

Served 20 years in U.S. Navy. Photojournalist with Great Lakes Bulletin; Documentary Motion Picture Cameraman. Participated in many NASA unmanned and manned space missions. Served 10 years in the intelligence community prior to and during the Vietnam conflict. He wrote and published eight novels: "*The Morningstar Conspiracy*," "*A Fine Raving Madness*," "*Loose Ends*," "*Space Enough And Time*," "*The Windmills of Mars*," "*The Man Who Fell From The Sky*," "*A River Too Wide*," and "*The Web of the Stars*." He has also compiled information for other books, including, "*Secret Societies And The Founding Of America*," "*UFOs: Another Point of View*," "*Analogue: The World's Strangest Conspiracies*," and "*Introduction to Conspiracy*." He published "*A Dangerous Book*," authored by Rodger Stevens. All are available on CD-ROM. He is currently the layout artist and ad designer for "Conspiracy Journal" (available online at <http://therealmidori.com>) edited by Tim Beckley (Mr. UFO).



A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUR AD DESIGNER

Born in Washington, Indiana in 1936, William C. Kern served 20 years as a Photographer in the United States Navy.

He served in USS Intrepid, (CVA-11), now a National Museum in New York. He was a photojournalist for the Great Lakes Bulletin, an award-winning military newspaper, and was the Official Photographer for the United States Navy Band.

In the early 1960s he was assigned to VAP-62, a heavy reconnaissance photo air group at NAS Jacksonville, Florida. Flying RA3B's, this squadron, with others, was charged with the responsibility of obtaining intelligence photos of Soviet missile emplacements in Cuba, evidence of which led directly to the "Cuban Missile Crisis."

Prior to the Vietnam conflict, he was assigned to the Naval Reconnaissance Technical Support Center in Suitland, Maryland and to Defense Intelligence Agency in Arlington, Virginia. DIA is the military counterpart of CIA. His duties while at these facilities is still classified.

During the height of the Vietnam conflict, he was assigned to the Fleet Intelligence Center, Pacific Facility, where over-flight intelligence information from SEATO was gathered and disseminated to friendly nations and to U. S. Intelligence Agencies. He received special training as a Courier and qualified with both the .38 Service Revolver and the .45 Model 1911 semi-automatic Service Pistol; and qualified with the .30 caliber M1A-1 Carbine. He was authorized to use deadly force to safeguard highly classified overflight materials which he transported for dissemination to Civilian and Military Intelligence Agencies of the

United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and United Kingdom.

He returned to CONUS in October, 1968 and was assigned to USS Constellation, CV64. One year later he arrived at NATTU Motion Picture School in Pensacola, Florida where he studied lighting, single and double system sound, casting, script writing, shooting techniques and camera operation and maintenance. He graduated 2nd in a class of 20 and was awarded a certificate of completion for his film on the hearing impaired.

From 1970 until he retired in 1975, he was assigned to the National Parachute Test Range (Naval Aerospace Recovery Facility), El Centro, California. His duties were as a Documentary Motion Picture Cameraman and he produced a number of excellent films, including RDT&E of the Bell Aerospace (Stratos Western) AeroCab egress system in Los Angeles, California, and the Desert Heat Evaluation of the C5-A Galaxy.

He was officially commended for these two films and others. He also filmed RDT&E features on the egress and retrograde systems of Apollo, Viking, Voyager and Pioneer manned and unmanned space projects.

For two years he was the "Voice of Mission Control" and military liaison during the development and testing of a number of sophisticated aircraft and missile designs, including the B-1 bomber and Tomahawk Cruise Missile.

He also did feature films on the Martin-Baker zero speed/zero altitude jet aircraft egress systems; LAPES (Low Altitude Parachute Extraction System) used in Vietnam; Rogallo Wing; ParaWing; heli-borne man-tow insertion/retrieval system; mid-air "trapeze" recovery system for the *Discoverer/Corona/Keyhole* spy satellite; on-going RDT&E analysis of the egress systems for the space flight program, and other sophisticated classified aerospace systems and hardware, many of which are now in common use by military units and numerous civilian police forces.

ASSIGNMENTS:

USS Intrepid, CVA (S)-11, January 1955
Staff, NTC Glakes, IL
VAP-62, NAS Jax, FL (contemporary of Roger Chaffee-astronaut*)
NRTSC, Suitland, MD
DIA, Arlington, VA (Until Gulf of Tonkin Event)
FICPACFAC, RP (Vietnam Era)
USS Constellation, CV-64 (Vietnam Era)
MoPic School, NATTU, Pensacola, FL
NPTR (NARF), El Centro, CA, to February 1975

AWARDS:

National Defense Ribbon
Occupation Forces, Europe
Navy Unit Citation, Cuban Blockade
Meritorious Unit Commendation, TET
Good Conduct-20 years
Honorable Transfer to Fleet Reserve
Honorable Discharge and Retirement

*Killed with Gus Grissom and Ed White during the Apollo launchpad fire at Cape Canaveral.



This is a daytime aerial view of the base. Sighting occurred from 6 AM until 7:45 AM.

SIGHTING! TLOS IN SEATO

NOTE: I am reasonably certain about the date of the sighting because, as I recall, the USS Ajax, AR6, had departed for Japan two or three weeks earlier, around the last week of July or first week of August, 1968. Ajax, having arrived near the end of June, had been in port to repair gun mounts aboard the USS Boston. The repairs, as I recall, took approximately seven to ten days. A former shipmate served in Ajax and he had invited me aboard for an hour or so.

If any shall read this, former officers and crewmembers of the Ajax will immediately know where this sighting occurred.

(Mum's the word, mates).

THE EVENT

I watched two TLOs (Transient Luminous Objects) sailing over a military base for 1 hour, 45 minutes



while standing the midnight to 0800 security watch. This sighting is detailed as follows:

In mid to late August 1968, I was standing the 2400 to 0800 security watch at a top secret intelligence facility in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam conflict. I had just phoned the OOD at 0600 to report all secure and decided to step outside to get a breath of fresh air, something I had never done before that night.

The two story concrete building was behind me. To my right (south) was a range of low mountains obscuring approximately 20 degrees of the southern sky. To my left (north) was (a bay) and the South China Sea. I was facing east where, about 20 miles away, another range of mountains obscured approximately 5 degrees of the sky.

Immediately upon stepping outside the building I saw a bright luminous object gliding silently from west to east above the range of mountains on the right.

I "felt" the presence of another object (like the touch of fingers on my neck) and turned toward the bay to see an identical object gliding at the same al-



titude, direction and speed as the first. The objects were approximately one mile apart.

The second object sighted made a sharp right turn; not a sweeping turn but a vectored immediate right angle deviation, glided overhead at an altitude calculated to be 1000 to 1500 feet, passed behind the first object and disappeared from view beyond the mountain.

A NOTE: Speed, altitude, separation and sizes of aerial objects having no spatial references are extremely difficult to estimate and, so, are subject to great errors. The sizes, speeds, distances and altitudes related here are simply my first impressions and may be completely wrong.

CONTINUE:

The first object sighted continued eastward at approximately 10 to 15 miles per hour. Both objects were as bright as a 1,000 watt street light as seen from a distance of 200 feet. Neither object made any noise and neither object displayed any normal aircraft running lights. The objects were the size of a dime as seen at arm's length. I estimate their size to be 40 to 50 feet in diameter and spherical rather than elliptical in shape.

The first object was in sight for approximately 1 hour and 45 minutes. It did not deviate from its eastward course, nor did it pulsate or change colors. Its speed appeared to remain constant throughout the entire sighting.

I stood transfixed and was unaware that an hour and 45 minutes had passed until the morning crew began arriving for duty at approximately 07:45. At the sound of automobiles approaching from my right, I turned abruptly, astonished and frightened, and I rather felt myself explode violently downward into my body while experiencing a strong pressure against my eardrums, something like slamming the door of a Volkswagen with all the windows rolled up.

It seemed only a few minutes and now the sun was

rising! At 7:45 AM, the object was a pinhead size bright light still visible on the face of the rising sun! Oddly, I found myself in a small field of grass and weeds where two roads diverged about fifty to sixty feet farther east from the building than where I thought I had been standing on the macadam carpark while I observed the TLOs.

The field was a very poor vantage point from which to observe the eastbound TLO because it (the field) was laced with weeds and knee-high grass, and scrub trees at 5 to 6 feet or more. Some were 30 to 40 feet tall, although not in the line of my sight of the object.

I was disoriented and confused for a brief period until I realized where I was and what had transpired.

I calculate that the object was approximately 20 to 25 miles away at the time I returned to the building. Of course, it may have been much farther than that.

I signed over the duty log, relinquished my side-arm and went back outside. The object was still visible on the lower edge of the rising sun which was approximately 10 to 12 degrees above the horizon. But the spell was broken. After only moments of observing the tiny dot, I went to my car and drove to my quarters.

I later remembered that the duty crash cameras, a 4x5 Speed Graphic and a 16mm Cine Special camera, were inside on the floor beside my chair and I had not even thought to take a picture!

I had been in the Navy for 12 years, the entire time as a photographer, a portion of that time as an aircrew member. My MOS was Photographer but my job was processing and printing overflight surveillance and intelligence film from U2s, RA3Bs, RF101s, RF4s, and other (at that time) secret reconnaissance aircraft.

I had been around aircraft, both civilian and military, for fourteen years.

I cannot explain what I saw but I believe they were not fixed wing or rotary wing aircraft, not weather balloons (one turned, the other did not) and they were not celestial bodies or atmospheric phenomena.

My original assessment, although the objects appeared to be identical, was that I had seen two different things, one perhaps a weather balloon, the other a slow flying aircraft of some kind. Neither, however, displayed the movements or identification lights one would expect for either object.

I no longer consider this as a possibility.

Weather balloons, when blown by the wind (there



At 7:45 AM, the object was a bright light on the face of the rising sun.

was none that I recall) wobble and bob through the sky. Instrumentation packages or RAWIN Targets swing below them, causing them to change shape and direction. Additionally, weather balloons are not lighted from within nor do the instrumentation packages carry such bright lights.

Helicopters can certainly fly at 10 to 15 miles per hour, however, none known at that time could fly silently at 1000 to 1500 feet and then to 10,000 feet or more. Neither of the TLOs emitted engine sounds or exhaust trails or displayed navigation lights.

Rotary wing and fixed wing aircraft, particularly military aircraft, have all sorts of lights on them which are on at night to alert personnel on the ground and other aircrews the direction the plane is going. There are colored lights, port wing tip red, starboard wing tip green, strobe lights, tail beacons and formation lights. While some aircraft may have a brilliant light similar to the TLO, it would be a landing light visible only from the front of the aircraft and used when taking off or landing at night. One would not see a "landing light" when an aircraft was flying away from the observer, and especially not after 20 or 30 miles.

When seen against the sun, even at a distance of approximately 25 to 30 miles, no hull shape or fuselage could be seen.

The glowing orb seen against the sun appeared to have traveled in a straight line; that is, not following the curvature of the Earth. At last sighting, I estimate the altitude of the object to be 10,000 feet or higher above the ground.

Because of my background in photography and my experience as an aircrewman, I feel I objectively calculated the altitude, speed and size of the objects, however, as noted above, airborne objects having no spatial references are difficult to measure and, so, are subject to great errors.

The descriptions of the two TLOs do not fit any known aircraft or weather balloon. They do, however, perfectly define the objects known as Transient Luminous Objects, which have been shown to glide silently and slowly for long distances, change directions with apparently intelligent purpose and emit no sounds or exhaust trails.

TLOs do not display any overt signs of hostility or covert curiosity. None that I have observed, that is. They do not damage objects or affect the environment in any apparent manner. They simply appear, move about the skies for a time, then glide away or vanish, leaving stunned and confused witnesses to wonder what they have observed.

Unlike the objects known as UFOs, which seem to

have destinations and purpose, and are solid and three-dimensional (or more), TLOs are truly unexplainable, having no observable substance or core, no common size or brightness, no common speed or direction. They may forever remain a mystery to those of us who have been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to observe them.

CHANGED

This event changed me in ways I cannot easily explain. It has left me uneasy and suspicious; at times even fearful and anxious. I returned from Southeast Asia with an illness and disease that no one would validate and the sighting of the TLOs was constantly at the back of my thoughts. I could not sleep in the house so I placed a thick piece of plywood across two sawhorses under a Mulberry tree in the backyard and slept outside with a loaded .30 caliber M1A-1 carbine fitted with a 30 round extended clip. I could not shake the dreadful feeling that someone was going to come for me and I didn't want to be trapped



inside the house.

I feel certain my reaction to the event contributed significantly to my divorce from my first spouse a few years later. She just thought I was mad, of course (who can deny it?). Sadly, when others think you mad, they usually run away with the house, the car, the kids and the bank account. I harbor no ill feelings although I was homeless for nearly three years, living under a tool cover on the back of my old Chevy pickup truck.

ONLY THE LIGHT

When one is engaged in any activity, whether watching a boat race, a football game, children playing or when raking leaves from the yard, one is aware of many other concurrent events, such as aircraft and helicopters flying over, birds flitting from tree to tree, the smell of fireplace smoke, autos passing on the streets, cats and dogs, people talking and jogging by and many other things, including an awareness of one's self as a participant in the drama of life.

But while observing the two TLOs I had absolutely no awareness of myself as a living being. Moments after the second object vanished behind the mountains on my right, I became aware only of the remain-



ing TLO. I do not recall seeing or thinking of the night, the trees, the building behind me, the ships in the bay, my abandoned duty post, heat, cold, wind, comfort or discomfort. I had neither awareness of myself nor the will to look away from the light.

There was only the brilliant globe. I was possessed by it. I was as entranced and enraptured, so engrossed in the light as I. I simply could not tear my gaze from it and, indeed, did not even think of it.

There was only the light.

And it is this very loss of identity and awareness of self, my loss of will and single-minded fixation with

the light that has troubled me for so many years. I simply did not exist in this time and space for nearly two hours. I do not recall having "gone" anywhere or encountered anyone or any thing. I do not recall being inside any vehicle and do not recall being questioned or examined or instructed.

I was simply entranced by the TLO. There was only me and only the light, the observance of which for nearly two hours had released me from all physical bonds of will and all memory of earthly existence. It was a sort of empty awake sleeping death.

In my mind...as I recall it now...there was only the unwavering light that I was somehow compelled to watch.

But I am unable to explain how or why I wandered into the field although I feel there must be a wholly logical explanation for it.

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE

I ask the reader to try this experiment: Go into your street or into a deserted parking lot at 6 AM in the morning and, standing as still as possible, stare without cease at the nearest street lamp or other bright light for an hour and 45 minutes. Do not speak, do not fidget, do not smoke or drink or adjust your clothing. Do not scratch or cough. Above all, do not turn your gaze elsewhere.

I'll wager you can't do it. But I did, apparently, and that is troubling for, while doing so, I forsook every other thing in this world, including myself.

It is a frightening thought and I am frightened by it.

ANOTHER LIGHT

A couple of years later, back in the States and working on the space programs, I one day, while alone, fell into a kind of trance or state of stasis or suspended animation. All sound and feeling and normal senses disappeared. I was awake but could not move. My thoughts were never more clear and attuned. I wasn't morbidly afraid or worried. I was, however, somewhat apprehensive about the descent of a vaguely familiar globe of light.

From the ceiling (passing through the ceiling from outside the building, it seemed to me) a very bright orb of light (the TLO again?) appeared. It was the apparent size of a soccer ball. It floated down to touch me. As it touch me, it spread out to completely cover my entire body, almost like liquid light. I became aware of sounds that might have been voices but were not in a language I could understand. Over all was a sort of opalescent bubble.

I remember a low-pitch music-like tone, very soft and pleasant, and a tinkling sound like glass break-



ing far away, or glass wind chimes. I was wrapped in the light and sound for what seemed to be 10 or 15 seconds, then the light floated up through the ceiling, leaving me wondering what had happened! Almost two hours had passed while I was “in the light.”*

And, again, there was a loss of self-identity, this time for two hours. The being that was me did not exist for two hours. This loss of identity of self only reinforced the feelings of anguish and fear that began with the TLO sighting in Southeast Asia. I began to wonder if I were going mad or if some machine or energy was driving my thoughts, or if I was simply hallucinating.

A FRENZY OF READING

Almost immediately thereafter, I began reading as many books as I could get my hands on. I read some 300 books each year for a period of about three years. Often, I would lay out up to three books at a time, open each to page one and read all the page ones. Then I would turn all the pages to pages 2 and 3 and read all those pages, and so on until the books were finished. Generally, I could read all three books in a single evening and could pigeonhole the information in each so it did not become confused with the information in any of the others.

I think I stopped reading because I had run out of the material I wanted to read.

Unfortunately, my private life was going to hell in a handbasket about that time and that may have contributed to my waning interest in further information.

But here is something I learned: In books having the same or similar content, I would often find the

same information, even the same sentences or paragraphs very close to the areas I found the same information in the other books, and occasionally, on the same pages!

I began to refer to these sentences or paragraphs as “*the inklings of truth.*” But what import it had then or has now, I have no clue. It seemed so important that I discovered those “inklings” at the time, but soon it meant little or nothing to me.

AND, SO...

These are only two of the many events I have witnessed since I was an infant in 1937 and, with these two, I am simply trying to describe my feelings and why the loss of identity and awareness of self, and the loss of will have caused me so much anguish for over 40 years. Make of it what you will.

As for me, I hope to explore and dismiss every terrestrial explanation before I turn my eyes heavenward. I feel reasonably certain the answers will not be found in the skies.

The answer will most likely be found in the fact that I worked at NRTSC and Defense Intelligence Agency in Washington, D. C. (Arlington, Virginia) from 1963 until 1965, at which time I was transferred to the facility described in this essay.

These dates may be significant. Or not.

Cautious Believer is Cautiously Skeptical



The two-story secret facility as it appeared in 1968, with the small camera repair shop directly across the carpark and ROIC building at lower left. The cluster of small structures center bottom is the film and classified documents burning furnace. Most of the trees and tall brush have been removed.

*I must estimate times in this narrative since I was not aware of the passage of time. I went to the Quarterdeck to look at the clock to learn how much time had passed. But I am not certain when this event began, so the times given here may be wrong by several minutes.

STRANGE ENCOUNTER



STRANGE ENCOUNTER

by

William Kern

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THIS SIGHTING WAS REPORTED TO MUFON AFTER THE SHOWING OF HANGAR ONE EPISODE, "UFOS IN WARTIME."

NOTE TO MUFON

RE: HMAS Hobart (RAN) during Vietnam conflict.

Without getting too detailed, I would like to point out that the Hobart was not a PBR (river patrol boat) as shown in your HANGAR 1 presentation of UFOs in Wartime.

Hobart was a first class ship built in Bay City, Michigan as an Adams class Destroyer and was later modified to fire guided missiles, becoming a Guided Missile Destroyer of the RAN.

Hobart was hit by air to surface missiles fired from USAF aircraft while on station supporting allied forces in South Vietnam.

I was stationed at Subic Bay (Cubi Point) Republic of the Philippines and was assigned to photograph damage to Hobart after she pulled in to Subic Bay for repairs.

Although I cannot categorically state that Hobart was not struck or attacked by UFOs, the damage I recorded indicated that it was not some alien ray gun or pulse weapon that damaged the ship. I've seen this damage before.

This little vignette is provided to add some corroboration to the following report of TLOs that I witnessed while stationed at Cubi during the same period.

I believe Hobart returned to duty in SEATO around the end of July, 1968 and the two TLOs were observed shortly thereafter (August).

But the sighting and this report is some slim evidence that UFOs and TLOs were certainly in the area during that period of time. Whether they had any involvement in the attacks on the two Australian ships (Hobart and Edson) and one US ship (Chicago, a cruiser) on the same night, I am not at liberty to address and have no opinion.

I was transferred back to CONUS November, 1968 and was assigned to USS Constellation at North Island, California. I retired from USN in 1975.

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by William Kern

The case of the Australian ship HMRAS Hobart being attacked by a UFO.

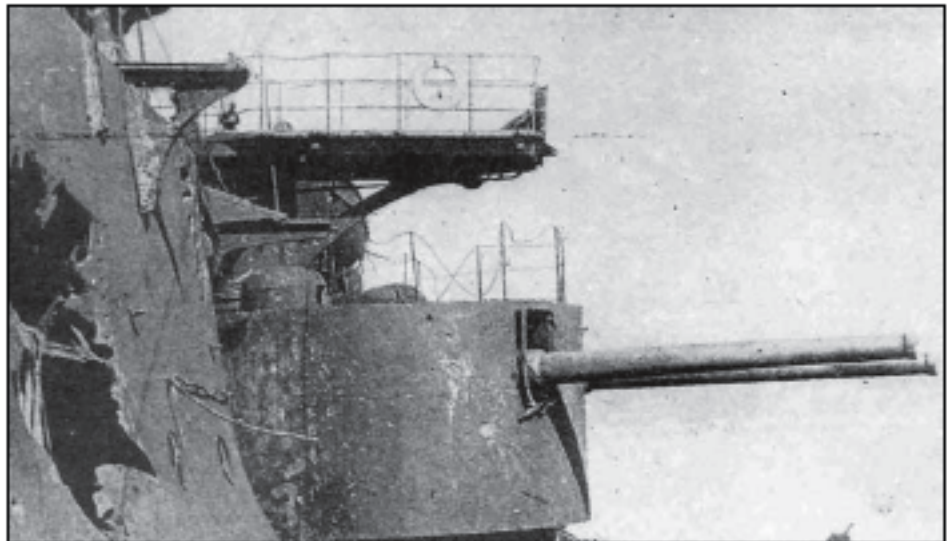
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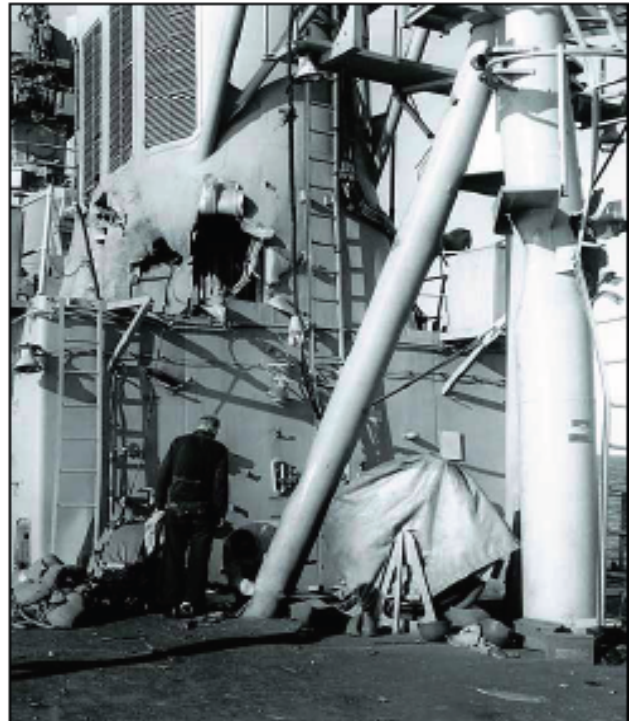
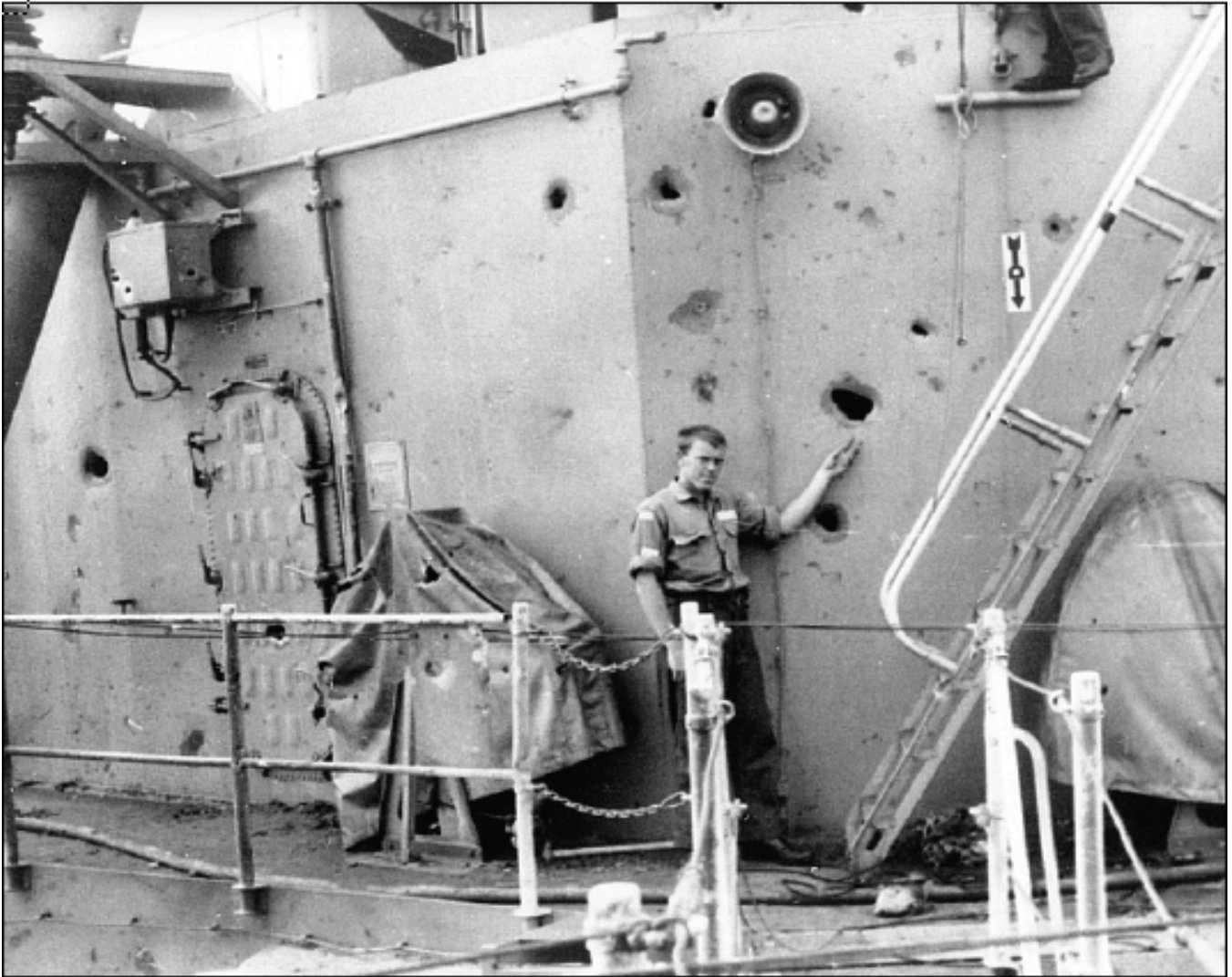
I was stationed at Subic Bay (Cubi Point) Republic of the Philippines and was assigned to photograph damage to Hobart after she pulled in to Subic Bay for repairs.

Because of the nature of our duties while assigned to the intelligence facility, we knew even before Hobart arrived that it had been struck by missiles from USAF aircraft. That is precisely why we were assigned to photograph the damage. We knew that crew members had been wounded; others killed. Some sailors with whom we spoke were certain the ship had been attacked by American planes and none offered an alternate opinion. Not one crew member, including some who were on deck when the strikes occurred, hinted that the ship had been attacked by UFOs.



Although I cannot categorically state that Hobart was not struck or attacked by UFOs, the damage recorded indicated that it was not some alien ray gun or pulse weapon that

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damaged the ship. I've seen this damage before.

I've been aboard Hobart. I talked to some of her crew.

The story of the Hobart being attacked by UFOs was invented much later, most likely to cover up the culpability of the U.S. in the event. After all, nearly fifty years had passed before the claim was posed that UFOs were responsible. Many of the crew members of Hobart are dead, as are many Americans who served in SEATO during that time. From whom shall we seek the truth? Find some surviving Hobart sailors and ask them.

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It is a grand and terrible thing that the hero should be the only one to see his heroism from the inside, to see into its very vitals, and that everyone else sees it only from the outside, in its external features. It is for this reason that the hero lives alone in the midst of men and that his solitude serves him as comforting company.

—Unamuno

*We shall not cease from exploration,
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we began
And know the place for the first time.*

There are moments in life when everything changes. We turn a corner, open a portal, make a choice, and the path we were on is left behind, forgotten and unexamined in the deep wells of our minds.

Who are you? I asked silently.

Came the answer, deep in the nightmare halls of my mind: I am a thing of threads and tatters, a creature of shades and shadows, of dust and rot and rust, half woven from shapeless sounds and idle glances; a phantom form in the likeness of man wandering in this barren world alone without mission or thought of hope. I am an ageless pronoun dreamlessly haunting this memory known only to me, naked in the darkness, ignored by love, adored by none and subsisting on agonies brimming in my soul, iron daggers in my heart. Years wear on, grinding me dumb, time-torn and hopeless, with neither certitude nor peace, filled only with the ebb and flow of human misery. I am the avatar for your daemon. I am you from centuries gone by, from lifetimes beyond your knowing or understanding. I am a Watcher.

I awoke suddenly, half rose from my chair and looked toward the seat where the little man had been. I was sweating and breathing with some difficulty. I expected to see him coming at me with his hands spread like talons.

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But he was not there. The train evaporated as a mist, the rattling and clicking of the rails was gone. Outside my study window I could hear the cheerful sound of children playing some innocent game, tossing the brown leaves of Autumn as high into the air as they could and screaming with joy, laughing riotously as only children at play can laugh.

I patted the moisture from my face with my shirt-sleeve and sat, glancing about nervously, half expecting the little man and the train to reappear, wondering what happened to provoke the illusion, the dream, the nightmare. How came this thing into my reverie?

I closed my eyes for a moment. When I opened them again it was dark and cold and a brisk wind swept up from the foaming ocean below. The house was gone, the children, the garden, the barren trees; all were gone. I lost my sense of balance and all equilibrium and I dropped to my hands and knees in terror, fearing that I might fall from the headland above the churning sea where I had somehow been projected. I could sense the earth moving below me through a sort of opalescent mist.

I could hear, in the silence between the waves, the clicking and clacking of train wheels upon the tracks. I could hear, above the rush of the wind, the merry laughter of children, echoing very far away. I felt the warmth of Autumn days and, alternately, the chill of winter evenings. I thought, perhaps, it might rain and I realized I could not remember when last it had rained. It seemed months or even years. Could that be true?

I seemed to wake as from a deep slumber and with the waking the nightmare was gone, all memory of it vanished, and I found myself again in the study on the Autumn day and the leaves were full of laughing children as before.

I am dreaming.

Tonight I am overwhelmed by a dismal thought. I began to imagine Earth and other-earth and it occurs to me that the events that brought into existence our tiny, fragile world are so unique and so violent that it seems utterly impossible that they could ever occur again in all the cosmos.

Could conditions ever again produce these plants, these mountains, these animals, these lovely birds? Could just the right portions of light and heat and electricity and chemistry ever again give birth to the human form?

And could any other creatures speak or compose music or poetry and give birth to children in their own likeness? I suspect not.

So many events, wrought in just the proper ways, conspired to give rise to Earth and all that dwell within and upon it that I suspect—rather sadly—that search though we may until the end of our days, we will never find another Earth or anything even close to its likeness.

The exploration of our small solar system indicates that Earth is unique among all the planets, and not merely unique but extraordinarily so. There is not a single other planet or satellite in this system upon which we can live, even for a few seconds. Even mysterious Mars, which has hosted so many heroic fictional adventurers, proves to be deadly. If an earthling's spacesuit failed outside the hab, his blood would boil in seconds and he would literally explode.

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And nothing we have discovered beyond this system in the local galaxy or any other into which we can peer, has offered even a glimmer of hope that another earth is waiting for a ship burgeoning with adventurous humans to land and begin planting gardens of roses and edible tubers.

I grew up hoping and believing that I would live to see humans ride glorious, gleaming, flaming needle-nosed ships to Mars, and even for awhile imagined that I might be among them. Now I despair that I will not live to see humans return to the moon.

And so this evening I am timeworn and without certitude or peace.

I did so want to go to Mars. I did so want to.

Outside, in the garden and beyond, the leaves of Autumn gather upon the ground under a darkening sky and they are no longer full of the children who may someday journey to the stars.

I am dreaming.

I was thinking, moments ago, of some odd, little man and a train; a dream now gone that lingered as the song of a linnet lingers, faded, returned, then vanished. The barren trees stand stark and lifeless against the twilight sky. The children and the leaves are gone; children to their homes and leaves to the wind.

Gone but not gone. Here but not here.

If one gazes into the heavens on a dark, cloudless night to observe the stars and planets in their courses, one can see two million light years into the past and from that moment on, the entire cosmos is recorded in the brain. Such thoughts are more than the left brain can handle, and so I thrust them aside and decided I would read for awhile before retiring.

I found, to my dismay, my books, like my friends and family, like the leaves and children, had vanished. The bookshelves were empty. Much of the furniture seemed to be missing as well, although I could not tell which pieces.

And then I was wandering through a darkened, dusty old building, an abandoned warehouse, guided carefully by a silent, featureless being. Something was touching me and I began to be afraid.

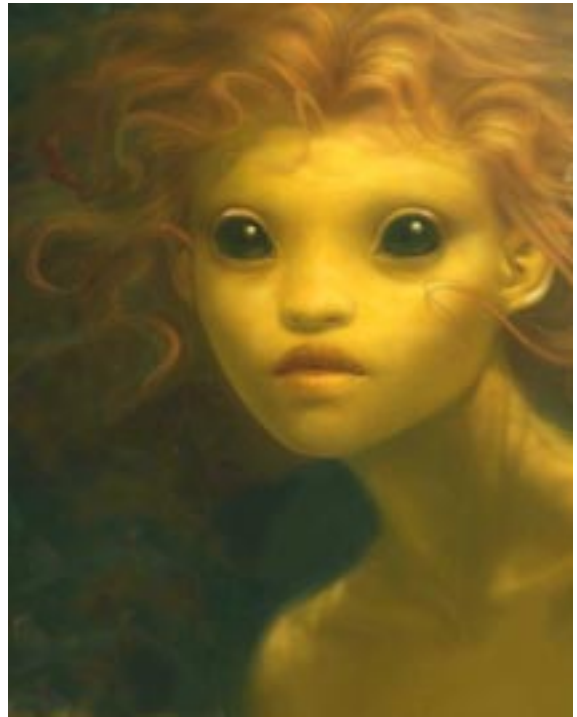
STRANGE ENCOUNTER

During a period when some men were claiming to have been visited by beings in nuts and bolts flying saucers filled with computers (IBMS?, Macs? Linux? Cray?) and all sorts of furniture, including medical examination slabs and other devices and debris; when these same people were claiming to have traveled to Venus, Mars, Saturn and beyond with beautiful, scantily-clad, robust, voluptuous Caucasian blond females who looked like 1950s movie stars, and who spoke perfect English or Spanish or Italian or German or Russian (but never Reptilian); when women were claiming to have been abducted by aliens and raped, impregnated and abandoned by badly behaving alien males, (believe me, it could not happen) there came this formerly unreported encounter from a career military serviceman (the reason why it was not reported for almost 50 years).

AFTERMATH—THE DREAMS BEGIN A STRANGE ENCOUNTER AND AN ANALYSIS OF THE EVENT

*Last night while climbing up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today;
Oh, how I wish he'd go away!*

The events that occurred in 1968 still haunt me in 2024 and I suspect I will never be able to forget what happened that night. I began to have strange dreams around 1970 or '71, when I was 34 or 35 years alive. I was working on the manned space program at the time. Occasionally—after I was enveloped in the “light,” I would see a fleeting small figure just at the edge of my vision. I was always startled by the apparition but never frightened. But I could not see the figure when I looked directly toward it.



Then I began to have frequent “dreams” of being led through an old abandoned farmhouse or warehouse. There were lots of people watching or following me as I made my way through the dusty rooms. It was not particularly dark but neither was it brightly lighted. There were stairways and endless hallways leading to room after room.

In one “dream” I was standing in one of the empty, softly lighted rooms when quite suddenly there appeared before me, only 10 feet away, a small, fragile being, not more than five feet tall. My first impression was that the being was a female. It had shoulder-length, russet-orange hair; not garishly orange but auburn, soft and tousled. It had a smooth, delicately sculpted face with pronounced female lips, naturally colored. They were not painted. It had a slightly protruding lower jaw, looking as if it were about to blow out a candle.

THE BEING

That's about the best I can describe it. Other than the russet-colored hair on its

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head, I saw no other body hair, not the slightest or thinnest. No eyebrows or lashes.

It had no breasts, and no nipples. It had no navel. There was no visible or apparent pubic mound. Its body was as featureless, physically, as a plastic doll. Its covering or skin or epidermis was smooth and free of blemishes. It was of uniform color—a pale amber-brown—and, except for slight shadows, did not vary in hue or tint from head to toe. The being did not have fingernails or toenails. Its limbs, unlike the others who were present, were firm and normal looking, humanlike rather than thin and long. If I had passed it in a public place, clothed and wearing sunglasses, I could not have known it was not human.

It did not look around the space; its gaze was fixed straight ahead. Until it walked away, it did not appear to look towards me at any time.

And, yet, it seemed to be alive, a living being. Its eyes were all black—or extremely dark. There was no white in the eyes and no visible iris or pupils. It never blinked once during the entire time that I observed it. The eyes were the size of a human child's eyes, wide but not the excessively large, wraparound eyes that are so often reported with "grays." It did not move its appendages, although I could see that was "breathing." It did not speak or swallow or wet its lips.

It was unclothed and I realized that I, too, was unclothed, although I can't remember how or why or when I had removed my clothing. Other beings in the space seemed to be there only to observe my reaction to this fragile, lovely, dainty creature. My reaction was one of wonder, astonishment, surprise, enchantment.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

It had three fingers and an opposing thumb on its hands. The fingers were jointed similar to a human's fingers and they were tiny, childlike, very feminine. There were webs between all its fingers up to the first joint from the palm, much like the web between the thumb and forefinger of a human hand, only more expansive. The webs were thin and nearly transparent. I could not see small details but I imagine it had no fingerprints as we know them.

It had four small, nearly equal length toes on its feet. It seems there might have been webs between the toes as well, but they were small and short and may not have been webbed. I don't recall having purposely looked at its feet.

