

UFO Keeps Date With Boys

By

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Night had finally fallen over the small town of Duncan on the east coast of Vancouver Island, Canada's jewel in the Pacific Ocean. The millionfold splendor of a starry August sky in 1967 had spread wide across the park-like countryside.

Our boy Leif, 12, with some friends from the neighboring subdivision, had erected a pup tent on the lawn in front of our house. "We want to watch flying saucers," Leif had announced mockingly. He hadn't realized how close he already was to seeing one. My wife, Peggy, and I had settled down in the living-room which faces the lawn. We were listening to the movement of a Mozart violin concerto.

The night wind wafted through the open window. "Wouldn't it be something if the boys would see a flying saucer?" I said. The hands of the old grandfather's clock moved to 11 p.m., but before it could strike excitement was all around us. Above the Mozart symphony, Leif's voice rang out, "Come quick, a flying saucer." For seconds his face had appeared at the window.

As fast as we could, we hurried outside and saw three small silhouettes with heads bent back and hands pointing skyward. They repeated the magic words over and over again. In seconds Peggy and I were briefed and quickly our eyes spotted the object high amongst the eternal spheres. No sound of an engine. At a terrific speed the pulsating light moved from north to south

In a few seconds it reached a point directly above us. Without stopping or reducing its speed, the pulsating light suddenly altered its course, made a right-angle turn and shot away towards the east. Soon it disappeared. Rest came late

that night. For several hours the boys lay in front of their tent until their eyes grew tired from staring into the sky.

The following night I watched the sky once more. In a garden chair I scanned the sky with binoculars. A plane hummed past with flashing lights indicating its intention to land. Higher up the hissing engine of the airforce patrol jet plane laid out its regular sound carpet and still higher a satellite seemingly tumbled between the stars.

For minutes my ears trained on the roar of a transporter shifting gears on the Trans Canada Highway about three miles to the west. Another small plane moved slowly across and as I turned my head - there it was again. This time the pulsating light, too fast to be focused in the binoculars, shot from the west. It seemed to fly lower than in the previous night.

It followed a straight line, and seconds later it had zoomed into space and into the maze of stars. The magic of Unidentified Flying Objects had invaded our lives in a matter of seconds. In my mind I related other sightings in the Duncan area during the past several years to our observation, and my longtime conviction as to the credibility of unexplainable objects in the sky had received first tangible proof.

Latest official findings on the U.F.O. phenomenon cannot erase my conviction that our planet is not the only speck in a universe too great for our minds to grasp.

Source: <https://ufobc.ca/Reports/MusgraveFiles/>