

I SAW IT ... AND I'M SICK OF RIDICULE!

Stump Lake (south of Kamloops), BC - June 10, 1968

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There's nothing wrong with a man who doesn't want to be called a 'fool' just because he SAW something that is inexplicable, strange or mysterious. But, he knows that if he tells someone else about what he saw or thought he saw, he'll receive instant scorn and ridicule.

There's no reason why he should - - but humanity is quick to ridicule the unusual or the strange.

This true story involves a man who cannot afford ridicule. His professional duties demand that he be above scorn; that he be quoted as a reasonable, well-informed authority in his field.

He is known to the editors of Phenomena and, if his name were released, is known to thousands of readers in the Pacific Northwest as one of the most outstanding fish and game experts presently being published. His world is that of nature, of things predictable like the tides, the seasons, and hunting and fishing periods. He is consummately practical and down to earth.

There is no reason why he should be interested in things SUPERNATURAL, and, frankly, he's not. But, here is his story:

"I don't hold much with stories about "flying saucers" and the like, but I've come to realize that some things are not easily explainable.

"I don't want my name used but if what I saw is of any interest to anyone, here's what happened to me.

"I was sitting alone in a rowboat 100 yards off shore on Stump Lake, south of Kamloops, B.C. in mid-July waiting for a fish to grab my hook. It was a warm, sunny day and it seemed I was a thousand miles from nowhere. There was no one else on the lake, as far as I could see, and I was happy enough to leave it like that. I was fishing a particular area about halfway down the lake and trying to gather material, at the same time, for my next article.

"Suddenly a small object, silvery and round, zoomed past me and headed down the lake. I was in the artillery during the war and figured, for some reason, that it was an artillery shell. I watched it zoom by – about 30 feet from me and at eye level - and waited for it to

hit the lake at what I figured would be the end of its trajectory. Nothing happened.

"The lake was as smooth as a plate, and, if anything had touched it, I'd have seen it. I was looking clearly down the lake for about two miles and nothing disturbed the surface. There was no glare, no wind, no ripples - nothing to disturb my vision.

"When nothing happened, I shrugged and looked at my line.

"When it returned, then I began to really wonder.

"Back along the same line that it had taken down the lake, came the little thing, soundless and bright, back UP THE LAKE.

"I saw it the second time and I don't give a damn who says I'm a fool - or a liar, or a sensation-seeker, or a person who needs new glasses.

"I've been trained in bird and plane-spotting. I can tell an eagle from a hawk at 1,000 feet. Usually, by the flight-method or the silhouette, I can identify anything that flies.

"This thing was some- thing I had never seen before.

"I don't know what it was, and I don't particularly care.

"But I saw it."