I thought, briefly, that the being was an automaton or android but its later movements were too agile and flowing to be those of a machine unless it was a rather remarkable marvelous machine. After brief minutes—no more than two or three as I recall—it quite suddenly turned and walked toward a portal that had appeared in the empty space behind it. It moved with the same fluid motion and purpose one would expect from a human female child of ten or eleven years, walking swiftly and silently, swinging its arms, and just before it reached the portal, it turned slightly to the right and peered over its shoulder to steal one last half-second glance at me. It was an exact motion, precise, natural, normal. I think a machine could not or would not have done that.

ALONE AGAIN, NATURALLY

And then the portal closed, it was gone and I found myself alone in my house in

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darkness, standing beside my bed in my skivvies, wondering if I had dreamed it all or if I were going mad. My skivvies, I later discovered, were on backwards.

(This is not wholly unusual. I have several times put my skivvies on not only backwards but inside-out beginning from the time I had a fatal reaction to morphine in 2013).

LOCATION

I want to describe the space where I encountered the being. It was opalescent white, misty, endless, boundless, empty. There was no furniture, no machines, *no computers*, no walls or doors, except for the sudden portal that appeared in the space behind it just before the being turned to walk away. But the portal was not a “door” in the sense that we know them. It may have always been there but not visible until it was to be used for the departure of the being. I will call it a “not there.”

There was no deck or overhead, no bulkheads, no lights, although the space was softly lighted evenly throughout. The surface beneath my feet did not feel solid and I could faintly see through it—or imagined I could—to the soil or earth moving below. This effect caused some vertigo at first but it passed quickly. I was warm and comfortable. There were no noticeable sounds or noises or odors. There was no movement of air. I felt as if I were suspended in space so I could participate in their little game. It was peaceful. I felt no anxiety or fear. I could not see anything beyond ten or fifteen feet other than the pervading misty white emptiness that seemed to go on forever.

As for the being itself, it had, as I have said, a fine, fair, feminine face, full lips and mouth and a rather featureless, hairless body, save for the hair on its head. I later wondered if the hair might have been a wig or a mental image that might not have really been there. At the first impression it seemed real, authentic. Because the sides of the head were concealed by its hair, I could not see if it had humanlike ears.

WAS IT A HYBRID?

It had no visible reproductive or nurturing organs, but I only assume it was a female. The pudenda was smooth and curved inward without a visible cleft or opening, which leads me to think that the being, because it had a mouth, might have had as a reproductive organ and a method of disposing of body wastes, a cloaca—a vent—such as might be found in reptiles, birds, monotremes and some fishes here on earth. If so, it may deposit eggs like a bird or, more likely, a reptile.

Now, that is not to say that my assumption is correct no matter how compelling the evidence might be. Just because I could see no reproductive organs doesn't mean there were none.

In the first place I wasn't close enough to clearly see such details, which might have been less apparent than on a human. And, besides, I really hadn't a lot of time to closely examine it.

I was more interested in its facial features and expressions (there were none) and any movements or gestures that would provide evidence that the being was alive rather than a machine or holographic projection.

As far as I can determine I was observing a young, childlike female being, perhaps ten earth years old, who may have hatched from an egg and who may have been

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incubated in a nursery of some sort.

The “being” as graphically reconstructed by the narrator.



As a general rule creatures with cloaca do not bear live young (the Anaconda is one remarkable exception) and I cannot imagine that any of the other beings who attended the viewing would be content to sit on an egg until it hatched.

Except for reptiles, the eggs of surface dwellers—birds and monotremes in particular—are kept warm at nearly constant temperatures by creatures with feathers or fur and these beings had neither. That is to say nothing of the physical structure of the aliens’ bodies which most certainly were not designed for sitting on an egg.

But it was not a mammal in any sense of the word. It simply did not have the proper plumbing.

So...was this being male, female, neither or both? There were no obvious physical signs that the beings, including the observers, could participate in any kind of sexual activity with which earthlings are familiar. And yet...they had to have come from somewhere.

LIGHT YEARS

The age of the beings is completely impossible to determine. The being I observed appeared to be about ten earth years old. The others in attendance (who, incidentally, looked so much alike that they might have been clones) appeared to be about the same age. If they moved through space at or near the speed of light they could have been hundreds or even thousands of earth years old. If they were accomplished enough to manipulate time—and of that I had no doubt—they could have lived for eternity. It is the nature of time travel. One just goes back to the beginning and projects again.

Having proposed that I encountered a being such as I have described, two immediate questions arise:

First: Did I actually encounter such a creature or was the entire episode nothing more than a screen image projected by the visitors (intruders) to deceive me?

Second: What do they really want?

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RECURRING EVENT

The dream of being led through a strange dwelling recurs in slightly different scenarios. There are always people I do not know and houses with wandering passageways and empty or sparsely furnished rooms. The people always touch me or lead me to different spaces. Always, in every dream, I am massaged or stroked by a being or beings I cannot clearly see. It is always behind me and I seem to be unable to turn so I can see who or what it is. During the time that I am being touched I am unable to control any movement of my own body.

In the dream—if that is what it is—this touching does not last very long. Although it is not the same, I can compare it to a cursory physical examination by a human doctor. Throat, neck, underarms, groin, wrist, fingers, knees, feeling for lumps and tender spots. Not the same, but something like that. Again, are these screen memories or just parts of a disjointed, poorly remembered dream?

I have never awakened with cuts, bruises, scratches or scoop marks on any parts of my body that I can see.

BUT WHAT ARE “DREAMS?”

Dreams are not fantasies created by the mind from nothing; they are memories, even if they are recalled improperly and in pieces. The right side of the healthy human brain stores everything that has ever happened during its existence and it can recall every episode exactly as it occurred when necessary.

I don't know if the observation I have described was (or is) a dream or not, and I worry that I may never know the answers to my questions.

SO, WHOSE FACE IS THIS?

One thought is that the creatures who crew modern UFOs might not be from another planet, but might have been genetically cultured and incubated right here on earth in one of those secret underground laboratories, and not by aliens, but by human tinkers. Suppose the future astronaut is not a warmblooded mammal (human), but a cold-blooded intelligent reptile (saurian) who can tolerate cosmic radiation better than humans and who have been shown to be able to survive mass extinctions with little change or effect in their subsequent behavior and evolution.

Suppose the saurian is not only a creature who lived before us, but is the creature, by genetic manipulation, some of us will one day become. Some reptiles, remember, have an uncanny ability to regenerate lost parts, often two or three parts. This would prove a real benefit for explorers on a planet several billion miles from home base where spare arms and legs are not readily available. Some reptiles can survive days, months or even years between meals while warmblooded mammals can hardly exist more than a few hours!

Some reptiles appear to be unaffected by cosmic radiation that is killing human beings by the thousands. Some reptiles can hibernate for months and years in Arctic conditions without suffering adverse effects.

Perfect lifeform for the constant space traveler! Have the visitors learned to use the DNA of saurians not only to advantage but also to their detriment, having sacrificed

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their ability to easily reproduce in order to become proficient space/time voyagers?

A PERIOD OF QUESTIONS

“Are you willing to take a lie detector test?”

“I can't.”

“Why not?”

“I was told no polygraph, no sodium pentothal, no hypnosis.”

“Who told you that?”

“The debriefing officer.”

“Who was that?”

“I'm not at liberty to disclose that information.”

“Was it a military officer?”

“I'm not at liberty to disclose that information.”

“Can you tell us where you worked at the time of the debriefing?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Nondisclosure document.”

“Surely any security classification would have been lifted by now.”

“The document I signed was classified ‘Until Forbid’.”

“Well, we can find out easily enough.”

“No, you can't.”

“Let's continue then. Was it a ‘Gray?’ ”

“No, it was more human; it was a humanoid, I think. A replicant, perhaps.”

“A hybrid?”

“Possibly.”

“Male or female?”

“It might have been male but I think not. It had long, flowing hair, a fragile, smooth face with pronounced lips, dark eyes, piercing and watching. The skin, the covering or epidermis, was golden, sort of; pinkish yellow-brown. Amber. Not grey.”

“Did you observe any female physical features?”

“No. I did not notice any breasts or pubic mound. It...she...was rather featureless. She was childlike, her physical structure was that of a prepubescent human female, someone who might have been ten or eleven years old. Not curvy, not robust, not voluptuous in any way.”

“Might it have been sexless or, perhaps, some combination of both sexes?”

“I have given it some thought. It could have been either or both. I did not spend any time trying to figure it out while I was there. The encounter was very brief.”

“Did you have any thought of attraction to the being?”

“If by ‘attraction’ you mean sexually, the answer is no. I was entranced by her

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appearance, the look of her, standing there, but I had no thoughts of a sexual union. She seemed to be an adolescent girl, a child not fully matured.”

“Was she clothed?”

“No.”

“Were you clothed?”

“No.”

“Was there a prophecy?”

“Prophecy?”

“Yes. A largess. A prediction, a warning. A message proclaiming some future calamity or life transforming event.”

“No. No message. No prophecy. There was no communication. No mindspeak, no voicespeak.”

“What were the others doing at that time?”

“I believe they were simply noting my reaction to the being. I cannot be certain they were actually present.”

“What was your reaction?”

“Amazement. Disbelief. Wonder. Astonishment. And a remote kind of relationship, a father/daughter attachment, which, when later analyzed, seemed a rather curious thought...perhaps it was implanted.”

“Has the same encounter been repeated?”

“No. The dream recurs, sometimes slightly different but not significantly so and not very often.”

“What is your assessment of the encounter?”

“Until proven otherwise, I believe it was a confused dream poorly remembered, poorly interpreted, and imperfectly recounted.

“Having said that, there remains the nagging memory of that brief encounter, ever lurking there in some dark pigeon hole in my subconsciousness.

“I’ll hazard a supposition: Suppose the creature really was an alien female. Suppose I had been chosen to fertilize it (her) for the purpose of producing some experimental hybrid youngster. I was only 36 years old at the time this “dream” first occurred.”

“Let’s get back to the spaceship... .”

“I never said anything about a spaceship. There was no spaceship.”

“You said you could see the earth moving below your feet when you were in the craft.”

“It was not a craft. And I only said that I imagined that I could see the earth or soil—not the planet—moving beyond or below my feet—which were not attached to anything—and that the sensation caused some brief vertigo.”

“Okay, we’ll let that go for now. Tell me about your fatal reaction to Morphine. How did that happen? What did you experience?”

“Kidney stones. Terrible, excruciating pain, retching, dry heaves, heart pound-

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ing. I was taken to the Emergency Room at the hospital in an ambulance. I suffered for some time while they ran a series of tests and determined that I had kidney stones. They plugged in an IV and gave me an ampule of Morphine. It did not help relieve the pain so the doctor gave me another ampule of Morphine (a derivative, actually). The next thing I knew was seeing the doctor right in my face, compressing my chest and telling me, 'You have to breathe, you have to breathe, in through your nose and out through your mouth'. Another young man was slapping me sharply on the bottoms of my feet. I was later told that was to startle me awake because my heart and respiration had stopped. Only the O² monitor going off alerted them that I had...well...died, I guess. No one would tell me how long I was gone. Everyone just looked away or ignored me when I asked.

"There was no light, no tunnel, no relatives beckoning me onward or imploring me to return, no music, no angels, no savior, nothing. It was actually quite pleasant, like being in a dreamless sleep. Nothing at all like the first time I died."

"Oh? Can you tell me about that?"

"No. I have told the story numerous times and even written about it. Except for my mother, no one believes it. It is pointless to keep repeating an event that no one understands.

"I will tell you this, however, whether you believe it or not. When I was revived in the Emergency Room, I am certain I awoke in a different reality, a different universe. It seems the same but it is not exactly the same. Outwardly, the same people are here as were there, except some of my former shipmates and comrades are dead here who were alive over there. They were a decade or more younger than I. Other things have changed as well. I can't seem to get a grip on this reality. I can't focus my attention on the tasks I try to do. I lose things, I can't pick up tools or if I manage to pick them up, I drop them. I lift a plate and it gets stuck or caught on something and I spill the food. I try to open a package and the contents will roll out and fall into the garbage disposal five feet away. I lift a spatula from its cradle and it flies from my hands and falls to the floor.

"I rationalize that these events may happen because of my having stopped breathing and something in my brain died because of oxygen starvation.

"Soon after the death experience, I suffered what the doctor called 'a small stroke'. I struggled for nearly five years to regain my ability to remember names, to speak again, to read and write as I had previously. I still have trouble remembering names. I absolutely cannot remember dates for birthdays or anniversaries. Unless someone reminds me, I cannot remember my own birthday. I know the date of my birthday but when that day arrives, I am not aware that it is my birthday.

"Is that old age? I don't know. Am I someone else? I honestly don't know. Was I actually revived when I died? I am not at all certain. I even have considered that my consciousness survived and is experiencing its own version of my life; a life similar to my previous earth life, but not the same.

"How do I know that I did not die? How can I be certain that what I see and hear and feel and taste are events that I am experiencing in the real world? Doctors and nurses say, 'Of course you are alive. You are here talking to me, aren't you?' Well, of course I am

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talking to them because they are memories that tagged along with me to this other dimension. They will say I am alive because they believe I am because I believe they are. Are they? Am I?

“You know, it is said that sensitives and psychics can see and know things that others cannot. I have always been able to sense unusual events. It is precognition or remote viewing, perhaps, or something else beyond explaining. Recently I was trying to remember the name of an actor and his name was spoken on a TV program I was watching. During the same day, I was thinking of Robbie the Robot from the series *Lost In Space*, and a short clip was shown on the same program I was watching. What are the chances? Did I see it before it happened or did my consciousness create it?

“I worry that learning the truth may only bring about the termination of my consciousness and the end of this world.”

“Why did you wait so long to report all of this?”

“Well, one simply does not make public any information or imagined events that might jeopardize a military career.”

END OF SESSION

THE CLOACAL KISS

Creatures with cloaca do not achieve penetration during mating; they usually merely touch cloaca, very briefly—referred to as the cloacal kiss. This touching stimulates the female to produce a fertilized egg, which it soon deposits. The female then sits on the egg to incubate it or, in the case of some reptiles, buries it, until it hatches, at which time—particularly in the case of reptiles—the newborn may at once be an independent creature, eating and walking and sleeping or crawling, finding its own way and its own food and caring for itself without the need for any nurturing from the parent. Fowl, of course, must be cared for briefly.

Birds, fish and reptiles do not have teats with which to nurture their young. They do not have navels. They do not have the sex organs that are common to mammals.

Female birds often will spontaneously deposit an egg when there are no males around to stimulate her. These eggs are often—and usually—simply abandoned. They are not fertilized and will, therefore, produce no offspring. Birds seem to know that.

But suppose, without my knowing or understanding it, the female was somehow stimulated to produce an egg because sperm was introduced to her cloaca during or prior to the very brief encounter.

I seem to remember only that she appeared very suddenly. What happened before she appeared? Other than some aimless wandering through a dark building, I have no memory of leaving my bed or of arriving at the place where the encounter occurred.

There was no apparent touching, no fondling or foreplay, no conversation, neither verbally or telepathically. She appeared, stood immobile for two or three minutes and then turned to walk away.

If some kind of fertilization did not occur, the encounter just seems totally point-

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less, unless it was, as I contend, nothing more than a strange dream (most of which are often totally pointless).

But most hauntingly intriguing was that last glance over her shoulder as she exited the scene. She looked directly at me as near as I could observe, as if to say silently, "Now I have you in me. Thank you and good-bye." I was a rather cold glance; not warm or affectionate.

I did not feel that at the moment; it was only later that the impression came to me.

Then, too, I first realized I was nude during the encounter and later partially clothed when I found myself back in my home standing beside my bed. What happened to my clothes before the encounter? I never found them.

And there was that sudden, mysterious portal that appeared in the air or space behind the being just before she turned to leave. I get the creepy feeling that it was a portal to another dimension or another time. I believe it opened and she stepped out and that is why she seemed to have appeared as if by magic. And when she stepped back into the portal she seemed to have simply vanished.

It was a time portal or a doorway to a parallel universe. The concept is almost too deep for me to comprehend. The portal was not there. Then it was there. And then it was not there.

WHAT INCUBATES THE EGG?

Now suppose those hybrid creatures people claim to have seen floating in great bubbling vats in those secret underground facilities are not all human babies stolen from the wombs of impregnated human females, but are, in many cases, the nurturing containers for the alien eggs.

If the alien offspring could live inside an egg until it hatched, such incubators would not be necessary. But these are hybrids and the aliens apparently have no way of bringing them to term by themselves. If they have chosen to have their females fertilized by human males, they would need a way to keep the offspring alive until it was able to eat and breathe of its own volition. Hence: incubators.

So, do the aliens have more than one method of producing offspring? It seems unlikely and, indeed, impossible, that a "male" alien could impregnate a human female since they have no apparent sex organs. Even if we and they are biologically compatible, would it not require some kind of surgical extraction of the male alien sperm and artificial insemination?

I suspect that those exact procedures are also used to obtain human sperm for impregnating the alien females. There most certainly could not be physical sexual union between a human male and the alien female I encountered.

Perhaps some aliens are really taking human embryos and cooking them in their incubators to produce their own type of hybrid children.

It would make sense that they probably would not depend on a single method (which might often fail) to produce their future starship crews. Backup systems are always a good idea.

Hybrids cannot reproduce themselves; they need outside help—the tinkerers—

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to introduce all the ingredients into the mix that makes good soup.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

After 50 (or 5,000) years of abductions and forced fertilizations, one would think there might be tens of thousands of hybrid children on the loose somewhere out there. Where are they?

Do we see them as a matter of daily routine? Are they living among us, unseen, unnoticed? Or are they now living among the stars?

What does a civilized species do with so many children? Are they forever young, eternal time fiddlers? Or have some of them grown old and feeble, facing the inevitable end common to all human beings? They do, some of them at least, after all, have human DNA.

Without parents, how do they learn all they should know in order to survive? Is their knowledge gleaned from telepathic sources? Or is it some kind of inherited genetic encoding?

We believe they are mortal, that they die or can be killed. So, do all hybrid children survive long enough to reach adulthood or do they have an unusually high mortality rate, necessitating the aliens' constant gardening and husbandry?

These are perplexing questions best saved for later examination.

**THE ARTICLE, IN ENTIRETY, BEGINS ON PAGE 51
OF THE FOLLOWING MAGAZINE**

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UFOS UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA PARANORMAL CROP CIRCLES CRYPTOZOOLOGY

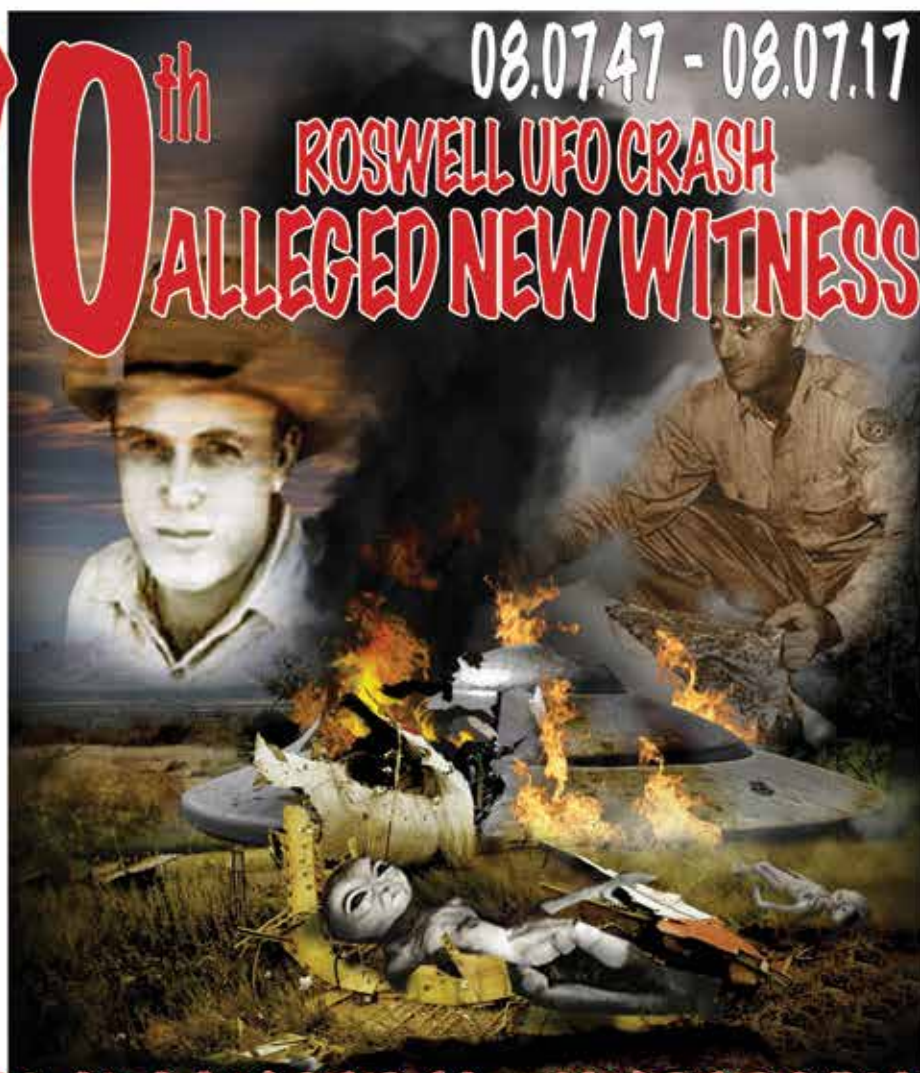
THE CLOSE ENCOUNTERS MAN

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ROSWELL UFO CRASH

ALLEGED NEW WITNESS



COMMANDER X - UNDERCOVER
ALIEN HUNTER & WHISTLEBLOWER

TREASURES FOUND AND LOST
THROUGH PSYCHIC MEANS

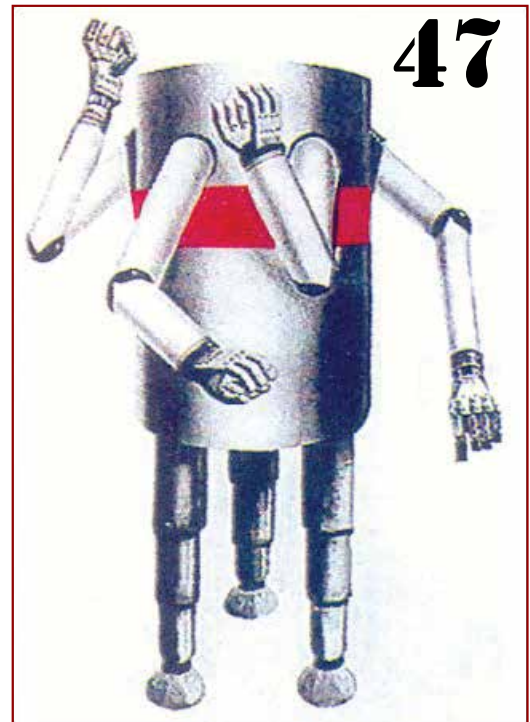
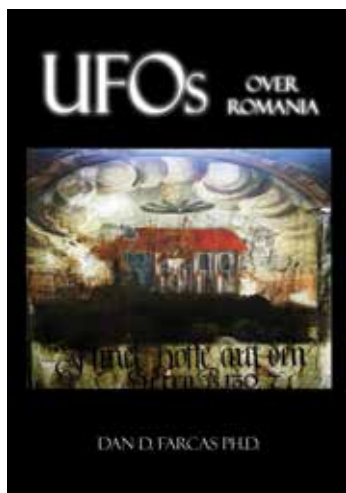
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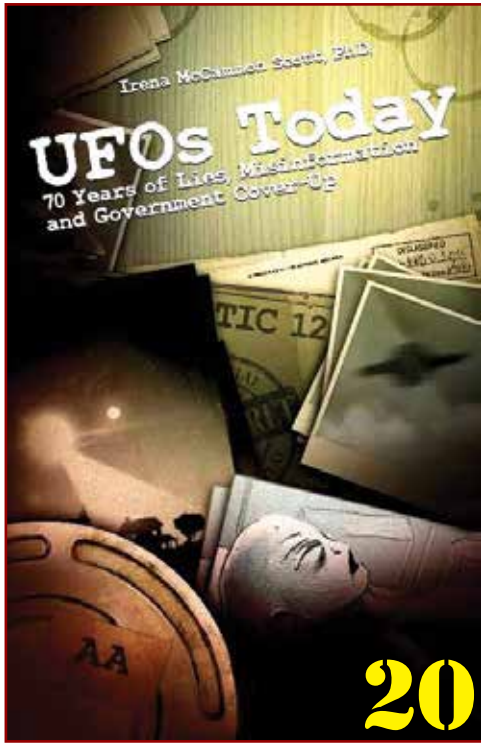
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The 1987 MUFON UFO conference at Washington D.C. - l to r: Dr. Mark Rodeghier, Stanton Friedman, Jenny Randles (partially obscured by me), Bill Chalker & Jennie Ziedman - photo by Jeff McLaren; quality enhanced by Andrew Arnold

THE CLOSE ENCOUNTERS MAN

STRANGE ENCOUNTER!

The 'being' as graphically reconstructed by the narrator



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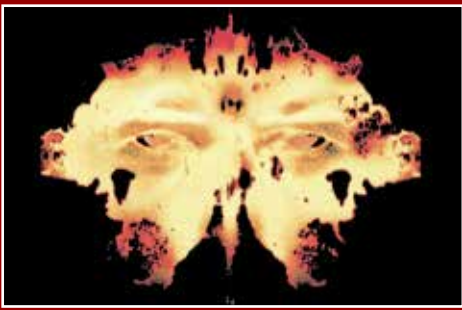


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BEYOND IMAGINATION LIES THE TRUTH

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editorial POINT OF VIEW

by Robert Frola



Cardwell UFO Festival

Cardwell UFO Festival is on again. The forth-annual festival is the only UFO festival in Australia and will be on October 21st, 2017. It will include a family-fun day of lively entertainment, heaps of activities for children, food, entertainment and informative displays. It also hosts the increasingly popular C-Files, where people from all walks of life come together to talk about their UFO encounters. All this followed by the infamous after party with Live Music and costume competition.

I spoke to Thea Ormonde, the organizer of this event.

Robert: *What makes up the Cardwell UFO Festival?*

Thea: The Cardwell UFO festival was first held in 2014 as part of the Cardwell 150 year celebrations and continues to build momentum each year with added attractions to cater for the growing number of visitors who travel to Cardwell to enjoy this annual event.

The Cardwell UFO festival has been designed to cater to two different audiences, those interested in the fun and quirky alien themed entertainment and the more serious ufologists

Robert: *You mentioned 'the fun and quirky'. Could you explain to our readers what that entails?*

Thea: For the fun and quirky we have a Monster Market day. A great number of markets stalls selling a variety of wares. We have grown from 22 stalls in 2014 to an anticipated 90-100 stalls for 2017

Then there is Family Friendly entertainment. We have grown the number of children's activities that were offered in 2014 of jumping castle, laser tag, face painting, children's Alien Invasion Costume party to now include, show rides, side show alley, pony rides, puppet shows, space races, drone exhibitions and a Planetarium, most of which are offered to the children for free or for a subsidised fee.

And last but not least we have the After Party and costume competition. For the older kids we have the Festival After Party, catering to all the adventurous adults that are still young at heart. With live entertainment, costume party, prizes and much more, this is an 18 + event. Headlining the event is the legendary cover band Zachariah who have proved to be a huge hit with the party goers from the festivals beginnings.

Robert: *And what about the serious Ufologist who wants to know more about the subject?*

Thea: We have the C-Files Forum. The C-Files is a forum where people with a genuine interest in Ufology and the unexplained can come together to share stories and experiences in an environment where they can openly discuss these topics without ridicule or judgement. We have grown from 28 attendants in 2014 to 185 attendants in 2016, with an anticipated 200-250 attendants in 2017. We are also looking to have guest speakers who are respected within the Ufology arena and have a following not only within Australia but Worldwide that will travel specifically to hear them speak. For 2017 we have secured Ben Hurlle as a guest speaker.

Don't miss this event. Place it in your calander and attend the Cardwell UFO Festival. For more information visit www.CardwellUFOfestival.com.au

We have a jam packed issue for you all to read, so without further ado, sit in your favorite chair, grab a cup of coffee or tea, settle back and enjoy another great issue of the Ufologist Magazine

Cheers.



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NEWS & REVIEWS



by Daniel Sims

THE TRINDADE ISLAND'S UFO

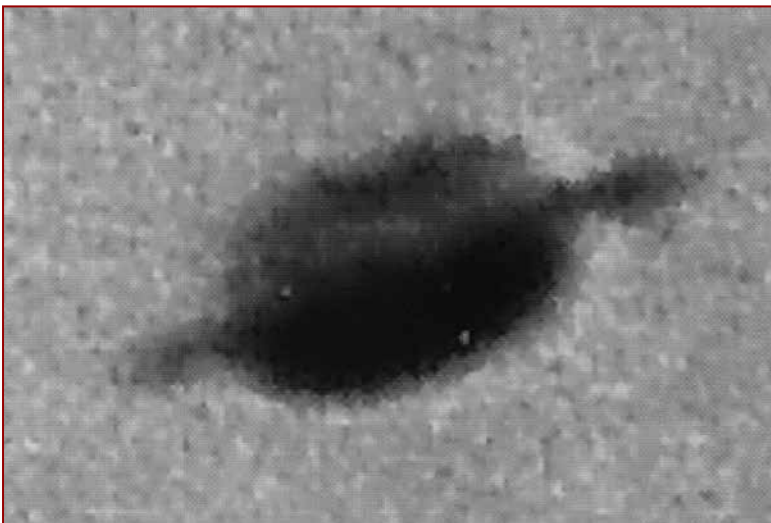
In our last issue of Ufologist (May-June) Volume 21 Number 1, we printed a story on the UFO that was photographed over West Sussex (page 17). The article, which was sent in by Philip Mantle (Former Director For the British UFO Research Association) caught the attention of one of our readers and he wrote in to us to state that it has a striking resemblance to the Almiro Barauna UFO at Crindade Island from January 1958.

requested if we could place the images side by side and a comparison in an upcoming issue for our readers to see for themselves.

Thank you Peter, good observation and a good memory. Yes indeed they do have an uncanny resemblance. We appreciate that you took the time to inform us here at Ufologist. Here is the comparison you requested. Your letter to us has been placed in the Letters to the Editor section.

Peter J from Sydney wrote in to let us know about this, and

For our readers, information about the Trindade case is below.



*Left image: Image over West Sussex 1997.
Right image: Almiro Barauna UFO 1958.*



Trindade is a small rocky island in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean 600 miles off the coast of Bahia, Brazil. In October 1957, the Brazilian Navy set up a small scientific base on the unoccupied island, where oceanographic and meteorological research was conducted in connection with the International Geophysical Year. Starting early the following month, instrument-bearing weather balloons were being launched on a daily basis. They were designed to explode in the upper atmosphere, which as a result released instrument packages attached to them. These would parachute to the earth

to be retrieved by researchers. By the end of the month, base personnel were reporting silvery UFO's, which seemed to be monitoring the balloons' movements.

The base's chief officer, Cmdr. Carlos A. Bacellar, had just overseen the launching of a weather balloon into a morning sky clear of everything but a single large cumulus cloud at 14,000 feet. Inside the radio cabin, Bacellar listened to the signals the balloon emitted as it ascended. Suddenly those signals inexplicably diminished.

When Bacellar went outside to investigate,

he saw nothing out of the ordinary. The balloon was ascending normally, until it came directly below the cloud, at which point it seemed to be sucked abruptly upward. For the next 10 minutes it remained out of sight and inside the cloud. Finally, when it reappeared, it was above the cloud, and the instrument package was missing.

Soon a silvery object emerged from behind the cloud. As it moved slowly from the southwest to the east, a technician gazing through a theodolite spotted it and alerted the commander, who viewed it briefly

through binoculars, then through a sextant. The object, observed as Crescent-shaped and bright white in colour, reversed course at one point and remained in sight for some time before it entered a cloudbank.

As soon as the object was noticed, Almiro Baraúna was summoned for photography. After getting his camera and going up to the quarterdeck, he managed to take several pictures of the object. Many witnesses observed the event.

After the sighting and the images captured, Barauna took the negatives with him to Rio and processed them in his own laboratory. Shortly afterwards Bacellar showed up at Barauna's home to look at the developed photographs, which he then took to the Navy Ministry. Two days later he returned them, and shortly thereafter Barauna was summoned to naval headquarters, where high-ranking officers questioned him intensely. The Ministry sent his negatives to the Cruzeiro do Sul Aerophotogrammetric Service for analysis. They were declared genuine. In short order Brazil's President, Juscelino Kubitschek, ordered them released to the press.

WAS IT A HOAX?

There has been some controversy over the 1958 Image captured by Submarine Photographer Almiro Barauna.

Other investigators that reviewed the case have questioned the authenticity of the photos. (The controversial U.S. Air Force investigation into the U.F.O. phenomenon – Project Blue Book), concluded that the photographs were hoaxed. The credibility of Barauna himself has also been questioned. He had produced hoaxed photographs in the past (not only of U.F.O.s) and in the past had written an article showing how a well-known U.F.O. photograph taken some years earlier could have been hoaxed.

Also, Barauna had the negatives for two days before the Brazilian Navy took them from him for their investigation, and he had cut them away from the remainder of the film negatives. Also, the Brazillian Navy did not get statements from the witnesses immediately after the event. Therefore, the actual number of witnesses is not known with certainty. In August of 2010, a television show in Brazil had aired information stating that the original photographer had made "hoax" photographs in the past.

Many years later, in 1978, an Arizona-based group, Ground Saucer Watch (GSW), which specialized in analysis of purported UFO photographs (and which had rejected most as phony), subjected good-quality prints to a computer-processing technique, focusing on edge enhancement, colour-contouring, picture-cell distortion, and digitizing. GSW's specialists came to these conclusions:

"The UFO image is over 50 feet in diameter. The UFO image in each case reveals a vast distance from the photographer/camera. The photographs show no signs of hoax (i.e., a hand-thrown or suspended model). The UFO image is reflecting light and passed all computer tests for an image with substance. The image represents no known type of aircraft or experimental balloon. Digital densitometry reveals a metallic reflection. We are of the unanimous opinion that the Brazilian photos are authentic and represent an extraordinary flying object of unknown origin [Hewes, 1979].

Given the number of witnesses, the results of photo analyses both military and civilian and the need for debunkers to reinvent the incident to "explain" it, it seems most unlikely that the Trindade photographs were hoaxed.

To this day because of the certification of the witnesses and the official recognition, the object in Almiro Baraúna's pictures remains unexplained.

Sources: Jerry Clark (Center for UFO Studies) – ufoevidence.org. Wikipedia, & Google Images.

Keep watching the Skies
Daniel.

The ET Presence – Some Facts

In the late 1940s:

1 Newspapers report that debris and bodies from UFO crashes are found:



2 Governments and military begin the cover-up:



From the early 1950s onwards:

3 With the Cold War in full swing, the space people begin contacting individuals around the world:



4 Public interest in their hope-inspiring message about the brotherhood of man and the dangers of nuclear power is immense:



Huge audience at George Adamski's lecture in Denver, 1954

From the mid-1950s onwards:

5 Secret government agencies and the military begin a disinformation campaign. The experiences of contactees are derided and stories about 'alien' abduction, cattle mutilations, experiments, etc. begin to appear and contaminate the public's perception.

The resulting fear and confusion helped prolong the Cold War and the arms race.

Question: Who benefits from a negative perception of the ET presence?

THE ETs' INTENTIONS — WHAT THE EXPERTS ARE SAYING:

"If [the UFOs over nuclear weapons bases] wanted to destroy them, with all the powers they seem to have, they could have done that job. So I personally don't think that it was a hostile intent." —Robert Salas, US Air Force Captain, Ret. (2010)

"It is complete nonsense that [the space people] should carry out genetic or sexual experimentation on people from this planet when they have a technology which is several thousand years ahead of anything that we could think of today." —Benjamin Creme, esotericist (2010)

"It's pretty obvious that if [the ET presence] had been hostile we would have been gone by now. (...) We have no defence, if that is what their real intent was." —Edgar Mitchell, astronaut (2008)

"Why should beings so advanced in physics and engineering – crossing vast interstellar distances – be so backward when it comes to biology?" —Carl Sagan, astronomer (1993)

"We all know the power [the space people] have tapped would make our largest bombs look like dud firecrackers on the 4th of July. Do not these facts adequately answer questions regarding their hostility?" —George Adamski, contactee (1957)

NOW THEN

Exploring the ever changing and challenging field of UFO Studies

by George Simpson



RICHARD DOLAN & THE WESTALL UFO INCIDENT

There hasn't really been a lot to write about in the past months. Late last year VUFOA hosted a visit by Richard Dolan to Melbourne. He gave a talk at the Hawthorn Public Library which was very well received and fully attended. We took him on a guided tour through the streets of Melbourne, which included a walk along Flinders street past all the homeless squatters just previous to their removal. It wasn't a nice look. Just unfortunate timing. The weather was perfect.



Seeing the sights of Melbourne.



Being interviewed at the Grange for VUFOA TV.

I was there to assist in any way I could. Just minutes before he was due to begin the nights proceedings, Ben asked me where our main guest was. I had no idea at that point. As it turned out, neither did our guest. I asked Ben if he wanted me to find him, and he said yes. I ran back to the hotel where Mr Dolan was staying, and phoned his room. He didn't answer. We had a lost or missing guest speaker, who was due to go on in about ten minutes.

I had no choice but to run around looking for our missing guest presenter, and I didn't have a bicycle or a scooter to get around

faster. There he was, right on the busiest corner, chatting to a team member, Mike, who had been sent out to buy sugar for the tea and coffee. I ran up to him, and he looked relieved. He had gone for a walk an hour earlier and taken a wrong turn. He had no idea where he had been, but now we needed to get to the venue fast. It was only a few minutes away.

Ben started the night off and introduced Richard to the waiting audience. We had the audio visuals all set up, and I pressed the 'next slide' button on the computer throughout Richard's excellent presentation.



Giving his presentation.



Some important reading.

