

Section 40

1959, I found semi-transparent, slug like creatures crawling up the wall on the opposite side of the back. At this period of time I was in with a band, especially, the lead singer Section 40 and the drummer [redacted]. Both of them saw the creatures. The end product of this was that we armed ourselves and started to shoot them, we used .22 air rifles at a range of fifty to seventy five yards. When we did kill them, they fell off the wall and took on the appearance of cement that had got damp and solidified. Quite often they would fall and appear to go through the ground leaving no trace at all. One day we found that we were unable to hit our targets, and we could see our shots pass through the targets, by the ricochete off the wall, and after that we found that it was a waste of time trying to shoot them, so we gave up as a bad job. (DIA 3).

I was stationed at Keogh Barracks - Sept. 1968 April 1969 - when I was in the R.A.M.C., and Algar was with me then, even in spite of other E.T.s going away. A strong bond was forming of friendship and trust. One incident involves telepathic contact, and that occurred, following an incident when I was unusually indecisive. It was when I was on guard duty, and I was asked if I would like the first tour, to which I normally said yes, but thank God I eventually declined, for the first one was critically injured with the pick up he was carrying. It was on the basis of safety, that we were to go in pairs from then on, and it was under these conditions that I got a telepathic link with Algar. We were returning to the guard house after our patrol, and to our right was a field, which had lighting only on the road on which we were walking. Apart from the lighting mentioned, the field was totally dark. I heard only what I can describe as a whisper, and it was saying that someone was creeping about in the field, to the front and slightly right. I immediately looked in that direction but saw nothing. But as I had heard this whisper several times before, and it had proved accurate, I decided to follow it through. I sent my partner around the camp museum, which was situated about twenty yards behind us, and I went to a lamp, and prepared to go into the field. It was at this point, when someone came out of the dark. I then called my partner and after a few heated words, I convinced the stranger who had no i.d. on him, to accompany us to the guard house. (DIA 4).

The real work began in May, 1979, when my wife and I formed a team, and together we collected such data as:- what the different coloured lights on a U.F.O. means, how they manage to evade radar, what fuel they use and what it looks like, I have been to their bases which were in Wirral and Cheshire. There was a curious incident which took place over the river Mersey, by the Wallasey Town Hall. There were six U.F.O.s flying at speed up and down the river, when I noticed a black one was trying to manoeuvre the other six. Unfortunately, the black one was shot down, it hit the water in front of the Town Hall. As I was watching, the front end of the U.F.O. hit the water, then the whole U.F.O. disappeared; leaving the water to splash, as if done by an invisible entity.