

# RECENT CONTACTS

## and LANDING REPORTS

“Flying Saucer Review” considers that some contacts may well be taking place between the peoples of other worlds and people on this planet. This magazine does not necessarily vouch for any particular contact report given here unless otherwise stated, and we leave it to you to judge for yourself.

### MR. COOKE GOES TO ZOMDIC

**M**R. JAMES COOKE lives at Runcorn, in Cheshire, England, and early in the morning on Saturday, September 7, 1957, he was expecting the saucers. Mr. Cooke had seen them before on many occasions and on this particular night (it was just after 2 a.m.) he had already seen a formation manoeuvring in the sky. He knew that a ship was going to contact him that morning because he had been receiving telepathic messages that this would happen.

At 2.15 a.m. he excitedly watched the ship approaching—it was as brilliant as lightning to gaze upon. The saucer changed colour repeatedly from blue to white, back to blue and then to red. Finally to dark red. By this time the ship had come to rest only 20 yards away.

He did not feel any wind, except that which was there before the ship came, but underneath it the grass waved to and fro as though attracted to the ship by some strange magnetic force. The saucer did not “touch down,” but stayed a few inches from the ground. This, he was later informed, was due to the ground being wet from earlier rain. It seems they do not operate when the weather and atmosphere are damp.

Mr. Cooke stated the ship was approximately 120 ft. in diameter. When he approached the craft a voice called out to him: “Jump, do not step. Jump on to the stair. The ground is damp. Jump. Don’t have one foot on the ground or you will be hurt.”

Mr. Cooke jumped as directed and mounted the stair (some kind of gangway let down) into the ship.

The light inside seemed to come from everywhere. It cast no shadows!

The same voice that warned him to jump and not to step into the ship instructed him to remove his clothing, and to don a suit that appeared at his side. It was difficult to get into it.

He had to stretch it on, being told to put the legs on first, then the arms and hand portions. The next stage was putting on the head part and mask, complete with eyes, nose and mouth portions (mask lips being sealed together). The suit was joined at the front waist to points over each hip and when Mr. Cooke had put on the head and face he was told to bring the open part at the back together. When he did this it sealed itself as it touched, cementing together firmly. The garment was made of a “plastic-like” material, but far superior, Mr. Cooke said, to anything on this planet.

When he was attired the stairs reappeared and he was directed to descend from the ship into a larger one. (Presumably he was now on a mother ship.—Ed.)

He found on the large ship well over 20 people present. They were tall by earth standards, but he subsequently learnt small by their own average height.

No one had spoken to him since the beginning of the journey, excepting the voice mentioned earlier. Mr. Cooke clearly remembered the expressions on the faces of those who greeted him at the feet of the stairs and the gestures they made. They first placed their left hands over their eyes and then their right hands over their hearts. They could read his every thought. He had only to think and his thought would be answered. It was impossible to deceive, that is to say one thing and mean another.

He was taken to a planet called Zomdic in another solar system. “Your scientists don’t know this planet exists,” he was told.

Mr. Cooke stated that although they do have roads on the planet, these are not used. They are relics of a bygone age. They use small ships as transport which move across the ground at about 20 or 30 ft. up. These small ships apparently operated on some harmonic principle. The pilot would sit in a bucket-shaped seat before a table on which was a small object like a hammer.

There was a row of metal-like strips protruding like organ stops. Taking the hammer the pilot struck one of the strips and a melodious "ping" was taken up by some sympathetic instrument and the note persisted at first and then rose higher and higher. Other notes seemed to blend in. While in flight the small ship was controlled by a small ball on which the pilot's left hand rested. When the ship landed the musical notes continued to "ring" until the pilot took his hand from the ball and, using the hammer, struck certain strips some way from the first ones he had struck before. The humming then ceased and everything was still.

The vegetation was mostly of a yellow variety, not like grass. Small herbs, yellow in colour with blue-tipped leaf. The flowers, though, Mr. Cooke said, were superb.

He was taken to meet one of the wise men on the planet. "Listen," Mr. Cooke was told. "The inhabitants of your planet will upset the balance, if they persist in using force instead of harmony. Warn them of the danger."

"But they won't listen to me," Mr. Cooke replied.

"Or anyone else either," the wise one added, and there was the sound of a sigh with the words.

Mr. Cooke was then instructed in many things, including the method of propulsion through space.