Richard explained how it was very interesting that in Politics the UFO subject is universally ignored, yet in Military circles the subject is treated very seriously. Yet both are branches of the Government. When he was studying politics and political science the UFO subject was totally absent, and he went on a quest to find out why. He's still on that quest.

I was recently invited to go into a radio

station to be interviewed along with a couple of the Westall UFO witnesses. RRR-FM in Brunswick have a program called the 'Banana Lounge', hosted by none other than Dave Graney of the 'Coral Snakes'. We enjoyed the entire process. I brought in one of the guest witnesses, Ian, and we rendezvoused with Joy, our other guest witness, in the kitchen. We were greeted and escorted to the green room, and promptly handed proper coffee from a

real coffee machine. Shortly our host met with us, for a quick introductory chat before we went in.

The radio show went well, and has been podcasted so people can listen to it online. It was a part of a promotion for an upcoming event, the "Westall Witnesses Speak" mini conference being held in Parkdale in April. This is another VUFOA event, where a collection of about ten people who were

actually there on the day will be on a panel, speaking for the first time together about Australia's Roswell. The outstanding documentary 'Westall 66, a Suburban UFO Mystery' will also be screened with its producer Rosie Jones and presenter Shane Ryan on hand. To answer any questions. It's going to be a fantastic event, and I can tell you now it's sold out. There are no tickets left. I will be taking photos on the day.



Dave Graney at the helm.



Ian, Joy and some old bloke.

The 1960s was a golden era for UFO sightings. Last week some friends and I organised and finally held a High School reunion. In its wake we were discussing many things, and I mentioned I had just returned from RRR studio having done a show about a major Australian UFO event of the 1960s. I was talking to a fellow reunion organiser, Francine. She said, that's interesting, I saw a 'Flying Saucer' last year. Really I asked.?

I switched into interrogator mode, and asked her to send me the details, and I asked her some standard questions, like was it your first sighting, and how did you feel about it. Here is what she told me.

Hi George.

So this is what happened , at 11.30 pm I drove out of my street to go and get fuel. No one around. The main street of Kalbar is a straight road that leads to an intersection. As I was about 100 yards up the road this blue flying saucer came horizontally in my vision about 100-200 metres above the road , stopped and just hung there, me in shock rubbing my eyes because I couldn't believe it and after about 10 seconds just zoomed off horizontally.

It was round and blue, quite large and quite frankly I thought for a moment they might take me but obviously I wasn't worth it!

Many sightings here in Kalbar. even

photographs during the day.

We have a world satellite dish here in Kalbar listening for alien communications. Kalbar chosen for its clarity to the heavens, no interference due to the surrounding mountains, no city lights.

Francine then added a list of 11 different references to reported sightings from that same town in Queensland. I was impressed.

We discussed her sighting a little more, and then some more things became apparent.

GS: "Was this your first sighting, what do you think it was?"

FRANCINE: "It was my second. The first one was when I was in Melbourne, when I was young. I can't remember which year, absolutely no doubt it was a flying saucer".

GS: "Ok, think about the first one and see what else you can remember. Regarding the recent one, when was it?"

FRANCINE: "Last Year".

GS: "Ok, any idea which month?"

FRANCINE: "No, can't remember".

GS: "How did it make you feel when you watched it?"

FRANCINE: "I was at first stunned, shocked, surprised and then amazed, excited and probably the best word is

enthralled.

GS: "Wow".

FRANCINE: "I remember the first sighting in Melbourne was when I was 16 and lived in Nth Brighton. Lots of people saw it. It was on the radio the next day.

GS: "Ok, that's good."

FRANCINE: "Maybe 17".

GS: "Some people go through a period of loss after seeing one, wanting to see it again."

FRANCINE: "Not me. It would be naïve to think we are the only life in the trillions of galaxies however I don't feel a need to see them. I do a meditation where I go inside and feel connected to everything in the universe.

GS: "You are right, NASA now say that every 1 in 5 stars has a solar planetary system with earth like planets, 1 in 5. People do go through an anxiety period after seeing one.

FRANCINE: "Lol, The only anxiety I had was if I told someone they would think I was going loopy, you know, the lady lives alone.

GS: "I get that. Your sighting is actually typical. And your reaction is textbook too."

FRANCINE: "The one in Melbourne, my dad saw too. He rang Moorabbin airport because he wanted to know what it was.

See how it is, you just never know.

NEW AND THOUGHT PROVOKING UFO BOOKS

Flying Dish Press

<http://flyingdiskpress.blogspot.co.uk/>

TALES OF GHOSTLY SIGHTINGS



by Jo Kent

It's not the ghost's who frighten us; It's the fear of them that does that

ARMS HELD HIGH

Date: Unknown - Unanderra, NSW Australia

Andy often attended dances held at Wollongong and would ride there on his motorbike from Albion Park. On his return home he had to go through Unanderra railway crossing but before doing this would line his bike up with a hump on the road, then speed up towards the hump where he would become airborne for a few seconds as he flew over the railway lines and land on the opposite side of the crossing.

One night just as Andy was beginning to pick up speed ready for the high jump, a man mysteriously appeared standing on the hump with his arms held high in the air then just as quickly vanished. Because of this Andy had to brake suddenly making it extremely hard to control his motorbike while at the same time trying not to fall off it.

On getting control of his bike, he then rode sedately across the railway lines wondering where the man had got to but on crossing the lines was to see a cow lying on the road right where he should have landed and would have landed. Due to a mysterious stranger warning Andy of the danger ahead, had of course saved him from being badly injured for life or worse still, killed.

Who this stranger was and where he came from was something Andy could not, and still cannot explain today. Nevertheless, he's thankful for the warning that saved his life.

Footnote:

Tried to find out if any other people have had a similar experience but to no avail.

PUTTY ROAD

Date: Unknown - Putty Road, NSW Australia

Sam was halfway between Putty and Colo Heights when a strange thing happened to him. As he was driving along the road he saw an old lady sitting next to a fence post. Thinking she was ill, hurt or both, Sam stopped his car and was about to walk towards the lady when she suddenly disappeared. Sam stopped exactly where he was and could not believe what he had just witnessed. It took a long time before Sam could tell his family and friends what he saw that day. However, he was to learn he was not the first person to see this lady.

Another story concerning this old lady is of her (so it's said) sitting on a fence post then getting down and walking straight towards the road regardless of any vehicles on the road. One of the stories was of her walking straight to the center of the road just as a car bore down on her. She disappeared on impact which meant the driver of the car did not see anyone on the road. Who this old lady is and why she walks to the centre of the road is as much

a mystery as her sitting next to a fence post or else sitting on it. If there is a story about this old lady then it must have gone with the past. As for Sam, the day was warm and sunny, certainly not a day for apparitions.

STILL ASLEEP

Date: 1603 - Richmond Palace, London England

Having been ill for so long with Pneumonia, Queen Elizabeth 1 died. She was sixty years old. Yet before the queen died a strange event is said to have taken place. One of the Queens ladies-in-waiting had reason for leaving the queen for a few minutes but before leaving the lady checked on the queen. She was still asleep. As the lady-in-waiting ran along the hallway she was startled to see the queen walking quickly at the same time looking very angry. The lady herself was so frightened at what would be said, or done, that she ran straight back to the queens bed chamber only to find the queen still in her bed asleep. It was shortly after this that the queen died.

What the lady saw is often called a crisis apparition when death is near or else on the point of death. This has been reported many times around the world.

HAD NO IDEA

Date: Summer 1998 -- Lincoln Highway, South Australia

Shaun was a truckie the same as his granddad and his father before him. As far as Shaun was concerned, there was no better job. He could tell tales of the things he had seen which could amuse him, sadden him and in some cases, were downright bizarre. This was one of those nights.

When Shaun first spotted the light in the sky it appeared lower than other stars so Shaun put it down to it being a small plane. On the one reason he had to stop he noticed the plane gave no sound indicating it was not a plane after all. As he climbed back into his truck he wondered why anyone would try and land such a contraption as a glider in the dark and on terrain which could not be seen. But the glider, or whatever it was, continued to pace him which by now was making him feel somewhat uneasy. Whatever it was, and he had no idea, it certainly was not a plane or glider.

The light of the object never got brighter or dimmer and neither did it go higher or lower, it just stayed at the same height with the same glow. It was something Shaun could not explain to anyone including himself. Shaun had no idea when the light disappeared but he did know the light had been with him for at least half an hour from when he first saw it, but for how long before that, he had no idea.

Time Approx – 9pm. Duration – Half an hour. Clear Night – no Moon. Colour of lights – no colour except like a star.

UFOS-DOCUMENTING THE EVIDENCE



by Paul Dean

Don't just believe me, but do look at the evidence

FINALLY, US AIR FORCE RECORDS DISCOVERED CONFIRMING UFO ACTIVITY DURING THE STRIKING OF THE HMAS HOBART – PART 2

In Part 1 of this series, I discussed the accidental missile strike on the Royal Australian Navy's (RAN) HMAS Hobart by a United States Air Force (USAF) F-4 Phantom Fighter-Bomber in the early hours of June 17th, 1968. Specifically, I aimed to highlight that there has never really been official confirmation and consensus on what the jet was supposed to be firing on, and, that there was a possibility that the aerial targets it had in its sights were unusual and unidentifiable. The most sensible hypothesis has generally been that North Vietnamese M-14 Hound helicopters were flying in the vicinity of the Hobart, and that the F-4 Phantom made a dreadful targeting error. However, in light of a series of recent discoveries, by both myself and Boston based researcher Barry Greenwood, this may not be the case. I have already gone to considerable length highlighting some never-before-seen information in one particular USAF record, which is titled "Project CHECO South East Asia Report: Air War In The DMZ September 1967 – June 1968". Again, Part 1 of this series is worth looking at for those who haven't.

Of course, no serious research project falls back on a single document. Anyone who knows my work will be well aware that I ceaselessly bring forth more, and more, and more, unseen government UFO records to the table. In this Part 2, I aim to present new, or barely known, records which relate to the HMAS Hobart incident. Moreover, there may be, unsurprisingly, a great deal more still-classified records relating to the incident that we simply do not have access to.

An important question which must be asked is that of terminology. Is the use of the term "UFO", when used in Vietnam-era military records, merely a "catchall" for anything which is airborne and simply unknown to the observer? It would be easy to assume such is the case. However, time and time again we see the term "UFO", or "Unidentified Flying Object" as distinctly referenced alongside terms like "unidentified aircraft", "unknown aircraft" and the like.

One of the many examples of this distinction can be found in the individual line items found in a United States Marine Corps (USMC), "Command Chronology" publication, titled "Command Chronology, Headquarters, 3rd Marine Division, 1st Amphibious Tractor Battalion, 1 June, 1968 to 30 June, 1968". In the "Sequential Listing of Significant Events" section of the document, there are pages of raw, tabulated text which discusses the daily activities of the 3rd Marine Division's 1st Amphibious Tractor Battalion, in June, 1968. An entry for the 18th of June states:

"Co 'A' at C-4 position reported unidentified aircraft due east of C-4 position."

The very next line item states:

"Elms Co 'A' at Oceanview reported 6 UFOs vic of the mouth of the

Ben Hai River"

Note the distinction between the terms "unidentified aircraft" and "UFO"? Presumably, military observers would desire to use anything but the term "UFO", yet we see it used time and time and again throughout all manner of such records.

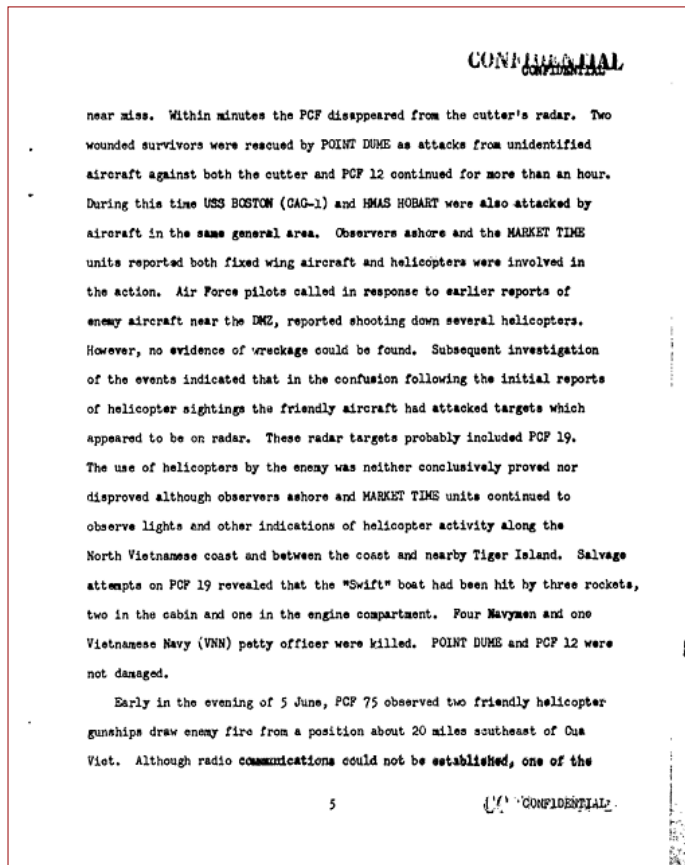
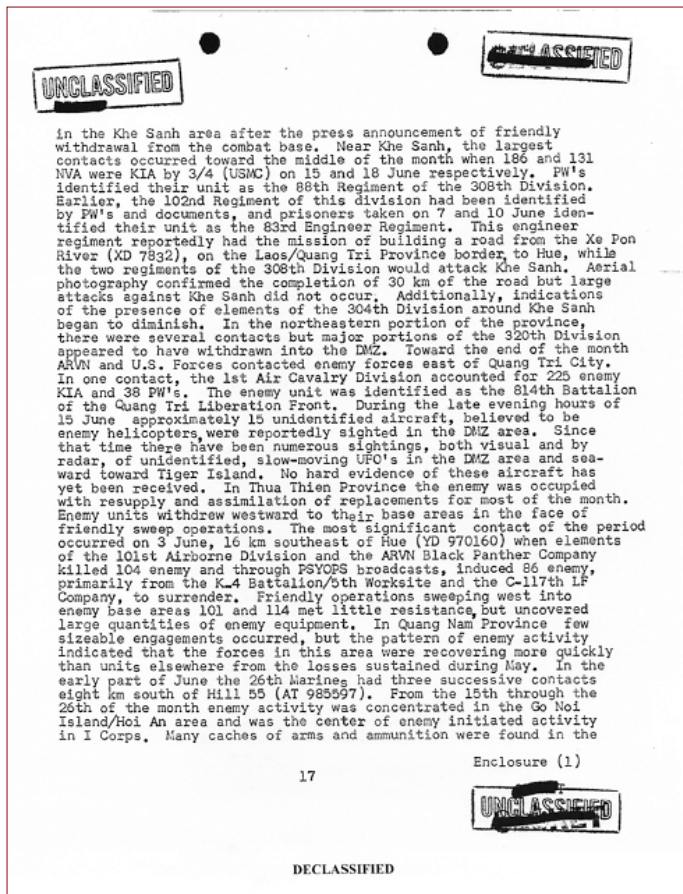
Another (USMC) "Command Chronology" publication makes reference to ongoing UFO activity in the precise vicinity of where HMAS Hobart was patrolling, and only two nights beforehand. Titled "III Marine Amphibious Force, Air Ground Team, Command Chronology, June 1968", it was printed by Headquarters, III Marine Amphibious Force, Military Assistance Command on the 9th of August, 1968. Originally classified "SECRET", and only downgraded to "UNCLASSIFIED" in 2014, it is held, among thousands of similar publications, at the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) in Washington DC. In a chapter titled "Intelligence", there is this curious statement on Page 17:

"During the late evening hours of 15 June approximately 15 unidentified aircraft, believed to be enemy helicopters, were reportedly sighted in the DMZ area. Since that time there have been numerous sightings, both visual and by radar, of unidentified, slow-moving UFO's in the DMZ area and seaward toward Tiger Island. No hard evidence of these aircraft has yet been received."

So, even this USMC historical record – which was authored by utilising raw and classified records – states that "unidentified aircraft" on the 15th of June were only "believed" to be enemy helicopters. Beyond that, "numerous sightings" – seen both visually and on radar – of "unidentified, slow-moving UFO's" around Tiger Island obviously were of concern. The date-range of these sightings, of course, lead right up to the accidental missile strike on HMAS Hobart. I have imaged the page 10.

The United States Navy (USN) didn't come up with any clear picture either. After searching through dozens of US Naval Forces, Vietnam "Historical Supplement" publications, I managed to locate the corresponding item for June, 1968. Titled "US Naval Forces, Vietnam Monthly Historical Supplement, June 1968", and originally classified CONFIDENTIAL, discussion of the HMAS Hobart attack is concentrated on Page 5. It states:

"Air Force pilots called in response to earlier reports of enemy aircraft near the DMZ, reported shooting down several helicopters. However, no evidence of wreckage could be found. Subsequent investigation of the events indicated that, in the confusion following the initial reports of helicopter sightings, the friendly aircraft had attacked targets which appeared to be on radar. These radar targets probably included PCF 19. The use of helicopters by the enemy was neither conclusively proved nor disproved although observers ashore and MARKET TIME



units continued to observe lights and other indications of helicopter activity along the North Vietnamese coast and between the coast and nearby Tiger Island."

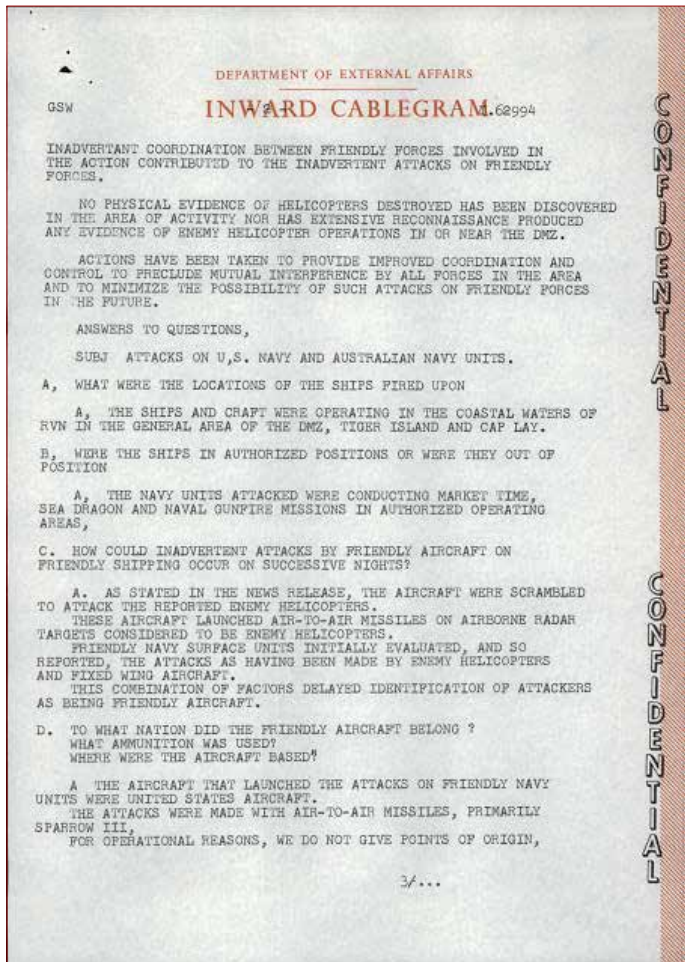
This publication was written well after the HMAS Hobart incident, yet confusion around what was actually flying in the DMZ is still very apparent. Specifically, "US Naval Forces, Vietnam Monthly Historical Supplement, June 1968" was signed off for distribution by Commander J. P. Rizza, Chief of Staff for US Naval Forces, Vietnam, on the 18th of February, 1969, which is eight months after that fateful night. Most telling are the passages of text which state "...use of helicopters by the enemy was neither conclusively proved nor disproved..." and "...continued to observe lights and other indications of helicopter activity along the North Vietnamese coast and between the coast and nearby Tiger Island." I have imaged the page above right.

An Australian Prime Minister's Department file, titled "HMAS 'Hobart' - Attack by United States Aircraft In Vietnamese Waters", contains fifty-six pages of "cablegrams" and other teletype message traffic between the Australian Embassy in Saigon, Vietnam, the Australian Department of External Affairs, and the Office of the Prime Minister. Held now at the National Archives of Australia (NAA), the file was originally classified SECRET and was given the Control Symbol designation 1968/8614, within the A1209 filing Series. In a four page "inward cablegram", dated the 31st of July, 1968, received by the Department of External Affairs, Canberra from the Australian Embassy, Saigon, it is stated that:

"No physical evidence of helicopters destroyed has been discovered in the area of activity nor has extensive reconnaissance produced any evidence of enemy helicopter operations in or near the DMZ."

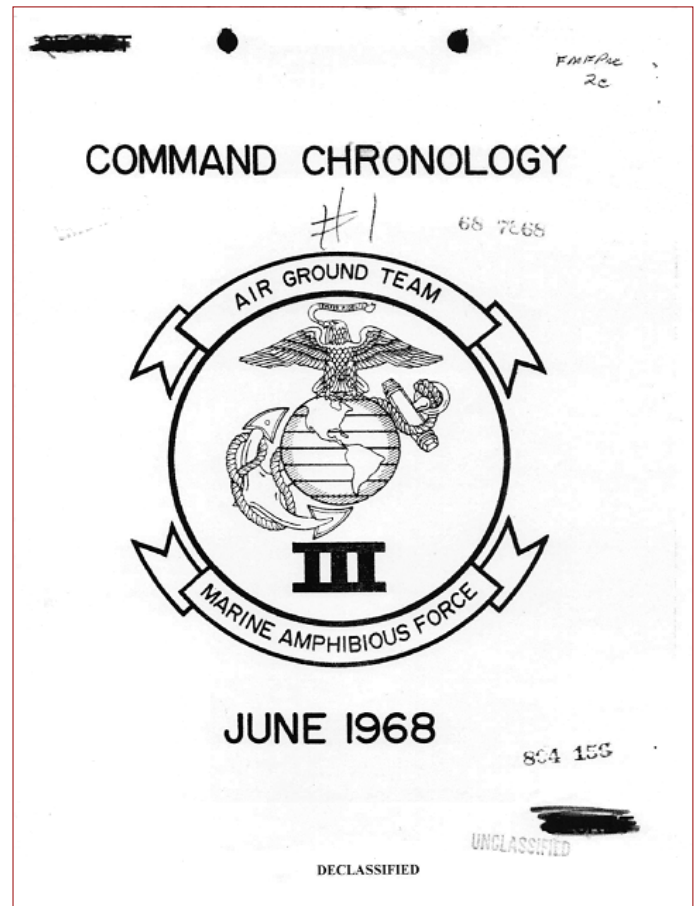
So, six weeks after the incident, despite "extensive reconnaissance", the US military could not find "any evidence of enemy helicopter operations in or near the DMZ." I have imaged the page right.

Even General Creighton W. Abrams, the Commander of all US Forces in Vietnam when HMAS Hobart was hit, refuted the notion that enemy helicopters were definitely operating in the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ).



One of the US Army Press Corps carried a short statement from Gen. Abrams which was picked up by media organisations in the final week of June. One such example was printed in the Springfield Massachusetts Union on the 24th of June, 1968. It states, in part:

“Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, the US commander in Vietnam, said Sunday ‘there is no formal, concrete, factual evidence’ of enemy helicopters being used along the Demilitarized Zone.”



If the USA's top General in Vietnam couldn't confirm that all the strange activity in the DMZ could be readily accounted for, then we are somewhat forced to conclude that no one did.

To conclude, at least for now, I again raise the contents of Part 1 of this series. There, I discussed the contents of “Project CHECO South East Asia Report: Air War In The DMZ September 1967 – June 1968” which highlighted, amongst other curiosities, a “joint service conference on the UFO problem”, as well as authorized “projects” that were “established to observe the UFOs”. Further, In this Part 2, I have presented further records that establish a very high level of confusion during the period leading up to the USAF’s accidental strike on HMAS Hobart. The constant utilization of the term “UFOs”, at all levels of military officialdom, indeed matches some of the rumours that circulated in June, 1968 and beyond. That the USAF, and indeed the whole US Armed Forces in Vietnam, were totally unable to present verifiable information – either in public statements, classified records, or anywhere else – that North Vietnamese choppers were intensely active in the DMZ is undeniably significant, and, many would argue, rather disquieting.

Moreover, none of this activity was filed with Project Blue Book, the USAF’s official collection and investigation of UFO reports. This wasn’t merely a case of administrative bungling or misplaced records. It was, however, another example of systematic deception by the US military in regards to what was really going on. When the Secretary of the USAF, Dr. Robert C. Seamans, Jr, announced, on the 17th of December, 1969, that no UFO reported, investigated and evaluated was “ever an indication of threat to our national security”, one can’t help but suspect that he simply had no idea what was really occurring.

Finally, I have imaged, below, the front covers of some of the documents which I have presented to assist other researchers to verify what I have displayed and discussed. These are the cover pages for the records “III Marine Amphibious Force, Air Ground Team, Command Chronology, June 1968”, “US Naval Forces, Vietnam Monthly Historical Supplement, June 1968” and the Australian government file “HMAS ‘Hobart’ – Attack by United States Aircraft In Vietnamese Waters”.

PHOTOGRAPH THIS SHEET

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U.S. Naval Forces, Vietnam Monthly Historical Supplement, June 1968

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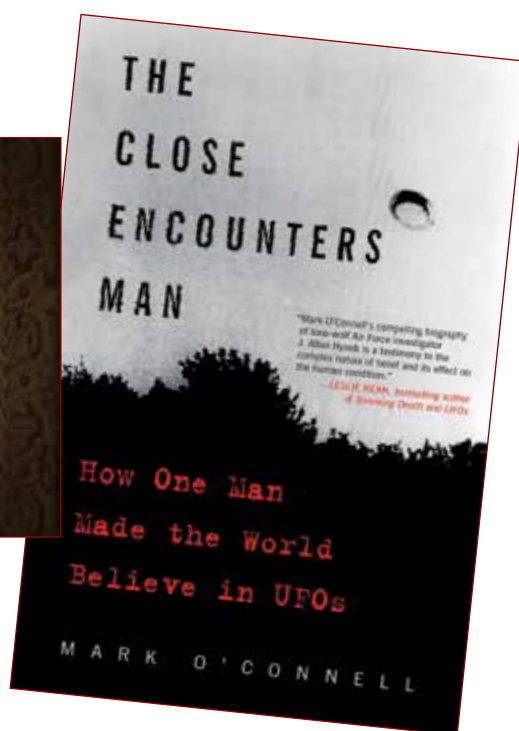
DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK – “THE CLOSE ENCOUNTERS MAN”

by Bill Chalker

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Mark O'Connell



Stephen Spielberg's 1977 blockbuster film with the then unusual title "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" has a wonderful cameo. As the UFO "mothership" lands among the secret team to initiate contact, stepping forward to consider the wondrous moment, was the scientist who created the term that became the film's title. The film drew heavily from the reality that Dr. J. Allen Hynek spent decades studying. The term "close encounter" became iconic and Dr. Hynek became a stellar UFO star.

Now in the year of 40th anniversary of the film the real story of "the Close Encounters Man" has finally emerged.

I highly recommend the new biography of Dr. J. Allen Hynek by "High Strangeness" blogger Mark O'Connell: "The Close Encounters Man - How One Man Made the World Believe in UFOs" published by Dey St - an Imprint of William Morrow - part of the Harper Collins book empire on 13 June 2017. Mark kindly sent me an advance copy of the book. I hope it reaches a big audience.

I passed onto Mark O'Connell this endorsement after I read the book: ***In a wonderful and entertaining "close encounter" with the scientist who created an icon and made it ok to be into UFOs, this book reveals in a compelling and engaging way why Dr Allen Hynek's fight for a UFO science needs to be understood and turned into a powerful momentum for change. The flying saucers, UFOs or UAPs that were a major part of his life have persisted as one of the most enduring and extraordinary mysteries of our times. Hop onboard the wild UFO comet ride of our lives.***

The publisher's description of the book:

The wildly entertaining and eye-opening biography of J. Allen Hynek, the astronomer who invented the concept of "Close Encounters" with alien life, inspired Steven Spielberg's blockbuster classic science fiction epic film, and made a nation want to believe in UFOs.

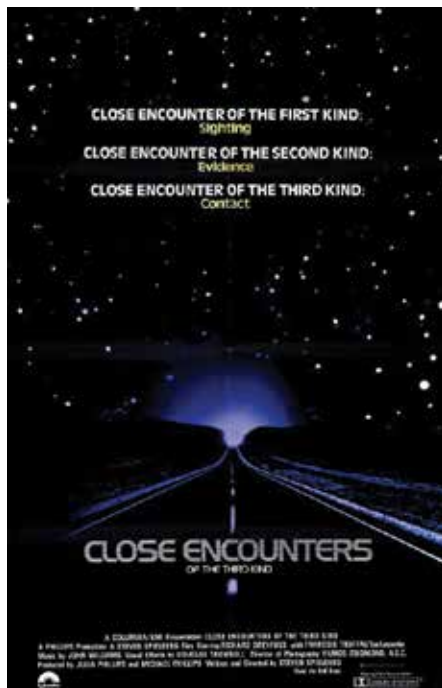
In June 1947, private pilot Kenneth Arnold looked out his cockpit window and saw a group of nine silvery crescents weaving between the peaks of the Cascade Mountains at an estimated 1,200 miles an hour. The media, the military, and the scientific community—led by J. Allen Hynek, an astronomer hired by the Air Force—debunked this and many other Unidentified Flying Object sightings reported across the country. But after years of denials, Hynek made a shocking pronouncement: UFOs are real. Thirty years after his death, Hynek's agonizing transformation from skepticism to true believer remains one of the great misunderstood stories of science. In this definitive biography, Mark O'Connell reveals for the first time how Hynek's work both as a celebrated astronomer and as the U. S. Air Force's go-to UFO expert for nearly twenty years stretched the boundaries of modern science, laid the groundwork for acceptance of the possibility of UFOs, and was the basis of the hit film Close Encounters of the Third Kind. With unprecedented access to Hynek's personal and professional files, O'Connell smashes conventional wisdom to reveal the intriguing man and scientist beneath the legend.

Tracing Hynek's career, O'Connell examines Hynek's often-ignored work as a professional astronomer to create a complete portrait of a groundbreaking enthusiast who became an American cult icon and transformed the way we see our world and our universe.

Here is a breakdown of the book's contents:

In an author's note Mark O'Connell explains he was asked to write the biography by Dr. Mark Rodeghier, who took on director's role of Hynek's organization CUFOS (the Centre for UFO Studies) – "the definitive account of Dr. Hynek's remarkable dual careers. This was to be the first telling of Hynek's significant accomplishments as an astronomer who pioneered the science of celestial imaging and as a researcher who was on the scene at many of the most amazing UFO encounters in history, and made serious discussions of the UFO phenomenon scientifically—and socially—acceptable."

Mark O'Connell explains, "Hynek had spent nearly twenty years debunking UFO reports for the U.S. Air Force and was considered a sellout, a dupe, and a coward by many Americans for helping the air force "cover up" what they believed the government knew about the UFO mystery. For this sin, he was hated in UFO circles. But he was also ultimately disowned by the air force, because over time his views about UFOs changed dramatically and he began to demand that the government and the scientific establishment conduct a scientific study of the phenomenon, to find out what was really going on."



This led Mark O'Connell to a core focus, "What kind of man, I wondered, could calmly stand at the center of a decades-long conflict and be equally despised by both sides? This is what I wanted to find out."

This biography also well serves Allen Hynek's mainstream science career, with Mark highlighting, Hynek's "brilliant yet largely ignored career as an astrophysicist. This was a man who helped win World War II with science, who discovered how and why stars twinkle (not a small thing), and who helped determine the landing sites for the Apollo moon missions. Along the way, he pioneered crowdsourcing, developed

the world's first global satellite tracking network, discovered a record number of supernovae, and paved the way for the Hubble Space Telescope. If Hynek's career as a UFO researcher was universally misunderstood and misjudged, his career in astronomy seemed to have been swept under the rug in its entirety."

Mark O'Connell has a good flare for writing in this entertaining biography. He writes, "This book ... is an attempt to rectify Dr. Hynek's story, to find the heroism, humor, and humanity in a man whose name has been relegated to a basement full of file cabinets when it should rightly be written in the stars."

In the book's prologue Mark O'Connell weaves an historical ferment of man's dance with things cosmic leading to the 20th century's framing by Halley's Comet: its arrival in 1910 to its return in 1986 bound the life of astronomer J. Allen Hynek which "would, fittingly, grow up to embody the contradictory nature of scientific inquiry and investigation in the twentieth century, with its simultaneous dependence on and rejection of imagination and wonder.

It wasn't just a boy who was born on May 1, 1910, to Joseph and Bertha Hynek. He was a spaceman."

Chapter 1: UNDER THE DOME describes Allen Hynek's early life journey and his adventures as he rose in stature as a young astronomer. In Chapter 2: UNUSUAL STARS continues the coverage through the war years, with his scientific contributions adding to his rising scientific stature, particularly his studies of unusual



Allen Hynek's Close Encounters cameo.

Close Encounter pictures provided to Bill Chalker, courtesy of Austin Levy, special projects co-ordinator of Columbia Pictures (Australia) in 1977 - Bill Chalker/UFOIC collection.



Close Encounter pictures provided to Bill Chalker, courtesy of Austin Levy, special projects co-ordinator of Columbia Pictures (Australia) in 1977 - Bill Chalker/UFOIC collection.

stars. The book introduces the arrival of “flying saucer” reports: “All summer long reports kept coming from every corner of the country . . . The trouble was there was not a soul on earth who knew what to do with them.” “Flying saucer investigations” were at a low ebb, but Dr. Hynek was busy developing his mainstream scientific achievements

The confusion of those early days of “flying saucers” is described in Chapter 3: THE CROWDED SKY. O’Connell confirms, “To Hynek’s sensibilities, flying saucers were a distraction from real science and an obvious mass delusion shared by a public that was jittery about another Pearl Harbor.” Then in 1948 the US Air Force came for a visit to their nearest university where astronomer Allen Hynek was director of the observatory at Ohio State University in Columbia. Hynek declared, “I was somewhat like the proverbial ‘innocent bystander who got shot.’” The following chapter describes the changing and firming debunking environment with the advent of USAF Project Grudge (Chapter 4: DEBUNKED). But it was the “flying saucer’s persistence” that wedded Hynek into a consultancy role that would persist from the Ruppelt

years. In Chapter 5 SCINTILLATIONS the story continues with Battelle’s secret study. Hynek was enlisted to get a discrete picture of what the astronomy community felt about UFOs. Mark O’Connell shows, “Hynek’s determination to find a natural explanation for any and all UFO reports, already fading after Ruppelt asked him to reconsider his analysis of the Mantell crash, started to slip even more seriously as he discussed the topic with his colleagues.” Hynek concluded, “Unless the problem is attacked scientifically, we can look forward to periodic recurrences or flying-saucer reports. It appears, indeed, that the flying saucer along with the automobile is here to stay.”

In Chapter 6: PROJECT HENRY Mark O’Connell describes how Allen Hynek, frustrated by the role of the CIA with its debunking Robertson Panel deliberations, had turned his Battelle consultancy work, with the assistance of his new university research assistant Jenny Ziedman, (nee Gluck, who became a lifelong friend of Hynek) into a productive reporting system that utilised his own Project Henry, Battelle’s Stork and Bear and the USAF’s Bluebook. (I had the pleasure of joining

Jenny Ziedman in a MUFON conference panel in Washington DC in 1987 along with Dr. Rodeghier, Stanton Friedman and Jenny Randles. Luckily I had a friend from the Australian Embassy Jeff McLaren who took a photograph of us on the panel)

The sometimes strange and surreal world of UFO sightings and his hits and misses in mainstream science work are juxtaposed in Chapter 7: HYNEK IN WONDERLAND. One of Hynek’s fondest wishes - the template of the grand international scientific collaboration focusing on a man made flying object – a space satellite - finding and optically tracking it, thrust him into a key role, coordinating the Smithsonian’s Optical Tracking Program. It was thought this would be focused on a US satellite, but an invader of a different kind to a UFO, eclipsed the US. The Soviets launched Sputnik, their Red Star, beating the US into the cosmic ferment. O’Connell tells the story well in Chapter 8: FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY, describing how Hynek was thrust into the spotlight of tracking Sputnik and aiding in providing an objective calming influence for a concerned nation.

By Chapter 9 INTERACTION, the

juxtaposition with the flying saucer problem was given great prominence when UFOs started stopping American cars near Levelland Texas. O'Connell shares that a clever reporter called "the Thing" that haunted Levelland "Whatnik" (a play on "Sputnik"), and Allen Hynek caught up tracking the Soviet Sputniks, hastily concurred with Bluebook's inadequate conclusion that "ball lightning" was the culprit. O'Connell quotes Hynek's later position, "(Had) I given it any thought whatever, I would soon have recognized the absence of any evidence that ball lightning can stop cars and put out headlights." But Hynek's focus at the time was one of his great scientific successes. Mark O'Connell highlights, "Hynek had been tasked with developing a means of observing and measuring something that did not yet exist, and was considered by many to be impossible, and somehow he succeeded." Tracking man's first space objects, alien to American, namely the Soviet Sputniks, is a fine analogy of Hynek's later objective – tracking and understanding UFOs. Hynek's own ground-watch team hunting Sputniks picked up things that were clearly not of Soviet origin.

In Chapter 10: OBSCURING INFLUENCE O'Connell book ends the chapter with two of the most impressive entity encounter cases – the Father Gill case of 1959 and the Hill case of 1961. The 1959 sightings would fixate Allen Hynek for the rest of his life – the Boianai sightings made by Australian missionary Reverend William Gill and natives at the mission in Papua New Guinea, then an Australian territory. Over two consecutive nights in June 1959 they witnessed UFOs and "visitants" – beings on the mysterious craft. I am quoted, given I would get to know Father Gill well. "It sure didn't look like Americans," (I) said. "Who are these guys? They're glowing and, if it was as close as they thought it was, these figures seemed to be bigger than six feet. To (Father Gill) that was very impressive." Further I said, "They fully expected it to come down and land, and all that ambiguity would have been taken away at that point." It didn't land but the entities seemed to interact with the witnesses below – they waved.

