

The Navy's Negative Reaction To Bill Cooper Reporting a UAP



Milton William “Bill” Cooper (May 6, 1943 – November 5, 2001) was an American conspiracy researcher, radio broadcaster, and author known for his 1991 book [Behold a Pale Horse](#), in which he warned of multiple global conspiracies. He served in two branches of the the U.S. military, the Air Force and the Navy.

This is an account of Bill Cooper’s experience in the Navy seeing what he called a flying saucer while on the USS Tiru, a Balao-class submarine. The interesting part of Cooper’s testimony is not especially what he and two others saw, but the Navy’s negative reaction to it! It’s from the foreword of the book, [Behold a Pale Horse](#). Cooper is with his friends and fellow sailors, Lincoln and Geronimo. The submarine is sailing on the surface of the ocean. I can’t find the date of when this happened but it was definitely during the time of the Vietnam war. Based on the fact Cooper was born in 1943 and had already served 4 years in the Air Force, I estimate he was about 24 or 25 years old at the time which would be between 1967-1968. Somebody please correct me if I am wrong.

He give the name of his submarine. I found it on Wikipedia with its photo.



USS Tiru

William Cooper is one of my heroes. I believe he was murdered to quench his testimony.

Lincoln went below. Geronimo and I began the unending task of sweeping the horizon from bow to stern, then the sky from horizon to zenith, and then back to the horizon from bow to stern. Again and again, and then a pause to rest our eyes and chat for a few minutes. I asked Ensign Ball to call for some hot coffee. As he bent over the 1MC (1 Main Circuit, the term for the shipboard public address circuits on United States Navy and United States Coast Guard vessels), I turned, raising my binoculars to my eyes just in time to see a huge disk rise from beneath the ocean, water streaming from the air around it, tumble lazily on its axis, and disappear into the clouds. My heart beat wildly. I tried to talk but couldn't; then I changed my mind and decided I didn't want to say that, anyway. I had seen a flying saucer the size of an aircraft carrier come right out of the ocean and fly into the clouds. I looked around quickly to see if anyone else had seen it. Ensign Ball was still bending over the 1MC. He was ordering coffee. Geronimo was looking down the starboard side aft.

I was torn between my duty to report what I had seen and the knowledge that if I did no one would believe me. As I looked out over the ocean I saw only sky, clouds, and water.

It was as if nothing had happened. I almost thought I had dreamed it. Ensign Ball straightened, turned toward Geronimo and said the coffee was on the way

up.

I looked back toward the spot, about 15 degrees relative off the port bow, and about 2-1/2 nautical miles distant. Nothing, not even a hint of what had happened. "Ensign Ball," I said, "I thought I saw something about 15 degrees relative off the bow, but I lost it. Can you help me look over that area?" Ensign Ball turned, raising his glasses to eye level. I didn't know it at the time, but Geronimo had heard me and turned to look. He was happy that something had broken the monotony.

I was just lifting the binoculars off my chest when I saw it. The giant saucer shape plunged out of the clouds, tumbled, and, pushing the water before it, opened up a hole in the ocean and disappeared from view. It was incredible. This time I had seen it with my naked eyes, and its size in comparison with the total view was nothing short of astounding. Ensign Hall stood in shock, his binoculars in his hands, his mouth open. Geronimo yelled, "Holy shit! What the – hey! did you guys see that?" Ensign Ball turned, and looking right at me with the most incredulous look on his face, said in a low voice, "This had to happen on my watch!" He turned, quickly pressing the override on the IMC and yelled, "Captain to the bridge, Captain to the bridge." As an afterthought he pressed the switch again and yelled, "Somebody get a camera up here."

