be anywhere around. *I don't want to know too much.*"

Finally, after being assured that Bailey's Christian God was protecting him and that the danger had passed, Bailey revealed what he knew in his own mind to be the truth.

"I probably have to be put to sleep to go in there," he ventured. He speculated that the touch of the strange froglike creatures might have produced a state of slumber. Or perhaps, he thought, they had bitten him without his knowledge.

He awakened inside the craft, lying in a low-slung bed which felt strangely soft. A bright diffused light shone in his face. He could vaguely see machinelike shapes around the room. Then the two strange occupants approached.

About five feet in height, they seemed benevolent enough but Bailey avoided looking at them closely. Be-

hind the tinted shields their features were flattened and bizarre. Their clothing was made of a single piece of fabric without openings or zippers. In his fright Bailey didn't get around to noticing their hands or feet.

Bailey closed his eyes against the bright light and the sight of the men. The heat from the light warmed him through his clothing. He felt his head being turned from side to side as if they were examining his face, nose and ears. Oddly, he could not feel the men actually touching him. He could only hope and pray that it would be all over soon and that they would let him go. Then he fell asleep.

His next recollection was of being given a message. Through some type of telepathy the two occupants urged him to tell people that UFOs were real, that they meant no harm and that they desired to land and communicate with mankind unhindered.

"Why me?" he asked in his mind. "Why not talk to scientists or somebody who knows more than I do about things like this?"

At this point Bailey paused in trance and sighed. "They say they're in the same shape I am," he recalled. "Somebody always looking at them, like people look at me when I roll the tire. Now it appears that they want people to stop staring at them and to be more friendly. I think they're good people with a problem.

"I let them talk. They would like me to be a spokesman for them. They're in the same fix I am. I think they refer to my being black, to being . . . not wanted in this society."

Bailey next was permitted to leave the craft. He found himself walking

had seen the episode take place.

Two years of research have produced documentation concerning Bailey's advertising wheel, his walking tours and specifically his trip from Gary, Ind., to St. Louis, Mo. The rain-storm outside Orland Park and his belated arrival in Joliet also have been documented.

Efforts to locate Bailey's full medical records have met with only partial success. In UFO research nothing is harder to do than to pry 24-year-old medical records from reluctant hospital staffs. Summaries of Bailey's 1963 surgery mention a gallbladder operation. With the help of Douwe Bosga of the Illinois-based Center for UFO Studies, I hope to procure the complete records which may contain the cryptic notation, "Illness Unknown," which Bailey remembers seeing. Other pages of the detailed charts may mention the premature internal aging of which Bailey speaks.

His wife Anna Bailey fully substantiates Bailey's contention that he always has avoided alcohol and drugs. She states firmly that the Hines doctors told her that her husband's internal organs were two to three times as old as his external body.

Between 1952 and 1969 Bailey experienced seizures similar to grand mal. However, repeated EEG tests failed to uncover *any* brain wave abnormality which would account for these. During some of these seizures Bailey remembers experiencing vivid "dreams" during which he saw the occupants of the silvery-gray craft and heard their message once more.

Responsible persons in the Pasadena community which Bailey serves

as minister attest to his integrity and stability. He is known as an impressive preacher, an effective Christian leader and a fearless social activist.

* * *

RECENT SCIENTIFIC research has thrown new light on the possible causes of the physical symptoms Bailey experienced following his UFO encounter. James M. McCampbell (author of the important book *Ufology*) and other researchers are gathering evidence that some UFOs emit electromagnetic radiation in the microwave region. Can Bailey's "flying saucer disease" have been caused by microwave radiation? Several clues suggest this well may be the case.

Let's consider this possibility: some type of radiation — ostensibly in the microwave region — leaked from the silvery craft or was directed at Bailey, whose skin was well protected by his cap, goggles and clothing, so the sensation of heat and the effects of skinburn were minimal. But his inner organs, composed of sensitive, moist tissues, were permanently damaged.

In order to substantiate the theory, we must consider the precise order of physiological sensations:

(1) ". . . at the back of my neck, like a cramp or something, but longer than a cramp would last. A funny feeling, a prickling down my back . . . and cramps in my shoulders and neck . . . This was when I saw the whirlwind behind me."

(2) "Standing in front of the ship, I felt like I was in a trance and couldn't move . . . Then something prickling, like needles punching or something. I feel a little hot. I feel a vibration. Not

down a kind of ramp. His tire felt light and rolled slowly down the ramp as if it had lost most of its weight.

As soon as Bailey got back on the road again, memory of the encounter immediately slipped from his mind. He forgot the message the occupants had given him. It would be 14 years before Bailey would speak openly about his encounter with the UFO in the woods and his suspicion that somehow the encounter had harmed him physically.