Allen Hynek at that time didn't scrutinize the case deeply. That was to come. He was preoccupied with his mainstream science commitments and was using his scientific and public celebrity status to great advantage pushing forward ideas and experience to achieve improved outcomes for things like optical astronomy, even anticipating and proposing the space telescope concept that would eventually emerge as the Hubble space telescope. He was also on the move, not only to Evanston (Chicago) Illinois to take up the chairmanship of Astronomy at

Northwestern University, he was tripping to places like Spain to make astronomical observations. His astronomical stardom was in the ascendant.

Mark O'Connell uses this change in direction for Hynek to introduce the invasion of our minds by the early science fiction TV shows like the Twilight Zone and the Outer Limits focusing in particular on the alien "light being" encountered in the episode "The Beller Shield" and the controversy that was manifesting in the "interrupted journey" of Betty and Barney Hill, which would eventually emerge as the first major US UFO alien abduction case, an encounter that would soon entwine Hynek into very "close encounters" with the UFO phenomenon and refine his take on the nature of the realities involved.

Before that embrace the case that strongly influenced Hynek evolving thinking on "the entity problem" is presented in O'Connell's Chapter 11: BURNED BRUSH – the Socorro encounter of police officer Lonnie Zamora in April 1964 where there were landing marks and apparent entities. Mark O'Connell quotes, "The Air Force is in a spot over Socorro," said Hynek in confidential remarks recorded a few weeks after the event. "A vague statement identifying it as an unspecified U.S. experimental aircraft won't go down. Congressional inquiries have been received, and Quintanilla is under pressure for an answer." Unfortunately, Hynek lamented, "the Air Force doesn't know what science is." The new USAF Project Bluebook Captain Hector Quintanilla was "a sworn enemy of the UFO" and he dispatched Dr. Hynek, and officers Moody and Connor to get the "facts" "before the incident becomes legend." Hynek distanced himself from the Air Force during this trip describing the case to an AP reporter "It is one of the soundest, best substantiated reports as far as it goes." "I think this case may be the 'Rosetta stone,'" he concluded. "There's never been a strong case with so unimpeachable a witness." "Despite my strong desire to find a natural explanation for the sighting", "I could find none; the case is therefore listed in the Blue Book files as 'Unidentified.'" "I think this case may be the 'Rosetta stone.'"

Dr. Hynek's thinking on UFOs and "the entity problem" was enhanced by a French doctoral student Jacques Vallee coming to Northwestern University in 1963. O'Connell reveals, "Northwestern also was home to Hynek, whom Vallee had long admired. Having been deeply involved in UFO research in his native country, Vallee was well aware of the significant contributions Hynek had been making to the field; to most Americans Hynek was still the Sputnik man, but to a growing community of people curious about strange aerial phenomena, Hynek was a person of much deeper and

mysterious interest." "Before long, Vallee was educating Hynek on the progress made in France by science writer and UFOlogist Aimé Michel, making the case that patterns could be identified in UFO events, and encouraging Hynek to develop a computer database of Blue Book's thousands of UFO case files."

While buoyed by new frontiers and research into the UFO mystery Hynek's mainstream astronomy activity – Project Star Gazer – to capture celestial imagery above the atmosphere via high altitude balloons - was scuttled when the USAF shut it down. While initially livid Hynek would propose in 1965 to NASA an even loftier project – LUVU – a telescope on the Moon. While the project never got there, Hynek's Orthicon Imaging system tracked Apollo missions and helped select landing sites.

In two chapters (12 & 13) Parts 1 & 2 of WILL-O'-THE-WISP, O'Connell gives an excellent accounting of the watershed events that changed the UFO game for Hynek – the "Swamp Gas" misstep - "it marked the end of the air force's credibility and the end of Hynek's innocence" - and would ultimately lead to the notorious and flawed Condon Report that sort to get the USAF out of the UFO business and bury the UFO problem. Over those chapters and the rest of the book Hynek came out big time.

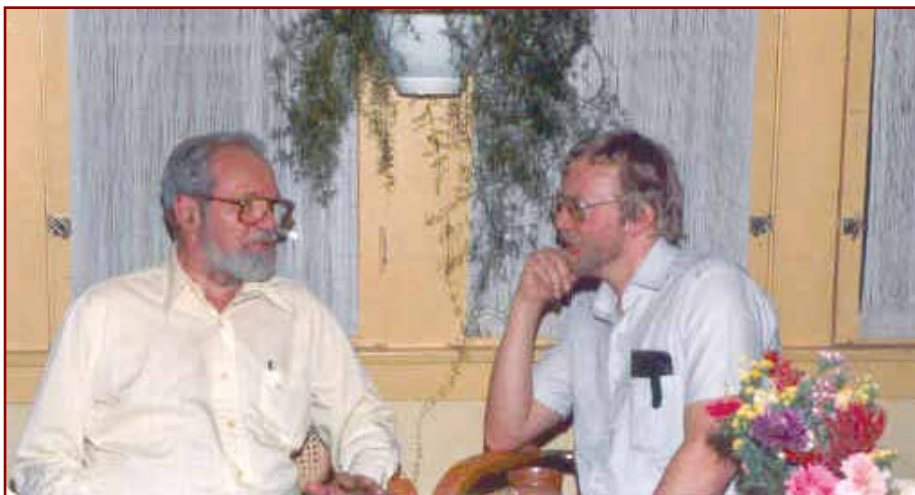
Hynek telegraphed his scientific colleagues, perhaps spurred on Dr. James McDonald, in a lengthy letter to "science" magazine in October 1966 describing important elements of the UFO problem – a problem he argued that science should look at. With the Condon Committee convened at Colorado University based study, funded by the USAF initially, Hynek initially felt he had got science's appropriate attention. He felt empowered to dig into the deeper issues emerging within the UFO problem, such as the implications of Betty and Barney Hill's "interrupted journey" (see Chapter 14: MR. UFO). But frustrations emerged with Hynek's own university administration becoming uncomfortable with his rising UFO stardom (Chapter 15: SIGNAL IN THE NOISE).

In Chapter 16: INVISIBLE AT LAST Mark O'Connell contrasts the emergence of the "UFO Invisible college" (the growing team of scientists willing to seriously engage with the UFO problem") and the scientific mirage of the flawed Condon report. He quotes Dr. Michael Swords and Robert Powell from the UFO History Group's massive study "UFOs and Government" (to which I contributed the Australian experience), "The years immediately following the [Condon] report were, paradoxically, a Golden Age of UFO research. The Colorado Project had awakened many academics and individuals, and they came, at least briefly,

out of the closet with their interest.” In this environment he shared with his colleagues his new type of UFO categories, which would be fully revealed in his major contribution – his 1972 book “The UFO Experience – a Scientific Inquiry.” Chapter 17: THE UFO EXPERIENCE which also recounts his close re-engagement with the Father Gill Boianai encounters where he went to Australia, met Reverend Gill and with the assistance of Rev. Crutwell journeyed all the way to Boianai Papua New-Guinea and located and interviewed some of the native witnesses. O’Connell’s quotes Hynek, “The case has always intrigued me.” (It has always intrigued me and like Hynek I discussed the sightings in detail with Reverend Gill himself on numerous occasions).

With Chapter 18: THE SPUR O’Connell describes the impact of the massive 1973 UFO wave across the US and focuses on the Pascagoula abduction case. In Chapter 19: PURPLE PEACH TREES the extraordinary Coyne Army helicopter case, (which also involved Allen Hynek’s long time research associate Jennie Ziedman doing the primary research) and the Pascagoula affair would “spur” Hynek’s “invisible college” into the open, after a fashion – his organization the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) was formed. Chapter 20: HYNEK VS. SAGAN focuses on the confrontations between Allen Hynek and Carl Sagan – an insight into style and substance. In Chapter 21: CLOSE ENCOUNTERS the Travis Walton is addressed along with the implications of Hynek’s deeper engagement with the UFO mystery. His wide ranging collaboration with Jacques Vallee emerged with the 1975 book “The Edge of Reality – A progress Report on UFOs,” - “a book about what UFOs mean, both to the human race in general and to the witnesses in particular,” writes Mark O’Connell. This theme emerges in Steven Spielberg’s use of Allen Hynek’s terminology and research in his blockbuster “Close Encounters of the Third Kind.”

Allen Hynek & me - Evanston, Chicago in 1984.



Interestingly O’Connell quotes Hynek as saying “the French Ufologist character” in the film, Lacombe, was based on Claude Poher, who was at that time the head of the new French UFO agency GEPAN. Jacques Vallee attributes Spielberg as telling him that it was himself, Vallee, who has widely connected as being the inspiration for the character. Despite his “close encounter” in the film cameo, Hynek is quoted in O’Connell’s book as saying he felt left out, as he had never had a close encounter in real life. He had 2 UFO sightings, one he photographed from an aircraft window. The photos appear anonymously in his book “The UFO Experience” and attributed to him in “The Edge of Reality.”

With Chapter 22: ARIZONA Mark O’Connell describes initially the rise of a promising “UFO science” – the collaboration of Dr. Claude Poher’s French UFO agency GEPAN and Allen Hynek’s CUFOS, but it was short lived, with Poher stepping down and GEPAN on shaky ground with eroded resources. O’Connell states, “in the end CUFOS survived GEPAN.” That can be debated. Despite producing some “textbook models of how (UFO) investigations should be carried out, GEPAN all but disappeared, but would later reemerged as GEIPAN with an emphasis on education and information. CUFOS excelled in at least one excellent case study – the 1979 Marshall County Minnesota – which involved Sheriff’s Deputy Val Johnson striking close encounter with a UFO. His squad car became the focus of a detailed study and Johnson himself experienced a loss of consciousness and eye problems diagnosed as “mild welding burns.” By 1984 after encouraging focuses on physical evidence type cases, Allen Hynek and his wife Mimi decided to move from Evanston Illinois to Phoenix Arizona. Allen was lured by the promise of substantial funding and “a UFO research center without rival in the world.” I managed to stay with Hynek before he departed Evanston and got from him some insight into his future objectives. The Arizona promise failed to materialise,

with Mark O’Connell quoting me, “the ‘dream’ turned out to be a mirage. Allen had his affections for the paranormal, but probably found (the “Arizona mob”’s) take and trajectory incompatible with his own and ultimately a bridge too far, remote and adverse to his own.” Hynek’s son Paul put it more succinctly, “Arizona was just a bunch of bullshit.”

The final chapter of Mark O’Connell’s biography Chapter 23: THE SUPERSENSIBLE REALM opens with Allen Hynek thinking something could be rescued from the situation – the possibility of a grand alliance of MUFON, APRO, his friend Dr. Willy Smith’s UNICAT computer catalogue, the Fund for UFO research, CUFOS, and “Arizona” who had him. A collaborative effort could have addressed the ongoing complexities of ufology, like the 1980 Cash Landrum case, the Hudson Valley sightings of 1982 and the lure of repeat phenomena from UFOs or UAPs in Hessedalen, Norway. Hynek himself went to Norway in early 1985. But sadly the grand vision was not to be. Illness started to drain the cosmic UFO star and the spectre of Halley’s Comet returning bookended the life and stellar career of astronomer and UFO expert J. Allen Hynek. Mortality naturally led Hynek to contemplate the spiritual dimensions of the “supersensible realm” (of Rudolf Steiner) melded with the teachings of his astronomical idol Johannes Kepler. Jennie Ziedman, family and friends were there for Allen Hynek when Halley’s Comet returned. Jenny Ziedman saw it as “the circle” had been completed.

Mark O’Connell concludes in his terrific biography “that J. Allen Hynek has single-handedly brought a consciousness of the UFO phenomenon to the forefront of world culture.”

As I said in my open endorsement of Mark O’Connell’s book “The Close Encounters Man: How One Man Made the World Believe in UFOs”:

The flying saucers, UFOs or UAPs that were a major part of his life have persisted as one of the most enduring and extraordinary mysteries of our times. Hop onboard the wild UFO comet ride of our lives.

Now some more personal reflections:

In September 1984 I was in Chicago while attending a company based international quality assurance conference. I took the opportunity to meet with Allen Hynek. It was like open house, with a lot of great friends and researchers in and out, but Allen kindly invited me to stay over night, so I could peruse the CUFOS files, and talk at length the next day when everyone had departed. I got the opportunity to interview

him as well, and also focused on us both going through his 1973 notebooks he used in his trip to Australia. While Allen was in Australia at that time we only spoke on the phone. He was interested in joining me on the Dorrigo plateau to check out the intense Tyringham Dundurrabin localised flap that I had been closely monitoring. But by then, I recommended that it probably wasn't worth his while to come up from Sydney (he was in the good company of my friend David Buching) and besides, the intense phase of the flap had largely passed. While I spent a wonderful time with Allen Hynek in 1984, I wished we had covered more. He soon after relocated to Arizona but sadly he passed away in 1986. Revisionist histories paint Allen Hynek's UFO interests in a wide range of perspectives. I knew him as an open minded scientist deeply intrigued by the UFO mystery. He signed my copy of his classic book "The UFO Experience": "To Bill Chalker - we'll unite the two hemispheres - at least ufologically! - J. Allen Hynek." I certainly formed a closer connection with Allen, but his move and subsequent illness, meant that his CUFOS organisation continued on without his day to day input. I joined the International UFO Reporter (CUFOS's publication) as a contributing editor continuing that connection until it ceased its hard copy presence in 2012.

During a Macquarie University post graduate open day on campus in Sydney on April 12 2005 I had the opportunity of briefly talking with Professor Paul Davies. I asked him about his friendship with Hynek, who records in the acknowledgements for his book thanks to "Dr. Paul Davies, Institute of Theoretical Astronomy, University of Cambridge, England, for productive discussions in the latter stages."

Davies acknowledged that Hynek was a nice guy and that he had once stayed at his Chicago home. He felt that there was no one of Hynek's stature in the field of UFO research today. I said there were some interested researchers of note. Knowing Davies had endorsed Michio Kaku's new book "Parallel Worlds", I mentioned Kaku's interest in the UFO subject. He seemed unaware of this or skeptical of my statement, so I suggested he inform himself by watching the Peter Jennings' documentary "UFOs - Seeing is believing" which was airing on Australian television the following weekend. I alerted Davies to Kaku's open endorsement and advocacy of serious investigation of UFOs, and said this was not the first time that Michio Kaku, "one of the world's finest science writers" (Davies own endorsement) and a world-renowned physicist, had made positive comments about the subject. I also indicated that Jennings' documentary also would show a positive presentation of part of the contribution his old friend Allen Hynek had made to the UFO subject.



Allen Hendry/CUFOS sketch of Rev Gill's Boianai sighting in 1959.

Allen Hynek gave us a great foundational study and a systematic way of categorising the vast range of UFO experiences. His classic study "The UFO Experience: a scientific Enquiry" (1972) also gave us a simple definition of Unidentified Flying Objects (UFOs):

"We can define the UFO simply as the reported perception of an object or light seen in the sky or upon the land the appearance, trajectory, and general dynamic and luminescent behavior of which do not suggest a logical, conventional explanation and which do not suggest a logical, conventional explanation and which is not only mystifying to the original percipients but remains unidentified after close scrutiny of all available evidence by persons who are technically capable of making a common sense identification, if one is possible."

Because the term UFO has increasingly become uncritically seen as meaning "extraterrestrial spacecraft" many researchers have adopted the more neutral term UAP or unidentified aerial phenomena." I find that move quite understandable, but Allen Hynek had already recognised that concern and hoped that a scientific data focus would help clear away this misconception.

Stanton Friedman qualified his dogmatic use of the term "flying saucer" as being a subset of UFOs, namely that "some UFOs are ET spacecraft. Most are not – I don't care about them," he argues. Stanton Friedman in his book "Flying Saucers and Science – A scientist investigates the mysteries of UFOs" (2008), explains his distinction, "Flying saucers are, by

definition, unidentified flying objects, but very few unidentified flying objects are flying saucers."

Still despite these issues the term UFO is almost universally accepted and at worst its blurring into the sense of "extraterrestrial spaceship" provides a convenient opportunity to focus on its more neutral sense and then go beyond that to contemplate the limitations of this loose stereotyping.

Both the simplicity and uncertainty of the Hynek UFO definition has always appealed to me, because it anchors the term firmly in the realm of science, informed by doubt, investigation and research – the critical underpinnings of the scientific approach.

Thus my approach to investigations and research over the decades has always been informed strongly by the idea of scientific skepticism.

Scientific skepticism is an important discriminating tool in UFO research. Doubt and testing of data, through careful investigations, creates an objective approach to evaluating the case for UFO reality. I see it as a powerful tool for the assessment of UFO cases as it focuses on letting the quality of the evidence for any particular claimed UFO event determine if there is a credible UFO event involved.

J. Allen Hynek's foundational study in "The UFO Experience" placed emphasis on applying good scientific techniques. Without these the future of ufology could be dominated by an uncritical acceptance of every claim, no matter how dubious they are. There is so much potent data available

now it is dismaying that many UFO enthusiasts feel they have to jump on every story doing the rounds, without critically evaluating the evidence for them.

If the UFO field wants an enduring mainstream future it seriously needs to engage with the principles of scientific ufology. These are not about debunking, but they are based on scientific skepticism, not the rants of the debunking skeptics who seem to argue there is nothing worthwhile looking at and anyone who does is suspect. True believers also need to understand that belief based on critical thinking and a serious engagement with actual evidence is the best way of bringing this extraordinary phenomenon from the fringe world it dwells in, into the mainstream of wide public and scientific recognition.

Hynek's Probability/Strangeness scale is a very useful starting point. Clearly if an event is not very strange or unusual and simultaneously it has been reported by a witness who is not very reliable it is unlikely to encourage a serious investigation.

I would encourage an aspiring UFO researcher or investigator to use a book like Hynek's "The UFO Experience" as an objective starting point. It provides a great foundation for a rational approach to UFO investigations. It highlights case studies of his well known categories of UFO encounters from nocturnal lights, daylight disks, radar visual cases, and close encounters of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd kind.

Dr. Hynek concluded, "In terms of scientific study, the only significant UFO reports are, as we have seen, UFO reports that remain puzzling after competent investigations have been conducted."

As a physical chemist I have had a strong interest in physical evidence for UFOs. I took a particular interest in "physical trace cases", where UFOs left evidence of a physical presence – specifically UFO landing trace events or close encounters of the second kind (Dr. Allen Hynek's classification). In these sorts of cases, given sufficient commitment, resources and potential physical evidence, a careful investigation can possibly establish "the fingerprint of a UFO."

Science progresses by the collection and assessment of data. Hypotheses to explain the data are considered and if they are verifiable then viable theories can emerge. In UFO research that scientific perspective has had a variable history. The quality of data varies enormously, with much of it falling far short of what might reasonably constitute scientifically evaluated UFO data.

In an article in "Frontiers of Science" (an interim publication in the journey of IUR (the International UFO Reporter) May-June 1981, Allen Hynek identified the problem stating, "Here we come face to face with the charge that after thirty years of dealing with UFO reports we still have no really convincing "hard data", i.e. parts of a UFO, unimpeachable residues from soil samples, unequivocal evidence that a UFO caused damage to animate or inanimate

matter. Yet the fact is that we do have large amounts of such evidence ... I grow livid when such charges of "no data" are made. After years of frustration without the funds to pay for adequate laboratory and other professional work, I bristle at the lack of understanding on the part of scientific skeptics, who wouldn't get to first base without well-funded research projects with staff, travel and laboratory facilities ..."

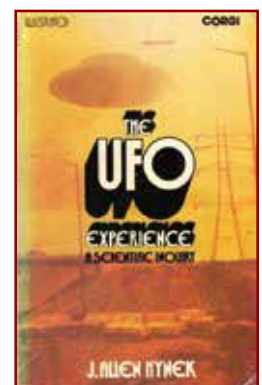
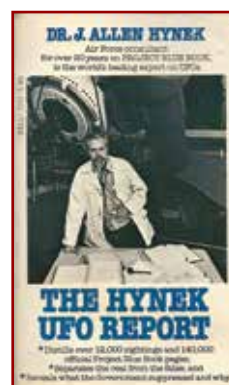
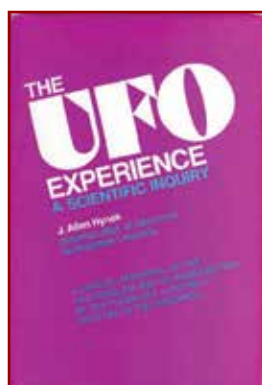
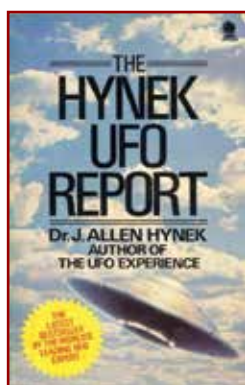
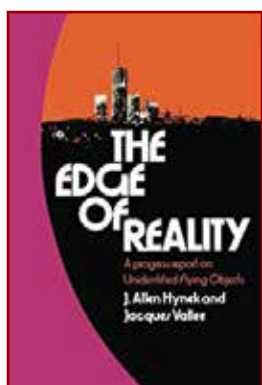
"All we have are abortive, often amateurish attempts at data gathering, data analysis, and feeble attempts at laboratory studies (on a charity basis, of course), all of which dwindle into inconclusion and frustration ... It is my contention that "hard" data may well have been present in many UFO cases but their discovery and definitive establishment has repeatedly gone by default for lack of professional (funded) treatment. It has always been the case of "too little too late," necessitated by the use of volunteers bolstered only by their unselfish devotion to the pursuit of an overwhelming mystery," Hynek concluded.

Dr. Hynek lived to see the beginnings of some "thorough, professional study" in the work of GEPAN, specifically the Trans-en-Provence UFO landing physical trace case of January 1981. Indeed, given access to the GEPAN files, at the direct invitation of the French government, he found all of the GEPAN cases to be very well investigated.

The fight for a UFO science gained prominence and focused on the odysseys of three scientists, namely J. Allen Hynek, Jacques Vallee and James E. McDonald. Vallee's initial forays were excellent foundational scientific studies – "Anatomy of a Phenomenon: Unidentified Objects in Space – A Scientific Appraisal" (1965) and "Challenge to Science: The UFO Enigma" (co-authored with his wife Janine in 1966). Then in 1969 which "Passport to Magonia: From Folklore to Science" he took the field down strange pathways. In 1975 Vallee gave us "The Invisible College – What a group of scientists has discovered about UFO influences on the human race" which had a strong focus on "the psychic component." Such views found their way into his 1975 collaboration with Allen Hynek – "The Edge of Reality – a progress report on UFOs," which steered a broader and popular direction.

Dr. McDonald's path is described in Ann Druffel's fine biography "Firestorm – Dr. James E. McDonald's Fight for UFO Science" (2003) – a path that was ultimately mired in tragedy, with the suicide of McDonald. McDonald's courageous battle is an extraordinary case study of the problems that beset the efforts to legitimise UFO science.

Dr. Hynek's UFO odyssey was longer than McDonald's and more cautious. He was both an insider and a focus in the attempts to bring about a science of the UFO. As stated above Allen Hynek's most potent statement about the UFO problem was his classic study "The UFO Experience – A Scientific Enquiry" (1972). I recommend you seek it out and read it carefully, then broaden the experience of Allen Hynek's legacy by reading Mark O'Connell's excellent biography – "The Close Encounters Man."



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ROSWELL – 70TH ANNIVERSARY AND AN ALLEGED NEW WITNESS

by Philip Mantle

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The new book UFOs TODAY – 70 Years of Lies, Misinformation and Government Cover-Ups by Irena Scott PhD contains an amount of controversial and thought provoking information as the title of the book might suggest. If I were a gambling man I would bet on one piece of information in this book being the most controversial within its pages. With it being the 70th anniversary of the Roswell Incident, an event that many claim was the crash of a space vehicle from an ET origin, the news that an alleged new witness emerging might not be that big a surprise.

THE ROSWELL FILE AND CHARLES H. FORGUS

In 2012 I was contacted by a gentleman called Scott Ferguson. Scott was part of a production company called White Tiger Films. He explained to me that he had some information on the Roswell Incident that he would like me to take a look at. I had first to sign a non-disclosure agreement which I did. Once this was signed I was sent what Scott called his 'Roswell File'. He was looking to possibly make a movie based around this file and asked if I could help research the alleged witness. I of course agreed. The 'Roswell File' consisted of a transcript of an interview with the alleged witness Charles H. Forgus, a video interview with him and a photo as well. The story of how White Tiger Films obtained this material is I would say quite unique.

The witness to the Roswell crash scene was Deputy Sheriff Charles H Forgus of Howard County, Texas. He was interviewed in 1999 by Los Angeles private investigator Deanna Short. Deanna

recorded the interview on video and later had a transcript done of the interview and completed her Agency report to verify facts at that time related to Charles Forgus and Sheriff Jess Slaughter - both of Howard County, Texas.

Sheriff Jess Slaughter and Deputy Sheriff Charles Fogus were allegedly travelling together in early July, 1947 from Texas to Roswell to pick up a prisoner when they happened on the Roswell crash scene in New Mexico. Both were there and were on an overlook to view the crash scene recovery by the Army. I should note that according to Deanna's daughter Mackenzie, Charles made a special effort to note to Deanna "not to believe what others will say - he and the Sheriff did witness the Roswell crash scene".

Deanna is now deceased but her daughter Mackenzie Christian has kept Deanna's files that include the Roswell case which includes the video interview. Robert Short is Deanna's son. Both Mackenzie and Robert are themselves experienced investigators having worked along side there mom in years past. Robert has taken up the work to investigate both Sheriff Jess Slaughter and Deputy Sheriff Charles Fogus.

In 1999 Deanna verified the background, including living relatives of both law enforcement individuals that existed at the time and documented that in her agency intelligence report.

I will producer here the transcript of the interview with Charles Forgus which was conducted in 1999. Some words have been redacted but not by me but by Deanna Bever.

THE TRANSCRIPT

C. Fogus Statement
REGARDING

The Roswell Incident – July 1947

D. Bever

Complete Tape Transcript

Mr. Charles Forgus statement taken on Monday, June 21, 1999 at 11:30 A.M. Transcribed from audio cassette tape on June 22, 1999

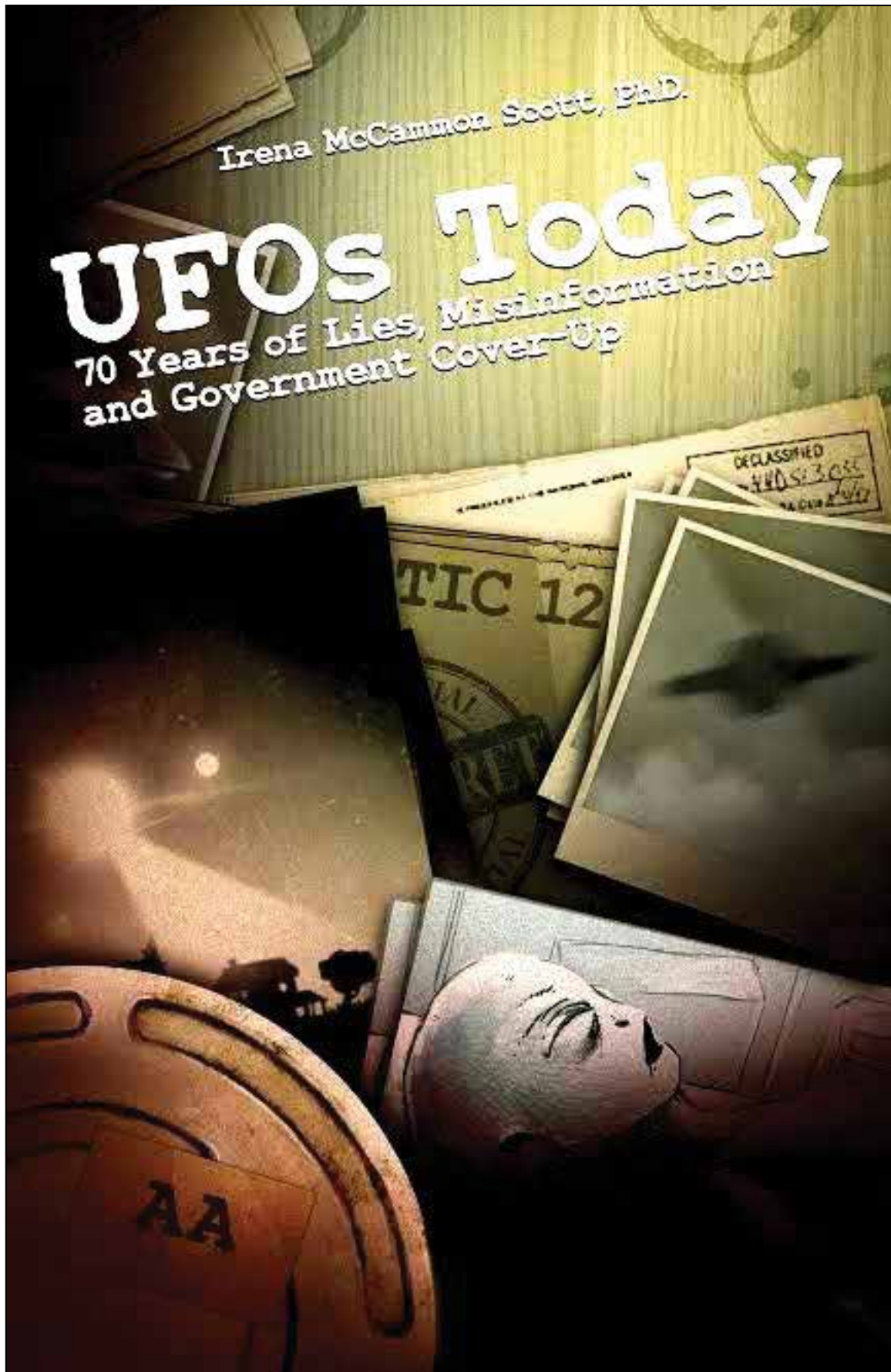
LR: What I'm trying to do is pierce together.....

CF: I was working for the Sheriff of . I was a Deputy there for Sheriff Slaughter, was back in the 40's. We went to Roswell to pick up a prisoner. When we got there,

the land was covered with soldiers. They were hauling a big, a creature. Hauling him away.

What I seen of him looked just like the one we see on television, with big eyes. There

was a big round thing in the canyon. It was about 100 feet across. They put that on a truck and hauled it away. They wouldn't let us get very close to it either. So we headed up to get the prisoner in Roswell and back to.



LR: So you were on your way from to Roswell to pick up a prisoner and you happened to be at that place.....

CF: It already had crashed. They were taking them out. There were soldiers there....about 3 or 4 hundred of them. They

wouldn't let you get very close. They were keeping all the people away. People were coming out there.

LR: What did the saucer (we'll call it) look like?

CF: It was a big round thing. Across the middle it was about 100 feet.

LR: Did you see any lights around it?
CF: No, they went out when it banged into the wall in the creek. It was like a mountain

on the side of the creek.

LR: Did you see any creatures: How many did you see?

CF: Yeh, I saw them. I think I seen about four (of them).

LR: were they covered up?

CF: Mostly. I saw the legs and feet on some of them.

LR: What did the feet look like? Do you remember?

CF: They looked like our feet.

LR: Could you figure how tall they were? They were laying flat, Right?

CF: Yeh, There is one thing I do remember. The Great Father didn't just make this planet.... He made all of them. He put beings on these planets just like he put us on this one. They're smarter then we are. They can get from there to here, but we can't get from here to there.

(Note: CF is rather deaf. He wears two hearing aid appliances in this ears, so he answers my questions as follows :)

LR: Why do you think they're here then?

CF: I don't know where they hauled them. They might have hauled them to the hospital or somewhere.

LR: How long were you and Sheriff Slaughter at that site after you arrived?

CF: About 30 Minutes?

LR: Did you tell anyone about it?

CF: The Army was there and military soldiers were there.

LR: Did they tell you not to say anything?

CF: No, they didn't tell me nothing'. They wouldn't let you get close to 'em.

LR: Did they actually see you observing what was going on?

CF: Sure, they saw me lookin' at them.

LR: And they didn't tell you to not say anything.....

CF: No, They wouldn't let us get close to them. We were about 10 away.

LR: You were that close?

CF: We might have been further away. I didn't have glasses then, I could see pretty good.

DB: What was your official capacity then?

CF: I was a Deputy The County Seat was I was riding with the Sheriff when we went to get the prisoner. He didn't order nobody except me to go with him. The UFO was already down when we got there. We went and got the prison afterwards. We heard about it on the radio.

LR: What did you hear on the radio?



Charlie Forgas and wife Marlene circa 1986.

CF: That the thing had crashed.

LR: But they didn't know what 'the thing' was?

CF: No. But you would think that when people hear something like this, it scares the heck out of them. This came out of the POLICE RADIO. We were on the way through there (to pick up the prisoner) when we heard it on the police radio. It was a big distance from to Roswell...you can look on a map and see it.

LR: So let me ask you this. When you guys were driving down the road and you were listening to the police radio.....

CF: Yeh.....

LR: Do you remember what was said on the radio about whatever it was... Do you recall?

CF: All I remember is they said that a saucer crashed out there in the canyon.

LR: They actually said the word 'saucer'?

CF: They can call it a saucer if they want to but there ain't a big enough cup of coffee for that thing.

LR: How long do you think you were at the site? (Note the cookoo clock goes off at noon)

CF: Probably about 20 minutes. We seen them haul them (the bodies) out there, out of the canyon up to the trucks....puttin them on the tow trucks so they could haul them.

DB: Did anyone try to get you to leave the scene.

CF: No....they told the Sheriff that we had to go. That was good enough for us.... He's the boss.

LR: When they were taking the beings (we'll call them), were the beings laying on the ground around the saucer?

CF: Yeh, they were lifting them up with a crane that they had and picking them up and swinging them to put them on the truck. The bodies must have been 5 feet tall.

LR: Did you see the heads?

CF: Yeh....they were covered. They eyes looked like the ones we see on television and the pictures of them.

LR: What color was the skin?

CF: As much as I could tell....the skin was a brownish color.... Like they were in the sun too long.

LR: From the time it crashed until the time you got there, do you know how much time went by? From the time you heard it on the police radio until you got there?

CF: About two hours.

LR: Did you see any writing or engraving on the saucer?

CF: I wasn't that close to it?

LR: If you were say 12 feet away from the beings, how far were the beings away from the saucer. Were they thrown pretty far?

CF: We couldn't see that well because of the trees. It was in a riverbank. It slammed into a river bank. I say them lifting one up with the crane.

LR: Did anyone else talk to you about what was going on?

CF: There were some solders, but I don't think they were from the Air Force.

LR: Where do you think they were from then?

CF: I don't know. They were wearing uniforms. I didn't pay no attention cause I just wanted to go with the Sheriff to get the heck out of there before something happened.

LR: When you guys were in the car to go pick the guy up, did you discuss or talk about what you had seen with the Sheriff?

CF: No. I didn't know what they were and he didn't either or where they came from or nothin.

DB: Did you see any blood on the bodies?

CF: I don't know.... I guess they were dead.

LR: You're 81 years old now. When and where were you born?

CF: I was born in I don't know what city.

LR: You have been in the

CF: I sure have, before I became a Deputy Sheriff.

LR: So when this thing at Roswell happened, you were already out of the Army and were a Deputy Sheriff. That happened in 1947. Now it's 1999. That was 52 years ago, Charlie. And you still remember it clearly?

CF: Yeh, pretty clear.

LR: Has anyone ever talked to you or asked you to talk about what happened... like to the Government, cause there's a lot of research going on now because of the cover-up.

CF: There was one that came around, and I told him to shut up and not come around. I don't know who they were. That was when I was Deputy Sheriff.

LR: When you saw the saucer, can you remember in your mind what it looked like. Can you draw it?

CF: No....you draw it?

(Note: Charlie had LR draw because he broke his arm and can't use it). He directed LP to draw a circle (not an oval). Then he directed LR to draw another circle with the circle. This was a drawing of the top of the saucer. Charlie was standing on top of the opposite side of the bank of the dry creek bed where the saucer had crashed.

LR: Were you standing above it?

CF: I was standing on the back side. The saucer hit the bank on this side of the creek and I was standing on the other side of the bank, at the top of the hill. I was looking down at the site.

LR: So you had a 'bird's eye view', that's why you were able to see the top of it?

CF: I didn't have a 'bird's eye', I've got my own eyes (he laughs).

LR shows Charlie the drawing.

LR says, if this is the top (of the saucer), how much higher were you.

CF: Probably about 20 feet above it.

LR: So, that's why you saw the top (of the saucer). And you say, that from here to here (across the top of the saucer - diameter) is about 100 feet.

CF: It was evenly round.

LR: So it was absolutely round.... Not oval shaped and you were 20 feet above it, that's why you saw the top.

LR: did you see the fingers and hands?

