

Pueblo Paper

Pair of Pueblo Youths Photograph Strange Light in San Luis Valley

By R. SPENCER DARLING
ALAMOSA (C-SJ) — What appears to be a significant UFO sighting has been photographed by two Pueblo youths who traveled to the San Luis Valley for that purpose.

A detailed report of the sighting, complete with a chronological log written during the sighting, has been forwarded to Dr. Edward U. Condon's office in Boulder. Condon heads a U.S. Air Force-sponsored investigation into UFOs.

Reluctant to Talk

Edward Boggs, 19, and Bill McFedries, 19, drove to the San Luis Valley Friday evening. Complete with sleeping bags and \$8 for gas and food, they entered Alamosa about 9:30 p.m. Stopping at a local drive-in, they found it difficult to get a straight answer as to the location of the King Ranch, the site of numerous UFO sightings.

People were reluctant to talk, or else made a joke of the whole UFO business, McFedries said.

A carhop finally furnished the

information, and the youths arrived at the ranch, 20 miles northeast of Alamosa, about 10:30 p.m. The ranch is located about a quarter mile west of the Sand Dunes road.

Boggs and McFedries passed the ranch entrance by about three-quarters of a mile and turned east onto a road up the

side of Mt. Blanca. From a vantage point about three-quarters of a mile up the mountain, overlooking the valley, they set their camera on a tripod and began their watch.

McFedries' first entry in the log was 11 p.m. From then until 1:20 a.m. the entries reported "no sighting."

Sightings Made at 1:20 A.M.

At 1:20 a.m. Boggs said it was like someone turned on a light. There, out in the prairie was a brilliant, white diffused light, about the size of a penny, about 50 times larger than the dots of light made by cars and the lights of Alamosa in the distance. They took two photographs of it "to prove to ourselves the next day that we really saw something."

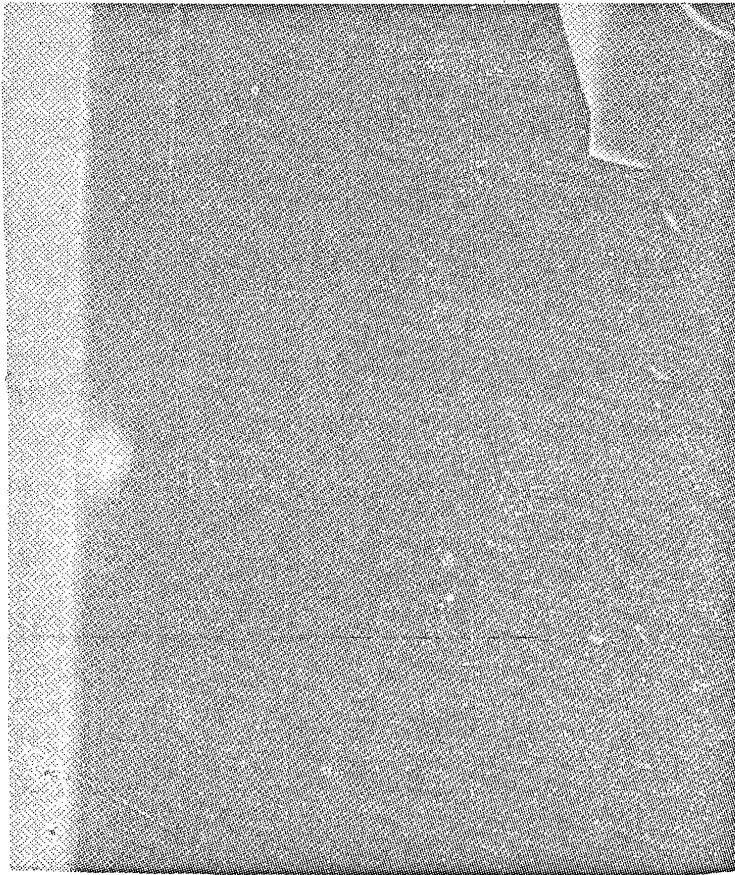
The youths watched the light and its antics until 3:04 a.m. During this time it traveled north; it appeared to go to the Great Sand Dunes National Monument. Then it headed toward their car, and finally swung in an arc back to the sight it was first seen.

During this trip, the UFO traveled at varying speeds, its light changing in intensity and color. All the time the object remained below the horizon from the youths' vantage point up on Mt. Blanca.

McFedries said he finally fell asleep and Boggs continued the vigil until the object blinked out at 3:04 a.m. Boggs said the experience was frightening, particularly when the object headed toward the car, even though the UFO was several miles away. The youths plan to return to watch for the object this weekend.