After this interview he returned to the ship that brought him to Zomdic. On the return journey he had to extricate himself from the loaned suit. This he found more tricky than getting into it and he had to slit open the back with a razor blade that was in the coat pocket of his own suit lying where he had left it previously.

When he got back it was Sunday, September 8. Landing was uneventful, except that he burned his hand on the rail of the stairs. The ship did not actually touch land and he omitted to let go of the rail completely before his feet touched earth.

Mr. Cooke arrived home at Westfield Road, Runcorn, at 10.50 p.m. On his arrival home there were present his mother and four friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hocknell, Mr. E. Thomas and Mrs. E. King, and all of them, Mr. Cooke states, will confirm as to his appearance and mannerisms at the time.

Miss Thelma Roberts investigated this contact on behalf of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW, and spent a whole week-end interviewing Mr. Cooke. She found him to be a sincere and kindly person with an open and receptive mind, devoid of vanity and with a keen sense of humour. He answered all

her questions without wavering.

Mr. Cooke told her that the saucers themselves are used only in the magnetic fields of the earth and not in outer space as they have no repellent power when meeting other objects. Mother ships are used in outer space. Saucers use as a propelling force the magnetic fields surrounding the earth and permeating the atmosphere. He said saucers have to "tune in" to the planet they are visiting and to the person they "contact."

Those people he met on Zomdic wore what he thought to be two-piece garments with a belt around the waist. He described their faces as "baby faced," some had beards. They all had good smooth complexions and he could only call them beautiful. On being asked if he had noticed any women on Zomdic, he replied that there had been something about the people he could not quite place till later. Then it came to him, they were bi-sexual. They do not use money. What they needed they have. Energy is turned into substance in any required form.

Mr. E. Thomas, one of the witnesses to his return home, states that he saw the burn on the back of Mr. Cooke's hand.

## FLEET OF FLYING SAUCERS LAND ON MARACAJA

In an article published in the *Jornal do Dia*, of November 24, 1957, Mr. Floriano Correa presents the evidence sent to that newspaper by its Maracaja correspondent in the State of Santa Catarina.

This correspondent relates that he was coming from Maracaja on the morning of November 18, 1957, having with him a sick person in his jeep. When passing in front of a farm about three kilometres from Maracaja, the owner, Mr. Pedro Zilli, asked him if he had seen the flying saucers. After replying "No," the correspondent continued his trip to the small village; however, he asked the people he met if they had seen anything strange in the sky. Having received some affirmative answers, the correspondent felt that this story was true and later on returned to Mr. Zilli's farm to find out the details.

Mr. Pedro Zilli (53) and Joao Ernani (57) were building a tobacco hothouse and interrupted their work to give this story to the *Jornal do Dia* correspondent.

"On that day, November 18, at approximately 10.30 a.m., Mr. Ernani, having left the hothouse to get a piece of wood, saw a strange thing and called Mr. Zilli to see it. Going to the place

(Continued on page 31)

*"Flying Saucer Review" reprints this article from "The Star", Sheffield, England, by kind permission of that newspaper.*

## MYSTERIOUS TAPE RECORDINGS

# People from outer space contact earth man by 'radio'

By BERNARD SMITH

IT was pelting down outside as in a cosy little cottage high up on Sir William Hill in picturesque Grindleford, near Sheffield, we waited in the growing dusk for a voice from another world.

This was no seance—there were no spirits involved—just an ordinary looking tape recorder.

It was running noiselessly now, in front of us, our ears strained to catch the faintest whisper.

### **And then IT happened.**

We heard an odd type of transmitter click and then a faint ethereal voice spoke quite distinctly **"SHIP IS REAL, PEOPLE."**

We gasped, our host stopped the tape, wound it back a little and played it again—"Ship is real, People"—each word sharply clipped off by a weird voice.

### **Is it a hoax?**

A gigantic hoax? You, dear reader, can answer that one after you've read the facts.

Not content with just dabbling in flying saucers and queer happenings which have been reported in *The Star* in the past, he now claims that his tape machine is continuously recording voices and sounds from either space ships, or people, on another world who are watching us.

He puts the microphone on his bedroom window sill and waits—and the result is hundreds of mysterious recordings the majority of which defy any explanation.

I spent a whole evening listening to the recordings and came away with a headache.

A B.B.C. engineer, a cynical metallurgist, officials of astronomical societies, and psychic research people have listened to them, too, and left scratching their heads in amazement.

### **More shocks**

For there are even more fantastic shocks and revelations than the one I've already given.

