[redacted]

3

SUMMARY INFORMATION RECORD CARD

ATIC NO. ----

AF NO. ----

REPORT NO. ----

DATE OF REPORT ----

TIME OF SIGHTING During night

SHAPE large disks

SIZE ----

COURSE ----

NO. IN GROUP ----

MOVED ----

PHOTOS ---- SKETCHES ----

DATE OF INFO Summer 1948

LOCATION Bedford, Va

SOURCE Female civilian

DATE IN TO ATIC ----

COLOR bright light

SPEED ---- Estimated / Measured

ALTITUDE ---- Estimated / Measured

LENGTH OF TIME OBSERVED ----

TYPE OF OBSERVATION ground

MANEUVERS revolving

INSUFF DATA

7-8742-7

Temporary ATIC Form 329
(2 Jan 52)

[redacted]

DAILY NEWS, FRI., MAY 5, 1950

Pitching Horseshoes

By BILLY ROSE

The Saucer That Cheers

At the risk of being laughed out of court and countenance, I'd like to report that I've seen flying saucers.

It happened on a clear and moonminus night two Summers ago in Newtown, Conn., on the lawn of the home belonging to Paul Osborne, the playwright. Among my fellow oglers were Paul and his wife, director Josh Logan and his missus, and author John Hersey and his. What's more, none of us was in his cups the night we watched the flying saucery.

The show began about 10 P. M. while we were sitting outdoors, enjoying and shooting the breeze, and the first thing we noticed were several searchlights some miles away poking their yellow fingers into the sky. A few minutes later, three bits of celestial chinaware skittered into view, and from then until midnight they skipped and scampered above our bewildered heads.

As nearly as I could judge, these whatzises were at least 200 feet in diameter and were flying at an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Their edges gave off a ghostly glow, very much like blue neon tubing seen through a heavy fog.

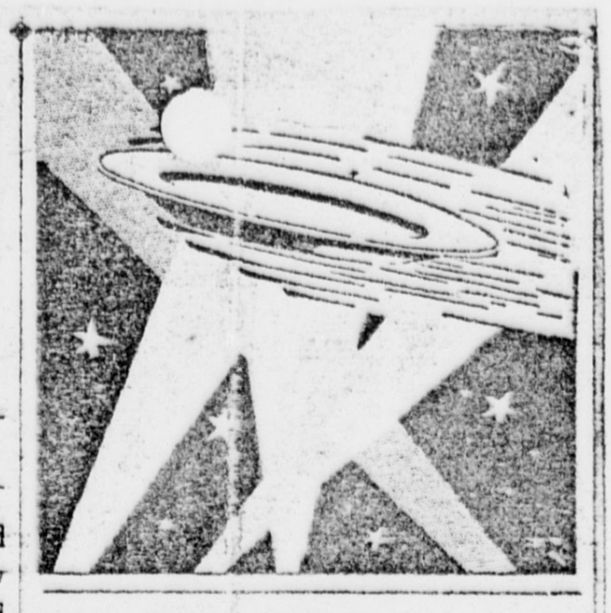
When the searchlights finally cut off and the discs got lost in the stars, we put what was left of our heads together and decided that what we had witnessed must have been some kind of hush-hush military exercise. We also decided that, if we didn't want a butterfly net slipped over our heads, it would be smart to keep our lips zipped about the whole thing.

How come, then, that with my bare face hanging out in print, I'm spilling the story now? Well until recently the talk about the persnickety pancakes has been more loose than lucid — according to some writers, they were manned by Martians two inches tall; according to others, by Russians two droshkies wide.

Recently, however, documentation has begun to replace delirium, and it's becoming evident that the overgrown manhole covers are not only real, but, despite all denials, one of the top-secret weapons of our own Navy and Air Force.

The most convincing testimony was offered April 3 by Henry J. Taylor on a General Motors broadcast over the ABC network. Taylor, after trekking all around the country and talking to people who had seen, touched and even flown these credulity-cracking craft, made the following flat and unfrivolous statement about them:

One type of saucer is the "true"



disc, which ranges anywhere from 20 inches to 200 feet in diameter, is unmanned and generally guided by some form of remote control. The other is a jet-driven platter which carries a crew and is capable of such supersonic speeds that in flight it looks like a hundred-foot flaming cigar.

Furthermore, according to Henry J., a true disc was actually photographed near Wildwood, N. J., another was found in the vicinity of Galveston, Tex., and stenciled on its surface was the following: MILITARY SECRET OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ANYONE DAMAGING OR REVEALING DESCRIPTION OR WHEREABOUTS OF THIS MISSILE IS SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. CALL COLLECT AT ONCE. (Then a long distance telephone number, and the address of a U. S. Air Base, and finally the words on the "saucer" in big, black letters: NON-EXPLOSIVE.)

"I know what these so-called flying saucers are used for," Taylor concluded. "When the military authorities are ready to release the information it will be a joy to tell you the whole story, for it is good news—wonderful news."

Well, I don't know what the saucers are for, but on the basis of this and other reports—plus the evidence of my own bug-eyes—I'm convicted they exist and, praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, are ours. Moscow papers, please copy.

As you may remember, I wrote a column last week about the bureaucratic blabbermouths in our nation's capital who, at the drop of a daiquiri, blurt out top military secrets to anyone who will listen. Well, I'm plenty happy to learn that—at least as regards one weapon—there are some folks in Washington who not only know their beans but can keep from spilling them.

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(Read Billy Rose every Monday, Wednesday and Friday in The News.)

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Newtown,
Connecticut
Summer 1948