

THE EDITOR GOES WEST

Charles Bowen

AN invitation to attend the first meeting of the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) couldn't have come at a better moment for there had been enticing suggestions from other friends that I should visit the United States at about that time. The CUFOs invitation was the final incentive.

As I understood it, the meeting was intended to be largely informal, and was to be held at an hotel between Chicago and Evanston, close to the shores of Lake Michigan. It would be a welcome opportunity to meet for the first time many people who had been valued contributors to *Flying Saucer Review*, and many others well-known to many of us by reputation. Furthermore there would be old friends to meet again, Dr. J. Allen Hynek and Mrs. Mimi Hynek, Mrs. Ann Druffel, Dr. Dave Saunders, Dr. David Jacobs and Fred Beckman, all of whom had visited us in London on numerous occasions.

Apart from the meeting at Chicago, my trip was fixed to take in visits to the New York — New Jersey area, where of course

I was to meet that good friend and FSR colleague, Dr. Berthold Eric Schwarz, his family and friends. And although I thought I knew Bert Schwarz well from his correspondence and the occasional telephone conversation, his energy, drive and enthusiasm still came as something of a revelation to me.

Indeed my education began soon after we had met at J.F. Kennedy Airport, for to mark my first visit to New York the good doctor and his son Eric drove me on a worm's-eye-view tour of the towering city, through Queens, under East River, and into a Saturday afternoon Manhattan. But that was not the end of it, for after the passage of the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River we were in New Jersey — the Garden State, one learns from the car registration plates — and bearing northwards on to the Palisades. I soon discovered the reason for taking this route, for after I had gazed in awe across the river at the waterfront anchorages backed by forests of concrete, steel and glass skyscrapers in row upon soaring row — anchorages which once teemed with ocean liners, but now berthed only two or three — we reached a district called North Bergen.

We had made a detour from the main route, and my host said in apparent seriousness:

"There we are; that's Stonehenge."

And he indicated a gaunt, unlovely-looking, multi-sided tower, with so many sides it looked cylindrical. To be honest, I couldn't have imagined anything less like Britain's famous stone circle, a relic of a masterpiece built over the centuries between 4000 and 3500 years ago by the Beaker and Wessex folks, aided, we suspect, by Mycenaean architects. I don't know whom the North Bergen folk hired to do their job for them; they might have had a more aesthetically



pleasing result if the Wessex folk and the Mycenaeans had still been around.

Dr. Schwarz broke my brief reverie:

"There have been all manner of UFO reports, landings and occupants, around that building," and he gave a brief synopsis of events. This latter-day "Stonehenge" had only been plagued by flying saucers: the beautiful one back in England has been accused by people, many of whom should have known better, of having been built to look like one.

Events at N. Bergen, I learned, had been the subject of a thorough investigation by local investigator Ted Bloecher and his friends, whom we were due to meet at Chicago.

And so, deeper into New Jersey and to afternoon tea at (for me) bed time, followed by a trip out to dinner with the senses protesting that it was time to be tucked up and fast asleep. Then, at last, wearily to bed where, not unexpectedly, sleep stayed away. Finally and in desperation, with "jet lag" coming in for the blame, the TV is switched on randomly to test its soporific effect. No such luck, for there on the screen was none other than Betty Hill, of *Interrupted Journey* fame, being interviewed with Stanton Friedman.

One of my many surprises was how Berthold Schwarz contrives



Berthold E. Schwarz



Ann Druffel



Jerome Clark and Richard Yinger



Fred Beckman (left) and Claude Poher

to combine a busy practice as a psychiatrist, and a consultancy to the Brain Wave department of a big hospital, with his interests in parapsychology and the overlapping UFOs. Even with his drive and enthusiasm, and even with his smoothly organised operation both on the professional and on the extra-mural fronts, it is still a herculean achievement. And what he does — and here I can speak only in so far as UFOs are concerned — is of prime importance, especially in the realm of the in-depth psychiatric examination of witnesses. Furthermore it is his long association with psychic research that permits him to probe into the psi-UFO overlap, which rouses the hackles of both those who prefer their UFO-thought “straight, no-nonsense and E.T.” and the spiritualists among psychic researchers.

I still look back in wonder at the coincidence that Dr. Schwarz as a last throw in what was then for him a minor interest in UFO reports, should have submitted a paper to a medical journal. It was accepted and published and, via John Keel, came to the notice of *Flying Saucer Review*. We obtained permission to re-print the item in our Special Issue No. 2 *Beyond Condon*, and the happy association has burgeoned since then.