* * *

THROUGH HYPNOSIS investigators learned other important facts about Bailey's experience. For example, we uncovered new information about Bailey's route from Cicero to Joliet. This is important to our continuing efforts to locate corroborating witnesses to the UFO and occupants Bailey encountered.

Bailey consciously remembered walking in a southwesterly direction from Cicero to Joliet. Yet hypnosis revealed that he probably took a route which first ran south out of Cicero to Highway 6, then west along the southern boundary of Orland Park. The encounter took place just before the junction of Highway 7.

In his effort to seek shelter from driving rain, Bailey may then have turned directly south on Highway 7, also known as Wolf Road. Already confused by his run-in with the odd animals and the mysterious craft, he wandered for hours until he reached a small railroad town. This small community likely was Mokena, Ill. From Mokena the next morning he traveled in a generally westerly direction to Joliet.

The problem of Bailey's time lapses is a difficult one. As we try to reconstruct the incident, it appears that Bailey lost two to three hours between the time he encountered the "animals" and the time he saw the craft. After he saw the UFO he underwent another two- or three-hour time lapse, from which he emerged feeling fatigued and nauseated. It was late afternoon before he finally came out of the small stretch of woods.

A third time lapse took place the next day. Under hypnosis Bailey recalled that he left the shelter of the depot early in the morning on September 25, 1951, and began to walk. His next memory was of seeing a sign informing him that he was three miles outside the eastern limits of Joliet. The time was late afternoon. Here it was that a crowd stopped him and demanded to know whether he was a spaceman whom they had watched come out of a flying saucer.

What happened to Bailey between early morning and his afternoon arrival outside Joliet? Since Mokena is only about 15 miles from Joliet, he should have been able to traverse the distance in less than three hours. Is it possible that the craft followed Bailey and took him aboard a second time on September 25? Obviously people living outside Joliet could not have seen the craft abduct Bailey near Orland Park but they could have witnessed a (second) "kidnaping" in their own vicinity.

Bailey was so relieved to be dismissed as the "spaceman" the Joliet-area residents had seen coming out of a UFO that he left hurriedly without bothering to ask when and where they

the ground. *I'm vibrating*. I ought to have a chill but I don't feel cold. Pretty warm out there."

(3) "Leaving the tank, I begin to walk but — very, very heavy. My legs, cramping . . . shoulders, pain. My arms, my shoulders — maybe they're from the vibration I felt. It can't be from the tire. I never did ache like this — and my stomach! I just can't go no further —"

The sequence of physiological effects can be correlated with the *distance* of the ship from Bailey. The initial prickling in his unprotected neck is typical of what happens during exposure to low levels of microwave radiation or possibly, radiation from a distance. It seems to have been a mild electric shock. The prickling and cramping along his shoulders and spine could have been the shock spreading to adjacent areas.

As he stood near the landed ship Bailey felt warmth and vibration throughout his body, accompanied by a feeling of trancelike paralysis. Microwave radiation can cause electrical tension in the membranes surrounding nerve fibers. Since orders to voluntary muscles sent out of the central nervous system travel along these fibers, strong microwave radiation could effectively disturb muscular response and cause paralysis.

Bailey started to walk away. His legs felt heavy. He kicked and shook them with little effect. A slowly-pulsed microwave field can create gaps in memory during which muscular coordination is unimpaired most (though not all) of the time.

Bailey's stomach trouble started after the encounter and has persisted

to the present time. It might be explained in two ways: (1) The level of microwave radiation to which he was subjected caused a combination of weakness, fatigue, depression and fear similar to that which occurs in persons exposed to cumulative low-level microwaves. His continuing unconscious anxiety about the encounter may have resulted in a permanent psychosomatic reaction. (2) His stomach trouble was the result of chemical changes in his digestive organs — something which a Russian study suggests is one symptom of microwave exposure.

We have no way of knowing, of course, whether Bailey was purposely or accidentally harmed by the UFO and its occupants. Bailey himself believes any injury done to him was unintentional.

Until a few months ago the froglike creatures described by Bailey seemed unique in the UFO literature. Recently, however, *after Bailey's June 1977 hypnotic session*, England's *Flying Saucer Review* published a peculiar French case which until then was unfamiliar to American ufologists. According to that story a French witness, driving *alone* through a *forested, marshy area*, saw a *large number of small froglike humanoids* who stared at him with *large glaring eyes*. The sketch the witness later drew is surprisingly like Bailey's.

Our investigation of Bailey's encounter continues. We now hope to locate possible corroborative witnesses and substantiate his statements about his surgery. Any reader who can help us in these regards is urged to write the author c/o FATE.