Pictures on Page 1

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JFO PHOTOGRAPHED—This unidentified flying object is a matter of photographic record. Publicans Edward Boggs and Bill Acedries photographed the light, left photo, about 1:30 a.m. Saturday on the prairie west of Mt. Blanca. The lights of Alamosa



twinkle on the horizon. The pair said the light moved north toward the Sand Dunes National Monument, then back to its original spot, remaining under the horizon. It traveled slowly, rocking in various-size arcs, then spurted at tremendous speeds, they

said. It changed in color from brilliant white to faded red one time diminished to a bright red pinpoint. The photo at right shows the same area in daylight. Both pictures were taken with a camera set on a tripod. Details on Page 88.

FLYING SAUCERS

BY WARREN ROGERS LOOK WASHINGTON EDITOR

COMBAT PILOTS used to see them in World War II. Strange lights, stalking their flights, and then suddenly . . . *whoosh* . . . out of sight. Sometimes, they had a shape, but unlike any known aircraft. Americans called them "foofighters" and put them down for Axis experimental planes. The Germans and Japanese thought they might be Allied secret weapons. The war ended, memories faded, there was quiet.

Then, on June 24, 1947, a private pilot named Kenneth Arnold, flying near Mount Rainier in the state of Washington, saw nine objects traveling through the air in Indian file at what he estimated to be 1,600 miles an hour. "They flew," he said, "like a saucer. . . ."

Nobody has seen a foofighter since. But from 1947 on, there have been more than 10,000 reported sightings of flying saucers and similar UFO's—Unidentified Flying Objects—creating an eerie national sensation that Somebody Out There is watching us. Now, finally, the U.S. Air Force is risking \$313,000 to try to solve the riddle: Do flying saucers exist? If they do, where do they come from? Outer space?

The eminent atomic physicist heading the project, Dr. Edward U. Condon of the University of Colorado, is moving as cautiously as the first man on the moon. His is only the first step, and a cheap one. The money involved is close to the \$200,000 minimum set by Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara for any research grant on the grounds that it takes at least that much "before significant results can be expected." In Vietnam, \$313,000 would pay for only the bombs in one B-52 strike—\$500 each for 648 bombs dropped by six planes.

An answer to the UFO riddle based on scientific research probably would take millions of dollars. Neither President Johnson nor Congress nor the American people have indicated that much interest. It is not even clear that an all-out effort would settle anything. The UFO conflict long since has escalated into a religious war, with "believers" on one side and "nonbelievers" on the other, and Heaven help the agnostics like Dr. Condon, who say they don't know what to believe and try to find out through logic and inquiry.

Religious overtones are particularly strong when those who report seeing a UFO also say they saw creatures aboard. Dr. Carl Sagan, assistant professor of astronomy at Harvard University, noted this in *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, a book he coauthored with a Soviet colleague, Dr. I. S. Shklovskii: "The saucerians [to believers] are wise and gentle and loving . . . all-powerful, all-knowing, and concerned with the plight of mankind as a parent would be for his children. . . . The saucer myths represent a neat compromise between the need to believe in a traditional paternal God and the contemporary pressures to accept the pronouncements of science."

Dr. Sagan emphasizes, as do other scientists, that very few sightings involve claims of contact with "saucerians." But there is a religious fervor, nevertheless, in the insistence of saucer enthusiasts that the Air Force either prove UFO's do not exist or concede they do.

"The one thing I don't expect to prove is that UFO's don't exist because it is impossible to prove a negative proposition," Dr. Condon told Look. "I do think, however, that 90 percent of these sightings can be explained as balloons, searchlights on clouds, or some other known phenomena, natural or man-made. Yet for every sighting, I expect there are ten or twenty others that have not been reported. And so, we've got our work cut out for us."

The Air Force was delighted that a scientist of Condon's stature

agreed to do the work. As the prime nonbeliever, it has been steadily losing the credibility battle in recent years. Some of its explanations were bungles—like blaming stars in Orion when that constellation was not visible in the area involved at that season. Others came too late to catch up with the first, spectacularly played press reports. Often, there simply were no explanations at all.

"Mostly, we shrugged them off, and sometimes we sneered a little," one official recalled. "But we couldn't get the UFO monkey off our backs. And we never had the resources to check them all properly."

Air Force Intelligence began the inquiry into UFO's on December 30, 1947, with the help of the Central Intelligence Agency. Activities were classified as "restricted" under the code name *Sign*, changed to *Grudge* on December 16, 1948. On August 1, 1952, the enterprise was declassified and rechristened *Project Blue Book*, with headquarters at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio. Not until last September 19, however, was the work taken away from Air Force Intelligence and handed over to Research and Development scientists.