Chicago

On April 29 Bert Schwarz and I flew to Chicago to take part in the CUFOS conference at the

Lincolnwood Hyatt Hotel. During preliminary get-togethers, when we were met by the Hyneks and Dave Saunders, we had our first meeting with Dr. Leo Sprinkle and with an entirely new personality, Dr. Jean-Pierre Petit, a French physicist. These two gentlemen were in turn to be jointly the life and soul of the party; Leo Sprinkle for his great good humour and infectious laugh, and J-P. Petit for his wit, and ability not only as a physicist but also as a cartoonist. Busy too, guiding, meeting and directing, were Margo Metegrano, the Center's secretary, and Mark Chesney.

As the group assembled, there was Jerome Clark — he must have been very young when, as my first American correspondent after I

became Editor, he started to write for FSR — Dr. Claude Poher, Fred Merritt, Richard Bonenfant, Henry McKay, Wido Hoville, John Musgrave (the last three from Canada), Ann Druffel, Jenny Zeidman and Joan Jeffers, Drs. Richard Haines, Richard Yinger, Bruce Maccabee and Alvin Lawson, and also Ted Bloecher, David Webb, Don Worley and Jim McCampbell. The last member to arrive had travelled farthest, having made a long and arduous trek all the way from Brazil, flying from Belo Horizonte to Rio, and thence to New York and finally to Chicago; it was a delight to meet Professor Húlvio Brant Aleixo, particularly well-known to readers of FSR for his splendid studies on the Bebedouro and Baleia cases.



Dr. Jean-Piere Petit's final comment on experimental shapes propounded in his lecture on hydromagnetics

In all some seventy members attended, 63 from all points of the United States, and 7 from abroad, which, considering the distances travelled, was a very commendable turnout.

Once the serious business of the meeting began it became clear that informality had been dispensed with; a large number of people, it seemed, had applied to give a paper. And here I am obliged to make a criticism. There were far too many papers for the short time of the meeting, time allocations were consistently over-run, and there was no time to breathe in between many of the presentations, let alone meet and speak with people. For my part (and I was not alone in this) I found myself leaving the auditorium from time to time, either to take a rest, or to meet up with someone for a private chat.

It was not that the papers lacked interest. Most of them were extremely engaging and of

considerable value, and some of them were fascinating. It was encouraging to hear and see the earnest scientists, young, and some not so young, as they discussed, for example, the merits and proved the validity of this or that photograph, the perils inherent in perception, and the forecasting of waves of UFO reports.

Ted Bloecher's paper about the New Jersey "Stonehenge" events was of great interest. It will be published in the next issue of FSR, so suffice it to say here that one of the associated incidents was a bizarre "stone collecting" expedition by entities from a UFO, entities that moved like automatons and apparently succeeded in doing little else other than puzzle the observer. This reported behaviour also puzzled some of those present, as was apparent from the questions put to the speaker, questions which revealed a measure of

impatience that anything so pointless should be reported or considered. At the end of all this I mentioned that it was our experience of humanoid encounters that most of the reported activities seemed pointless. I supported this with a brief description of the account of the French motorist who saw a glowing object shaped like an Italian coffee pot as it landed in a field next to the road where he had halted his car. A "door" opened and three mechanically-moving entities came out and paraded back and forth around the craft carrying objects that looked like fishing rods. This produced a good laugh, heartily led by Leo Sprinkle, and the meeting proceeded happily enough, but immediately, to the next paper.

I had the pleasure of addressing the meeting on the last (Sunday) morning. Following the theme that good things usually start in a small way — that FSR is a good thing and, although still small, is an accepted world leader, and that CUFOS is small, but good — I stressed the point that until the Center can get adequate funding, it mustn't try to be too big too quickly. I traced the history of FSR and spoke of our aims, and of the need to look at some of the strange and to some, almost unacceptable reports, and so to broaden out outlook on the subject. I closed by relating briefly the story of Peter and Frances and their nightmarish ride from Umvuma to Beit Bridge, and what was revealed by investigation using hypnosis. That, I said, was my spanner thrown in their works.

After that it was lunch, many farewells and an American Airlines DC10 blasting its way from Chicago to New Jersey. There some hard but essential work awaited me. Hopefully it will bear fruit later this year. And, by the way, I did hear that Columbia are working on a film called — would you believe it — *Encounters of the Third Kind!*

Postscript:

Dr. Richard Haines has promised to write up a summary of the papers given at the meeting and this should appear in our next issue. C.B.