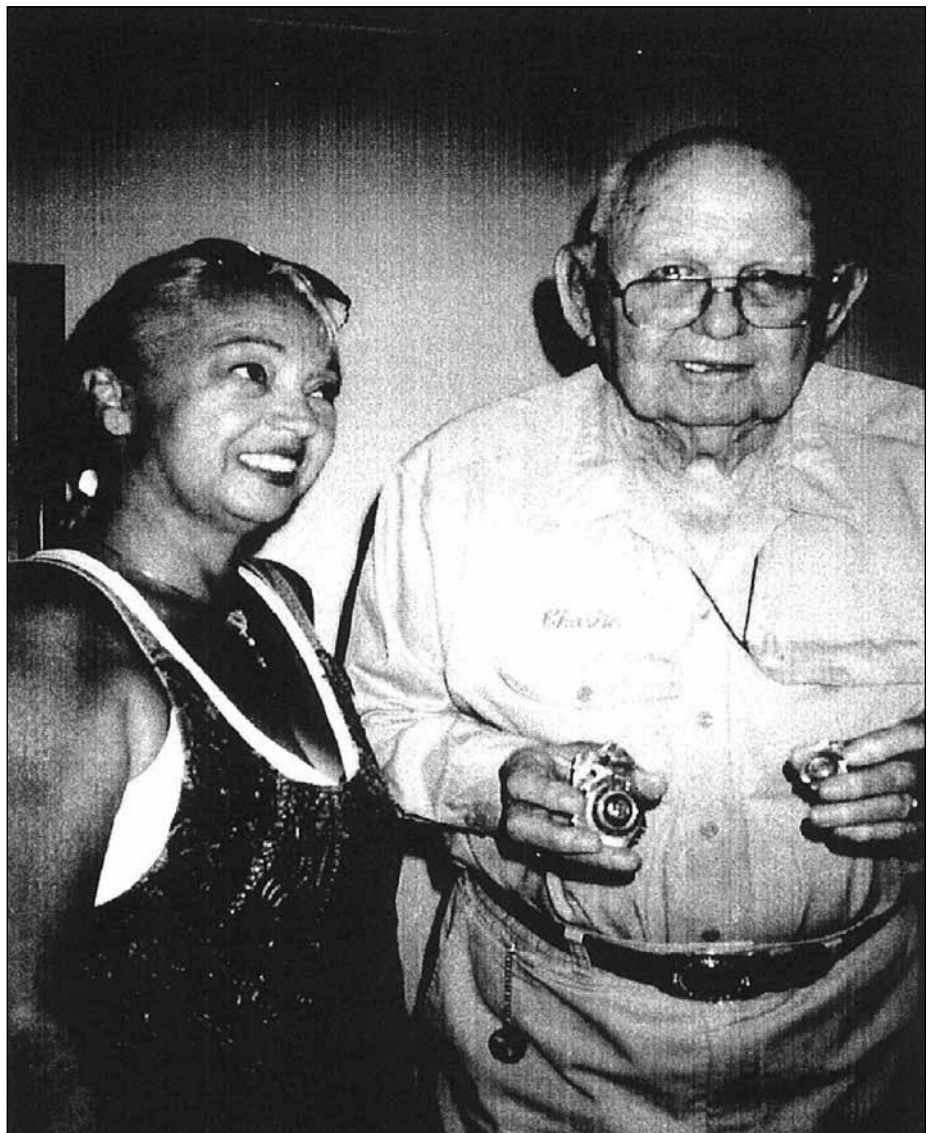
CF: No, they were covered up. But I saw the head.

LR: But you said you saw the feet.

CF: Yeh, later on, when they were passing



Deanna Bever and Charles Forgas circa 1999.



by I saw the feet. I could see them lifting it up with the crane. They wouldn't let you close enough when they were puttin' them into the truck. When they were liftin them on the crane you could see them layin' on that thing.

LR: You said the body was covered. Were the arms layin on the stomach under the cover?

CF: When the wind blew, the cover went back so you could see the face. The same way with the feet.

End of Interview
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Charles Forgus circa 1999.

INVESTIGATION

Nothing has been changed in the above transcript and who LR is I have no idea. No sooner had I started to try and help Scott Ferguson that all communication with him abruptly ceased. No matter how I tried to contact him I had no reply. So that is where I left it. It wasn't until 2014 that I had an email from Robert Short (Deanna Bevers son) informing me that Scott had died. Any further work on this material was again delayed because of my own serious ill health.

In 2016 I contacted Robert Short and asked him if I could publish this material and try and continue with the investigation into it. Robert agreed and permission was

granted. I asked for the assistance of Chris Evers, Irena Scott PhD and the Mutual UFO Network. The investigation into this material is on-going but between us we have managed to establish a few things. For example Sheriff Slaughter was not the Sheriff in 1947. He was in fact Sheriff twice, the first time from 1928 until 1940 and the second was 1953 to 1956. The Sheriff in 1947 was R.L. Wolf (see Sheriff's log). We have also located his military discharge papers from WW11. On top of that there are a number of local newspapers that mention Charles Forgus.

On January 31st 2017 the MUFON report on Charles Forgus was sent to

me by Chase Kloetzke. We would like to thank Chase, her colleagues and MUFON in general for their assistance with this research into Charles Forgus.

MUFON REPORT

REPORT ON MUFON SAT Case #
17MSAT01ROS-001
January 31, 2017
By SAT
PART ONE-DEPUTY FORGUS'S
STORY
OVERVIEW

In 1999 a resident of Big Spring Texas gave a deposition to a private investigator claiming that he was a witness to the Roswell UFO crash in July of 1947.

Charles Forigus Jr. was born on January 28, 1918 and died in 2001. He would have been 29 years old in 1947 when the incident is alleged to have taken place. He called himself a Deputy Sheriff for Howard County.

His co-witness was Sheriff Jess Slaughter. Slaughter was born in 1896 per the 1940 census. His obituary states he was born in 1894 and died in 1972.

So in 1947 Charles Forigus was 29 and his Sheriff Jess Slaughter was 53. Logical ages for their positions.

Charles Forigus related that “in the 1940s” he and Jess Slaughter were travelling between Big Spring Texas and Roswell New Mexico to pick up and return a prisoner to Big Spring which is the Howard County Texas seat. Both Forigus and Slaughter lived in Big Spring.

In the New Mexico portion of the journey travelling west to pick up the prisoner, they came across a crash and debris site in the desert. They observed three to four hundred Army personnel scouring the crash site. They observed a crashed “circular” saucer about 100 feet in diameter. They also saw two dead bodies being loaded onto a truck. The disc was described as circular, metal and had a second circle within it possibly a cupola. They explained their vantage point was over a dry river/creek bed viewable from the highway. The saucer had crashed into the riverbank below. Their vantage point was approximately 20 feet above the embankment presumably from the highway.

They witnessed two corpses being loaded onto a truck. The corpses were covered with sheets but wind allowed the officers to see human type feet, brown skin, large eyes on the head and they approximated the bodies as being 5 feet tall.

It is suggested that they were fairly close to Roswell and actually returned with the prisoner and saw more of the clean-up operation. The operation went on for hours presumably during daylight.

MAIN PROBLEMS

There are three main problems associated with the 1999 interview of Charles Forigus Jr. He was interviewed by Los Angeles private investigator Deanna Short. Deanna recorded the interview on video and later had a transcript done of the interview and completed her Agency report to verify facts at that time. Deanna is now deceased.

First, unbelievably, the interrogator did not ask Mr. Forigus for a date (not even a year) nor did she ask the location of the incident such as what highway it occurred on or the name of a nearby town even! Ms. Short included an introduction to the interview where she states the witnesses encountered the incident in July of 1947 but there is nothing to base this on in the interview. As we shall see, it is more likely the witnesses encountered something in 1953 and not 1947.

Secondly, from the information Mr. Mantle, the person requesting MUFON’s assistance, initially provided to SAT, it appears Mr. Jesse Slaughter was a Sheriff in Howard County, Texas in the 1930s up to 1940. Subsequent follow-up by SAT revealed there is a gap of ten years until he was again elected Sheriff in 1951 (not 1953 as mentioned below).

I contacted the Howard County Texas Public Library and was sent this reply:

*From: “Reference” <reference@howardcountytexas.com>
To: “ROBERT” <robertspearing@comcast.net>
Sent: Tuesday, January 24, 2017 6:34:10 PM
Subject: RE: reference request*

Mr. Spearing,

I could find no listings for past sheriffs of Howard County. The attachment is an online search of the Big Spring Herald. What I can determine is that Jess Slaughter was sheriff in the thirties. Then lost the position in 1940 and later won re-election in 1953. Deputy C.H. Forigus became deputy under Sheriff Slaughter in 1953.

You can access the Big Spring Herald online and search the articles like I did. I could find no articles in the 1940’s listing Jess Slaughter as Sheriff. I found one article listing him as the Juvenile Officer. The caption below the picture at the bottom of the attachment provides a great deal of information if you can read it.

*Johnny Schafer, Reference Librarian
Howard County Library
Big Spring, TX*

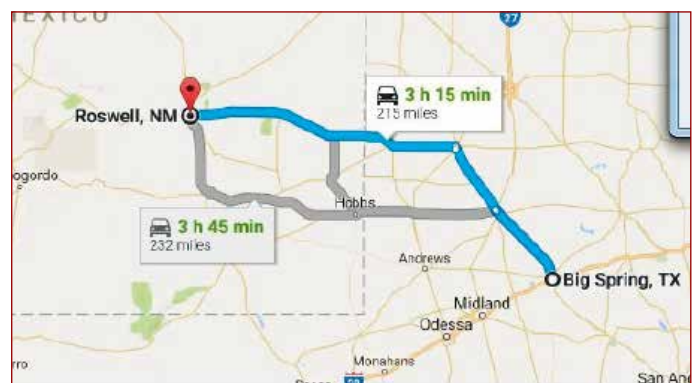
This makes it unlikely that this was the Roswell crash of July 1947. 1953 or later is the best timeframe for the incident.

Lastly, while I found numerous direct line members of the Forigus and Slaughter families, all attempts to contact them via Facebook and telephone have been unsuccessful. It is my feeling that they do not wish to respond.

All indications are that they did not happen upon the Roswell Crash Incident. Mr. Forigus became a Deputy in 1953. Mr. Slaughter again became a Sheriff in 1951. Best estimate is affair happened in 1953.

The most important aspect of the story is that while no location is given we know from the transcript that the two men were travelling west inside New Mexico.

We also know that according to Google Maps there are only two principal highways between Big Spring Texas and Roswell New Mexico- a northern and a southern route.



THE NORTHERN ROUTE

This route leaves Big Spring on a north-western trajectory and then turns due west to Roswell. The north-western leg of the route utilizes highway 87 north to highway 137 north. The turn westward uses Interstate 380 west for the remainder of the trip into Roswell. The important leg of this trek inside New Mexico from the Texas border to Roswell is approximately 85 miles on Route 380 west.

THE SOUTHERN ROUTE

We leave Big Spring Texas heading due west on Route 176. At the Texas into New Mexico border route 176 becomes Rt. 234 and there are multiple routes to travel but in one good scenario described later, Route 234 west meets Route 18 North up to Hobbs and again goes west with Route 62 west to Route 529 west to Route 82 west to Route 285 north which brings you into Roswell from the South. It is this route that is the most promising.



Army of the United States

Honorable Discharge

This is to Certify, That C. E. FORGUS, 6 956 420 Technical Sergeant

Headquarters Company, 1052nd Engineers

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.
This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at Separation Center
Fort Bliss, Texas

ARTHUR L. HILL

Date 27 September 1945

Major, CWS

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL <u>Forgus, C. E.</u>	2. ARMY SERIAL NO. <u>6 956 420</u>	3. GRADE <u>T/SGT</u>	4. ARMY OR SERVICE <u>CE</u>	5. COMPONENT <u>RA</u>
6. ORGANIZATION <u>Hq Co 1052nd Engineers</u>	7. DATE OF SEPARATION <u>27 Sept 45</u>	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION <u>Sept Cntr Ft Bliss Tex</u>		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES <u>P.O. Box 961 Big Spring, Tex</u>		10. DATE OF BIRTH <u>28 Jan 1918</u>	11. PLACE OF BIRTH <u>Aspermont, Texas</u>	
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT <u>See 9</u>		13. COLOR EYES <u>Brn</u>	14. COLOR HAIR <u>Brn</u>	15. HEIGHT <u>5-11</u>
16. RACE <u>White</u>		17. NO. DEPEND. <u>one</u>	18. WEIGHT <u>170 lbs.</u>	19. MARITAL STATUS <u>Single</u>
20. U.S. Citizen <u>YES</u>		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. <u>Laborer Highway 9-32.51</u>		
22. DATE OF INDUCTION <u>5 Jun 40</u>				
23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT <u>5 Jun 40</u>				
24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE <u>5 Jun 40</u>				
25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE <u>Ft Bliss Texas</u>				
26. RESISTED <u>NO</u>				
27. LOCAL S. S. BOARD NO. <u>Not Shown</u>				
28. COUNTY AND STATE <u>See 9</u>				
29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE <u>See 9</u>				
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. <u>Salvage Driver 454</u>				
31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (i.e., infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) <u>Marksmen (Rifle) 13 Jan 43</u>				

2. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS
New Guinea Bismarck Archipelago

3. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS
Good Conduct Medal SO 31 Hq 1052 Eng 45 Asiatic-Pacific
Service Medal American Defense Service Medal Philippine Liberation Ribbon

34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION
None

35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES				36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN		
35a. DTP	35b. TYPHOID	35c. TETANUS	35d. OTHER (specify)	36a. DATE OF DEPARTURE	36b. DESTINATION	36c. DATE OF ARRIVAL
<u>9 Jun 43</u>	<u>5 Jul 40</u>	<u>9 Jun 43</u>	<u>typhus 8 Aug 44</u>	<u>3 Jul 43</u>	<u>Sw Pa</u>	<u>24 Jul 43</u>
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE				38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD		
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE		<u>T/Sgt</u>		
YEARS	MONTHS	YEARS	MONTHS			
<u>3</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>			
39. PRIOR SERVICE <u>None</u>						

40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION
Convenience of the Government RR 1-1 (Demobilization) AR 615-365 15 Dec 44

41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED
Navy Div Sch

43. LONGEVITY PAY (by Purpose)				44. Mustering Out Pay		45. Soldier Deposits		46. Travel Pay		47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER	
YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	TOTAL	THIS PAYMENT							
<u>5</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>\$ 300</u>	<u>\$ 100</u>	<u>None</u>	<u>\$ 17.65</u>	<u>\$242.74</u>	<u>L. N. Fields MajED</u>			

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-DAY PERIOD THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL Lapse. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.											
48. Kind of Insurance		49. How Paid		50. Effective Date of Allotment		51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50)		52. Premium Due Each Month		53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO	
Ret. Serv.	U. S. Govt.	None	Allotment	Direct to V. A.	<u>30 Sept 45</u>	<u>31 Oct 45</u>	<u>\$ 6.70</u>	<u>X</u>	Continue Only	Discontinue	

54. PRINT NAME
Print

55. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)
Lapel button issued
ASR Score (2 Sept 45) 98

56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED
C. E. Forgus

57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature)
Helen J. O'Neil 1st Lt WAC

WD AGO FORM 53-55 1 November 1944
This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Forms 53 and 55 for enlisted persons entitled to an Honorable Discharge, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.

Filed for record

Charles Forgus military discharge papers.

The one caveat is that the Interstate Highway System was only under construction in the late 40s and early 50s. There may have been a more rural road in existence prior to the creation of Interstate 380. Therefore, some parameters may have changed such as location of the road and the elimination of certain landmarks such as a small dry creek bed with a 20 foot drop to the embankment by a large group of trees which is crucial to any continuing investigation.

THE SOUTHERN ROUTE SCENARIO

The critical question is what did the two law enforcement officers see? Possible resolutions are:

1. Extraterrestrial Craft with non-human pilots
2. Military Exercise
3. Plane Crash (military or civilian)
4. American VTOL disc crash

Texas County Sheriffs

HOWARD COUNTY

Howard County was created August 21, 1876 from Bexar and Young Territories and named for Volney E. Howard, prominent in early Texas politics. The county was organized June 15, 1882 with Big Spring as the county seat. There have been sixteen men and one lady who have served as sheriff during the history of the county with two of the men serving twice.

R. W. MORROW was elected the first sheriff on June 15, 1882; re-elected November 7, 1882, November 4, 1884 and served until July 1886 when he resigned.

WILLIAM DERLING was appointed on July 19, 1886 and served until November 2, 1886.

JOHN D. BIRDWELL was elected on November 2, 1886; re-elected November 6, 1888, November 4, 1890 and served until November 8, 1892.

H. G. DEARING was elected on November 8, 1892 and served until November 6, 1894.

W. G. BIRDWELL was elected on November 6, 1894 and served until November 3, 1896.

J. A. BAGGETT was elected on November 3, 1896; re-elected November 8, 1898, November 6, 1900, November 4, 1902, November 8, 1904 and served until November 8, 1906.

ED M. MOBLEY was elected on November 8, 1906; re-elected November 3, 1908 and served until November 8, 1910.

J. A. BAGGETT was elected a second time on November 8, 1910; re-elected November 5, 1912, November 3, 1914 and served until November 7, 1916. Sheriff Baggett served a total of sixteen years. He and Sheriff Slaughter are tied for the second longest time served in the history of the county.

J. W. McCUTCHEON was elected on November 7, 1916; re-elected November 5, 1918, November 2, 1920 and served until January 1, 1923.

W. W. SATTERWHITE was elected on November 7, 1922; re-elected November 4, 1924 and served until March 1925 when he died.

FRANK HOUSE was appointed on April 1, 1925, elected November 2, 1926 and served until January 1, 1929.

JESS SLAUGHTER was elected on November 6, 1928; re-elected November 4, 1930, November 8, 1932, November 6, 1934, November 3, 1936, November 8, 1938 and served until January 1, 1941.

ANDREW J. MERRICK was elected on November 5, 1940; re-elected November 3, 1942 and served until February 3, 1944 when he died.

MRS. LUCILLE MERRICK was appointed on February 7, 1944 and served until January 1, 1945. Mrs. Merrick was appointed to complete her husband's term and is the only lady to serve as sheriff.

R. L. WOLF was elected on November 7, 1944; re-elected November 5, 1946, November 2, 1948 and served until January 1, 1951.

J. B. "JAKE" BRUTON was elected on November 7, 1950 and served until January 1, 1953. Sheriff Bruton died in Big Spring on June 2, 1974.

JESS SLAUGHTER was elected a second time on November 4, 1952; re-elected November 2, 1954 and served until January 1, 1957. Sheriff Slaughter served a total of sixteen years and is tied with Sheriff Baggett for second longest time in the history of the county. Sheriff Slaughter died in a Lubbock Hospital on November 24, 1973.

MILLER HARRIS was elected on November 6, 1956; re-elected November 8, 1960 and served until January 1, 1965.

A. N. STANDARD was elected on November 3, 1964; re-elected November 5, 1968, November 7, 1972, November 2, 1976, November 4, 1980, November 6, 1984, November 8, 1988 and is currently serving as sheriff. Sheriff Standard has served for twenty-four years which is the longest in the history of Howard County.

Sheriffs log.

Since we no longer have witnesses to clarify their answers, perhaps the only avenue is to find a newspaper account. The southern route scenario offers a resolution.

In the case of Roswell in 1947, thousands of pages of documentation have been scoured including aircraft crashes. The best course of action in this investigation was to pursue leads in 1953 when Forgus became a Deputy Sheriff.

On August 28, 1953, the Reno Evening Gazette ran a small front page story on a military air crash that reads as follows:

**ELEVEN AIRMEN ESCAPE IN CRASH
ROSWELL N.M. AUGUST 28, 1953 (AP)**

Eleven airmen escaped unhurt last night when their 4 engined B-50 bomber landed wheels up on gently rolling plains 35 miles southwest of Tatum, N.M. in southeast New Mexico. The plane of the 97th bomber wing at Biggs Air Force Base, El Paso Texas and piloted by Chester A. Walter, was on a routine training flight.

If one draws a map southwest of Tatum, the closest highway it approaches on Mr. Forgus and Mr. Slaughter's southern route is Route 62 west about 42 miles west of Hobbs N.M. and about 10 degrees south of Tatum. It is an almost perfect fit as it is approximately 36 miles southwest of Tatum.

This would coincide with their westward trip shortly before they turned north to Roswell.

There are problems with this August 28th story however. First, there

were no dead bodies. All crew members survived. Second, the craft was not circular but had a plane's fuselage. However, the front of the B-50 bomber had a very unique multi-windowed cockpit that seen straight on could have been construed as disc shaped.

Additionally, Forgus reported the object as 100 feet in diameter. The B-50 was 99 feet long. Coincidence? It was also silver metallic.

It is a stretch that the B-50 accident could have been the object seen by the lawmen but it is also quite reasonable given the circumstances given the color, cockpit shape, month and year etc.

One theory is that the B-50 crash story was only a cover story to obfuscate the real story of a crash of a disc shaped object; a crash where pilots (human or non-human perished).

It is also possible that if it was an American made VTOL disc shaped craft it was attempting to land on the highway but fell short due to mechanical difficulties. This would explain its proximity to the highway.

In 1967 evidence was located at McDill Air Force Base that VTOLS as large as 116 feet in diameter had been built by the U.S. Military.

An alien craft is unlikely in that it probably

List of Sheriff's at Big Springs.

1949-1953	J.F. Wolcott
1953-1958	B.E. Freeman
1959-1980	Viola Horton Robinson
1981-	Zirah L. LeFevre Bednar
	Dorothy W. Moore
SHERIFF	
1882-1886	R.W. Morrow
1887-1892	J.D. Birdwell
1893-1894	H.G. Dearing
1895-1896	W.G. Birdwell
1897-1906	J.A. Baggett
1907-1910	Edd M. Mabley
1911-1916	J.A. Baggett
1917-1922	J.W. McCutchan
1923-1926	W.W. Satterwhite
1927-1928	Frank House
1929-1938	Jess Slaughter
1939-1942	Rowan Settles
1943-1944	Andrew J. Merrick
1944-	Mrs. Andrew J. Merrick
1945-1950	R.L. Wolf
1951-1952	J.B. Bruton
1953-1956	Jess Slaughter
1957-1964	Miller Harris
1965-	A.N. Standard
COUNTY JUDGE	
1882-1884	George Hogg
1885-1886	T.S. Thurmand
1887-1892	G.W. Walthall
1893-1896	T.H. Bowman
1897-1906	J.B. Littler
1907-1910	L.A. Dale
1911-1912	M.H. Morrison
1913-1920	S.A. Penix
1921-1924	James T. Brooks
1925-1934	H.R. Debenport
1935-1936	J.T. Garlington
	J. Sullivan

would not have wanted such a strategically unpleasant location to land if it was having difficulties. However, the two non-human pilot bodies, if accurate, pose a dilemma in this scenario.

RECOMMENDATION

If there is a MUFON Field Investigator living in the vicinity of Roswell, it may be beneficial to have him drive Route 380 between the Texas border and Roswell to see if he can identify the place described in Mr. Forgus's deposition.

If Route 380 can be ruled out, the roads between Hobbs, N.M AND Roswell N.M. should be travelled specifically Route 62 west to Route 529 west to Route 82 west to Route 285 north into Roswell to locate a small cliff and riverbed.

If a good location candidate can be found, an excursion to the area would be in order to try and retrieve artefacts.

In the event a FI cannot be enlisted, alternatives would include inquiring of the State Police or even tow truck company dispatchers in the Roswell area for the solicitation of information on a possible location.

CONCLUSION

It seems highly unlikely that Mr. Forgus was forging a story from untruths. His timeframe is off but it seems likely that he came across something unusual in the desert along with Mr. Slaughter. At times his story stretches the truth such as the sheet flapping in the wind allowing him to see parts of the two corpses. However,

News cutting from 1954 mentions Charles Forgus.

Big Spring Weekly Herald from Big Spring, Texas on August 27, 1954 & middot; Page 1

https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/15470776/

1 match Q- Ferg



August 27, 1954
Big Spring Weekly Herald from Big Spring, Texas · Page 1

Publication: Big Spring Weekly Herald ⓘ
Location: Big Spring, Texas
Issue Date: Friday, August 27, 1954
Page: Page 1

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OCR Text

reck. Both Shivers, Yarborough Stress Port Arthur Issue Settling Strike Again Pledged Red Issue Seen
 Long Strike Burglars Prefer Whisky To Cash Burglars loaded up -with liquor at Fug's Liquor Store on
 West Highway 80 last night, the sheriff's department reported. Nine cases of whisky were stolen from
 the establishment. Burglars entered through the front door after drilling a hole through, a panel and
 prying the lock apart. Deputy C. H. Ferg is said four cases of pint bottles, four of half- pint bottles and
 one case of "fifths were taken. Other whisky may have been taken, he said. An inventory was being
 taken this morning. No money was taken and a cash register was not molested. Restrictions On U.S.
 Trade With Soviet Block Are Eased WASHINGTON (.TV-Secretary of [nations getting aid from the United
 Commerce Weeks today eased restrictions on U. S. trade with the Soviet Union and other Communist

Big Spring Weekly Herald Details

Pages Available: 5,624
 Years Available: 1935-1954



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details such as that they were going to return a prisoner from Roswell to Big Spring are superfluous details a liar would not include.

Unfortunately, the 1999 private investigator did not attempt to get an exact year or location thus crippling efforts 18 years later. It also seems more likely that the event occurred in 1953 when the U.S. Military was experimenting with Vertical Take off Landing

(VTOL) disc shaped craft some of which were 100 feet in diameter and probably piloted by one or two airmen.

It would also be a stretch based on the limited evidence we have to suggest the most likely scenario would be the crash of an alien disc.

If the site cannot be found by a MUFON Field Investigator or other means, the case should be closed out as "INSUFFICIENT DATA."

ROBERT SPEARING
January 31, 2017

We wish to make it clear that we are open minded with regards to the veracity of what Charles Forgas has claimed. We have found a discrepancy in his story as Sheriff Slaughter was not the Sheriff in 1947. We would also like say that we found the MUFON report extremely compelling and we agree with their findings.

I dare say many of those that know far more than me about the Roswell Incident will write it off as it does not fit the known Roswell crash scenario. All I will say is that we are working together to try and find any more information and I leave this 'Roswell File' open just-in-case.

If anyone reading this has any information concerning the Roswell Incident we urge them to get in touch.

The book UFOs TODAY will be officially launched at the official Roswell Incident conference organised by the Roswell Daily Record from June 30th to July 2nd: <http://www.roswellincident.com/>

UFOs TODAY – 70 Years of Lies, Misinformation and Government Cover-Ups by Irena Scott PhD is out now on Amazon. <http://flyingdiskpress.blogspot.co.uk/>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Philip mantle is the former Director of Investigations for the British UFO Research Association and is the founder of FLYING DISK PRESS. He can be contacted at FLYING DISK PRESS: <http://flyingdiskpress.blogspot.co.uk/>

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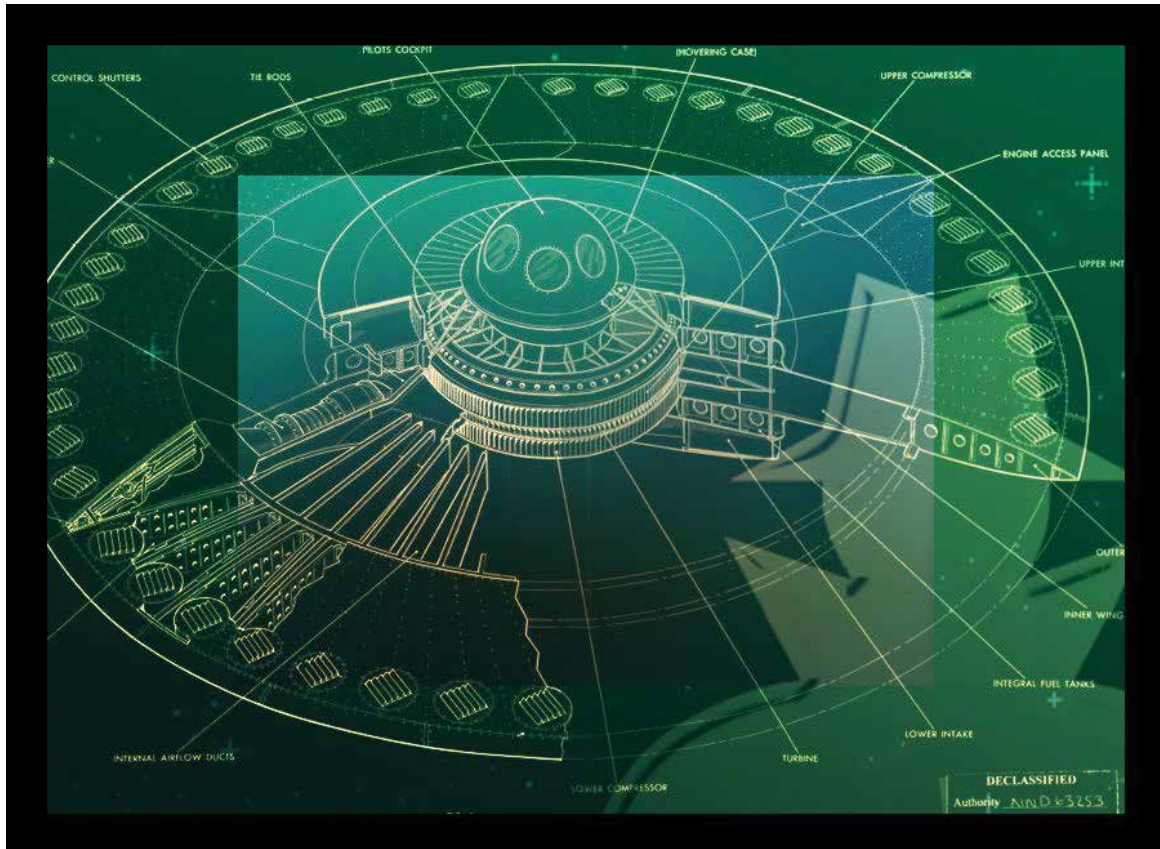
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SPIES AND SAUCERS

by *Scott Corrales*
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The “mad scientist” working alone in a laboratory – a dank subterranean facility laden with electrical equipment and beakers of strange liquids – is one of the most recognizable tropes in the written and visual field. From Doctor Frankenstein in his many incarnations, summoning lightning from the heavens to animate his creation, to Captain Nemo in his unassailable submarine, to even the humorous depiction of the scientist Hans Zarkov by Topol in *Flash Gordon* (1980), it is an image that has been with us and which we have come to accept without question.

“There was this fear, because of the bomb,” says psychologist Stuart Vyse, “of the power of science to create fearful creatures or to harm us in some way. That’s the equivalent of the typical villains, Halloween movie villains’ superhuman strength or unusual power. Science has that too. And so I think that’s part of the reason why scientists are sometimes placed in that fearful role.” (Cari Romm, *The Enduring Scariness of the Mad Scientist*, Atlantic

Magazine, 10.29.2014).

In the UFO field we come across the mad scientist and his inevitable counterpart, the mad inventor. The latter works alone, avoids kidnapping hapless passerby for experiments (one hopes) and is bent on creating a machine, substance or device that will revolutionize human transportation or at least not get rejected by the patent office. William Cooper - of MJ-12 fame - wrote extensively about Thomas Townsend Brown, the inventor who began his work on anti-gravity as early as the 1920s in his home laboratory (where else?) and failed in his effort to interest the faculty at the California Institute of Technology in his discoveries. Two decades later, the indefatigable Brown was still at it, trying to convince military and industry alike about the usefulness of his “electrogravitics” to power military and civilian aviation, and even spacecraft.

Roughly around the same time that Townsend was at his most active, a World

War I aviator named W.H.S. Ashlin was approaching the government of Chile with a most usual offer. Ashlin’s offer to build a “flying saucer” for the Royal Air Force, where he had proudly served, had been rebuffed; he now turned to the Commander in Chief of the Chilean Army with a similar offer. Roberto Banch mentions this in his *Guía Biográfica de la Ufología Argentina* (Buenos Aires: CEFAI, 2000), adding that aside from a mention in Chile’s *La Nación* newspaper, no further mention is made of Ashlin or his technological marvels. One is tempted to think about the Anglo-Chilean wizard “Manuel O’Bean” from Michael Moorcock’s *The Wizard of the Air*.

“Mad scientists” were not in short supply across the Andes. Juan B. Leone of Argentina’s *Escuela de Bellas Artes* had already come up with his own flying saucer – a propeller-driven, circular device that was presented to his country’s military -- in 1944 with little success. A photo of the inventor and his simple yet effective device appeared in the Argentinean press

(La Razón) in 1947.

Banch's compilation of intriguing inventions inspired by saucer-shapes does not end here. He includes a statement from Julio Ruiz, a technician with the Post and Communications Office, stating that "the flying disk" had been in existence in Argentina since 1941. While no illustration is provided, the device in question is described as having the shape of a disk with an engine providing "vertical and horizontal motion, a rudder and an aileron".

The "war years" of the 1940s offer researchers a treasure trove of unusual and unexpected information. One such is Dossier 1093/258 of the British Foreign Office, dated 4 April to 23 July 1943 and bearing the title: "Agents (Enemy): Eduardo Rogada Quintinho, Artur Viana Dos Santos; Oscar Liehr, Niles Christensen". The folio contains military correspondence about the measures to be taken against enemy agents at large in the countries that had remained neutral during the war. One missive

deals with "the transportation to Trinidad of Nils Christensen, a German agent detailed in Brazil".

Christensen was a particularly lucky catch for the Allies, as his Brazil-centered espionage network kept tabs on British shipping operations from the ports on the Brazilian coast down to Buenos Aires itself, aiding and abetting the sinking of tonnage by submarines. According to the Naval History and Heritage Command (www.history.navy.mil), "this was the most successful period of German espionage in the Western Hemisphere."

This notorious spy becomes of interest to ufology for a single reason. When put on trial for espionage in Brazil, he claimed to be "the inventor of the flying saucer", adding that between 1939 and 1941, while employed in the research division of the Wehrmacht's 10th Army, he had invented "flying saucers" as observation devices, capable of being produced quickly and cheaply. A boast aimed at unnerving his captors? Or had the spy actually played a role in the creation of man-made saucers?



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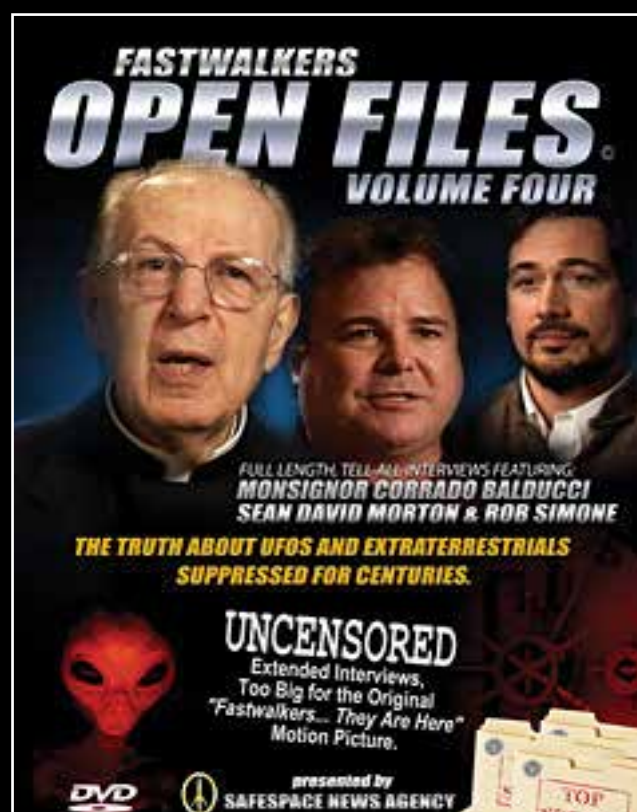
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UFOS ON THE WALLS OF CHURCHES IN ROMANIA?

by Dan D. Farcas PhD
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As the famous castle of Dracula in Transylvania goes up for sale it is a remarkable coincidence that featured in my new book is a medieval painting from a church in Transylvania that some researchers believe depicts a UFO.

In Romania, everyday people, especially in the countryside, always considered the heavenly apparitions not as something impossible but as "divine signs" that can happen normally, though rarely. There are countless testimonies in this regard. This belief was reinforced by the fact that the holy characters of the Christian religion, from the Old and the New Testament were seen on occasion coming down from heavens and returning whence they came.

In past centuries, when, in Romania, most of the population was illiterate, religious teachings were spread and reinforced by the use of frescoes, depicting biblical scenes, covering the walls of churches both indoors and often also outdoors as well. Even if

these scenes evoke ancient events and distant lands, the painters painted men and buildings as they knew them in the environment they lived. Similarly, we can assume that they sometimes painted such holy characters in heavenly vehicles that resemble certain celestial objects that they saw themselves flying in the sky (Comets, meteors etc), or that were reported by witnesses of strange airborne apparitions. In areas with Orthodox religion there are many such representations in a variety of different churches.

The city of Târgoviște was the capital of Walachia for several centuries. The construction of the Princely Church in the city was completed in 1583. The frescoes inside have not been repainted but only retouched with all of the original figures and objects remaining exactly the same. As the Romanian journalist Gabriel Tudor noted, on the west wall of the nave, the fresco depicting the moment of receiving the tablets of the Law by Moses on Mount Sinai (the ten commandments), we see a character not



mentioned in the Bible: depicted as an angel and placed between two concentric circles, looking as if it had just come out to watch the proceedings. What are those two circles? In any case, surely not clouds which are clearly represented in the nearby paintings in a completely different manner. Also they can not be stars or the moon, because on the same fresco the sun is seen, whose rays are prominently depicted to draw attention that the scene takes place in broad daylight. Could it be that the two circles are a graphic representation, in a primitive manner, of a disc-shaped UFO with a domed top, which the anonymous painter, having not a very good capacity to represent things in a three-dimensional perspective, drew as a circle inside another circle?

The writer and researcher of mythology Victor Kernbach (1923-1995), in his book "Enigmele miturilor astrale" (Riddles of astral myths), detailed that similar frescoes have been in churches from Bucharest as the (old) "Saint Spiridon" and "Bucur". Unfortunately, the first was demolished under the communist regime, but the second exists today and the pictorial representations are of the same type as those at the Princely Church of Târgoviște.

As the Romania author Călin Turcu (1942-2006) noted in his book "Extraterestrii în România" (Aliens in Romania), "On the walls of the chapel Lainici (Gorj County) can be distinguished a picture quite different from the others. The drawing, done in the early seventeenth century and representing the "Annunciation", depicts, above the Archangel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary, a heavenly "vehicle" with the shape of a double balloon which again can not be a cloud. The flying object ends with a narrow open tube, where red streaks appear to burst and absorbed behind by a red cloud.

On the walls of Tutana monastery (Argeș county), built in 1577, is depicted an "astronaut", equipped for space flight. It is by no means an earthly character. Images such as those presented above are reported not only in Romania but also in other countries of the Orthodox faith, as in the Decani monastery in Kosovo and on a number of Russian religious icons.

But the paintings with UFOs are not restricted only to the Orthodox churches. One such painting exists also in a Protestant church, in the centre of Romania. Gili Schechter and Hannan Sabbath, from the Israeli Extraterrestrials and UFOs Research Association, commented in an article of a photo of a mural fresco in the Monastery Church, not far from the Clock Tower in the city of Sighișoara (Transylvania). The photo reproduced in the article was made by Cătălina Borta. Under the image is written in German, a passage from Psalm 130, 7: "Israel trust the Lord!" In the image is a large building, possibly a church, above which floats, slightly oblique, a large disc-shaped object, divided in to about 10 large sections. From the centre of the disc pointing down is a sort of spike. Above the bright object is a short column on which you see other objects that are hard to identify.