The size of the *Blue Book* staff may be another measure of how little priority the Air Force, unpressured, accords UFO's. Although it is the center to which all UFO reports are sent, manages to make some on-the-spot investigations, and has put out 14 annual reports, *Blue Book* at Wright-Patterson consists of: Two officers and one noncommissioned officer—Maj. Hector Quintanilla, Jr., 1st Lt. William F. Marley, Jr., and Staff Sgt. Harold T. Jones—plus a regular secretary, Mrs. Marilyn Stancombe.

Quintanilla receives reports from the 100 or so Air Force bases around the country, all alerted to investigate UFO sightings at once and send word up the line fast. Quintanilla has orders to relay scientific and military curiosities to appropriate officials. But mainly he keeps score—total UFO's, total explained, total unidentified—and reports this to Maj. Gen. E. Ben LeBailly, the Air Force chief of information.

LeBailly, a quick-smiling, hard-charging veteran combat pilot, found, when he took over his post on January 6, 1964, that UFO's constituted one of his worst public-relations problems. Every now and then, he saw, the Pentagon was hit by a wave of flying-saucer stories, and mostly it was failing to cope.

In 1947, when Kenneth Arnold added "flying saucers" to the language, 122 sightings were reported. They rocked along at little more than that until 1952—the year of the first jetliner passenger service, the first H-bomb and Britain's first A-bomb—and then shot to a record 1,501. The pace slipped to between 487 and 670 a year until 1957—the year the Russians launched the first *Sputnik* and the British set off their first H-bomb—when the tally ricocheted back up to 1,006. From then through 1964, the number varied between 390 and 627, bouncing to 886 in 1965. Of the 856 reported for the first 11 months of 1966, the Air Force "explained" all but 13, listing those as "unidentified," meaning, "We have not been able to reach an evaluation although we believe the observer has provided all possible information." But of the 10,147 reports from 1947 through 1965, it had to carry 646 as "unidentified"—including a record 303 "unidentified" out of the record 1,501 tallied for 1952.

"With reports coming in at more than two a day," one Pentagon official said, "General LeBailly was thrashing about for something to resolve the credibility question. We were being accused of a con-

marksman since Annie Oakley

In Houston, the Big E is really big. He is Elvin Hayes, a junior scaling in at 240 and towering at 6'8½". Elvin shares top honors in scoring and rebounding with Alcindor. On defense, Hayes has blocked as many as a dozen shots a game. His great timing, reflexes and spring bar shots from the floor. And while he does sentry duty around the bucket, the other Cougars scramble over the court in a pressing defense for ball thievery that brings easy lay-ups. Offensively, Hayes is not limited to scoring near the basket. He is a constant threat from the outside where, with his height, he can drive for one of his patented "stuff" shots. Gene Gibson, Texas Tech coach says, "If Hayes were given credit for all the points he saves, as well as all he makes, he'd average 100."

Out in Albuquerque, Mel Daniels, at 6'9" and 215 is another on the growing list of lordly intimidators around either basket. Last season, he was on his way to All America rank, but a collision with a glass door slashed him down. Now a senior, he has come back as a top performer at both ends of the court. A strong rebounder, he is also a stylish scorer at a 15- or 20-foot range. With his elevation, a jump shot can be tough to handle. For the same reason, his inside shooting is devastating. "Daniels is the best total player I've seen since I've been coaching at Seattle," says Lionel Purcell. "I didn't think he could shoot from that far out with a man right in his lap." Marty Blake of the St. Louis

Hawks thinks, "Daniels is sure to go in the first round of the NBA draft." Maybe the newly formed American Basketball Association can jingle suitable and attractive coin too.

Presiding over the selections was Larry Boeck, formerly of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and now with the University of Louisville. District 1 was represented by Hank O'Donnell, Waterbury (Conn.) *American*; District 2, by Gordon White, New York *Times*; District 3A, John Bibb, Nashville *Tennessean*; District 3B, Bill Brill, Roanoke (Va.) *Times*; District 4, Jim Enright, Chicago *American*; District 5, Curt Mosher, Lincoln (Neb.) *Journal*; District 6, John Hollis, Houston *Post*; District 7, Dave Hicks, Phoenix *Arizona Republic*; District 8, Mal Florence, Los Angeles *Times*. Ed Schneider, USBWA secretary-treasurer, Chicago *American*, paid the bills.

The nine-man committee noted that coaches have introduced all manner of defenses as countermeasures. One committeeman observed, "Some of them now put on the press as soon as the other team leaves the dressing room." The effect on coaches of these attacks and counterattacks reminded another committee member of the story of the retired basketball coach. Shortly after retirement, the poor soul had to be put in an institution because of his raving. "Too bad he had to quit coaching," remarked one colleague. "If he had kept on, nobody would have noticed the difference."

