

1957: nr. Stroud, ONT

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possible
instant
vanishment.

Mid-summer, 1957. Near Stroud, Ontario, Canada. (after midnight)

“It was a very frightening experience.” (But what happened?)

A letter to Dr. James E. McDonald from a George Morrison related an “event” that took place about eight miles southeast of Barrie, Ontario, just east of the small community of Stroud:

“It was after midnight, and I was returning from a movie in Barrie with a girl friend. We had driven south on Highway 11 (shown in red on the map) to one of the concession roads which run straight east to Lake Simcoe at one mile intervals, in the vicinity of Stroud. It was most likely the road at Stroud, but it could be either the one before or after Stroud.

“It was the middle of the week and, being late, traffic had been very light on Highway 11 and we saw no cars at all after leaving the Highway. But for a few seconds, we sure thought that we did.

“You know what it looks like on a long, straight road when you first see the lights of a car in the distance? You just see light ahead, without seeing two, separate headlights for a while, then, as you get closer, you do.

“Well, when I first saw the light on the road ahead, I naturally assumed that it was a car, and expected to see the separating of two headlights as we approached each other. However, this did not happen.

“The light ahead was growing in size; its growth in size was proportionate only to our speed—it was not moving towards us, but was stationary on the road ahead. I eased up on the gas, because what I saw ahead was concerning me. Not wanting to frighten the girl beside me, I did not express concern. I slipped my left hand away from the steering wheel to lock my door without her noticing—and was surprised to hear the click of her locking her door before my hand had barely left the steering wheel. I looked up at her face—she was leaning forward with a nervous look on her face—her face, by the way, being illuminated by the light on the road ahead.

“It was obvious that the light was occupying the entire two-lane road. It was bright and it was white—no other colored lights were visible. Still assuming that the cause of the light was natural, I blinked my headlights, but got no response. I turned my lights out momentarily to confirm that the body was self-luminous rather than a reflection of my own lights—and the bright light continued.

“At about the same time that I realized that the light ahead was not a car, I got a rather funny feeling about the light—because the color temperature of the light was not typical of a car’s tungsten lights (I was very experienced and interested in photography at that time, and that accounts for the color temperature observation). The light was a ‘whiter’ white—i.e., light of a higher color temperature, although there was no ‘blue’ quality to it. The light was constant, too. It did not vary in intensity. It was a very bright light, but not blinding. I had the feeling that it was shining ‘at’ me for a while, but this could have been because I was expecting to see a car with its lights shining ‘at’ me.

“The light source was horizontal in shape, with a width/height ratio of about three to one. If I had to use a word to describe its shape, I would say ‘oval,’ but I would qualify that by saying that the light was bright and it was not possible to observe much in the way of detail. Just as car’s headlights appear above the road, this light was above the road—seemingly by about three to six feet, although I

could not see any supporting structure.

"By the time we had approached to within a thousand feet or so, my passenger was on the edge of her seat and obviously very upset about the light ahead, although I had said nothing and tried to prevent nonverbal communication of my concern. I had down-shifted to low gear and was half-hoping for a driveway or something to let me turn the car around (the road was flanked by ditches). I have always been very oriented towards science and natural explanations, so I fought the impulse to stop or turn around, telling myself that there was a very natural explanation for the sight ahead. Camp Borden is only about 16 miles to the west, and I thought that we would probably come upon a military exercise being conducted in conjunction with the light (Although I have seen the large, typical searchlights with their blue-white light and knew that what I was seeing was 'different' in light, and much, much larger.) I thought of the oval effect one would get from seeing a searchlight turned partly skyward, but I had seen that effect many times and what was on the road ahead was much different.

"The last few hundred feet were frightening. I was now, to be very frank, very much afraid of that thing on the road. I regretted that I hadn't turned around when I had the chance, but I still half-hoped for a natural explanation. A glance at my passenger revealed a clenched hand before her mouth, positioned to suppress the scream that was probably going to come very soon.

"I didn't know whether I was going to hit the brakes or the gas at the last moment—or swerve into the ditch.

"Now for the strange part of my story—the part that frightened me most. You know what it looks like when your car descends momentarily into a dip into the road. As you mount the other side of the dip, you can see the glare of the headlights in the air above the crest of the hill you're ascending. And then, as you come over the top of the hill—you see the car—usually a split second before the two cars pass one another.

"Well, during the last few hundred feet, this was the impression I got. It seemed that our car descended into a dip in the road and the bright light could be seen shining over us [Instead of the car dipping, perhaps the light source rose?—L.E. Gross]. Climbing the other side of the dip, the light halo ahead became brighter. Then, it was time for us to at last be confronted with the stationary light. Our headlights—and our gazes—fell onto the spot where the big light would be—and it was gone! Stunned, we coasted through the spot it had been sitting. For a couple of seconds, we continued to roll along at low speed, speechless.

"Then, with a very strong feeling that the object was above and behind us, I accelerated. A rather nervous glance into the rear view mirror revealed nothing but total darkness behind.

"In a few minutes, we arrived at the cottage we were staying at. Fortunately for nervous us, the lights were still on and we wasted little time setting in.

"My parents were quick to notice that our facial expressions were not quite normal.

" 'What did you see???' they exclaimed when they saw us.

"Next morning, I returned to the scene of the sighting and looked all over the road surface and in the adjacent fields for clues, but found nothing. There were no nearby buildings or lights that could help me find a natural explanation. The girl, by

The only thing that can explain this is an "instant" translocation.

the way, refused to return to the scene with me.

"I returned to the cottage, walked in and began to tell everybody that I had found nothing. They silenced me in mid-sentence—they were listening to the news on the radio—and the announcer was telling of reports of strange lights moving in the skies last night, near the Bradford, Holland Landing, Newmarket area—some 16-20 miles SSE of the cottage.

"My parents urged that I report our sighting, but I knew of no category for such a report: we saw no flying object, and I knew that most authorities would be highly skeptical of my report—especially in view of it being made after a newscast mentioning lights in the sky.

"About seven paragraphs ago, I described how the object seemed to disappear behind the road surface as we descended into a dip—and how we could see the light shining over the crest of the hill. This was precisely how I perceived the last few seconds of our encounter. The trouble is the country in the Stroud area is relatively flat...However, if the bottom of the object was not lighted, and if the object were tilted away from me as I approached, this would give the same impression...." (xx.)

/// I don't think
So. He should
have seen an
occluding edge, then.

(xx.) Letter: To: Mr. James E. McDonald, Senior Physicist, Institute of Atmospheric Physics, The University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona, 85721. From: George R. Morrison, 11 Marlebon Road, Rexdale, Ontario, Canada. Date: 20 January 57. Photocopy in author's files.