The authors could not find who did the painting, nor when. However the text can not date before Luther had translated and published, in 1534, the Bible in German. The authors also noted that the same disc hovering, diagonally divided into sectors and with the stick underneath, appears on a number of medals from the seventeenth century, probably chips used in gambling. It issued its opinion that these objects represent the cartwheel described in Ezekiel's vision.

A similar picture exists in Liber Prodigiorum,

a book, written by Julius Obsequens, a fourth-century Roman historian. But the book, which describes the unusual heavenly appearances over Rome, was printed, with engravings added, only in 1552. The authors noted some differences between Sighișoara painting and the objects on the medals; for example, these have almost all a circle of stars on the circumference, while they are not on the object depicted in Sighișoara.

Are these paintings depictions of medieval UFO sightings or do they have a much more mundane and simpler explanation? As an academic and a UFO researcher I must admit that the images on these paintings are certainly worth a second look and we should not rule out the possibility that they do depict something that today would be described as a UFO.

Dan D.Farcas Phd is the author of the brand new book UFOs OVER ROMANIA published by Flying Disk Press and is out now on Amazon.

<http://flyingdiskpress.blogspot.co.uk/>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Born in 1940 in Reșița, Romania, he holds an MSc in mathematics and physics and a Ph.D. in mathematics and computers. Since 1968, he was a project manager for several countrywide information systems, mainly in health and science management. He was elected in 1993 a full member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of Romania. Since 2011 he has been the President of the Association for the Study of Unidentified Aerospace Phenomena (ASFAN) in Romania. He has published in Romania over 25 books (on IT, philosophy of science, Extraterrestrials, UFOs etc.), more than 1,200 articles and he also has participated in numerous radio and TV debates.

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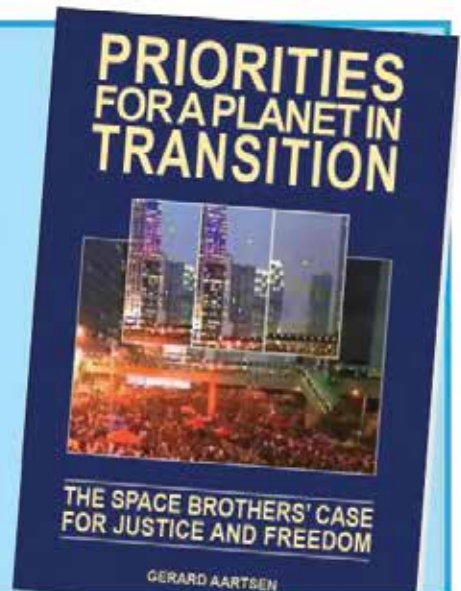
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UNSCRAMBLING THE MYSTERY OF AN INSCRUTABLE CHARACTER: THE REAL ALIEN HUNTER AND WHO HE IS

by Sean
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Most discussions of Commander X begin with this question. Who the heck is he REALLY? This issue is grappled with in the newly released "The Commander X Files – Updated – Identifying the Real Commander X."

In this most recent offering of Commander X's prolific works – as published by Timothy Green Beckley's Inner Light-Global Communications publishing house – the cover teases that the book will identify the "real" Commander X.

Which is true up to a point. But revealing the literal, physical, human identity of Commander X would endanger not only Commander X himself but also many of the people with whom he works as he labors to bring the truth of so many government/alien conspiracies to the attention of that portion of the reading public who are receptive to his general message. The truth can set you free, but it can also lead to imprisonment or assassination, a familiar threat to those who conceal their identities and sources of information as a necessary requisite to doing business.

AN IMPORTANT REVELATION

But Commander X has sanctioned that a little information about his working methods can be uncovered at last – the fact that his writing was often corrected and made more readable by the late Jim Keith, a conspiracy theorist whose story is also a fascinating one in itself.

LEFT: Many mysteries are revealed in the new version of the "The Commander X Files – Updated: Identifying the Real 'Commander X' Alien Hunter."

CRITIQUE AND THE RISE OF AN UNDERCOVER LEADLOWER

Casteel
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Who is the mysterious military operative identified only as "Commander X" in a series of pop culture UFO books?

As Beckley writes in his introduction to "The Commander X Files – Updated," it's all gotten a little complicated over the years. Still, Beckley does offer some tidbits he hopes readers will find satisfying.

"I am going to tell you something," Beckley writes, "that I have never revealed to anyone else before. Some of the books by Commander X were not written in their entirety by him. He had help."

Beckley first addresses the accusation that Commander X is just another disinformation agent. He defends the Commander by saying that the secretive figure had always been aboveboard and honest in his dealings with Beckley himself, which is all Beckley can really know.

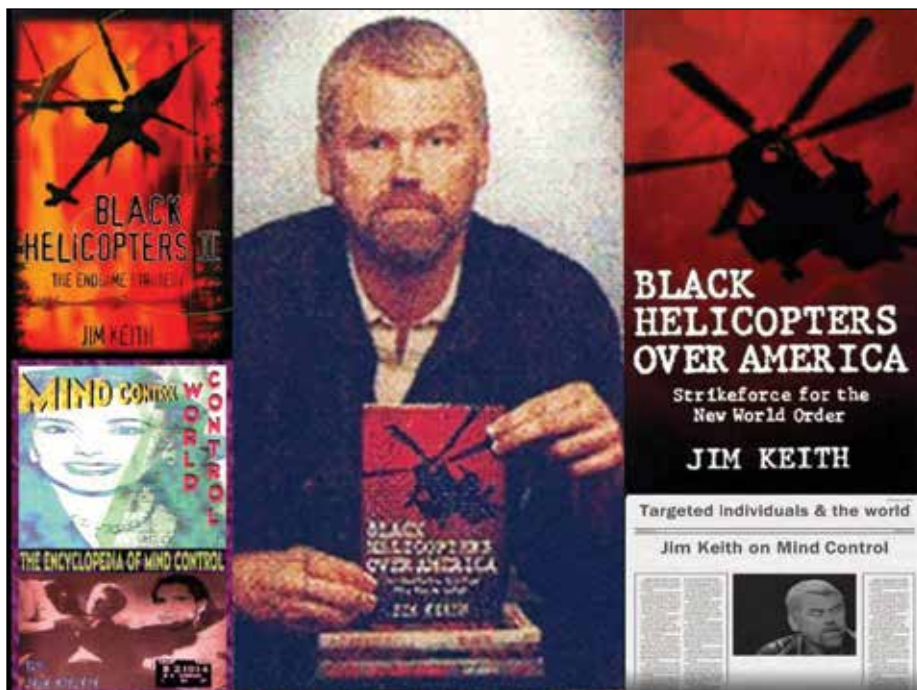
"True, I have never met him in the flesh," Beckley continues, "but in the 'old days' we did exchange correspondence and a couple of telephone calls. I think if you have been an avid reader of the Commander X books, you will agree that he has made some striking revelations. He says he worked at Area 51. That he knows about the underground base at Dulce. Was involved in the government's teleportation program."

WRITING ON THE FLY ISN'T EASY

But Commander X was continually on the run from his enemies, whether they were part of the international cabal or the aliens themselves.

"Often he would submit a few pages at a time," Beckley explains, "ramble on a bit and not complete a project he had started on in all earnest. Even as a small publisher,





we had to adhere to some sort of schedule for the release of a new title. In order for us to fit into a specific timeslot, we had to get the good Commander a bit of literary 'help.' We had to find someone who could polish up a manuscript and fill in some of the blanks. Nothing drastic, mind you, but you still can't put out a book that is full of incomplete thoughts and not rendered in a professional manner."

So Beckley turned to the aforementioned Jim Keith, a writer who was quickly establishing himself as a prominent conspiracy theorist.

"If you have ever been into alternative topics such as black ops, UFOs and mind control, you probably have a number of Jim's books close at hand," Beckley writes. *"His most important works include 'Saucers of the Illuminati,' 'Mind Control, World Control,' 'Casebook of the Men in Black,' 'Black Helicopters Over America,' and 'OK-Bomb!' Unfortunately, tragedy struck at an early age, when Jim Keith passed away suddenly – some say under mysterious circumstances."*

Beckley draws on writer Peter Robbins to fill in some of the background.

"Jim was truly a conspiracist's conspiracist," Robbins writes. *"He spoke at numerous conferences about conspiracies and contributed many articles to journals and magazines. He did not subscribe to the extraterrestrial theory of UFOs and viewed the phenomena as human in origin. He felt that the craft involved were entirely the product of highly classified governmental programs, employing advanced technology."*

In September 1999, Jim was attending **"Burning Man,"** a weeklong arts festival held annually in Black Rock, Nevada, when he broke his knee in a fall from a stage. He underwent emergency surgery in Reno, Nevada, where he resided. During the operation, a blood clot was released and entered his lung, which was the official cause of his death.

"It's particularly tempting," Robbins writes, *"to yell murder when someone so dedicated to conspiratorial thinking, and to bringing government abuses and cover-ups to the attention of the public, dies under such freaky circumstances. If the blood clot was not the cause of his death, as some still maintain, I doubt if we will ever learn what in fact it was."*

WAS JIM KEITH THE 'REAL' COMMANDER X?

Beckley resumes the narrative by writing: "Interestingly enough, at about the same time as Jim Keith's passing – whatever the cause might have been – a 'wild rumor' started to circulate. It was being said that Keith was in reality the mysterious Commander X. These rumors were denied by Keith himself and 'verified' by at least one 'close friend' who thought Jim had taken him into his confidence. Actually, Jim was not lying or covering up for Commander X or, for that matter, our publishing company. He was NOT Commander X. There was – and still is, somewhere out there – an actual Commander X!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE GOOD COMMANDER

Having dealt with these weighty facts and suspicions, "The Commander X Files – Updated" moves on to the writings of Commander X – as told to Jim Keith.

The first chapter, called "Escape to Abduction," is a thrilling opener as it recounts the story of Commander X being warned by a phone call from a friend in the intelligence community that the Commander's cover had been blown and he should "run like hell." As he flees his pursuers (whom he calls "hired murderers who had been hunting me for years, ever since my defection"), he philosophizes that, "I had given it my best shot, and that was all I could do. I had done my best to warn the people of the world about the Secret Government and the gray aliens and their plans, and if I didn't last another day, it would have all been worth it."

Commander X arrives at a grassy overlook at the shoreline of the Pacific Ocean. Thinking he has managed to conceal himself from the human element, he is struck by the sight of two unmarked black helicopters in "whisper mode" who obviously know where he is. They are followed quickly by the appearance of an alien craft, which he calls "truly beautiful in a purely artistic way." The craft shoots a cool white beam of light from its underside that engulfs the Commander in the most intense fear he has ever felt.

"I was about to say that that was when I blacked out, but the term isn't appropriate," he writes. "I whited out. I knew no more."

A typical day in the life for Commander X? It would be a little daunting, to say the least, if that was the case. But the fact of the black helicopters working in concert with an alien ship does serve to illustrate one of Commander X's primary operating assumptions.

"The most horrifying truth that ever confronts a researcher into UFOs and aliens," he writes, "is the realization that, at a certain point, forces within the U.S. government capitulated to and, at least to a certain degree, joined forces with the aliens in their goal to dominate the Earth."

A REVEALING CLANDESTINE CONVERSATION

As an example of the treachery of the gray aliens, Commander X presents a short Q and A with a woman he calls "Miss N," who was employed as an executive secretary at what is known as the A.T.C. (the Alien Technology Center) at an Air Force base the Commander declines to name. The A.T.C. was a secret "sub-facility" that has been in operation since the 1960s.

"It had been believed until recently," Commander X writes, "that this area of [deleted] was under the control of the human forces and engaged in researches positive to human aspirations, but subsequent events showed that this had been a ruse fostered by the gray aliens."

The Commander explains that he often travels incognito to UFO conferences around the country in order to chat with the attendees. Along with the gawkers, the debunkers, and the merely curious, he says one also meets individuals with a real knowledge of the planetary situation.

One such savvy attendee was the aforementioned Miss N, whom Commander X calls “articulate” and “perfectly rational.” He first met her at a UFO convention and she continues to be one of his informants.

“It was apparent to me after speaking with Miss N for a brief while,” he writes, “and after having her pull me aside to see the array of government identification cards which she carried in her wallet, that she knew about what she spoke. While she was terrified and was looking for someone to ease her mind about what she had witnessed at [deleted], she was also privy to an otherwise unreported instance of alien betrayal by the higher-ups in the military.”

Here are portions of Commander X’s dialogue with Miss N, as transcribed from an audio recording:

X. You alluded to a “shutdown” and a “cover-up” at the A.T.C. portion of the base in 1991? I hadn’t heard about that. Could you give me some additional details?

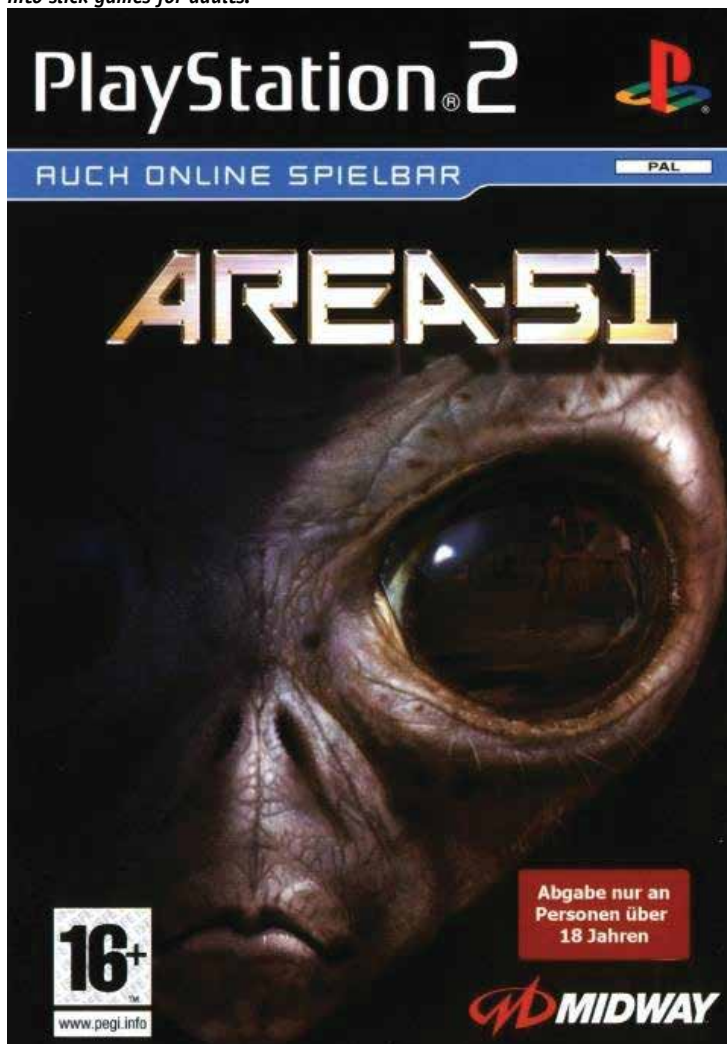


“South Park” characters seem to think that unmarked helicopters are a laughing matter. But some UFO abductees wonder why these menacing earthly aircraft have been keeping tabs on them.

Miss N: I’m surprised you didn’t hear about it considering your connections to the military. I won’t pretend I’m not scared telling you about all of this. They came in, came right into the lab area . . .

X. Who came in? Military intelligence?

Area 51 has become part of America’s pop culture and has even been incorporated into slick games for adults.



Miss N: It was totally transparent what happened. My God, who do they think they are? The talk had been going around that the scientists in Section G, which supposedly dealt with antigravity research from what I heard, had made a big breakthrough. We thought that was supposed to be the purpose of the center, to actually make scientific discoveries, so I guess nobody was trying to hide what they heard. But that wasn’t it at all. It was only supposed to look like that.

X. I’m not quite following you. What happened?

Miss N: Really, I can’t believe that you didn’t hear about this. I heard it was a directive, straight from the grays, that was issued to the brass at the A.T.C. An ultimatum, I guess. They terminated the scientists in Section G and they tried to cover it up by . . .

X. Terminated? Do you mean . . .

Miss N: You know as well as I do that I don’t mean “fired from their job.” I mean they killed them, they killed four scientists in the A.T.C. and they tried to cover it up pretending it was radiation poisoning. They sent the hit team into the compound.

X. Humans?

Miss N: Yes, I’m sorry to say it was humans who did the job. They came into the lab dressed in radiation suits, and the alarms were going off. I heard the shots, even though they used silencers. I heard the shouts and the crashing of equipment. It didn’t last long, maybe three minutes total.

I think you understand as well as I do what the situation is. The research is a total fraud, a cover-up, and they’re keeping the scientists pretty much tethered, giving them little bits and pieces of information and technology. They know that, if we know what they know, then we can fight them, maybe even win. God help me, I hope no one saw me talking to you.

The foregoing conversation between Commander X and Miss N puts in a nutshell so much of what Commander X is all about. There is the collusion between the secret government and the hostile gray aliens, aliens who sometimes masquerade as benefactors to mankind. There is the cloak-and-dagger meeting with an informant who fears being murdered even for speaking in secret. There is an "ear witness" to an unlawful execution of government scientists who somehow drew the anger of the gray aliens by going too far with a technological breakthrough, a breakthrough they had been told they were supposed to pursue.

"I agree with Miss N's assessment that the alien forces will stop at nothing," Commander X writes, "to keep humanity in the dark about advanced technology, while at the same time pretending to offer it to us."

HUMAN ROBOTS AND MUTILATED CATTLE

In another recent offering from Inner Light-Global Communications, entitled "America's Top Secret Treaty with Alien Life Forms," Commander X discusses similar themes of a secret branch of the government's longtime conspiracy with the

gray intruders.

"Primarily, what the government doesn't want people to know," he writes, "is that an actual agreement was drawn up between the military and the group which John Lear and others have identified as the EBEs (short for Extraterrestrial Biological Entities). The key figures taking part in this scenario had no reason to suspect anything but the best from what they had taken into their confidence. The EBEs said they wanted to take a few humans for examination, that they had actually seeded the planet at the time of creation, eons ago, and simply wanted to keep track of their scientific experiment. For being allowed the privilege of abducting members of the human race on a limited basis, they were seemingly willing to give us scientific data which would greatly enhance our technology."

According to Commander X, what the government didn't realize was that the aliens planned to abduct tens of thousands of people, plant monitoring devices in the abductees' brains, and program them with specific series of responses to direct commands. In other words, the aliens were going to take a much bigger bite out of the

human population than what was agreed to and then take complete control of their victims' unsuspecting minds.

"The EBEs – also behind our backs – began to mutilate cows and other animals," Commander X writes, "because they wished to use their tissues to create a genetically advanced race of flesh and blood robots. When the government realized what the EBEs had in mind, and wanted to go back on their agreement, the aliens took over several of the bases where they had already installed underground laboratories."

THE PURPOSE AT HAND

As someone with close military ties, Commander X says he is in a privileged position to know what is going on. He feels it is his patriotic duty to reveal all he knows regardless of the consequences.

"This conspiracy has gone on far too long," he writes, "and it surely would continue were it not for the a few brave souls who have literally risked their very lives to leak the story of the century to a public that has been left in 'blissful ignorance.' I can testify to the fact that this conspiracy leads right up to the front gate of the White House and

Unmarked choppers upon occasion have been seen in association with unidentified flying objects. Particularly well known is their connection to the Cash-Landrum case in 1980s Texas.



behind the walls of the Kremlin; for it is a secret that all the major world powers share, but continue to keep to themselves, for fear of what the repercussions of their actions and the eventual outcome of the situation may be."

One would certainly hope to be among the "few brave souls" Commander X refers to and do one's part to help to break the leash the grays and their government allies hold us to heel with, to use an unfortunate "dog" metaphor. In taking up the struggle, the reader should begin by familiarizing oneself with the books of Commander X, which are published to the potential peril of many

in the fields of UFO and conspiracy research. Let us hope that there is still time to undo the damage that has already been done.

SUGGESTED READING LIST AND AUDIO/VIDEO ARCHIVES:

- THE COMMANDER X FILES – UPDATED – IDENTIFYING THE REAL "COMMANDER X," ALIEN HUNTER
- AMERICA'S TOP SECRET TREATY WITH ALIEN LIFE FORMS
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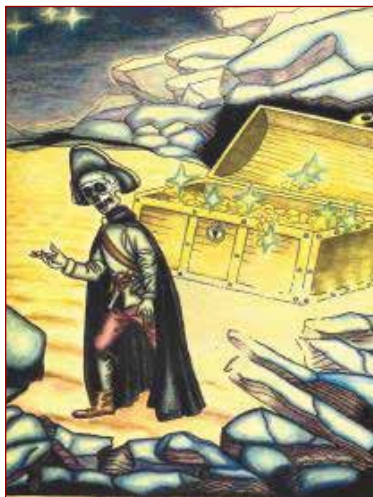
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MAY THE FORCE - HOPEFULLY - BE WITH YOU: TREASURES FOUND AND LOST THROUGH PSYCHIC MEANS

by Timothy Green Beckley

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The exact details escape me with the fog of time. But I do know it was during the time that I was managing the New York School of Occult Arts and Sciences out of a 2200 square foot loft on 14th street on the outskirts of Greenwich Village. All manner of UFOlogist, psychic, palm reader, crystal ball gazer, seer and prophet passed through our second floor doorway in order to present their theories and concepts on the vast unexplained world of the paranormal. We're talking about the likes of Dr. Stanley Krippner, who did a pilot study in mental telepathy with the Grateful Dead; Clive Backster, an interrogation specialist for the Central Intelligence Agency, best known for his experiments with plants using a polygraph instrument in the 1960s; as well as the late Alan Vaughn, one of the best goddamn researchers and experiencers in parapsychology this side of the Brooklyn Bridge.

But the one individual who stands out in my mind from those days is my longtime friend, Shawn Robbins, considered to be among the top ten psychics in America. Shawn and I worked together in the "glory days" of occultism in NYC. My metaphysical center was probably one of the first of its kind in the country (later on, such psychic "schools" could be found from coast to coast) and people were quite serious in their endeavors to make sense out of all the way-out, otherworldly phenomena that were taking place around them.

Shawn had quite a reputation as a both a psychic and a medium. When not teaching in our facility between Seventh and Eighth Avenues in Manhattan, she busied herself acting as a special consultant with the New York City Police Department and as one of the three original psychics in the CIA Stargate program, trained



Psychic Shawn Robbins and author Tim Beckley tried their best to uncover a sunken treasure trove.

to spy on the Soviet Government. Her code name was Madame Zodiac.

But, for most, Shawn was one of the original ghost hunters and mediums utilized by famed parapsychologist Hans Holzer in dozens of haunted houses across America. He would often hypnotize her and she would “remote-view” to one of the sites Hans indicated he was interested in obtaining some sort of validation on. During one of these hypnotic sessions, Shawn was asked about the possible location of a sunken treasure off the coast of Long Island. And even though she did get specific about its location, at the time no one bothered to check out the information that she had “tuned into.”

When I heard about this supposed treasure trove that lay within fifty miles of our door, I couldn't help but think that if we found the sunken loot we would be able to fund our fledgling metaphysical center. Perhaps convert some of our second-hand folding chairs to cushioned seats – which would make it far better to do out of the body travel and practice meditation techniques.

Using a divining rod and a map of Long Island, Shawn believed she had found the spot and we were both excited to go on our first treasure hunt. We “hijacked” a rowboat and started heading out to sea. We believed the treasure would be within easy reach. Well, we rowed and rowed and rowed and it was getting dark. We realized that, since we were not properly equipped for a nighttime vigil, we should head back. But the current was going in the wrong direction and we did not seem to be gaining any traction in our attempt to return to the dock. Our lack of experience on the open seas and our confusion in which way to paddle were taking their toll. Eventually we did make it back, totally exhausted and

with the thrill of the hunt somewhat diminished – at least for that day.

For one reason or another we never went back to look for the sunken swag. But I did get my first taste of treasure hunting with a psychic and, to this day, when Shawn and I happen to chat we always look back upon this incident and have a good laugh. But I can't help but think that if we hadn't caught a good wave or two we would be out drifting in the Bermuda Triangle by now.

URI GELLER BECOMES A TREASURE FINDING MILLIONAIRE

You have to hand it to Israeli born Uri Geller – luck just seems to come his way in utter abundance. And though he keeps it a closely guarded secret (except from someone like yours truly, your unrepentant seeker of fame and fortune), UFOs are at least partially responsible for uncovering a number of “treasures” in his career.

Hey, as everyone knows, Uri and I go way back to the time he first came to America under the guidance of the late Andrija Puharich, who had seen him performing catchpenny magic tricks in the basement of some Tel Aviv nightclub. Mixed in with these unremarkable feats of prestidigitation, however, there seemed to be legitimate phenomena of the mind reading and metal bending type.

Now, I can attest to Uri's uncanny ability. I don't think he was faking it when he asked me to place one of my keys – not one of his! – on a desktop a good ten feet from where he was standing in the Manhattan apartment of health and fitness journalist Herbert Bailey. Herb, who was a rather well known science writer, had given Uri one of his spare keys, a fairly heavy one, and Geller proceeded to stroke it with his finger. The key began to slowly bend until it was bent over about maybe 30 degrees. When we checked later, my key on the faraway table also showed signs of bending, though its fold was a lot less critical than Herbert's, perhaps because of the distance between Geller and the key in question?

We even took Geller up to see boxing champion of the world, the great Muhammad Ali. The boxer had previously shared his immense interest in UFOs with us, telling our group about some of his 21 sightings, including a cigar-shaped vessel that passed directly in front of his limousine while driving toward his Cherry Hill, New Jersey, estate north along the New Jersey turnpike. While at Ali's training camp on another occasion, I observed Geller hold his hand over the ring finger of Ali's wife, Belinda, and make the stone inside of the ring she was wearing suddenly disappear and the setting it had been encased in to bend. He also put a deep indent into a heavy religious metal worn by Ali's sparring partner with only the push of his thumb. Of course, it could be trickery, like escape artist and illusionist the Amazing Randi claims. (Uri once shared a tiny office on Fifth Avenue back in the time when Randi was nowhere near as skeptical about such paranormal matters, and before Geller sued him and won in court!). But, hell, I am not so sure. It looked pretty legit to me, and I don't think I was under any hypnotic spell.

Frankly, Geller has never denied liking the good things in life. Perhaps “La Dolce Vita” should be his middle name. The charismatic mystic thinks of himself as a “psychic geologist,” where we might playfully identify him as a fortune-telling fortune seeker. How did he get so wealthy? Well, apparently, by diving for oil and submerged wrecks, albeit with

BELOW: Uri Geller outside his UK mansion showing off car with his private collection of bent utensils. UFOs could have lead him to several treasures.



Page 42: Psychic Shawn Robbins and author Tim Beckley tried their best to uncover a sunken treasure trove.

a little help from his extraterrestrial friends.

“I definitely believe UFOs – flying saucers – are responsible,” Geller told me as we chatted away in his fashionably modern Manhattan apartment, where he lived before abandoning these digs for a plusher “palace” in England. “This is something I hesitate to talk about simply because of the sensational nature of what I am about to reveal. However, it is time, I believe, that the public should know what’s going on.”

Uri says that his first encounter with a “space ship” transpired in a quiet garden, right across the street from his parents’ home in Tel Aviv. He was not even ten years old at the time. “One day, my ears perked up as I became conscious of a high-pitched, ringing noise in the air. Looking up, I saw a peculiar sight. There, overhead, was a silvery mass – a shiny object. It came down so low at one point that I felt like I could almost reach up with my extended hand and touch it. Suddenly, I passed out. When I came to, I ran home and told my mother what I’d seen. She didn’t believe me, but deep down I knew something of tremendous importance had just happened.”

Shortly thereafter, Geller noticed strange things taking place around him. The minute and hour hands of his wristwatch would move forward or backward by themselves.

Small household utensils would disappear and then show up elsewhere. He was even able to receive telepathic thoughts from complete strangers. Still later, Uri found he possessed the ability to make spoons, forks, keys and other metal bend – simply by thinking about what he wished to accomplish.

“I had ample reason to believe I was being prepared for some important mission, even as a young man.” Uri says that on one occasion he was drawn to an open field just outside of Tel Aviv. “There was this sphere – a UFO – hanging as if from a string. I walked over to it and went inside. When I returned to my friends, they noticed that I was holding something in my tightly clenched fist. Opening my hand, we all saw that it was a cylindrical cartridge, the kind used in a certain brand of ballpoint pen. I gave it to one of those present. Later, in a tense voice, this individual announced that he believed the object belonged to a pen he had been writing with several days earlier. The cartridge had vanished as he sat writing a letter at his desk. ‘Someone’ had ‘taken’ it from him and returned it under very odd circumstances.”

Another time, when Uri was riding in an airplane, he demanded proof. Lo and behold, a UFO pulled up outside his window and he managed to grab his camera and take a picture.

For a brief period Uri moved to the isolated skiing village of Ponte Di Legno and took up painting. “It was like something was guiding me. I did thirty canvases in twelve days, and they were huge paintings.”

One evening, around dusk, a friend in another part of the building came and interrupted what Uri was doing and said that he should come immediately. “He had been standing outdoors, looking toward the nearby snow-covered mountains, when a large black disc-shaped object caught his attention. It was wobbling about over the nearby peaks. Following his gaze, I saw a brightly lit sphere headed toward us. We were not the only witnesses. There were twelve additional observers, all responsible people.”

At this point, the most baffling event of Uri’s paranormal career took place, the event that is the most germane to our writings. “A beam of light shot from out of the bottom section of the craft. It engulfed the entire house. Suddenly, we heard a clanging sound on the roof and on the pavement. There, falling from the sky, were 50 and 100 lira pieces. It was literally raining money!”

Uri says that altogether maybe 300 coins had fallen from the sky. The psychic and his companions gave chase and followed the UFO for miles out of town. The object seemed to come down in a clearing near

BELOW: Uri Geller took this picture of three UFOs from his seat on a Lufthansa Jet.



where a decorated Christmas tree had been planted by someone or “something.” It wasn’t growing there. It was not planted in the soil. It had been stuck there and was over ten feet tall.

Over the years Geller has had numerous other UFO-related experiences. His first “big heist” was while seated in an airplane and peering out the window at the ground 15,000 feet below. He had been hired on a speculative basis to hunt for oil deep beneath the earth in South Africa. He would get paid nothing if he didn’t come up with a site that could be drilled profitably. If he found oil, he would get a certain percentage. Apparently, Uri picked the exact spot where the crude black bubbly existed far below the earth and both he and his oil speculator associates hit it big. Uri became a millionaire and got himself a nice mansion in the U.K. where he married and has lived happily ever after.

And, while Geller is now in the process of selling his estate in England and taking a more reasonably-sized apartment in his homeland, he still dabbles in treasure hunting whenever the opportunity presents itself.

URI GELLER'S “TREASURE ISLAND”

A couple of years ago an article was posted on the website of “Scotland on Sunday,” a Scottish newspaper, in which the reporter recounts a meeting with Uri. At the time, Geller said he prefers to call himself a “mystifier” – something more akin to an entertainer – as he obligingly bent spoons with only a gentle rubbing of the handle for the reporter and the staff of the restaurant where the interview was being conducted.

Geller was preparing to spend his first night on Scotland’s Lamb Island, the tiny basalt outcrop he bought in 2009.

“There is a really powerful energy here,” Geller told the reporter. “There is something about the ambiance, the atmosphere. It could be because of the geological forces. It could be because there is something mysterious here. I don’t know. I just feel it.”

Geller talked about climbing the hill that overlooks the town of North Berwick and the islands off its coast, including the Lamb. He joked with the reporter that he had not been winded by the effort involved in ascending the hill.

“I am in good shape,” he said, aged 62 at the time. “That is what positive thinking does for you.”

From the summit of the hill, he was rewarded by his first sight of the island, saying, “I was thrilled. It was quite amazing.

I thought, ‘What did I buy?’ I can’t believe the Scottish government let it go. But it’s mine now!”

Lamb Island is considered a UFO hotspot, the flying saucer phenomena being one of Geller’s great preoccupations over the course of his life, as we have observed

Then there is the legend of Scota. She was a sister of the Egyptian pharaoh, Tutankhamun, who fled her homeland and, the story goes, gave her name to a windswept land far to the northwest of Europe.

Geller has a theory that Scota moored her ships off Lamb Island and suspects she may have left some treasure behind her. The “mystifier” was set to camp on the tiny rock and to use the ancient art of dowsing to see if he could figure out where the hoard might be.

“I won’t keep the treasure,” Geller said. “And I won’t go and start digging things up. I will see if I can feel where something might be. And, if I get a sense, I shall come back with the proper permission and dig. If I find anything, I’ll give it to a Scottish museum.”

Geller’s buying Lamb Island with the intention of dowsing for treasure there is vaguely reminiscent of Jesus’s words in Matthew 13, verse 44: “The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field, which a man found and covered up; then in his joy he goes and sells all that he has and buys the field.”

Has Geller purchased a UFO landing area that boasts the added bonus of potential buried Egyptian wealth? Knowing Uri as I do, I wouldn’t be surprised. If the treasure is ever found, then assuredly it will add to Uri’s wealth – before he gives it to some charity, of course!

BUT YOU CAN'T SPEND IT ON “MARS!” - DID THE VISITORS ABSCOND WITH WHITLEY STRIEBER'S BANK ACCOUNT?

I would have to say that Whitley Strieber is a decent enough person, someone you would like to trust. Certainly, his experiences belong in the “high strangeness” category, which might make them suspect to some people of a more skeptical frame of mind. But if Whitley’s story about “missing money” is true, we’d better watch our P’s and Q’s.

Whitley Strieber first wrote about his experiences of being abducted by aliens he called the “Visitors” in his 1987 bestseller “Communion.” It was a wildly popular book

that Strieber says brought him his “fifteen minutes of fame,” along with tumultuous changes in his life and countless mysteries that remain largely unresolved even today. The first of the several sequels that followed was called “Transformation: The Breakthrough,” published in 1988, in which he resumed the continuing saga of the changes being wrought in him by the Visitors.

“Transformation” includes a story about the aliens leading Strieber to confront his own arrogance and hubris, an experience that began with a visit from Strieber’s brother, Richard.

Strieber had recently sent Richard the book “Communion” in manuscript form. The book caused Richard some degree of discomfort, though he did not doubt that his brother Whitley had experienced something quite real. Richard decided to visit Whitley, his wife, Anne, and their son, Andrew, at the Strieber’s upstate New York cabin where many of the events recorded in “Communion” had taken place.

“At about eight in the evening,” Strieber writes, “we all went for a walk to the meadow that lies beyond our woods. As we moved through the woods, I was feeling quite proud of my place and of the bestsellers like ‘Warday’ that had enabled me to buy it. Perhaps I was doing a little too much prideful explaining to my younger brother. Suddenly I heard a loud, very old and low voice say, ‘Arrogance! I can do what I wish to you.’ I practically jumped out of my skin. The others had gotten ahead of me on the path. Their total lack of reaction told me they hadn’t heard a thing.”

After reaching the meadow, the moon began to rise, with a beautiful star shining near it that Strieber assumed was Jupiter. Then Richard noticed the “star” was moving and told the others, who began to pay closer attention. The object moved toward the moon, disappeared as it crossed the face, and then reappeared on the other side. At one point it seemed to increase in size and move toward the group before finally disappearing for good.

“The next moment,” Strieber writes, “it seemed to me that there was a light fog around us in the meadow. I had the impression that three people were coming out of the woods toward us. I called to my son, momentarily confused as to his whereabouts even though he was standing right beside me.”

Richard would later tell Strieber that he had had that same impression about there being three people standing where Strieber had been looking. The group returned to the cabin and the rest of the night passed uneventfully.

Striever's thoughts returned to the voice he had heard just before they all saw the traveling "star."

"The voice had been so loud and so real – and so incredibly stern," he marveled. "WAS I getting too arrogant? I didn't feel particularly prideful. One doesn't, I suppose, when one is."

The previous Friday Strieber had made a large transfer of funds from one bank to another. This represented all the cash he had. Without the money, he would have been unable to meet his obligations and would have been forced into bankruptcy.

"Late Monday afternoon," he continued, "my accountant called to tell me that the money had disappeared. My agent told me it was a computer error of some kind. Nobody could understand what had happened. I was frantic. Beside myself. But before I could get a fuller explanation the banks all closed for the day."

Striever sweated through Monday night in a state of terrible agitation. He possessed only what was in his wallet and he saw visions of he and his family being tossed out into the streets. On Tuesday morning he was told that an "inexplicable computer error" had caused the money literally "to evaporate into electronic oblivion." However, sufficient paper records were eventually found and the money was recovered.

"Nobody at the banks had ever seen anything like it," Strieber writes. "As I put down the phone after being told this good news, Anne came into my office. She'd just seen another disk, going in the same direction as the first, at just the moment that the call had come through. It was like the period at the end of a sentence.

"My frame of mind was such that I became convinced that the Visitors had just made a show of strength. It was like a lesson in humility, expertly designed and managed, and incredibly effective. After seeing all that money evaporate before my eyes, I was a chastened man. I might well have had a taste of what they could do to me unless I admitted my arrogance and made an effort to change."

WHERE DID THE DIAMONDS GO?

One last account to keep you on the edge of your seat.

Back in the late 1960s and early 70s I shared an office on Fifth Avenue with Jim Moseley (it was actually HIS office) and the Amazing Randi. We were listed in the phone book under "Saucer News," so people could find us and did pop in from time to time unannounced.

Sometime during the middle of the week I think it was the front door to the office creaked open (there was no back or side door as this was a one room affair) and a gentlemen sporting a long black coat and hat walked into our space. He had a long gray beard, and I knew right away he was a Hasidic Jew from the way he dressed.

He wanted to know if he could tell me something. I knew that Jews don't try to convert gentiles so I was curious as to what he wanted. He began to tell me a story about how he was in Israel driving alone along a darkened stretch of road at night. He was carrying with him a pouch full of rather valuable diamonds that had been given to him by a jewelry wholesaler on approval with the understanding that if he sold them he would get a nice commission. This is a normal transaction in the diamond business, especially if you have known someone for a while and trust them.