END

in the next issue of **LOOK**

The author of the most controversial book of the twentieth century looks back over 36 difficult months—the 26 months during which he wrote *The Death of a President* and the months of tumult that followed. He retraces and explains his strained relationship with Mrs. John F. Kennedy and Sen. Robert Kennedy—the early courtesies and friendship, the long period of indifference, and the final stormy clashes.

WILLIAM MANCHESTER'S OWN STORY

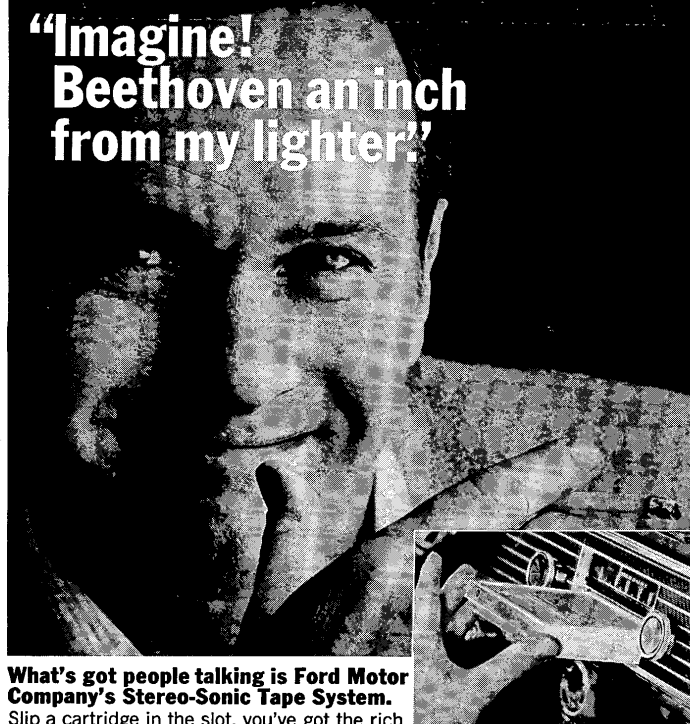
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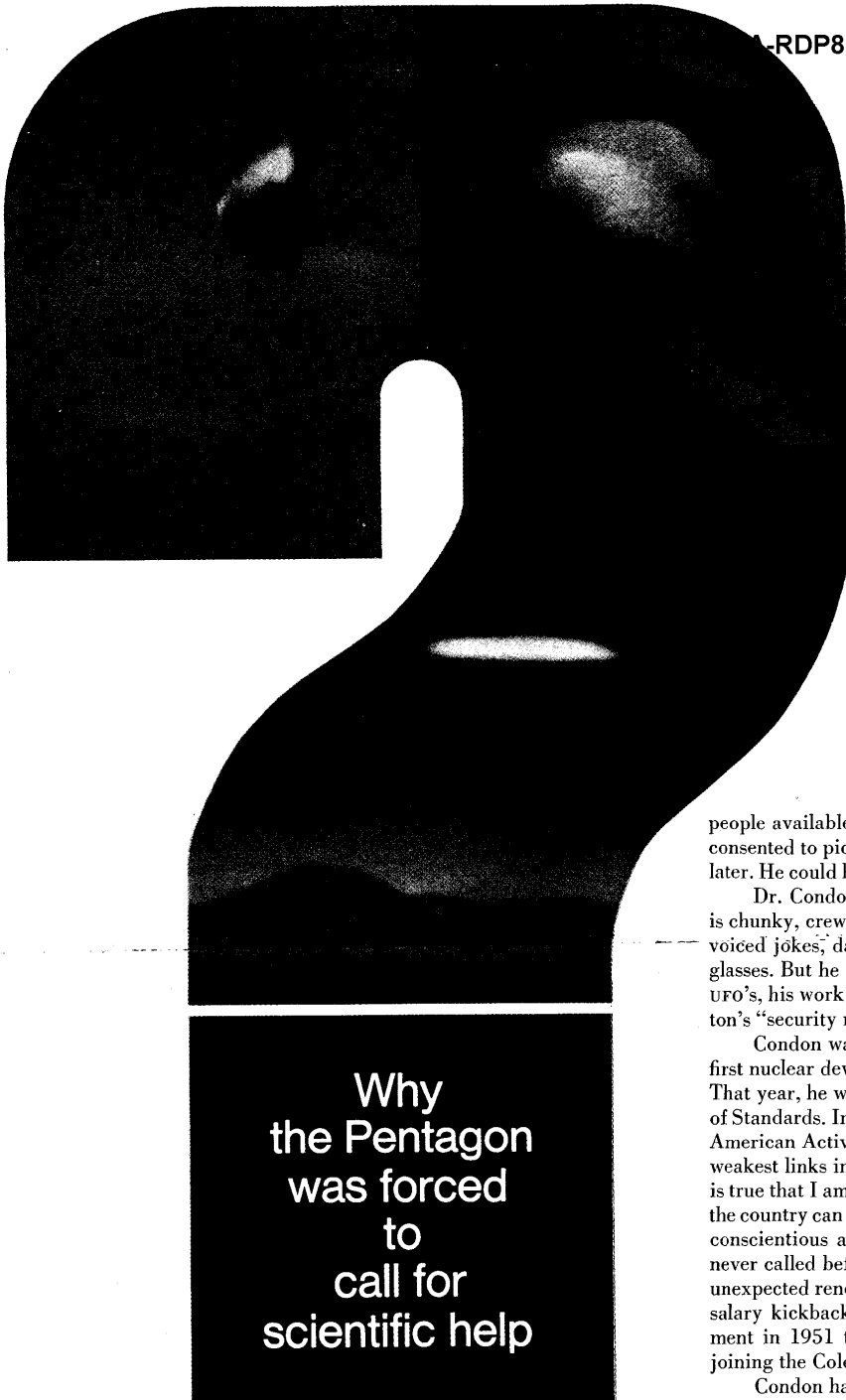
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**Why
the Pentagon
was forced
to
call for
scientific help**