Before revealing these you need to know a little something about Phillip Rodgers, which should be remembered throughout, otherwise you'll dub him a crank and ask, "What will *The Star* publish next?"

**If he is a crank, and I've met plenty, then he's the cleverest one I've come across.**

The villagers laugh at him—he in turn pities them. The children have christened him Dan Dare, not because of his known interest in flying saucers, but because he wears telescopic glasses continually.

You see, Mr. Rodgers is practically blind. There are many with better sight who use a white stick, but Phillip refuses to do so.

### **Clever musician**

At the age of 41 he's a brilliant musician and is employed giving lectures and concerts in schools by Sheffield and Derbyshire education authorities.

**Ranked in Europe's top three recorder players, he regularly broadcasts for the B.B.C. and Radio Eireann and travels to the Continent for dates on other networks.**

He's a member of the Unidentified Flying Objects Corps; likes to call himself The Saucerer's Apprentice, which, incidentally, is the title of a book he's writing on the things.



## Metallic note

It is all started when on August 31 last year he heard "a long loud metallic note of 995 c.p.s. coming from the sky over Eyam Moor. The object producing it was flying rapidly WNW."

SHOCK No. 1: "Although Phillip's hearing is extra sensitive HE rarely actually hears anything. It is only the microphone which "hears" the voices, so recording them on the tape to be played later.

SHOCK No. 2: Phillip always announces a time check when he begins recording and on one occasion discovered a voice had immediately followed it up with another check giving the time on a 24-hour clock.

● The voice made a mistake and corrected itself. Phillip never heard a thing until he "played" the tape.

Says he: "Their transmissions are not radio but a form of transmission unknown to us."

Some weeks ago Phillip wrote to Lord Dowding, former Chief of Fighter Command, with whom he has corresponded in the past.

## B.B.C. record

And knowing Mr. Rodgers' reputation, Lord Dowding was interested enough to write back suggesting he should get an independent person with a different tape recorder to try the same experiments.

This opportunity soon arrived when John Musgrave, Head of the Topicalities Department of the B.B.C., went to Sir William Hill with an assistant to make an interview.

And then came SHOCK No. 3. John Musgrave's microphone placed on the window sill received an ear-splitting "HELLO" in a child's high-pitched voice. There were no children about, and in any case the two men would have heard any normal shout.

As it was, only the microphones "heard" the voice.

## Just fantastic

I telephoned the B.B.C. in Manchester to confirm this and learned that shortly after the journey to Grindleford, John Musgrave was taken ill and is still in hospital.

His secretary told me, however, that Mr. Musgrave had summed up the recordings in one word—fantastic.

Mr. Rodgers is wildly enthusiastic about his work.

He described the sounds "as resembling faint Morse signals, strange tremoli, short musical figures, hums, booms, clicks, and crashes of a kind I have never heard before."

And as for the voices: "In the main they speak a language utterly different from any I know. It has many diphthongs with very few consonants. It is decidedly nasal and is sung rather than spoken."

SHOCK No. 4: Mr. Rodgers has recorded the music of these "unknown people."

## Angelic choir

At 10.45 one night the microphone picked up the voices of a children's choir. Such was the music that a camp sing song was immediately ruled out.

**It just might have been sound, coming up from a TV or radio in the village (highly improbable this) but an exhaustive check on all networks and channels deepened the mystery for there was no children's choir on the air at the time of the recording.**

Anyway, Phillip says the microphone does not pick up sounds from the village, and unknown to him I checked up on his statement while his recorder was tuned in.

## Modernistic

Surely the following statement of Phillip's is not that made by a crank: "Their music is different from any I have heard, being thoroughly diatonic but unrhythmic. Phrases I have recorded are distinctly modernistic by our standards.

If you're still pooh-poohing all this, here's what **Mr. R. F. Pashley**, secretary of Sheffield's Astronomical Society, has to say. He's a competent radio ham, by the way, and a schoolteacher. The two were strangers until recently.

**Mr. Pashley:** "This half-blind musician is doing a really scientific job of work in a scientific way. His recordings consist of a solid core of unexplainable noises which are completely baffling in their origin."

MARS AND VENUS SPEAK TO EARTH

Read

**COSMIC VOICE**

the world's leading magazine of  
Interplanetary Communications

Published bi-monthly: Price 2/6, plus 4d. postage  
Annual Subscription 16/- (post free)

Official Organ of the

**AETHERIUS SOCIETY**

Aetherius House, 757, Fulham Road, London,  
S.W.6 Telephone: RENown 4187