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Astro (Meteor)

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MC IAXS

[redacted]
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Mrs. [redacted]

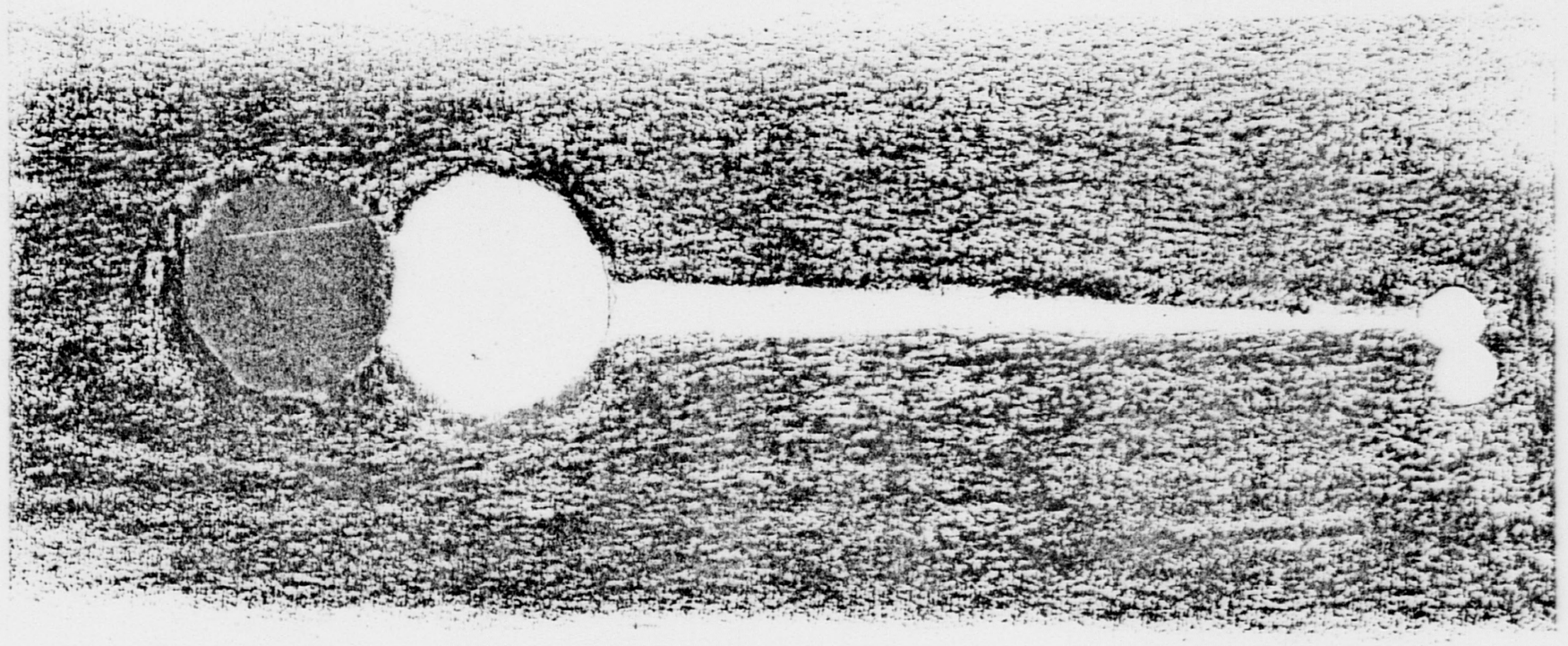
Receipt of your letter dated 6 May 1949 is acknowledged.

Your action in reporting this matter to the proper authorities is appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

W. R. CLINGERMAN
Colonel, USAF
Chief, Analysis Division
Intelligence Department

9-3713



May 6, 1949.

Technical Intelligence Division
Air Force Base,
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The May 7th issue of the Saturday Evening Post has at last provided me with a likely address to forward such information as I have on "one of those things in the sky", as the Post termed it in an article titled What You Can Believe About Flying Saucers.