spiracy to hide something from the people, and members of Congress were pressing us for action and explanations because they were getting a lot of flak from constituents. We were not hiding anything, but we knew we couldn't prove it. We had always taken the conservative viewpoint—not denying the existence of extraterrestrial life or the potential capability of some other beings to pay us a visit, but at the same time pointing out that we don't have any proof. Nor do we have a terrestrial explanation. We are not experimenting with flying saucers, and we have no evidence that anybody else is, either."

Ready to spend its \$313,000 on the study that LeBailly's cry for help had produced, the Air Force felt out schools with outstanding scientific reputations. The University of California and Massachusetts Institute of Technology shied away, saying they had no qualified

people available. At the University of Colorado in Boulder, Condon consented to pick up the hot potato. "I like a mystery," he explained later. He could have added that he likes a good fight too.

Dr. Condon looks, at 65, like an elderly Huckleberry Finn. He is chunky, crewcut, tweedy and laughs a lot, often at his own grayel-voiced jokes, dark eyes dancing behind puffy lids and steel-rimmed glasses. But he can be dead serious when the subject demands—be it UFO's, his work with atoms, and the troubles he had during Washington's "security risk" witch-hunts shortly after World War II.

Condon was born in Alamogordo, N.M., near where the world's first nuclear device, which he helped develop, was exploded in 1945. That year, he went to Washington as director of the National Bureau of Standards. In 1948, Chairman J. Parnell Thomas of the House Un-American Activities Committee attacked him as "perhaps one of the weakest links in our atomic security," and Condon responded: "If it is true that I am one of the weakest links . . . that is very gratifying and the country can feel absolutely safe, for I am completely reliable, loyal, conscientious and devoted to the interests of my country." He was never called before the committee, and Thomas later went on to win unexpected renown by serving a Federal-penitentiary term for taking salary kickbacks from secretaries in his office. Condon left government in 1951 to run private-industry research projects and teach, joining the Colorado faculty full-time in 1964.

Condon has a free hand from the Air Force. The only condition is that he report the results of his study by February, 1968. The National Academy of Sciences will then review the findings in what the Air Force calls "a further independent check on the scientific validity of the method of investigation." Besides the regular eight-man team Condon heads, he has about 100 other scientists on other campuses he expects to tap for specific chores.

The eight regulars include five physicists and three psychologists. The presence of the last three makes this the first study to investigate what kinds of people report UFO's. Practically all sightings are subjective and, like Beauty, often in the eye of the beholder. The psychologists will plumb the human inclination to link up cause and effect without stopping to think—which was the case with that little boy who took a stick and whacked a streetlamp just as a power failure blacked out the Northeastern United States and part of Canada in 1965; he fled home thoroughly shaken, convinced he had put out the lights all over

continued

*What are they and where are they from?
Plagued by UFO reports at the rate of two a day
for 20 years, the Air Force cried
out for help. A tough-minded scientist
who worked on the atomic bomb
and is no stranger to controversy has answered
the call. The University of Colorado's
Dr. Edward U. Condon leads the quest for answers,
armed only with curiosity and scientific logic.*



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town. There is also the other side of *that*: Rather than oversimplify, some reject an obvious, logical explanation in pursuit of an esoteric reason. The Air Force itself has pulled some psychological boners. It used to use vague phrases like "things that happen in the air," but when it accepted the term Unidentified Flying Object, it lumped all sightings together—light, which neither flies nor is an object, as well as detailed claims by people who swore they saw a metallic spaceship land in a meadow and disgorge a specific number of humanoids.