Farewell to the conference and farewell to Chicago as we fly off past Northwestern University

Going back East: Dr. Hynek's observatory at Northwestern University on shore of Lake Michigan is arrowed

THE "SNAILS" ARE STILL AROUND - PART 2

Ernst Berger

OUR second part of the follow-up report on the Traunstein local "flap" will deal with phenomena up to the deadline of April 20, 1975.

December 14, 1974

Between 6.45 and 7.00 p.m. CET, Hans Pritz started his car and left for Kaltenbach. The night was starry, even too starry. One especially bright "star" seemed to be out of place, twinkling 4° over the horizon. Pritz drove home to fetch his binoculars and trained them on the "star". What he saw was enough to make him drive 1.7 km. further to the south-west and park his car in a field. He cranked down the side window. Later he asked us: "Have you ever watched the beacon light of a patrol car? It was very much like that, a patch of light going round and round." The object had Jupiter brightness and was basically of yellowish tint but changed colours a little, though they were weak. The "beacon" rotated continuously counterclockwise with a frequency of about one rev. per second. With binoculars the object was also seen to be projecting a very thin motionless ray from the upper left edge straight upwards to a point some two object diameters distant, where it ended abruptly.

Suddenly Hans spotted a carmine red dot in the sky in the beacon-object's first position (az. 114°), but lower, flying towards the east at the same moderate speed. "Maybe it was released from the big one and I missed it, because I looked somewhere else... It struck me they were flying so slowly - no speed compared to 1973." The whole watch lasted hardly a quarter of an hour. The red dot was finally lost in the distance and the "beacon" flew further to the west where it eventually was lost in a cloud.

December 21, 1974

While Hans Pritz was watching TV, Fichtinger arrived to tell him to come and see three objects which didn't fit into the star formations. They were the usual yellow-orange colour as bright as Jupiter and standing in a triangular formation: "A star would never twinkle as much." Through binoculars they appeared to consist of a clod of light and a peak slanting to the left a bit (see sketch). Because of the cold night, Hans returned home after 15 minutes.

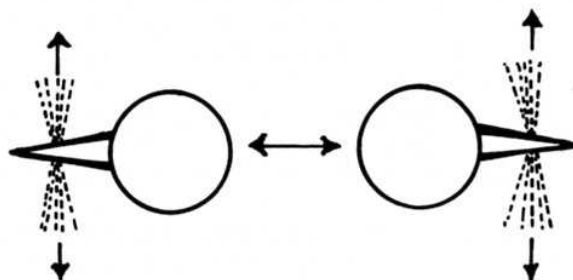
A "spark-thrower" enters the stage

The next report reached us by chance and the witness, who chose to remain anonymous, is not acquainted with the Pritz family. Mrs. X lives in a village (more correctly a few scattered houses) in an isolated wooded valley south of Poeggstall, which

lies 15 km. SSE of Traunstein. She is an old country wife in her sixties walking with a limp after a leg injury, and with reduced powers of hearing. However, she has impressive mental freshness and an interest in natural phenomena.

On a clear morning before Christmas, 1974, about 6.30 a.m., she spotted a globe, halfway up the mountain called Mt. Mandelgupf, and it was swinging to and fro gently like a pendulum. This secondary movement seemed to be superimposed on a slow, forward motion, i.e. a straight course to the east, towards the slope of Mt. Hofkogel, south of Mandelgupf. "First I said: For heaven's sake, what does it mean? Is the thing going to explode?...it was like a sword, and it changed from left to right alternately, but the ball remained the same..." From the fiery orange ball of nearly full moon diameter there extended a kind of peaked horizontal appendage (see sketch) of the same colour and brightness... "Pretty large, and the sword didn't stay long. But the most interesting to me was the sparks - beautiful, like a wonder candle (a popular piece with phosphorous for the Austrian Christmas tree which when set afire throws out showers of bright sparks - E.B.) or a blacksmith hammering a red-hot iron, but only for seconds." As soon as the "sword" achieved its full length, lots of tiny sparks "like tiny stars" sprayed out, up and downwards, from the point right in the middle of the spine, halfway from the globe to the outer tip. "It sparked, but was gone very soon each time."

The appendage showed the same change as described by the Spielberg witness - it "came out" both to the left and right side of the globe reciprocally and without a stop. The sparks seemed to be dependent on full extension of the peak, for they never appeared outside this period of a few seconds. The witness went to look whether her son was awake (he lives with his wife in the next house down the slope) and he was not, unfortunately. When she



Poeggstall "spark thrower"