

1971: Tonlé Sap, Cambodia

Unknown date of September, unspecified hour

Source: article by Peter A. Bostrom



Tonlé Sap area

Excerpt - The following is a foreword as transcribed from a tape interview by myself with a retired military "Special Forces" officer who served in Thailand during the Vietnam War. This is an account of a close encounter with several EBEs and their space vehicle.

Unlike other countless reports of similar "high strangeness" meetings with extraterrestrials this account is maybe even more interesting because it happened in "war time" surroundings in Cambodia, a country out-of-bounds for US troops at the time, plus there is mention of MJ12 as a government entity who was involved with the gathering of information about Unidentified Objects in the air space, in and around Thailand, and it shows how determined the government is to extract all possible information on the subject. Also there is mention of another strange encounter from the same general area.

I will use the name Joe in place of this gentleman's real name. I spoke with Joe off and on for several weeks. When he spoke about this encounter he never changed his story and I believe

he wants to give the true account as he himself believed it happened. As my conversations continued with Joe he said he had a message that he could freely speak about the subject of his encounter with the extraterrestrials in Cambodia and anything else concerning the subject "since this information will be made public in the near future anyway," but he was not to specifically indicate the true reason why he was in Cambodia. This "other officer" also talked about the UFO subject in general saying such things as the Roswell crash really happened and described precise methods of how people are taken to see the alien vehicle and bodies using high security procedures in transporting these people who need to go there for various reasons. He also talked about two different alien beings. One name he used was the "Grays" and the other was the "Nordics."

- Transcribed account -

Joe: Basically I will describe what happened. In September 1971 I was stationed with the Army in Thailand. Originally a routine mission in Cambodia close to an area called Tonle Sap just south of Angkor Wat, where the temples are.

We had gone on a previous mission in answer to some problems and had gone back in on a search and destroy mission. This area we were mainly concerned about insurgents from the Khmer Rouge - Pol Pot's people. They were really wreaking havoc at the time with the local indigenous personnel. We were after one group and, when going through the jungle, we heard some noises coming from a hidden area.

Bostrom: You heard a noise?

Joe: We heard some noises that sounded like generators or machinery. Something with a hum.

B: So that's what attracted you?

Joe: Yes, we assumed they had some kind of refueling station or something out there. It's quite common for the Khmer Rouge and Phaphet Lao to use a high clearing in the jungle to make an artificial clearing for refueling helicopters, things like that. They didn't have too many. Most of them were Russian made - and they could refuel them - and we thought we really struck on a good one this time or thought they were building equipment buildings or bunkers or such.

When we came into the clearing we were quite surprised to find something quite unlike what I've ever seen before. At the time I held the rank of Lieutenant. We had with us approximately fourteen Special Forces, of our country, and several dozen Thai arranged with us.

B: So you were in Special Forces?

Joe; Yes, I was originally with the 101st Airborne Special Tactical Unit. We were reassigned 506th Air Cavalry sent to Thailand. They were with the auspices of a group we won't discuss for obvious reasons. During this time there had been several reports of some strange instances. We more or less "poo-pooed" them thinking they were people getting scared in combat. You have a few guys taking drugs, we didn't have anybody in our unit that was. You just don't really know. Things come out of the jungle. You see them flying through the trees and it looks quite different than it would in broad daylight in an open area.

We entered the clearing. It was almost spherical in shape suspended on four legs. The base of which it looked like it touched the ground. I couldn't really tell if it was actually on the ground or not and there were a number of - the best description I could say, were humanoids. It's difficult to remember for a couple of reasons that we'll get into a little later. There were at least as many of them as there were of us.

B: How many do you think?

Joe: I would say there was anywhere between 16 to 21. There was quite a few. There wasn't just a handful of fellows out there in the jungle.

Their appearance was not that of any human being I'd ever seen on earth. Skin was a grayish whitish color. They were wearing what appeared to be a one piece jump suit which was silver in color. Much like the metal Mylar like a heat suit. It didn't appear to be a pressure suit of any kind. We found out later that it was quite a strong material. When we approached they really didn't notice us at first and when they did they turned toward us. Some of the fellows were carrying items; the only way I can describe it, are some type of instruments.