As his strong right arm, Condon chose Robert J. Low, assistant dean of Colorado's graduate school. A busy, friendly, ravenously curious man with a strong physical-sciences background, Low is "project coordinator," which, translated, makes him chief of staff. The three other physical scientists are Dr. William Blumen, a visiting professor of meteorology at Colorado; Dr. Joseph Rush, a specialist in optical instruments at the National Center for Atmospheric Research, near the university; and Dr. Franklin E. Roach, a faculty expert on airflow and other atmospheric optics, who should be able to come up with natural-phenomena explanations for many nighttime sightings.

THE THREE MEN who are studying the human-behavior aspects—how much the UFO observer saw, how much he thought he saw—are all professors in Colorado's psychology department: Dr. Stuart Cook, who heads the department, and Drs. David R. Saunders and Michael M. Wertheimer.

Among the 100 or so other scientists Dr. Condon has more or less on standby is Dr. Julian Shedlovski, a chemist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research. Shedlovski's specialty is carbon-dating. This means he can tell, among other things, if an object has been in space and, if so, for how long—a useful skill should Condon's quest ever produce a purported spaceship or chunk of one.

Condon has already had a lively time of it. The publicity surrounding his appointment on October 6, 1966, attracted direct calls about UFO's almost from the start. In one, he was told that the pilot of a plane taking air samples over Death Valley on December 15, 1966, had seen green lights at what he estimated to be 50,000 feet. Another small plane nearby confirmed the sighting, and so did an airliner traveling at 30,000 feet. Then the Tonopah, Nev., Air Force station broke into their excited radio exchange with, "We sent that up—that's green fluorescence, aluminum trimethyl, at 400,000 feet—we're studying wind currents." Three trained observers had themselves a UFO, until facts got in the way. But Condon had another call giving him a case that must await the spring thaw for the application of fact.

"The caller said he was one of four men who saw a UFO on the Utah-Idaho line seven years ago," Condon remembers. "They were out hunting, and this thing came down in a meadow a mile or two away. They watched it land and then take off on a bounce. They agreed not to say anything about it. And then one of them read about this study and called the two others—the fourth man had died in the meantime, of a heart attack, I believe. They went back to that meadow, and there, seven years later, they found three circular depressions, each ten inches deep and ten feet in diameter, forming a fifty-foot triangle. They saw the same impression in another spot, where they figured it bounced on takeoff. He said there was a lot of grass growing around but nothing growing in the holes. He guessed it was burned out by radioactivity. My guess is we can't tell a thing now with all the snow on the ground there, but we'll check it out come spring."

Condon doesn't believe or disbelieve anything at this point, except for one thing: "I won't believe in outer-space saucers until I see one, touch one, get inside one, haul it into a laboratory and get some competent people to go over it with me. I would like to capture one. After all, that would be the discovery of the century—the discovery of many centuries—of the millennia, I suppose." But if Condon is unable to do that, or to disprove space crockery, he will be in the same fix as the Air Force. He will catch hell from the hoaxers, the charlatans who make money out of UFO's, the fanatics who have made them a religion, the hallucinated—the whole gamut of oddballs and hustlers. He will also catch it from saucer aficionados and even some scientists who, often in a highly unscientific way, cling to a syllogism that wobbles something like this: Agreed that intelligent life may exist in

other solar systems and that it may be advanced enough to fly here as easily as we put astronauts in space; agreed that we cannot identify all UFO's; therefore, those UFO's that remain unidentified can only be intelligently controlled vehicles from outer space.

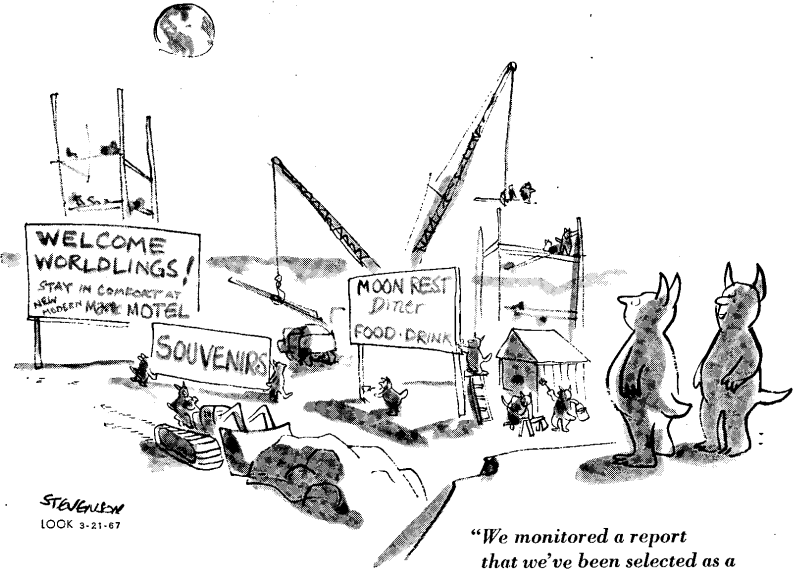
Some members of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) seem to take this tack. NICAP, consulted by Condon and the Air Force, is a private, nonprofit research organization incorporated in Washington, D.C., 11 years ago. It conducts on-site investigations of UFO reports and, over the years, has attacked the Air Force for, it charges, "an intolerable degree of secrecy, keeping the public in the dark about the amount and possible significance of UFO evidence." NICAP's major work to date has been a thick, detailed report, *The UFO Evidence*, sent to every member of Congress two years ago and on sale for the price of a book. In the report, the NICAP board of governors declared:

