



1950s Report from Australia



I have attached a few pages from an autobiography I published in 2002, ("The Jackaroo") written about my five years working on outback Australian sheep and cattle properties.

The section relating to a possible UFO sighting (not actually by me) is all I can relate on the matter. It did occur on a property of 66,000 acres, some twenty miles from Lake Cargelligo in N.S.W. Australia. I believe it was a genuine sighting as I know the person involved and more importantly, am very experienced in animal behaviour. Read and you will understand to what I refer.

"Over the years I have always taken an interest in stories, documentaries and more recently, TV programmes on the supernatural. I have never however, seen anything that looked remotely like it may have come from outer space, but one clear day, I did I believe, get very close to that subject.

George had been out checking the stock in his sulky and I was spending the day in the workshop when I heard the sound of galloping and shouting. The Dempseys were in town and I imagined something must have happened to them as George literally screamed to a stop in the courtyard. Old Mabel was sweating profusely, her eyes were blazing and she was quivering and stamping. I have never seen a similar look or action on a horse in my life, before or since. It was her condition that fixed my gaze initially, then I realized George had almost the same look in his eyes. He was trembling, whilst sitting holding the reins like he was about to head west and not look back.

"What the hell's the matter George?" I said, grabbing Mabel's blinkers and giving her a pat, trying to calm her. George who was usually a quiet, hard-working, serious chap exploded, his words coming out loud, jumbled and too fast to comprehend. I handed Mabel's head to Clive who had come from the garden to see what the commotion was about, and endeavoured to get George into comprehensible mode.

His explanation was that he had been driving through the front plain paddock, which is devoid of trees and basically a flat, open area nearly a mile square. He sensed Mabel beginning to throw her head about. She stopped, and commenced to back and turn like he was actually pulling on the reins to turn her. At the same instant his two dogs, which had been cruising along between the sulky wheels, yelped and ran for all they were worth. Mabel's actions became almost uncontrollable before what George described as, "a bloody great drum with headlights under it, and it was blowin' everathin' around".

When asked what size this "drum" was, George pointed to our workshops and said, "bigger across than them".

"Headlights"? I said. "What do you mean by headlights?"

"I dunno, more like sunlight I s'pose, and it just sat up there".

Now we are talking about the mid '50's. No television, we only got a newspaper once a week and George didn't bother reading. George was a man of sober habits (well, as sober as the rest of us except for the odd day in town).

"Call the Police, tell em to git out ere quick." George was staring at Charlie, Clive and I, wondering why we

hadn't done something.

“George, let Clive unharness Mabel and you and I will take the Jeep and have a look at what you saw”.

“I'm not goin' back out there 'til the Police come”

God knows what he thought the Police were going to do when in fact “the Police” consisted of a sergeant and a constable, thirty miles away, with neither one of them likely to leap into action on what I had to tell them. I told George to knock off and make himself a cup of tea and I drove out to see what I could see.

Not a sign. The paddock was deserted and then it occurred to me, where were the sheep? A drive round the perimeter located them, all bunched together like they had been mustered and held by a few good dogs but nothing else. I tried to rationalize this as I drove back. If George had started his commotion in the middle of the paddock, for whatever reason, it is possible the sheep would have scattered to the far end, driving others as they went. Yes, that could explain the sheep but what spooked the dogs and Mabel, a well-broken harness horse one could let the children take out?

The Dempseys came home; we drove back to the area as I explained the events that had happened earlier and we looked for any signs that I may have missed. George had quietened down but was still shaking. He had found his dogs in the back of their kennels. I had asked Clive to check the sulky for any signs of booze but did not expect that was involved at all. George was stone cold sober.

We agreed he had seen something, as had Mabel and the dogs, possibly even the sheep, but what would we tell the Police or anyone else for that matter. They would suspect we had all been on the sheep dip or something. No, we agreed we would wait, get the papers over the next few weeks and if anyone else reported a similar incident, we could then throw in our story. I really believe George did see something, and I am more convinced that the mare saw something she had never experienced before. Possibly, whatever it was emitted a high-pitched sound, which would send the animals into frenzy but would be imperceptible to human hearing.

Aircraft were not uncommon in these parts as a number of stations had light planes, and crop dusting was a regular sight, besides George had seen these aircraft and also knew the difference between a Spitfire and a helicopter. No, it was not an aircraft, as we know them. We kept the story to ourselves, as no report ever appeared in the press. Maybe if others saw it, they took the same line as we did? "

I trust you may find this of interest.

Owen Genty-Nott.

Source & References:

Owen Genty-Nott.

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