The Captain surged up the ladder with the quartermaster on his heels. Chief Quartermaster Quintero had the ship's 35-mm camera slung around his neck. The Captain stood patiently while Ensign Ball tried to describe what he had seen. He glanced at us and we both nodded in affirmation. That was enough for the Captain. He called sonar, who during the excitement had reported contact underwater at the same bearing. The Captain announced into the IMC, "This is the Captain. I have the conn." The reply came back instantly from the helm, "Aye, Aye sir." I knew that the helmsman was passing the word in the control room that the Captain had personally taken control of the boat. I also knew that rumors were probably flying through the vessel.

The Captain called down and ordered someone to closely monitor the radar. His command was instantly acknowledged. As the five of us stood gazing out over the sea the same ship or one exactly like it rose slowly, turned in the air, tilted at an angle and then vanished. I saw the Chief snapping pictures out of the corner of my eye.

This time I had three images from which to draw conclusions. It was a metal machine, of that there was no doubt whatsoever. It was intelligently controlled, of that I was equally sure. It was a dull color, kind of like pewter. There were no lights. There was no glow. I thought I had seen a row of what looked like portholes, but could not be certain. Radar reported contact at the same bearing and gave us a range of 3 nautical miles. The range was right on, as the craft had moved toward the general direction that we were headed. We watched repeatedly as the strange craft reentered the water and then subsequently rose into the clouds over and over again until finally we knew that it was gone for good. The episode lasted about 10 minutes.

Before leaving the bridge the Captain took the camera from the Chief and instructed each of us not to talk to anyone about what we had seen. He told us the incident was classified and we were not to discuss it, not even amongst ourselves. We acknowledged his order. The Captain and the Chief left the bridge. Ensign Ball stepped to the IMC and, pressing the override switch, announced, "This is Ensign Ball. The Captain has left the bridge. I have the conn." The reply, "Aye aye sir," quickly followed.

Those of us who had witnessed the UFO were not allowed to go ashore after we had berthed in Pearl. Even those of us who didn't have the duty were told we had to stay aboard. After about two hours a commander from the Office of Naval Intelligence boarded. He went directly to the Captain's stateroom. It wasn't long before we were called to wait in the passageway outside the Captain's door. Ensign Ball was called first. After about 10 minutes he came out and went into the wardroom. He looked shaken. I was next.

When I entered the stateroom, the Commander was holding my service record in his hands. He wanted to know why I had gone from the Air Force into the Navy. I told him the whole story and he laughed when I said that after putting off the Navy for fear of chronic seasickness, I hadn't been seasick yet. Suddenly a mask dropped over his face, and looking me directly in the eyes he asked, "What did you see out there?"

"I believe it was a flying saucer, sir," I answered.

The man began to visibly shake and he screamed obscenities at me. He threatened to put me in the brig for the rest of my life. I thought he wasn't going to stop yelling, but as suddenly as he began, he stopped.

I was confused. I had answered his question truthfully; yet I was threatened with prison. I was not afraid, but I was not very confident, either. I figured I had better take another tack. Eighteen years with my father and four years in the Air Force had taught me something. Number one was that officers just do not lose control like that, ever. Number two was that if my answer had elicited that explosion, then the next thing out of my mouth had better be something entirely different. Number three was, that his response had been an act of kindness to get me to arrive at exactly that conclusion.

"Let's start all over again," he said. "What did you see out there?"

"Nothing, sir," I answered. "I didn't see a damn thing, and I'd like to get out of here just as soon as possible."

A smile spread over his face and the Captain looked relieved. "Are you sure, Cooper?" he asked.

"Yes sir," I replied, "I'm sure."

"You're a good sailor, Cooper," he said. "The Navy needs men like you. You'll go far with the Navy." He then asked me to read several pieces of paper that all said the same thing only with different words. I read that if I ever talked about what it was that I didn't see, I could be fined up to \$10,000 and imprisoned for up to 10 years or both. In addition I could lose all pay

and allowances due or ever to become due. He asked me to sign a piece of paper stating that I understood the laws and regulations that I had just read governing the safeguard of classified information relating to the national security. By signing, I agreed never to communicate in any manner any information regarding the incident with anyone. I was dismissed, and boy, was I glad to get out of there.