"Given the evidence in this report, it is a reasonable hypothesis that the unexplained UFO's are: Real physical objects, rather than the result of imagination, hallucination, illusion or delusion; artificial, rather than purely natural, such as meteorological and astronomical phenomena; under the control (piloted or remote) of living beings."

Recently, NICAP and other expert-rated theorists were challenged in a way that suggests they may have done some unscientific jumping to conclusions. Philip J. Klass, avionics editor of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, a major technical journal, wondered why almost nobody mentioned "ball lightning" as a possible UFO cause. An Iowa State graduate in electrical engineering, he knew vaguely about it. He probed deeper and wrote two articles expounding his theory. His hope was that somebody would pick it up and prove or disprove it—which Dr. Condon now expects to try to do.

Klass's theory is that hundreds of UFO's are ball lightning or other plasmas of ionized air, sometimes containing charged dust particles

and sometimes vortices of tiny charged ice particles. As a charged mass, they dart about, attracted by objects with unlike charge and repelled by those with the same polarity. Klass believes that some low-altitude UFO's are the products of corona discharge along high-voltage power lines under certain conditions. At high altitudes, the same phenomena could be generated by discharge of "natural" electricity
continued



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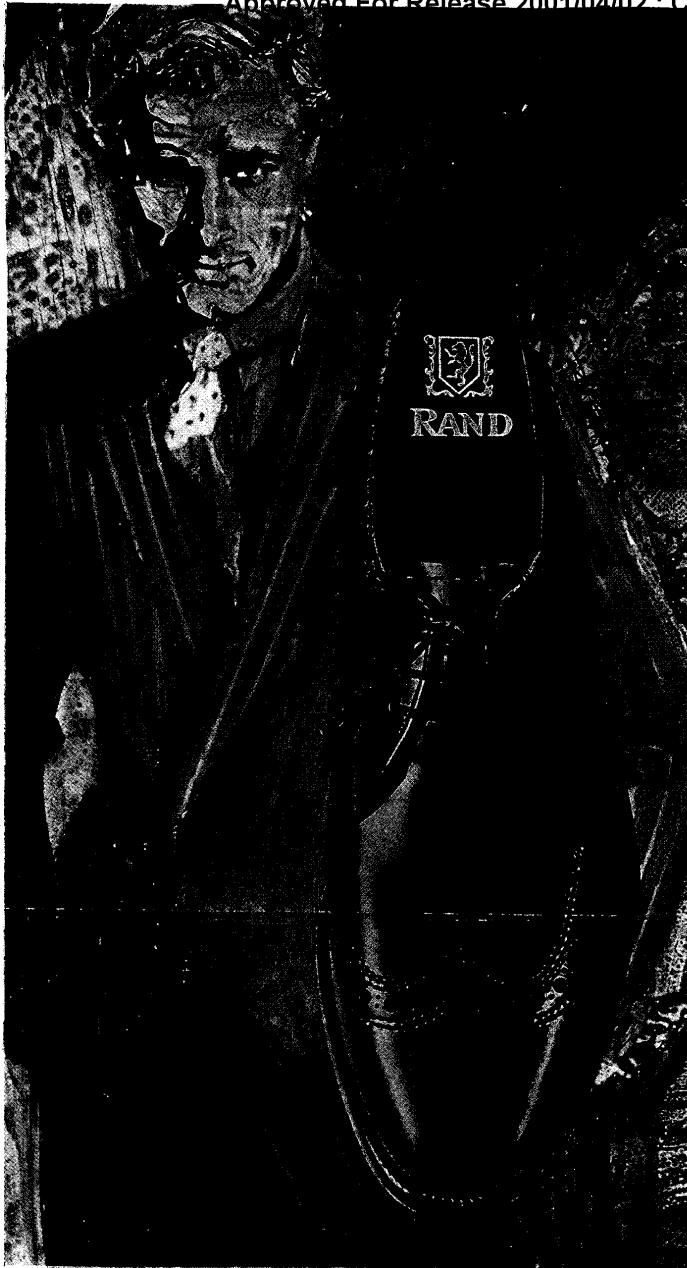
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|--|------------------------------|
| 1 pkg. (3½ oz.) Jell-O Lemon Pudding & Pie Filling | 3 egg yolks |
| ¼ cup sugar | 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind |
| 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin | 1 tablespoon butter |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | 3 egg whites |
| 1½ cups water | ¼ cup sugar |
| | 2 cups whipped cream |