Didn't see any weapons anywhere. Made a quick judgment. It didn't look like any weapon I'd ever seen so I thought it could be safe. We had a young corporal with us. Well, this was his second time in combat and he didn't react very well. These, well, I'll call them aliens; one of the aliens turned toward him with something in his hand which he evidently thought was a weapon of some type and he felt threatened and let loose a short burst of fire from a Browning FNFAL which is literally a three way Winchester. It has a 150 grain slug; the same hitting power as the 30-06 out to 15 yards. About the shortest burst you could fire on full auto is somewhere between 8 and 12 rounds, which of a distance from 30 to 35 feet where it struck this fellow would devastate a normal human being. The only thing I can justify, we wear flack jackets most of the time. The material, whatever it was, is of the same material as the "second chance" like we had which was a compact, lightweight bullet proof vest. I've been struck several times with slugs with those - rib cage broken, you get bruised very badly. You feel like you are going to die, but as a general rule, unless its an armor piercing slug or some type of Teflon siding jacket, they don't penetrate. I've never seen one penetrate. I've seen 50 caliber shells go through but nothing much smaller than that.

Nothing except for that high caliber and high velocity will pierce it. Occasionally a tracer will burn a pretty good size hole in it. When it struck this fellow he went down - dropped like a stone, like he was dead. We assumed he was dead.

Out of the group most of them were all approximately the same height. I would say some were five foot or less; maybe four foot eight inches - in that range. They were very, very small people. More like dwarfs in nature and perfectly proportioned. The arms didn't seem to be any longer than they should be. Except for one fellow who was about five-six or five-seven.

He intervened at this point. I pushed the weapon down that George had in his hand. I thought, "God" this guy is going to kill us. At this point I was terror stricken. We didn't know who these guys were. Something like this happens - all the science fiction movies you've ever seen in your life run through your mind. You think "Oh my God" are they going to pull out ray guns? Are they going to atomize us, or are they going to turn us into rabbits or pigs or something like this?

B: Did any of them ever say anything?

Joe: Never heard a single word. This fellow turned to me evidently knowing that I was platoon commander. He raised his hand with palm out and fingers up in just a peaceful gesture and stopped and walked over to George and struck him on the cheek and it wasn't a real heavy blow. It was something like you'd smack your child to get his attention, but the effect was devastating. George went down like a limp rag, just like an electric shock had gone through him. The only thing I could figure is either this fellow is lots stronger than we can imagine he was or he did something else. You've seen blows even in martial arts that don't appear to be very heavy but have a devastating effect. He went down like a stone - just a limp rag. He recovered very quickly. About that time I was trying to pull him up, I didn't know what we were going to do at that point. I didn't want anybody else to fire because I figured if we open

fire on these guys - we were dead. I was scared. I soiled my pants at that point - a nervous reaction. I didn't know quite what to do.

With the exception of George, we were all veterans of at least 20 to 15 fire fights. We were relatively well seasoned combat veterans. It could have been George's third time out, it must have been his first or second, I would say probably second and he was green and he panicked and I thought, well, he just paid the price for it. This fellow just killed him. He recovered. I tried to pull him up and turned around about the time the fellow being shot got up and brushed himself off - and I thought "these fellows are going to wipe us out". If an FNAL didn't take him down in 8 to 12 shots that is one tough little hombre. The only thing I could figure is that the material is tough enough that it acted as a cushion just like a vest. The fellow was visibly shaken. He didn't seem to be in tip top shape but he obviously wasn't dead and there weren't any marks on him

We spent many times picking slugs out of our flack jackets and they'd get too worn and we'd just replace it. It smarts. It will knock you out cold sometimes from the impact. Its like having a very large electric shock run through your body. What takes people out, knocks them out flat, is not the actual impact of the bullet but the nervous reaction of the impact and it will literally lay you out flat before you hit the ground. Every muscle in your body goes rigid. So they have basically the same physiological reaction that we do.

When he turned to me and made a gesture to stop I thought ok, then everything is going to be alright. George recovered and he turned around again and placed his palm up toward me again to stop and I had a feeling that everything was ok. I had a very strong impression. I'm not going to say that it was some kind of telepathic message. It didn't really seem like anything like that. It seemed like "Hey, it's cool, he panicked and I understand the situation."

At this point they packed up all their little instruments, packed themselves back into the craft and left almost soundlessly. There was a little noise. It sat there on the ground as what looked like a quadruped with four legs resting on the ground with pads on them retracted back into the body of the craft which was spheroid and then it just lifted straight up off the ground. I didn't see any visible means of propulsion. There was a little noise. It was hard to tell if it was just the wind blowing through there or what. It was just like an instantaneous burst of speed.

Reliability evaluation:

very low

**military craft and weapons; no supporting witnesses;
apparently inspired by other cases; possible dream or
confusion; details and description of exact site and date
missing; event reported many years later;
possible invention**