On December 1st, 1948 between 10:30 and 11:00 at night my husband Dr. [redacted] and myself were returning from Tarpon Springs to St. Petersburg. At that time I saw what I can only tern as a spaceship in flight. It being night, I had no way of determing exactly how far it was from us. Several miles I would guess. As to its altitude I can only say that it was clearly visible across the upper quarter of the windshield as viewed from a normal sitting position in the front seat of an automobile. I believe it couldn't have been over three seconds that these lighted objects showed themselves as I first sighted them directly ahead through the passenger's side of the windshield. Taking that at zero, I have since figured the lights disappeared at not more than a sixty degree angle two or three seconds later. Small wonder that its tremendous speed reminded me of the meteors one sees shooting through the sky! However, it dawned on me that it wasn't a meteor a hundred times magnified (they seemed about the size of the full moon when it is over head) because it wasn't falling. It was going at this terrific speed parallel to the faint horizon made by the lights of a town. I don't know what direction it or we were going. The only clue I have to that is that I immediately leaned down by the dashboard and looked up at the stars for a familiar constellation.

Directly above and to the left about eleven o' clock I saw the constellation of the man with the sword in his blet. The spaceship was bisecting our route, going from left to right. I say space ship advisedly because the speed that thing was traveling it would take the outer space to maneuver it.

To describe the things itself: The first to appear--and it did just that, all of a sudden in full brilliance,--was the moon-like object of the same brilliant whiteness as a meteor. Almost simultaneously a long, long white slender tail to it appeared. Again I can only compare it to the tail on the shooting stars. Then appeared, with an increasing intensity of color, another round body right in front of the white one. This one was a brilliant cherry-red. The white one was actually pushing the red one along in front of it. They both stayed perfectly round. I was struck by the fact of their conjunction and then I noticed that the red ball was a noticeably bit smaller in circumference than the white one. In reverse sequence the lights disappeared. The red one faded out first. The bigger white one just plain went out like it came on-abruptly. On this detail I am a bit hazy in memory but I believe the long tail faded out. It was the last to be seen. The windows of the car were up so I can't report that I heard a sound or smelled any odor. In fact it never occured to me to roll down the window to hear it as it must have been several miles away and I instinctively assumed that anything going that fast you wouldn't hear anyway.

Now that I have told you what I saw with my eyes I would like to tell you what I felt. I was overawed at such power. My first thought was, "Oh brother! if that spaceship isn't of our governments making we're dead ducks! We'll be lost in the shuffle. The tremendous spped of that thing! Why that brilliant red? Why didn't the red one flatten out a bit

being pushed like that? Why the difference in size of those two spheres?! Oh why wasn't I born with brains so I could have been a scientest so I would know about such things!!!!"

I didn't contact the newspaper here because I didn't want the probable attendant publicity. I hadn't the slightest idea who to contact but I felt certain that somewhere in these United States there were some men to whom these bits of information would mean something. I believe it was in February that I wrote the Fairchild people about what I had seen. The Jan. or Feb. issue of Fortune had their name and address in connection with experimental work on rocket or spaceships. No response from them. Then a few weeks later I thought of contacting an F.B.I. agent here by the name of Wilson Purdy to tell him the story and perhaps he would know the proper source to relay it to. Only trouble was that after going to his office and leaving word for him to telephone I "got cold feet" because it would sound so ridiculous to say to a perfect stranger, "I saw a spaceship. Who can I contact."

This week's Post put an end to such timidity and Dr. Irving Langmuir's qoutes goaded me into action. What I saw is no scientific theory. It exists. It is. If spaceships useing atomic power are top secret with our government, fine, let's keep it that way. But on the other hand, if such knowledge is not ours for heaven sakes let's not just twiddle our thumbs and debunk their existance because we don't happen to have yet figured out how it is accomplished.

Sincerely yours,

[redacted]

Mrs. [redacted]

[redacted]

St. Petersburg, Florida