Combine pudding mix, ¼ cup sugar, gelatin, lemon juice, and ¼ cup water in saucepan. Blend in egg yolks; add remaining water. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Remove from heat; add lemon rind and butter. Cover surface with wax paper; chill about 1½ hours. Beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually add ¼ cup sugar, beating until stiff. Blend whipped cream into cooled pudding; then fold in egg white mixture. Pour into 1-quart soufflé dish which has been extended with a 2-inch paper collar. Chill 3 hours or longer. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

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FLYING SAUCERS CONTINUED



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between clouds or layers of charged dust or ice particles. Dust-ice plasmas could explain some daytime UFO's, as could "dust devils" or "dust dervishes" churned up by twisting winds. Light reflected off any of these could give the impression that they are made of metal, with windows and even little men walking around inside.

Plasmas show up well on radar, and their collapse, when the poorly understood conditions creating them expire, could explain mysterious UFO disappearances and quick getaways. They also change shape easily, perhaps giving the impression of "wobble" so frequent in reports and of the sprouting of tailfins, the lowering of ladders and so on. At Exeter, N.H., one UFO was thought to be tapping a power line for energy when it lowered a glowing line; in reality, it might have been a corona-bred plasma being attracted back to its source.

The earth, if charged correctly, would attract a plasma, too, accounting for "landings" and charred spots observed on the ground afterward. UFO observers have reported sore eyes and even "sunburn," also possible with plasmas. Others say their UFO's made "humming" or "whirring" sounds, and so, sometimes, does ball lightning.

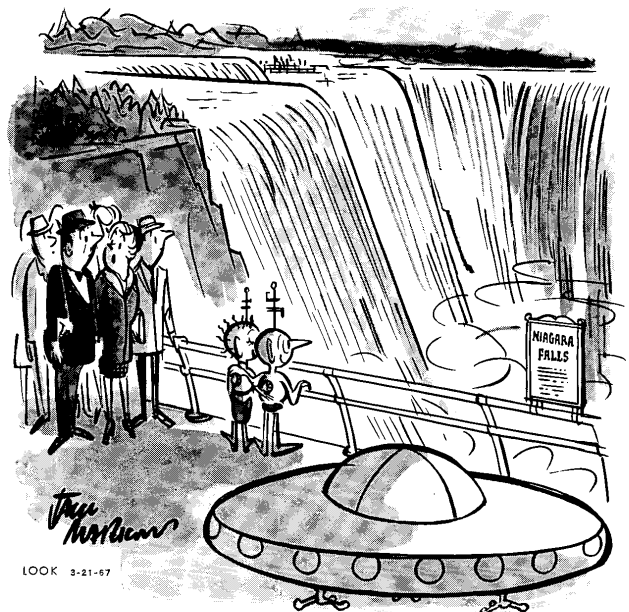
"Analysis of hundreds of NICAP reports," Klass says, "reveals that the two adjectives most frequently used to describe night sightings are 'glowing' and 'luminous.' Other frequently used adjectives are 'phosphorescent' and 'fluorescent.' It is impossible to find more precise adjectives to describe the appearance of a plasma."

Richard Hall, assistant director of NICAP, concedes that "ball lightning probably accounts for some UFO reports," adding that his organization has been investigating ball lightning "for at least five or six years." The NICAP report made no mention of it, however.

The scientific community interested in UFO's is generally as pleased as the Air Force that Condon agreed to take a crack at them. Dr. J. Allen Hynek of Northwestern University, UFO consultant to the Air Force, conferred with some of Condon's group and afterward applauded their open-mindedness. Dr. James E. McDonald, a physicist at the University of Arizona, is similarly pleased with the Condon project and has suggested, along with some others, that the Russians should be asked to join in an international investigation.

All the same, it seems clear that when Condon ends his groping through the eerie unreality of the UFO hassle, his efforts are unlikely to be capped with a popularity prize. He will explain too much for those who want to believe and not enough for those who don't.

But Condon knew that all along. He warned the Air Force when he undertook the job: "The study will not necessarily contribute to the nation's peace of mind." END



"Near as I can make out, they're on their honeymoon."