Anyway, the gentleman came upon a fog bank as he was driving; he slowed down but did not stop. He said that while in the fog bank he could see a brilliant white light in front of him. The next day he discovered that the pouch with the diamonds had gone missing. He looked all over the car and went through his many pockets, but they did not turn up. He was afraid that the individuals would think he had stolen their valuables and would harm him if he did not return the valuable sparklers post haste – something which he could not possibly do since he did not possess

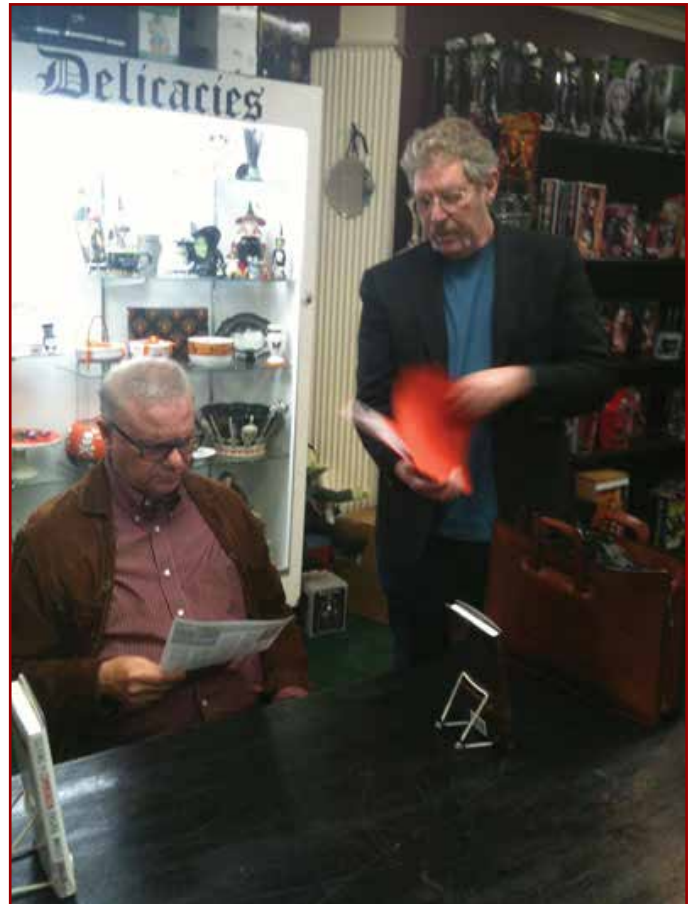
them any longer.

The gentleman was quite anxious and wanted to know how he might go about finding them. Could the spirit world perhaps be approached? Were UFOs behind all of this? What should he do?

I told him point blank that I wasn't sure, but in other cases of "mysterious disappearances" similar to this one, the objects usually turned up sometime later in a roundabout way. My sister once had a ring disappear after a UFO hovered near her apartment and it showed up inside a breadbox.

He stopped in the next time he was in New York City and thanked me for taking away at least part of his anxiety. The diamonds did eventually show up, though I can't remember where they eventually transported themselves to.

So here are your treasure-hunting stories involving UFOs, both positive and negative. Hopefully, you will have a positive story to relate to us next time around. Drop us at line at mrufo8@hotmail.com and we will tell the world but keep your identity confidential if you so desire.



ABOVE: Sean Casteel hangs with Whitley Strieber at a book signing. Luckily the Visitors had returned the best selling author's vanished bank account.



A STRANGE ENCOUNTER IN VAL GARDENA, ITALY

by Umberto Visani
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Even inside the international UFO research community, the topic of the contact experiences remains a hotly debated phenomenon. Some researchers believe that, given the intrinsic oddity of such experiences, the phenomenon is nothing more than the product of the contactees' fervid imagination. Such an attitude is totally unscientific because it does not lead to any serious investigation.

However, many other researchers contest this aprioristic method and do examine carefully every testimony, no matter how much strange or weird it might sound, thus attesting that many accounts are not hoaxes nor hallucinations.

Here I discuss a famous case from Italy which presents one of the most well documented and captivating encounter to date.

WALTER'S STORY

July 1968, 0.30 a.m. It was a Saturday night, and Walter Marino Rizzi, a commercial agent, was driving his car on the Gardena Pass, a mountain road in Trentino, Italy's most northern region, when he found himself amid a dense fog, which is extremely unusual in summer. Given the scarce visibility, he decided that he'd better stop and sleep inside his car after parking it in a small resting area. Walter had scarcely fallen asleep when he was suddenly awakened by a strange smell, as if something was getting on fire. Thinking that his Fiat Seicento might be the cause of that smell, he had a look at the engine, but everything seemed okay. Upon examining his car, Walter's attention was drawn by a powerful light at about 1500 ft. from his position. At first glance it looked like a hotel terrace, but the problem

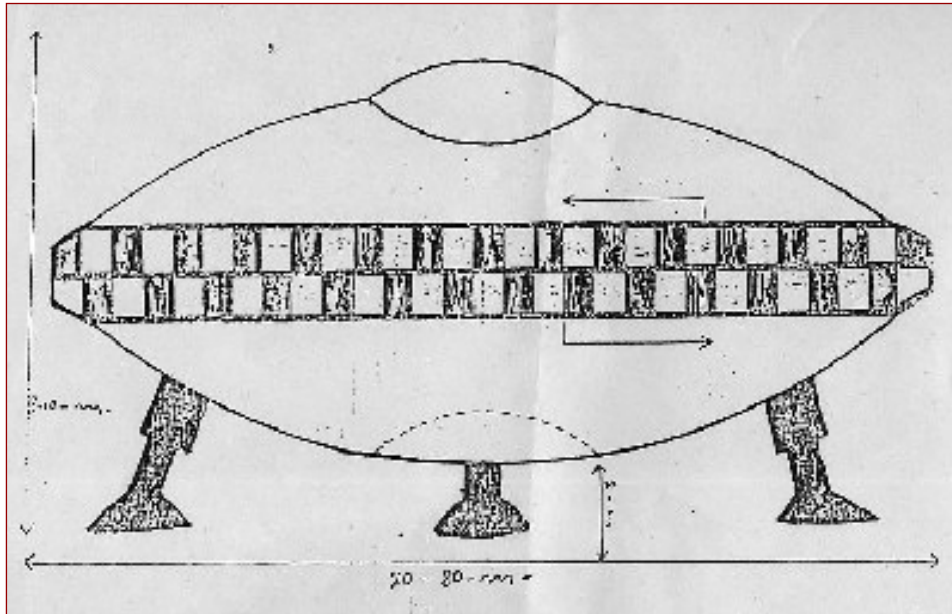
was, as Walter knew well, that there were no hotels there.

Being very puzzled, Walter started to walk towards the strange light. As he got nearer, he noticed that there was a huge flying disc immersed in a whitish light: it was about 210-240 ft. in diameter, surmounted by a transparent dome. Showing both bravery and curiosity, Walter kept on getting closer. At about 150 ft. from the object, he saw that on the right side of the disc there was a 7 ft. tall three legged cylindrical robot which was holding the external rim of the object in one of his arm and was making it turn, maybe, as Walter suggested, because it was trying to fix some technical issues.

Walter could then see some further details: the white light surrounded the object as a dress and its consistency highly resembled

that of a solid object rather than a light. Walter was at a very short distance from the mysterious object when he felt totally paralyzed as if he weighted a ton. He could not move, even breathing caused him pain. There were a strong heat and the same smell he had perceived while still in his car.

The disc's dome was getting particularly brilliant and Walter, upon looking at it, noticed two beings in there. He had no time to examine them, since some kind of hatch was opened on the lower part of the disc, emitting a strong orange light. A weird being came out of it, wearing a helmet on his head, apparently made of glass, and a tight silver suit. The entity got close to Walter, gliding on the ground. It was 5 ft. 4in. tall, brown hair, big and slightly oblique eyes, just like cats' eyes,



UFO sighted by Mr. Rizzi.

with green-blue iris and oval pupils. Its nose too, being very small, showed some similarity with a feline nose. Its lips were very thin and the skin was olive green, as smooth as silk. To Walter's astonishment, its feet looked like hooves and the forearms were too long, while the hands were thin and long too.

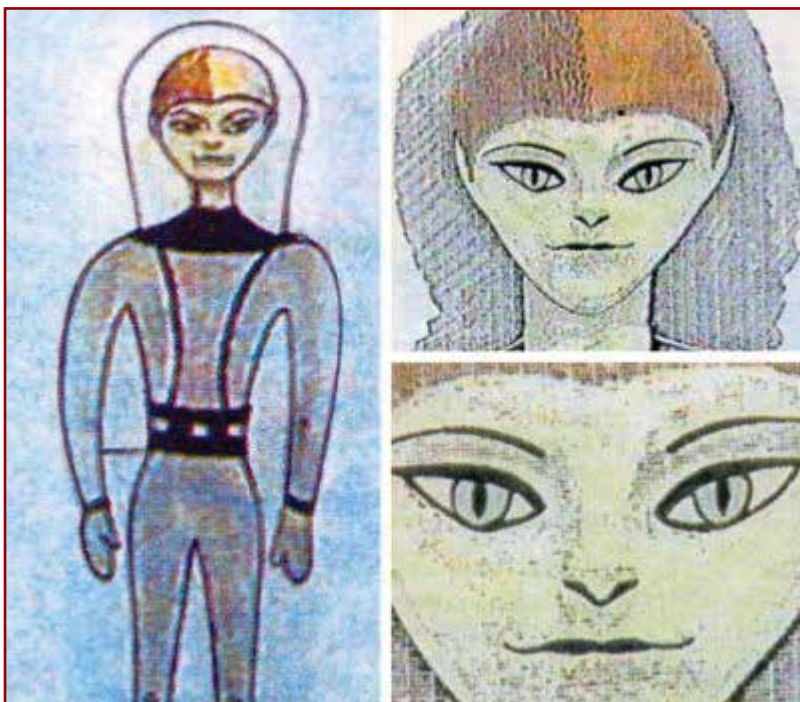
The visual contact with this appalling being, which does sound so unusual, caused Walter a feeling of bliss and utmost happiness: he felt free as a bird and wished to hug the entity, but realized that he was still paralyzed. So he decided to ask him, in Italian, from where he came, but no sooner had he started to move his lips than he received the reply right in his mind. That's how the conversation went on, on a typical telepathic level. The alien started to tell Walter many things about his origin. He allegedly came from a planet very far from our galaxy, illuminated by two suns. Then the alien being went on to talk about the society and community where he lived, describing it as a typical utopian place, as often happens in alleged contacts with aliens: everyone lived in harmony, no wars, no illness, just happiness all around. As regards his species, the alien told Walter that their liver and heart were oversized in order to over-pump both blood and

brain. The latter, in particular, would be very big and capable of things totally unknown to humans.

The most interesting data, however, concern the UFO: the alien stated that it had no bolts since it was made in a single piece with a metal much more resistant than any other on Earth and capable of self-repairing. Moreover, their spaceships would have made use of the planets' gravity to get their propulsion and thus reaching a faster than light speed. Not only that, such alien race knew teleportation: of course, Mr. Rizzi did not use this word, since nobody was aware of this technology in 1968 in Italy.

But these are not the only aspects to give further credibility to a testimony that is grounded solely on the protagonist's account: in fact, Mr. Rizzi reported that the alien had told him that space travels face the risks caused by the existence of some small celestial objects whose density and magnetic force of attraction is so strong that they can attract spaceships from a long distance. Who said black holes? Needless to remember that their official discovery would have taken place three years later, in 1971.

Alien met by Mr. Rizzi.



Then Mr. Rizzi asked the alien why its race did not share their technology with humanity, but the extraterrestrial replied that they could not interfere with our evolution and that it was extremely dangerous for them to stay on our planet because they would become old much sooner.

Besides, according to the alien, humanity would be in for a nasty surprise: in a near future, the Poles would change their position and this would cause massive earthquakes and tsunamis that would kill almost 80% of the population on Earth.

In the meantime, the robot had stopped repairing the disc and had come inside. Mr. Rizzi felt that his talk with the alien was about to end. He implored the alien to take him on board, but his request was refused because his human body would have not stood the inner vibrations of the disc. The alien retreated and

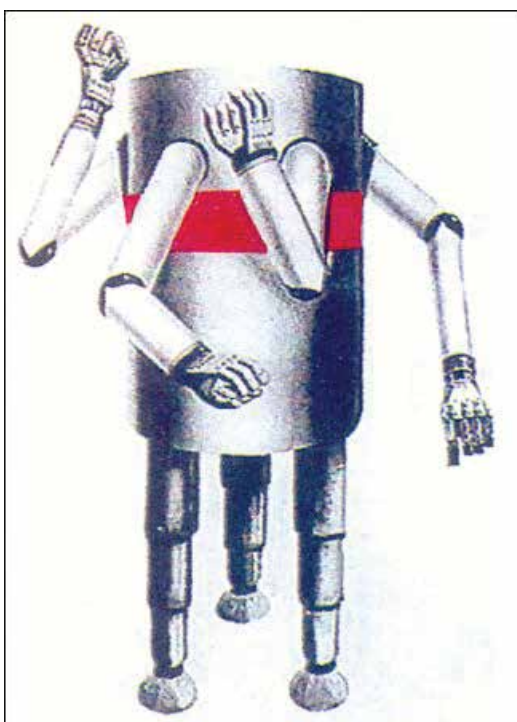
got into the object, while an invisible force lifted Mr. Rizzi and pulled him back at about 600 ft. from the object. A sense of peace spread in his mind observing the object taking off in an intense white light. Then the object, after emitting a loud whirring sound, almost disappeared in less than two seconds at incredible speed.

Still upset but aware of the reality of his experience, Mr. Rizzi walked back to his car. In the next few days, showing a positive mental attitude, he decided to examine the area of the encounter. There he picked up some samples and took several photographs. The most significant finding was that the grass where the disc had landed was showing an inexplicable overgrowth, as if the object had somehow influenced its normal growth. Again, this is a particular aspect that takes our attention because in 1968 it was not connected to the Ufo phenomena as it would have been in the next decades, especially in connection with crop circles.

Mr. Rizzi told his relatives about his strange meeting,



Passo Gardena, Trentino, Italy.



Robot repairing the UFO.



Passo Gardena, Trentino, Italy

but nobody believed him except his daughter who had moved to California. So he decided to talk to her face to face and, once he got there, they started to contact several UFO groups all over the United States, but he was given no reply, so came back to Italy, feeling very depressed and underestimated. A few years later he wrote a book of memories and that's how his case came to light, but he did not try to exploit his experience on tv shows or gain money from it, as he always thought that nobody would trust him, no matter the hard facts he would show.

On first analysis, one would legitimately think that Mr. Rizzi had invented this story, but some strong interrogatives remain: how could a man of medium culture, whose scientific preparation was almost nil, make such outstanding recognitions about black holes, self-repairing materials, teleportation and space propulsion? And what about his claims concerning the grass overgrowth, i.e. something we know about just after decades of research by experts on freshly made crop circles? That's why his account seems genuine, even if not supported by photographs or other evidence but his testimony.

CONCLUSIONS

As this case shows, a lot of times the irrational makes a gap in the everyday reality and mysterious beings come out of it. Starting to laugh instead of proceeding to a thorough analysis is not a scientific approach, but it is the approach of most of the scientific class.

So it's up to serious researchers to analyze the data and try to find an answer to the origin of the phenomenon.

There are innumerable proofs that show that the phenomenon is objective and real. But as soon as we start talking about objectiveness we find ourselves in deep trouble: in the past, these entities looked (or wished to appear?) like angels, demons, fairies, ghouls, dwarves, spirits... and such a situation goes on up to the Forties, when the wind of change seemed to sweep away all the previous traditions, substituted by the Space Age and the subsequent encounters with extraterrestrial beings.

Is it a problem of the observer who tries to explain what he sees according to the cultural level of the time he is living (in this case the intimate origin of the phenomenon would be 100% extraterrestrial) or are these beings willingly showing themselves in a way that would suit best the expectations of the observer (and so the extraterrestrial hypothesis would be a product of these specific times)?

This is the question we should try to answer, but we know that two different phenomena could be at work and they do not exclude one another.

book review

UFOS OVER ROMANIA

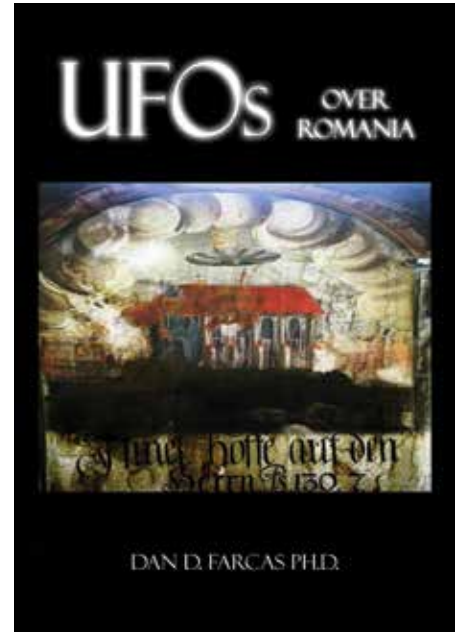
Reviewed by Albert S Rosales

by Dan D. Farcas PhD

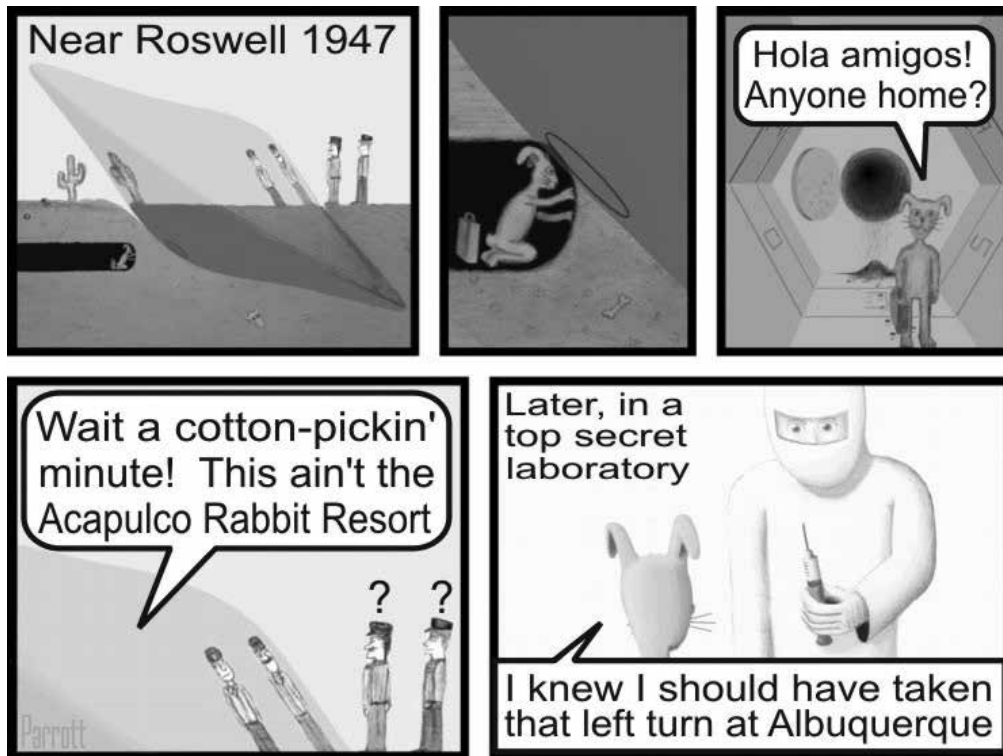
Another much needed and long overdue regional study and in the English language!. Renown Romanian Ufologist Dan Farcas new book "UFOS over Romania" covers a region (country) with a rich history of unusual phenomena and "legends" i.e. Vlad the Impaler which the character Count Dracula was supposedly modelled after. UFOs have always been around Romania, however this was little known in the West, except for a few and far between cases which publications such as Flying Saucer Review and The APRO Bulletin made known. And this not for a lack of many well-qualified UFO researchers from that country top among them the late Calin Turcu which I was lucky to correspond with back in the late 90's.

Dan Farcas has done an excellent job in illustrating the rich Ufological history of his native country Romania, covering early cases (so-called pre-Arnold) which were indeed abundant in Romania, the extensive photographic evidence is also covered, landings, trace cases and most importantly various baffling Humanoid or CE3 cases, some known in the west, but most unknown.

And of he covers other aspects of the close encounter phenomenon such as bedroom visitations, abductions and many high-strangeness episodes. The folkloric and religious aspect is also expertly detailed. Important Romanian UFO Organizations, such as RUFORS, and ASFAN which are still active are also extensively. I highly recommend this essential Ufological masterpiece, is full of important necessary information.



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STRANGE ENCOUNTER

by William Kern

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2017



Hobart was a first class ship built in Bay City, Michigan as an Adams class Destroyer and was later modified to fire guided missiles, becoming a Guided Missile Destroyer of the RAN.

Hobart was hit by air to surface missiles fired from USAF aircraft while on station supporting allied forces in South Vietnam.

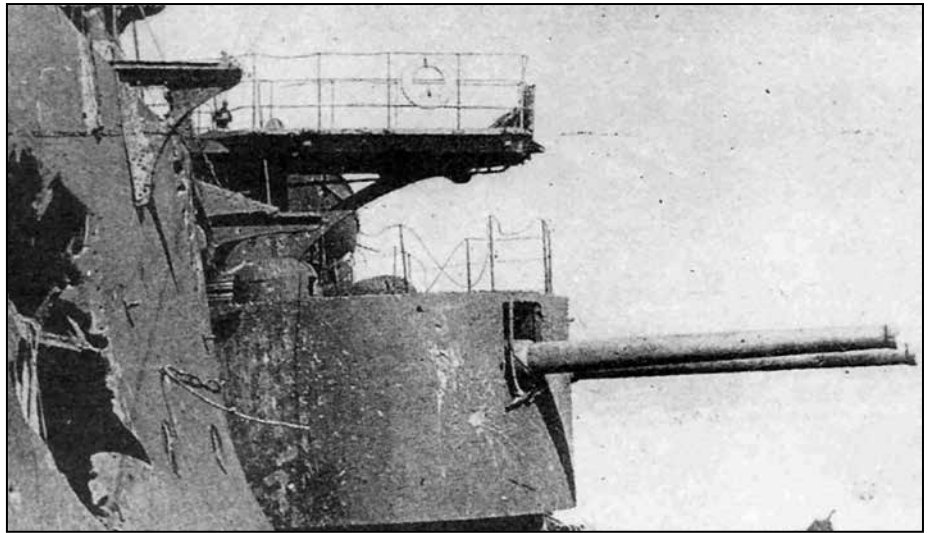
I was stationed at Subic Bay (Cubi Point) Republic of the Philippines and was assigned to photograph damage to Hobart after she pulled in to Subic Bay for repairs.

Because of the nature of our duties while assigned to the intelligence facility, we knew even before Hobart arrived that it had been struck by missiles from USAF aircraft. That is precisely why we were assigned to photograph the damage. We knew that crew members had been wounded; others killed. Some sailors with whom we spoke were certain the ship had been attacked by American planes and none offered an alternate opinion. Not one crew member, including some who were on deck when the strikes occurred, hinted that the ship had been attacked by UFOs.

Although I cannot categorically state that Hobart was not struck or attacked by UFOs, the damage I recorded indicated that it was not some alien ray gun or pulse weapon that damaged the ship. I've seen this damage before.

I've been aboard Hobart. I talked to some of her crew.

The story of the Hobart being attacked by UFOs was invented much later, most likely to cover up the culpability of the U.S. in the event. After all, nearly fifty years had passed before the claim was posed that UFOs were responsible. Many of the crew members of Hobart are dead, as are many Americans who served in SEACO during that time. From whom shall we seek the truth? Find some surviving Hobart sailors and ask them.



This little vignette is provided to add some corroboration to the following report of TLOs that I witnessed while stationed at Cubi during the same period.

I believe Hobart returned to duty in SEACO around the end of July, 1968 and the two TLOs were observed shortly thereafter (August).

But the sighting and this report is some slim evidence that UFOs and TLOs were certainly in the area during that period of time. Whether they had any involvement in the attacks on the two Australian ships (Hobart and Edson) and one US ship (Chicago, a cruiser) on the same night, I am not at liberty to address and have no opinion.

I was transferred back to CONUS November, 1968 and was assigned to USS Constellation at North Island, California. I retired from USN in 1975.

It is a grand and terrible thing that the hero should be the only one to see his heroism from the inside, to see into its very vitals, and that everyone else sees it only from the outside, in its external features. It is for this reason that the hero lives alone in the midst of men and that his solitude serves him as comforting company.

- Unamuno

SIGHTING! TLOS IN SEATO

NOTE: I am reasonably certain about the date of the sighting because, as I recall, the USS Ajax, AR6, had departed for Japan two or three weeks earlier, around the last week of July or first week of August, 1968. Ajax, having arrived near the end of June, had been in port to repair gun mounts aboard the USS Boston. The repairs, as I recall, took approximately seven to ten days. A former shipmate served in Ajax and he had invited me aboard for an hour or so.

If any shall read this, former officers and crewmembers of the Ajax will immediately know where this sighting occurred.

THE EVENT

I watched two TLOs (Transient Luminous Objects) sailing over a military base for 1 hour, 45 minutes while standing the midnight to 0800 security watch. This sighting is detailed as follows:

In mid to late August 1968, I was standing the 2400 to 0800 security watch at a top secret intelligence facility in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam conflict. I had just phoned the OOD at 0600 to report

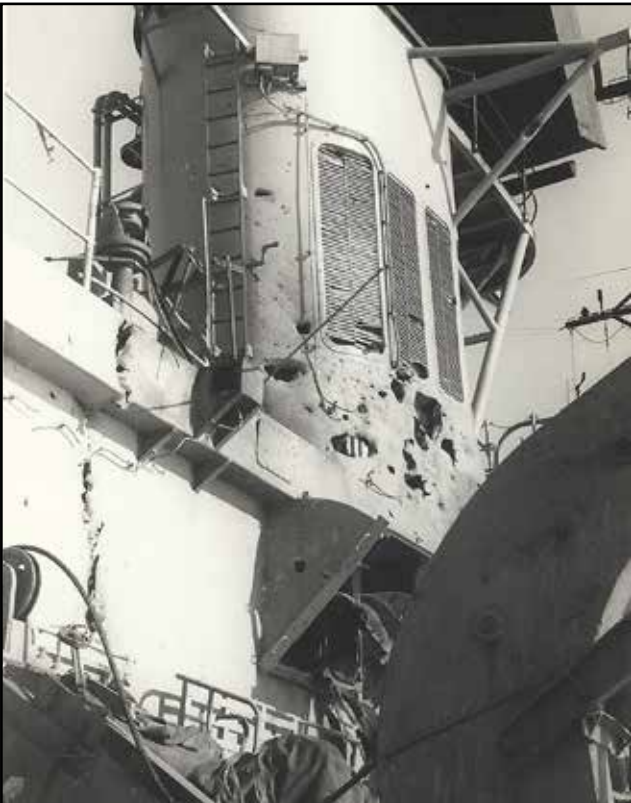
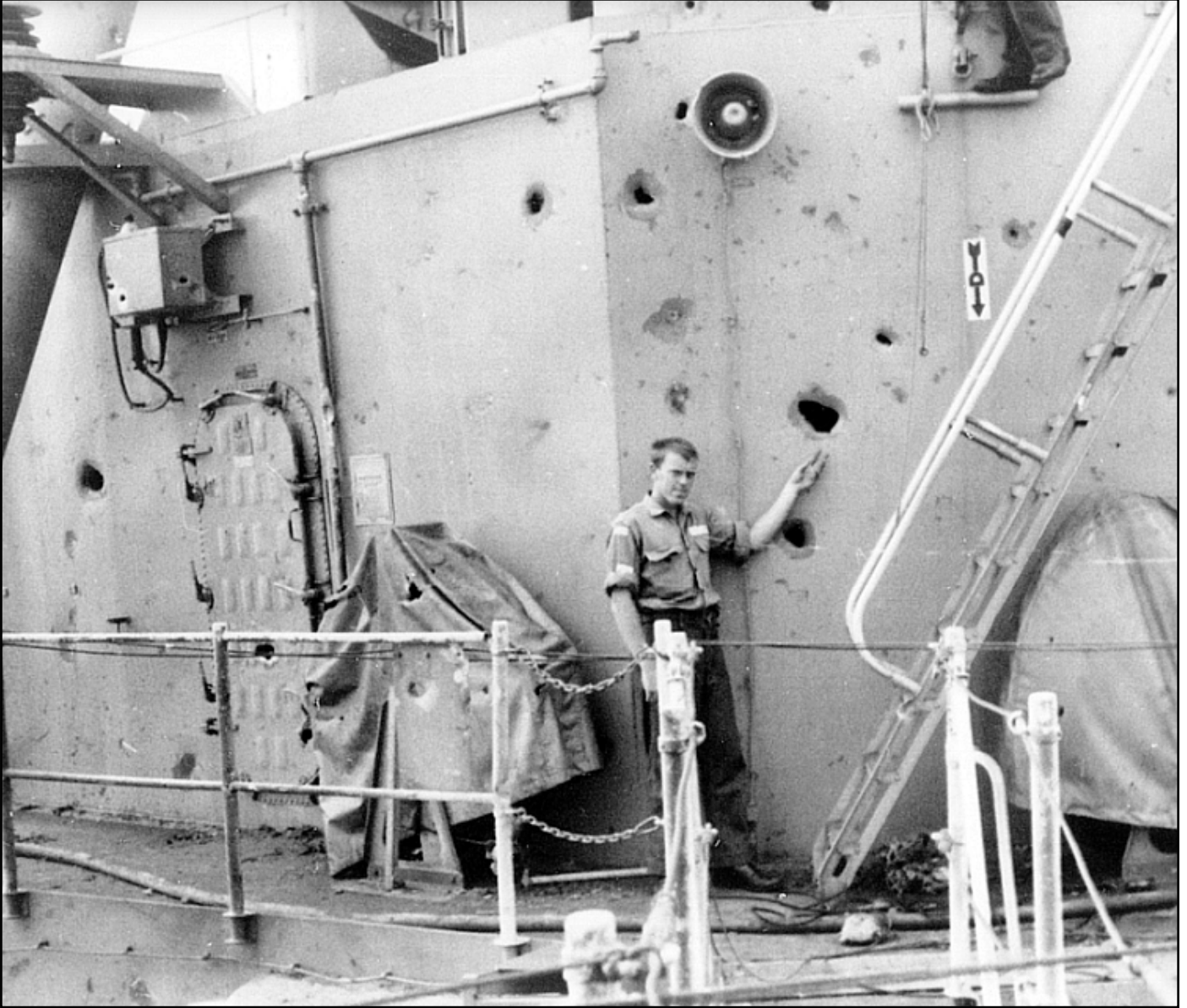
all secure and decided to step outside to get a breath of fresh air, something I had never done before that night.

The two story concrete building was behind me. To my right (south) was a range of low mountains obscuring approximately 20 degrees of the southern sky. To my left (north) was (a bay) and the South China Sea. I was facing east where, about 20 miles away, another range of mountains obscured approximately 5 degrees of the sky.

Immediately upon stepping outside the building I saw a bright luminous object gliding silently from west to east above the range of mountains on the right.

I "felt" the presence of another object (like the touch of fingers on my neck) and turned toward the bay to see an identical object gliding at the same altitude, direction and speed as the first. The objects were approximately one mile apart.

The second object sighted made a sharp right turn; not a sweeping turn but a vectored immediate right angle deviation, glided overhead at an altitude calculated to be 1000 to 1500 feet, passed



behind the first object and disappeared from view beyond the mountain.

A NOTE:

Speed, altitude, separation and sizes of aerial objects having no spatial references are extremely difficult to estimate and, so, are subject to great errors. The sizes, speeds, distances and altitudes related here are simply my first impressions and may be completely wrong.

CONTINUE:

The first object sighted continued eastward at approximately 10 to 15 miles per hour. Both objects were as bright as a 1,000 watt street light as seen from a distance of 200 feet. Neither object made any noise and neither object displayed any normal aircraft running lights. The objects were the size of a dime as seen at arm's length. I estimate their size to be 40 to 50 feet in diameter and spherical rather than elliptical in shape.

The first object was in sight for approximately 1 hour and 45 minutes. It did not deviate from its eastward course, nor did it pulsate or change colors. Its speed appeared to remain constant throughout the entire sighting.

I stood transfixed and was unaware that an hour and 45 minutes had passed until the morning crew began arriving for duty at approximately 07:45. At the sound of automobiles approaching from my right, I turned abruptly, astonished and frightened, and I rather felt myself explode violently downward into my body while experiencing a strong pressure against my eardrums, something like slamming the door of a Volkswagen with all the windows rolled up.

It seemed only a few minutes and now the sun was rising! At that time (7:45 A.M.) the east-bound object was a pinhead size bright light still visible on the face of the rising sun! Oddly, I found myself in a small field of grass and weeds where two roads diverged about fifty to sixty feet farther east from the building than where I thought I had been standing on the macadam carpark while I observed the TLOs.

The field was a very poor vantage point from which to observe the eastbound TLO because it (the field) was laced with weeds and knee-high grass, and scrub trees at 5 to 6 feet or more. Some, at that time, were even taller, although not in the line of my sight of the object.

I was disoriented and confused for a brief period until I realized where I was and what had transpired.

I calculate that the object was approximately 20 to 25 miles away at the time I returned to the building. Of course, it may have been

much farther than that.

I signed over the duty log, relinquished my sidearm and went back outside. The object was still visible on the lower edge of the rising sun which was approximately 10 to 12 degrees above the horizon. But the spell was broken. After only moments of observing the tiny dot, I went to my car and drove to my quarters.

I later remembered that the duty crash cameras, a 4x5 Speed Graphic and a 16mm Cine Special camera, were inside on the floor beside my chair and I had not even thought to take a picture!

I had been in the Navy for 12 years, the entire time as a photographer, a portion of that time as an aircrew member. My MOS was Photographer but my job was processing and printing overflight surveillance and intelligence film from U2s, RA3Bs, RF101s, RF4s, and other (at that time) secret reconnaissance aircraft.

I had been around aircraft, both civilian and military, for fourteen years. I learned to fly in an Aeronca Champ at an unpaved, uncontrolled field in southern Indiana when I was 16 years alive.

I cannot explain what I saw but I believe they were not fixed wing or rotary wing aircraft, not weather balloons (one turned, the other did not) and they were not celestial bodies or atmospheric phenomena.

My original assessment, although the objects appeared to be identical, was that I had seen two different things, one perhaps a weather balloon, the other a slow flying aircraft of some kind. Neither, however, displayed the movements or identification lights one would expect for either object. I no longer consider this as a possibility.

Weather balloons, when blown by the wind (there was none that I recall) wobble and bob through the sky. Instrumentation packages or RAWIN Targets swing below them, causing them to change shape and direction. Additionally, weather balloons are not lighted from within nor do the instrumentation packages carry such bright lights.

Helicopters can certainly fly at 10 to 15 miles per hour, however, none known at that time could fly silently at 1000 to 1500 feet and then to 10,000 feet or more. Neither of the TLOs emitted engine sounds or exhaust trails or displayed navigation lights.

Rotary wing and fixed wing aircraft, particularly military aircraft, have all sorts of lights on them which are on at night to alert personnel on the ground and other

aircrews the direction the plane is going. There are colored lights, port wing tip red, starboard wing tip green, strobe lights, tail beacons and formation lights. While some aircraft may have a brilliant light similar to the TLO, it would be a landing light visible only from the front of the aircraft and used when taking off or landing at night. One would not see a "landing light" when an aircraft was flying away from the observer, and especially not after 20 or 30 miles.

When seen against the sun, even at a distance of approximately 25 to 30 miles, no hull shape or fuselage could be seen.

The glowing orb seen against the sun appeared to have traveled in a straight line; that is, not following the curvature of the Earth. At last sighting, I estimate the altitude of the object to be 10,000 feet or higher above the ground.

Because of my background in photography and my experience as an aircrewman, I feel I objectively calculated the altitude, speed and size of the objects, however, as noted above, airborne objects having no spatial references are difficult to measure and, so, are subject to great errors.

The descriptions of the two TLOs do not fit any known aircraft or weather balloon. They do, however, perfectly define the objects known as Transient Luminous Objects, which have been shown to glide silently and slowly for long distances, change directions with apparently intelligent purpose and emit no sounds or exhaust trails.

TLOs do not display any overt signs of hostility or covert curiosity. None that I have observed, that is. They do not damage objects or affect the environment in any apparent manner. They simply appear, move about the skies for a time, then glide away or vanish, leaving stunned and confused witnesses to wonder what they have observed.

Unlike the objects known as UFOs, which seem to have destinations and purpose, and are solid and three-dimensional (or more), TLOs are truly unexplainable, having no observable substance or core, no common size or brightness, no common speed or direction. They may forever remain a mystery to those of us who have been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to observe them.

CHANGED

This event changed me in ways I cannot easily explain. It has left me uneasy and suspicious; at times even fearful and anxious. I returned from Southeast Asia with an illness and dis-ease that no one would validate and the sighting of the TLOs was constantly at the back of my

thoughts. I could not sleep in the house so I placed a thick piece of plywood across two sawhorses under a Mulberry tree in the back yard and slept outside with a loaded .30 caliber M1A-1 carbine fitted with a 30 round extended clip. I could not shake the dreadful feeling that someone was going to come for me and I didn't want to be trapped inside the house.

I feel certain my reaction to the event contributed significantly to my divorce from my first spouse a few years later. She just thought I was mad, of course (who can deny it?). Sadly, when others think you mad, they usually run away with the house, the car, the kids and the bank account. I harbor no ill feelings although I was homeless for nearly three years, living under a tool cover on the back of my old Chevy pickup truck.

ONLY THE LIGHT

When one is engaged in any activity, whether watching a boat race, a football game, children playing or when raking leaves from the yard, one is aware of many other concurrent events, such as aircraft and helicopters flying over, birds flitting from tree to tree, the smell of fireplace smoke, autos passing on the streets, cats and dogs, people talking and jogging by and many other things, including an awareness of one's self as a participant in the drama of life.

