

Our Man Hoppe

Our Unidentified Flying President



Arthur Hoppe

THE LATEST Gallup polls reveal that 51 per cent of the American public believe in flying saucers while 29 per cent believe in the President.

This finding has shocked scientists.

"There have been a number of confirmed sightings by reliable observers, including pilots, police and even newsmen," said Dr. Homer T. Pettibone. "I can't understand why so many skeptical Americans still refuse to believe."

In flying saucers?

"No," he said, "in the President."

Dr. Pettibone heads the investigation of reports on Unidentified Flying Presidents—or UFPs. He attributes the public's incredulity to the more sensational stories about the phenomena that have appeared in the press.

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AN EXAMPLE was the recent strange adventure of two Bogalusa, Miss., men, Ed Mudd and Hec Woolsey. Though both were babbling and incoherent, this much of their tale could be pieced together.

Mudd and Woolsey were fishing on Fatback Creek when a helicopter hovered overhead. A peculiar figure wearing rosy makeup appeared in the doorway and with gestures disturbingly out of synchronization called out:

"Hi, there, my fellow American. And you, too, my other fellow American. I am your President, your coach and your quarterback. I am not a crook."

The President, they said, slapped them on their cheeks and shoved them into the

flying device. There, they said, he talked for an hour about how he had brought them Peace with Honor, high prices, prosperity, shortages, detente and an energy crisis, many of which were Congress' fault. He appeared trying to be friendly, they said.

The trouble began, they said, when he got on the subject of tapes. "I have all nine tapes in perfect condition," he said, pounding his desk, "including two that are missing and seven which can't be understood. And any deaf Senator with only two bullet holes in him is welcome to hear them over my dead body."

"I have no more bombshells like the erasure of 18 minutes on one of these tapes. I will now demonstrate how easily this could happen. First, I push this red button on my desk with my right foot as my left finger pushes the black one while my left foot depresses the floor pedal, during which I reach around behind my neck with my right hand to pick up the phone and . . . Help! Get me out of this!"

Mudd and Woolsey said they seized this opportunity to escape. Hypnosis and lie detector tests determined that the two men not only actually believed they had seen a President, but that they were badly frightened by the experience.

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SUCH sensational accounts tend to overshadow more credible reports, according to Dr. Pettibone. "It's a shame," he said. "In these perilous times, Americans really should believe in something."

In the President?

"No," said Dr. Pettibone, "in flying saucers."