But while observing the two TLOs I had absolutely no awareness of myself as a living being. Moments after the second object vanished behind the mountains on my right, I became aware only of the remaining TLO. I do not recall seeing or thinking of the night, the trees, the building behind me, the ships in the bay, my abandoned duty post, heat, cold, wind, comfort or discomfort. I had neither awareness of myself nor the will to look away from the light.

There was only the brilliant globe. I was possessed by it. I was as entranced and enraptured, so engrossed in the light was I. I simply could not tear my gaze from it and, indeed, did not even think of it.

There was only the light. Only the light.

And it is this very loss of identity and awareness of self, my loss of will and singleminded fixation with the light that has troubled me for so many years. I simply did not exist in this time and space for nearly two hours. I do not recall having "gone" anywhere or encountered anyone or anything. I do not recall being inside any vehicle and do not recall being questioned or examined or instructed.

I was simply entranced by the TLO. There was only me and only the light, the observance of which for nearly two hours

had released me from all physical bonds of will and all memory of earthly existence. It was a sort of empty awake sleeping death. In my mind...as I recall it now...there was only the unwavering light that I was somehow compelled to watch.

But I am unable to explain how or why I wandered into the field although I feel there must be a wholly logical explanation for it.

I have been asked by several investigators if I believe I might have been abducted, given that I experienced a period of "missing time."

And I think not. I did not feel at the time that I had gone anywhere or encountered any beings during the sighting. I still think not today although I have experienced some rather odd "dreams," especially in the early years following the sighting, which I will recount anon.

NOW TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE

I ask the reader to try this experiment: Go into your street or into a deserted parking lot at 6 AM in the morning and, standing as still as possible, stare without cease at the nearest street lamp or other bright light for an hour and 45 minutes. Do not speak, do not fidget, do not smoke or drink or adjust your clothing. Do not scratch or cough. Above all, do not turn your gaze elsewhere.

I'll wager you can't do it. But I did, apparently, and that is troubling for, while doing so, I forsook every other thing in this world, including myself.

It is a frightening thought and I am frightened by it.

ANOTHER LIGHT

A few years later, back in the States and working on the manned space programs, I one day, while alone, fell into a kind of trance or state of stasis or suspended animation. All sound and feeling and normal senses disappeared. I was awake but could not move.

My thoughts were never more clear and attuned. I wasn't morbidly afraid or worried. I was, however, somewhat curious about the descent of a vaguely familiar globe of light.

From the ceiling (passing through the ceiling from outside the building, it seemed to me) a very bright orb of light (the TLO again?) appeared. It was the apparent size of a soccer ball. It floated down to touch me. As it touch me, it spread out to completely cover my entire body, almost like liquid light. I then became aware of sounds that might have been voices but were not in a language I could understand. Over all was a sort of opalescent bubble.

I remember a low-pitch music-like tone, very soft and pleasant, and a tinkling sound like glass breaking far away, or glass wind chimes. I was wrapped in the light and sound for what seemed to be 10 or 15 seconds, then the light floated up through the ceiling, leaving me wondering what had happened! Almost two hours had passed while I was "in the light."

And, again, there was a loss of self-identity, this time for two hours. The being that was me did not exist for two hours. This loss of identity of self only reinforced the feelings of anguish and fear that began with the TLO sighting in Southeast Asia. I began to wonder if I were going mad or if some machine or energy was driving my thoughts, or if I was simply hallucinating.

A FRENZY OF READING

Almost immediately thereafter, I began reading as many books as I could get my hands on. I read some 300 books each year for a period of about three years. Often, I would lay out up to three books at a time, open each to page one and read all the page ones. Then I would turn all the pages to pages 2 and 3 and read all those pages, and so on until the books were finished. Generally, I could read all three books in a single evening and could pigeonhole the information in each so it did not become confused with the information in any of the others.

I think I stopped reading because I had run out of the material I wanted to read.

Unfortunately, my private life was going to hell in a handbasket about that time and that may have contributed to my waning interest in further information.

But here is something I learned: In books having the same or similar content, I would often find the same information, even the same sentences or paragraphs very close to the areas I found the same information in the other books, and occasionally, on the same pages!

I began to refer to these sentences or paragraphs as "the inklings of truth." But what import it had then or has now, I have no clue. It seemed so important that I discovered those "inklings" at the time, but soon it meant little or nothing to me.

AND, SO..

These are only two of the many events I have witnessed since I was an infant in 1937 and, with these two, I am simply trying to describe my feelings and why the loss of identity and awareness of self, and the loss of will have caused me so much anguish for over 40 years. Make of it what you will.

As for me, I hope to explore and dismiss every terrestrial explanation before I turn

my eyes heavenward. I feel reasonably certain the answers will not be found in the skies, although I have been compelled to look at the sky day and night ever since this experience.

The answer will most likely be found in the fact that I worked at NRTSC and Defense Intelligence Agency in Washington, D. C. (Arlington, Virginia) from 1963 until 1965, after which time I was transferred to the facility described in this essay.

During a period when some men were claiming to have been visited by beings in nuts and bolts flying saucers filled with computers (IBMS?, Macs? Linux? Cray?) and all sorts of furniture, including medical examination slabs and other devices and debris; when these same people were claiming to have traveled to Venus, Mars, Saturn and beyond with beautiful, scantily-clad, robust, voluptuous Caucasian blond females who looked like 1950s movie stars, and who spoke perfect English or Spanish or Italian or German or Russian (but never Reptilian); when women were claiming to have been abducted by aliens and raped, impregnated and abandoned by badly behaving alien males, (believe me, it could not happen) there came this formerly unreported encounter from a career military serviceman (the reason why it was not reported for almost 50 years).

AFTERMATH—THE DREAMS BEGIN A STRANGE ENCOUNTER AND AN ANALYSIS OF THE “DREAM”

*Last night while climbing up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today;
Oh, how I wish he'd go away!*

The events that occurred in 1968 still haunt me in 2017 and I suspect I will never be able to forget what happened that night. I began to have strange dreams around 1970 or '71, when I was 34 or 35 years alive. I was working on the manned space program at the time. Occasionally—after I was enveloped in the “light,” I would see a fleeting small figure just at the edge of my vision. I was always startled by the apparition but never frightened. But I could not see the figure when I looked directly toward it.

Then I began to have frequent “dreams” of being led through an old abandoned farmhouse or warehouse. There were lots of people watching or following me as I made my way through the dusty rooms. It was not particularly dark but neither was it brightly lighted. There were stairways and endless hallways leading to room after room.

In one “dream” I was standing in one of

the empty, softly lighted rooms when quite suddenly there appeared before me, only 10 feet away, a small, fragile being, not more than five feet tall. My first impression was that the being was a female. It had shoulder-length, russet-orange hair; not garishly orange but auburn, soft and tousled. It had a smooth, delicately sculpted face with pronounced female lips, naturally colored. They were not painted. It had a slightly protruding lower jaw, looking as if it were about to blow out a candle.

THE BEING

That's about the best I can describe it. Other than the russet-colored hair on its head, I saw no other body hair, not the slightest or thinnest. No eyebrows or lashes.

It had no breasts, and no nipples. It had no navel. There was no visible or apparent pubic mound. Its body was as featureless, physically, as a plastic doll. Its covering or skin or epidermis was smooth and free of blemishes. It was of uniform color—a pale amber-brown—and, except for slight shadows, did not vary in hue or tint from head to toe. The being did not have fingernails or toenails. Its limbs, unlike the others who were present, were firm and normal looking, humanlike rather than thin and long. If I had passed it in a public place, clothed and wearing sunglasses, I could not have known it was not human.

It did not look around the space; its gaze was fixed straight ahead. Until it walked away, it did not appear to look towards me at any time.

And, yet, it seemed to be alive, a living being. Its eyes were all black—or extremely dark. There was no white in the eyes and no visible iris or pupils. It never blinked once during the entire time that I observed it. The eyes were the size of a human child's eyes, wide but not the excessively large, wraparound eyes that are so often reported with “grays.” It did not move its appendages, although I could see that was “breathing.” It did not speak or swallow or wet its lips.

It was unclothed and I realized that I, too, was unclothed, although I can't remember how or why or when I had removed my clothing. Other beings in the space seemed to be there only to observe my reaction to this fragile, lovely, dainty creature. My reaction was one of wonder, astonishment, surprise, enchantment.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

It had three fingers and an opposing thumb on its hands. The fingers were jointed similar to a human's fingers and they were tiny, childlike, very feminine. There were webs between all its fingers up to the first joint from the palm, much like the web between the thumb and forefinger of

a human hand, only more expansive. The webs were thin and nearly transparent. I could not see small details but I imagine it had no fingerprints as we know them.

It had four small, nearly equal length toes on its feet. It seems there might have been webs between the toes as well, but they were small and short and may not have been webbed. I don't recall having purposely looked at its feet.

I thought, briefly, that the being was an automaton or android but its later movements later were too agile and flowing to be those of a machine unless it was a rather remarkable marvelous machine. After brief minutes—no more than two or three as I recall— it quite suddenly turned and walked toward a portal that had appeared in the empty space behind it. It moved with the same fluid motion and purpose one would expect from a human female child of ten or eleven years, walking swiftly and silently, swinging its arms, and just before it reached the portal, it turned slightly to the right and peered over its shoulder to steal one last half-second glance at me. It was an exact motion, precise, natural, normal. I think a machine could not or would not have done that.

ALONE AGAIN, NATURALLY

And then the portal closed, it was gone and I found myself alone in my house in darkness, standing beside my bed in my skivvies, wondering if I had dreamed it all or if I were going mad. My skivvies, I later discovered, were on backwards.

(This is not wholly unusual. I have several times put my skivvies on not only backwards but inside-out beginning from the time I had a fatal reaction to morphine in 2013).

LOCATION

I want to describe the space where I encountered the being. It was opalescent white, misty, endless, boundless, empty. There was no furniture, no machines, no computers, no walls or doors, except for the sudden portal that appeared in the space behind it just before the being turned to walk away. But the portal was not a “door” in the sense that we know them. It may have always been there but not visible until it was to be used for the departure of the being. I will call it a “not there.”

There was no deck or overhead, no bulkheads, no lights, although the space was softly lighted evenly throughout. The surface beneath my feet did not feel solid and I could faintly see through it—or imagined I could— to the soil or earth moving below. This effect caused some vertigo at first but it passed quickly. I was warm and comfortable. There were no noticeable sounds or noises or odors. There was no movement of air. I felt as

if I were suspended in space so I could participate in their little game. It was peaceful. I felt no anxiety or fear. I could not see anything beyond ten or fifteen feet other than the pervading misty white emptiness that seemed to go on forever.

As for the being itself, it had, as I have said, a fine, fair, feminine face, full lips and mouth and a rather featureless, hairless body, save for the hair on its head. I later wondered if the hair might have been a wig or a mental image that might not have really been there. At the first impression it seemed real, authentic. Because the sides of the head were concealed by its hair, I could not see if it had humanlike ears.

WAS IT A HYBRID?

It had no visible reproductive or nurturing organs, but I only assume it was a female. The pudenda was smooth and curved inward without a visible cleft or opening, which leads me to think that the being, because it had a mouth, might have had as a reproductive organ and a method of disposing of body wastes, a cloaca—a vent—such as might be found in reptiles, birds, monotremes and some fishes here on earth. If so, it may deposit eggs like a bird or, more likely, a reptile.

Now, that is not to say that my assumption is correct no matter how compelling the evidence might be. Just because I could see no reproductive organs doesn't mean there were none.

In the first place I wasn't close enough to clearly see such details, which might have been less apparent than on a human. And, besides, I really hadn't a lot of time to closely examine it.

I was more interested in its facial features and expressions (there were none) and any movements or gestures that would provide evidence that the being was alive rather than a machine or holographic projection.

As far as I can determine I was observing a young, childlike female being, perhaps ten earth years old, who may have hatched from an egg and who may have been incubated in a nursery of some sort.

As a general rule creatures with cloaca do not bear live young (the Anaconda is one remarkable exception) and I cannot imagine that any of the other beings who attended the viewing would be content to sit on an egg until it hatched.

Except for reptiles, the eggs of surface dwellers—birds and monotremes in particular—are kept warm at nearly constant temperatures by creatures with feathers or fur and these beings had neither. That is to say nothing of the physical structure of the aliens' bodies which most certainly were

not designed for sitting on an egg.

But it was not a mammal in any sense of the word. It simply did not have the proper plumbing.

So...was this being male, female, neither or both? There were no obvious physical signs that the beings, including the observers, could participate in any kind of sexual activity with which earthlings are familiar. And yet...they had to have come from somewhere.

LIGHT YEARS

The age of the beings is completely impossible to determine. The being I observed appeared to be about ten earth years old. The others in attendance (who, incidentally, looked so much alike that they might have been clones) appeared to be about the same age. If they moved through space at or near the speed of light they could have been hundreds or even thousands of earth years old. If they were accomplished enough to manipulate time and of that I had no doubt they could have lived for eternity. It is the nature of time travel. One just goes back to the beginning and projects again.

Having proposed that I encountered a being such as I have described, two immediate questions arise:

First: Did I actually encounter such a creature or was the entire episode nothing more than a screen image projected by the visitors (intruders) to deceive me?

Second: What do they really want?

RECURRING EVENT

The dream of being led through a strange dwelling recurs in slightly different scenarios. There are always people I do not know and houses with wandering passageways and empty or sparsely furnished rooms. The people always touch me or lead me to different spaces. Always, in every dream, I am massaged or stroked by a being or beings I cannot clearly see. It is always behind me and I seem to be unable to turn so I can see who or what it is. During the time that I am being touched I am unable to control any movement of my own body.

In the dream—if that is what it is—this touching does not last very long. Although it is not the same, I can compare it to a cursory physical examination by a human doctor. Throat, neck, underarms, groin, wrist, fingers, knees, feeling for lumps and tender spots.

Not the same, but something like that. Again, are these screen memories or just parts of a disjointed, poorly remembered dream?

I have never awakened with cuts, bruises, scratches or scoop marks on any parts of my body that I can see.

BUT WHAT ARE "DREAMS?"

Dreams are not fantasies created by the mind from nothing; they are memories, even if they are recalled improperly and in pieces. The right side of the healthy human brain stores everything that has ever happened during its existence and it can recall every episode exactly as it occurred when necessary.

I don't know if the observation I have described was (or is) a dream or not, and I worry that I may never know the answers to my questions.

SO, WHOSE FACE IS THIS?

One thought is that the creatures who crew modern UFOs might not be from another planet, but might have been genetically cultured and incubated right here on earth in one of those secret underground laboratories, and not by aliens, but by human tinkerers. Suppose the future astronaut is not a warmblooded mammal (human), but a coldblooded intelligent reptile (saurian) who can tolerate cosmic radiation better than humans and who have been shown to be able to survive mass extinctions with little change or effect in their subsequent behavior and evolution.

Suppose the saurian is not only a creature who lived before us, but is the creature, by genetic manipulation, some of us will one day become. Some reptiles, remember, have an uncanny ability to regenerate lost parts, often two or three parts. This would prove a real benefit for explorers on a planet several billion miles from home base where spare arms and legs are not readily available. Some reptiles can survive days, months or even years between meals while warmblooded mammals can hardly exist more than a few hours!

Some reptiles appear to be unaffected by cosmic radiation that is killing human beings by the thousands. Some reptiles can hibernate for months and years in Arctic conditions without suffering adverse effects.

Perfect lifeform for the constant space traveler! Have the visitors learned to use the DNA of saurians not only to advantage but also to their detriment, having sacrificed their ability to easily reproduce in order to become proficient space/time voyagers?

A PERIOD OF QUESTIONS

"Are you willing to take a lie detector test?"
"I can't."
"Why not?"

"I was told no polygraph, no sodium pentothal, no hypnosis."

"Who told you that?"
"The debriefing officer."

"Who was that?"
"I'm not at liberty to disclose that information."

"Was it a military officer?"
"I'm not at liberty to disclose that information."

"Can you tell us where you worked at the time of the debriefing?"
"No."

"Why not?"
"Nondisclosure document."

"Surely any security classification would have been lifted by now."
"The document I signed was classified 'Until Forbid'."

"Well, we can find out easily enough."
"No, you can't."

"Let's continue then. Was it a 'Gray?'"
"No, it was more human; it was a humanoid, I think."

"A hybrid?"
"Possibly."

"Male or female?"
"It might have been male but I think not. It had long, flowing hair, a fragile, smooth face with pronounced lips, dark eyes, piercing and watching. The skin, the covering or epidermis, was golden, sort of; pinkish yellow-brown. Amber. Not grey."

"Did you observe any female physical features?"
"No. I did not notice any breasts or pubic mound. It...she...was rather featureless. She was childlike, her physical structure was that of a prepubescent human female, someone who might have been ten or eleven years old. Not curvy, not robust, not voluptuous in any way."

"Might it have been sexless or, perhaps, some combination of both sexes?"
"I have given it some thought. It could have been either or both. I did not spend any time trying to figure it out while I was there. The encounter was very brief."

"Did you have any thought of attraction to the being?"
"If by 'attraction' you mean sexually, the answer is no. I was entranced by her appearance, the look of her, standing there, but I had no thoughts of a sexual union. She seemed to be an adolescent girl, a child not fully matured."

"Was she clothed?"
"No."

"Were you clothed?"
"No."

"Was there a prophecy?"
"Prophecy?"

"Yes. A largess. A prediction, a warning. A message proclaiming some future calamity or life transforming event."
"No. No message. No prophecy. There was no communication. No mindspeak, no voicespeak."

"What were the others doing at that time?"
"I believe they were simply noting my reaction to the being. I cannot be certain they were actually present."

"What was your reaction?"
"Amazement. Disbelief. Wonder. Astonishment. And a remote kind of relationship, a father/daughter attachment, which, when later analyzed, seemed a rather curious thought...perhaps it was implanted."

"Has the same encounter been repeated?"
"No. The dream recurs, sometimes slightly different but not significantly so and not very often."

"What is your assessment of the encounter?"
"Until proven otherwise, I believe it was a confused dream poorly remembered, poorly interpreted, and imperfectly recounted. Having said that, there remains the nagging memory of that brief encounter, ever lurking there in some dark pigeon hole in my subconsciousness. I'll hazard



a supposition: Suppose the creature really was an alien female. Suppose I had been chosen to fertilize it (her) for the purpose of producing some experimental hybrid youngster. I was only 36 years old at the time this “dream” first occurred... .”

“Let’s get back to the spaceship... .”

“I never said anything about a spaceship. There was no spaceship.”

“You said you could see the earth moving below your feet when you were in the craft.”

“It was not a craft. And I only said that I imagined that I could see the earth or soil—not the planet—moving beyond or below my feet—which were not attached to anything—and that the sensation caused some brief vertigo.”

“Okay, we’ll let that go for now. Tell me about your fatal reaction to Morphine. How did that happen? What did you experience?”

“Kidney stones. Terrible, excruciating pain, retching, dry heaves, heart pounding. I was taken to the Emergency Room at the hospital in an ambulance. I suffered for some time while they ran a series of tests and determined that I had kidney stones. They plugged in an IV and gave me an ampule of Morphine. It did not help relieve the pain so the doctor gave me another ampule of Morphine (a derivative, actually). The next thing I knew was seeing the doctor right in my face, compressing my chest and telling me, ‘You have to breathe, you have to breathe, in through your nose and out through your mouth’. Another young man was slapping me sharply on the bottoms of my feet. I was later told that was to startle me awake because my heart and respiration had stopped. Only the O2 monitor going off alerted them that I had... well...died, I guess. No one would tell me how long I was gone. Everyone just looked away or ignored me when I asked.

“There was no light, no tunnel, no relatives beckoning me onward or imploring me to return, no music, no angels, no savior, nothing. It was actually quite pleasant, like being in a dreamless sleep. Nothing at all like the first time I died.”

“Oh? Can you tell me about that?”

“No. I have told the story numerous times and even written about it. Except for my mother, no one believes it. It is pointless to keep repeating an event that no one understands.

“I will tell you this, however, whether you believe it or not. When I was revived in the Emergency Room, I am certain I awoke in a different reality, a different universe. It seems the same but it is not exactly the same. Outwardly, the same people are here as were there, except some of my former shipmates and comrades are dead here who were alive over there. They were a decade or more younger than I. Other

things have changed as well. I can’t seem to get a grip on this reality. I can’t focus my attention on the tasks I try to do. I lose things, I can’t pick up tools or if I manage to pick them up, I drop them. I lift a plate and it gets stuck or caught on something and I spill the food. I try to open a package and the contents will roll out and fall into the garbage disposal five feet away. I lift a spatula from its cradle and it flies from my hands and falls to the floor.

“I rationalize that these events may happen because of my having stopped breathing and something in my brain died because of oxygen starvation.

“Soon after the death experience, I suffered what the doctor called ‘a small stroke’. I struggled for nearly five years to regain my ability to remember names, to speak again, to read and write as I had previously. I still have trouble remembering names. I absolutely cannot remember dates for birthdays or anniversaries. Unless someone reminds me, I cannot remember my own birthday. I know the date of my birthday but when that day arrives, I am not aware that it is my birthday.

“Is that old age? I don’t know. Am I someone else? I honestly don’t know. Was I actually revived when I died? I am not at all certain. I even have considered that my consciousness survived and is experiencing its own version of my life; a life similar to The “being” as graphically reconstructed by the narrator. My previous earth life, but not the same.

“How do I know that I did not die? How can I be certain that what I see and hear and feel and taste are events that I am experiencing in the real world? Doctors and nurses say, ‘Of course you are alive. You are here talking to me, aren’t you?’ Well, of course I am talking to them because they are memories that tagged along with me to this other dimension. They will say I am alive because they believe I am because I believe they are. Are they? Am I?

“You know, it is said that sensitives and psychics can see and know things that others cannot. I have always been able to sense unusual events. It is precognition or remote viewing, perhaps, or something else beyond explaining. Recently I was trying to remember the name of an actor and his name was spoken on a TV program I was watching. During the same day, I was thinking of Robbie the Robot from the series *Lost In Space*, and a short clip was shown on the same program I was watching. What are the chances? Did I see it before it happened or did my consciousness create it?

“I worry that learning the truth may only bring about the termination of my consciousness and the end of this world.”

“Why did you wait so long to report all of this?”

“Well, one simply does not make public any information or imagined events that might

be classified as mental aberrations that could jeopardize a military career.”

END OF SESSION

THE CLOACAL KISS

Creatures with cloaca do not achieve penetration during mating; they usually merely touch cloaca, very briefly—referred to as the cloacal kiss. This touching stimulates the female to produce a fertilized egg, which it soon deposits. The female then sits on the egg to incubate it or, in the case of some reptiles, buries it, until it hatches, at which time—particularly in the case of reptiles—the newborn may at once be an independent creature, eating and walking and sleeping or crawling, finding its own way and its own food and caring for itself without the need for any nurturing from the parent. Fowl, of course, must be cared for briefly.

Birds, fish and reptiles do not have teats with which to nurture their young. They do not have navels. They do not have the sex organs that are common to mammals.

Female birds often will spontaneously deposit an egg when there are no males around to stimulate her. These eggs are often—and usually—simply abandoned. They are not fertilized and will, therefore, produce no offspring. Birds seem to know that.

But suppose, without my knowing or understanding it, the female was somehow stimulated to produce an egg because sperm was introduced to her cloaca during or prior to the very brief encounter.

I seem to remember only that she appeared very suddenly. What happened before she appeared? Other than some aimless wandering through a dark building, I have no memory of leaving my bed or of arriving at the place where the encounter occurred.

There was no apparent touching, no fondling or foreplay, no conversation, neither verbally or telepathically. She appeared, stood immobile for two or three minutes and then turned to walk away.

If some kind of fertilization did not occur, the encounter just seems totally pointless, unless it was, as I contend, nothing more than a strange dream (most of which are often totally pointless).

But most hauntingly intriguing was that last glance over her shoulder as she exited the scene. She looked directly at me as near as I could observe, as if to say silently, “Now I have you in me. Thank you and good-bye.” I was a rather cold glance; not warm or affectionate.

I did not feel that at the moment; it was

only later that the impression came to me.

Then, too, I first realized I was nude during the encounter and later partially clothed when I found myself back in my home standing beside my bed. What happened to my clothes before the encounter? I never found them.

And there was that sudden, mysterious portal that appeared in the air or space behind the being just before she turned to leave. I get the creepy feeling that it was a portal to another dimension or another time. I believe it opened and she stepped out and that is why she seemed to have appeared as if by magic. And when she stepped back into the portal she seemed to have simply vanished.

It was a time portal or a doorway to a parallel universe. The concept is almost too deep for me to comprehend. The portal was not there. Then it was there. And then it was not there.

WHAT INCUBATES THE EGG?

Now suppose those hybrid creatures people claim to have seen floating in great bubbling vats in those secret underground facilities are not all human babies stolen from the wombs of impregnated human females, but are, in many cases, the nurturing containers for the alien eggs.

If the alien offspring could live inside an egg until it hatched, such incubators would not be necessary. But these are hybrids and the

aliens apparently have no way of bringing them to term by themselves. If they have chosen to have their females fertilized by human males, they would need a way to keep the offspring alive until it was able to eat and breathe of its own volition. Hence: incubators.

So, do the aliens have more than one method of producing offspring? It seems unlikely and, indeed, impossible, that a "male" alien could impregnate a human female since they have no apparent sex organs. Even if we and they are biologically compatible, would it not require some kind of surgical extraction of the male alien sperm and artificial insemination?

I suspect that those exact procedures are also used to obtain human sperm for impregnating the alien females. There most certainly could not be physical sexual union between a human male and the alien female I encountered.

Perhaps some aliens are really taking human embryos and cooking them in their incubators to produce their own type of hybrid children.

It would make sense that they probable would not depend on a single method (which might often fail) to produce their future starship crews. Backup systems are always a good idea.

Hybrids cannot reproduce themselves; they need outside help—the tinkerers—to

introduce all the ingredients into the mix that makes good soup.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

After 50 (or 5,000) years of abductions and forced fertilizations, one would think there might be tens of thousands of hybrid children on the loose somewhere out there. Where are they?

Do we see them as a matter of daily routine? Are they living among us, unseen, unnoticed? Or are they now living among the stars?

What does a civilized species do with so many children? Are they forever young, eternal time fiddlers? Or have some of them grown old and feeble, facing the inevitable end common to all human beings? They do, some of them at least, after all, have human DNA.

Without parents, how do they learn all they should know in order to survive? Is their knowledge gleaned from telepathic sources? Or is it some kind of inherited genetic encoding?

We believe they are mortal, that they die or can be killed. So, do all hybrid children survive long enough to reach adulthood or do they have an unusually high mortality rate, necessitating the aliens' constant gardening and husbandry?

These are perplexing questions best saved for later examination.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Served 20 years in U.S. Navy. Photojournalist with *Great Lakes Bulletin*; Documentary Motion Picture Cameraman. Participated in many NASA unmanned and manned space missions. Served 10 years in the intelligence community prior to and during and following the Vietnam conflict. He wrote and published six novels: "The Morningstar Conspiracy," "A Fine Raving Madness," "Loose Ends," "Space Enough And Time," "The Windmills of Mars," and "The Man Who Fell From A Clear Blue Sky." He has also compiled information for other books, including, "Secret Societies And The Founding Of America," "UFOs: Another Point of View," and "Analogue: The World's Strangest Conspiracies." He published "A Dangerous Book," authored by Rodger Stevens, and "The Web of The Stars," authored by Midori Severi (pseudonym). All are available on CD-ROM. He is currently the layout artist and ad designer for "Conspiracy Journal", edited by Tim Beckley.

Born in Washington, Indiana in 1936, William C. Kern served 20 years as a Photographer in the United States Navy.

He served in USS *Intrepid*, (CVA-11), now a National Museum in New York. He was a photojournalist for the *Great Lakes Bulletin*, an award-winning military newspaper, and was the Official Photographer for the United States Navy Band.

In the early 1960s he was assigned to VAP-62, a heavy reconnaissance photo air group at NAS Jacksonville, Florida. Flying RA3B's, this squadron, with others, was charged with the responsibility of obtaining intelligence photos of Soviet

missile emplacements in Cuba, evidence of which led directly to the "Cuban Missile Crisis."

Prior to the Vietnam conflict, he was assigned to the Naval Reconnaissance Technical Support Center in Suitland, Maryland and to Defense Intelligence Agency in Arlington, Virginia. DIA is the military counterpart of CIA. His duties while at these facilities is still classified.

During the height of the Vietnam conflict, he was assigned to the Fleet Intelligence Center, Pacific Facility, where overflight intelligence information from SEATO was gathered and disseminated to friendly nations and to U. S. Intelligence Agencies. He received special training as a Courier and qualified with both the .38 Service Revolver and the .45 Model 1911 semi-automatic Service Pistol; and qualified with the .30 caliber M1A-1 Carbine. He was authorized to use deadly force to safeguard highly classified overflight materials which he transported for dissemination to Civilian and Military Intelligence Agencies of the United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and United Kingdom.

He returned to CONUS in October, 1968 and was assigned to USS *Constellation*, CV64. One year later he arrived at NATTU Motion Picture School in Pensacola, Florida where he studied lighting, single and double system sound, casting, script writing, shooting techniques and camera operation and maintenance. He graduated 2nd in a class of 20 and was awarded a certificate of completion for his film on the hearing impaired.

From 1970 until he retired in 1975, he was assigned to

the National Parachute Test Range (Naval Aerospace Recovery Facility), El Centro, California. His duties were as a Documentary Motion Picture Cameraman and he produced a number of excellent films, including RDT&E of the Bell Aerospace (Stratos Western) AeroCab egress system in Los Angeles, California, and the Desert Heat Evaluation of the C5-A Galaxy.

He was officially commended for these two films and others. He also filmed RDT&E features on the egress and retrograde systems of Apollo, Viking, Voyager and Pioneer manned and unmanned space projects.

For two years he was the "Voice of Mission Control" and military liaison during the development and testing of a number of sophisticated aircraft and missile designs, including the B-1 bomber and Tomahawk Cruise Missile.

He also did feature films on the Martin-Baker zero speed/zero altitude jet aircraft egress systems; LAPES (Low Altitude Parachute Extraction System) used in Vietnam; Rogallo Wing; ParaWing; heli-borne man-tow insertion/retrieval system; mid-air "trapeze" recovery system for the Discoverer/Corona/Keyhole spy satellite; on-going RDT&E analysis of the egress systems for the space flight program, and other sophisticated

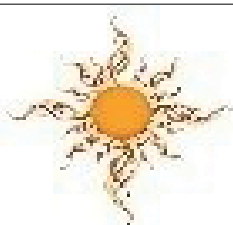
classified aerospace systems and hard-ware, many of which are now in common use by military units and numerous civilian police forces.

ASSIGNMENTS:

USS Intrepid, CVA (S)-11, January 1955
 Staff, NTC Glakes, IL
 VAP-62, NAS Jax, FL (contemporary of Roger Chaffee-astronaut*) NRTSC, Suitland, MD
 DIA, Arlington, VA (Until Gulf of Tonkin Event)
 FICPACFAC, RP (Vietnam Era)
 USS Constellation, CV-64 (Vietnam Era)
 MoPic School, NATTU, Pensacola, FL
 NPTR (NARF), El Centro, CA, to February 1975
 * Killed with Gus Grissom and Ed White during the Apollo launchpad fire at Cape Canaveral.

AWARDS:

National Defense Ribbon
 Occupation Forces, Europe
 Navy Unit Citation, Cuban Blockade
 Meritorious Unit Commendation,
 TET Good Conduct-20 years
 Honorable Transfer to Fleet Reserve
 Honorable Discharge and Retirement



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a Frank Longo film

Capturing the Light

The Dorothy Izatt Phenomenon



Meet Dorothy Izatt. A mild-mannered, loving, mother and grandmother. She raised a family who now has their own. They are the picture of a perfect family. But there is a secret they've had to live with their whole lives... that mom has an ongoing relationship with otherworldly beings for over 30 years. And she can prove it.

There has never been a case study like this! Dorothy Izatt's phenomenon surpasses the most notorious alien abduction cases aka contactees. Unlike Whitley Strieber (Communion), Travis Walton (Fire in the Sky), and the Betty and Barney Hill case... Dorothy has FILMED her experiences. Thirty years in the making and armed with over 30,000 feet of film, Dorothy is now ready to share her story of contact with the world.



YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT

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Code DVD-R: CAPLIGHT

RIDLEY SCOTT: ALIENS EXIST AND THEY WILL COME FOR US

"When you see a big thing in the sky, run for it," warns the veteran director. "Because they are a lot smarter than we are."

Film director Ridley Scott has revealed he is convinced that aliens are really out there - and one day they will come for us.

The veteran filmmaker is preparing to release the sixth film in the Alien sci-fi horror series, *Alien: Covenant*, next month.

He said: "I believe in superior beings. I think it is certainly likely.

"An expert I was talking to at NASA said to me 'have you ever looked in the sky at night? You mean to tell me we are it?' That's ridiculous.

"The experts have now put a number on it having assessed what is out there. They say that there are between 100 and 200 entities that could be having a similar evolution to us right now.

"So when you see a big thing in the sky, run for it. Because they are a lot smarter than we are, and if you are stupid enough to challenge them you will be taken out in three seconds."

The new film - the second prequel which is set before the 1979 original starring Sigourney Weaver, Ian Holm, John Hurt and Yaphet Kotto - is set in 2104 on board a spaceship carrying 2,000 cryogenically frozen colonists to a distant planet.

On their journey, they chance upon an uncharted paradise, but it soon turns into a nightmare.

Scott, 79, said he has never tired of scaring moviegoers.

He said: "When I did the first *Alien* I had to get a sense of responsibility because the reaction to the kitchen ('chestbuster') scene with John Hurt was beyond anything I expected - and it was not good.

"But the film was very successful because people are perverse.

"Everybody was half underneath the seat watching by the time you get to the kitchen scene. There was a woman underneath the seat with her husband holding her."

The director, however, is not so easily scared.



ABOVE: Ridley Scott (third from left) with some of the cast of *Alien: Covenant* at the SXSW Conference in Texas

He said: "Nothing scares me. I have a 9mm (pistol).

"If there is a problem I tend to close down into calm. When you walk in in the morning on a film and 600 people turn and all look at you, that is scary."

Scott, who was knighted in 2003, is about to make a film about the Battle of Britain during World War II.

Source: <http://news.sky.com/28.04.17>

STEPHEN HAWKING'S ALIEN-HUNTING MISSION DETECTS MYSTERIOUS SIGNALS FROM 234 STARS: ARE ALIEN LIFE FORMS TRYING TO CONTACT US?

The paper "Discovery of peculiar periodic spectral modulations in a small fraction of solar type stars" from the Université Laval, Quebec this year reports the analysis of 2.5 million stars explored as part of the Sloan Digital Sky Survey. The light signals exhibited "strobe-like" bursts from 234 stars.

The researchers' work is all the more dazzling for the scientific community as it strongly suggests the light pulses "have exactly the shape of an Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence signal." Following the strength of this claim, Stephen Hawking has started to analyze the truth behind it, as part of the Breakthrough Listen project, a pursuit to look for alien life in the universe.

What the paper suggests is that more than 200 extra-terrestrial civilizations could send light signals toward Earth, based on the bizarre data they observed during their research. However, the scientific community is skeptical when it comes to these assumptions, as the data based on which the paper was published doesn't unmistakably attribute the light signals to different civilizations.

"Internationally agreed-upon protocols for searches for evidence of advanced life beyond Earth (SETI) require candidates to be confirmed by independent groups using their own telescopes, and for all

natural explanations to be exhausted before invoking extraterrestrial agents as an explanation," noted the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (SETI) report on the study.

As previously observed during such scientific propositions, false positives should always be taken into consideration, which would imply finding natural and instrumental causes using more than one telescope in the process.

The scientific claims are bound to be taken as premature all the more so, since one of the researchers hypothesized in 2012 that, were alien civilizations to ever contact us, it would only make sense to do it through the means of light pulses. The explanation behind this theory is that the bizarre activity would compel us to investigate the source of strange occurrence.

However scientifically accurate this hypothesis could be, conducting research with an idea in mind is never a good idea, as subconscious biases could lead the said scientist to ignore information that would otherwise perfectly explain the investigated phenomenon. This tendency can go as far as to limit the researchers' pursuit of confirming an aprioristic theory.

The SETI team has decided to get involved and analyze the outputs of the paper, while separately examining the data with at least another telescope. However, on a Rio scale, which is an established way of measuring the possibility of alien detection, this research is believed to be a 0-1 (None-Insignificant).

Source: *Livia Rusu, Tech Times 20.10.16*

US MILITARY'S DECLASSIFIED FILES: INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH UFO'S

The bombshell US Department of Defense files, from 2002, contains a manual on how to snap spaceships.

There are 27 pages in the document titled "DoD Instruction 5040.6, Life-Cycle Management of DoD Visual Information (VI)".

It contains a section on how to document UFOs.

Section 21 of Chapter 5 of the document says: "The following table concerns imagery that records UFOs and other aerial phenomena not obviously identifiable as conventional aircraft or missiles.

"The table also lists the priority assigned to each category of imagery and provides relevant handling instructions."

It says the military should make digital copies and send all media to the Defence Visual Information Center.

Paul Dean, the UFO researcher and blogger who uncovered these documents via the Freedom of Information Act, was gobsmacked.

Speaking to Mysterious Universe, he said: "What's particularly odd about that the table of what to photograph and what not to, is that it doesn't vaguely say 'UFOs...'

"It lays out fully both 'Unidentified Flying Objects' with descriptors, and then 'Aerial Phenomena...' with descriptors."

It also blows out of the water the widely held belief the US stopped documenting and researching UFOs after the 1960s ended.

Dean points out the documents do not link UFOs to aliens.

But he adds: "How can they keep a straight face about the UFO issue when they shove it in plain English for the Armed Forces to digest.

"It's actually asking for photos of damn UFOs."

Source: Douglas Patient, Daily Star 10.05.17

WHAT'S NEXT AFTER PLUTO? REDDISH KUIPER BELT OBJECT NEW TARGET FOR NASA'S NEW HORIZONS SPACECRAFT

Data from the Hubble Space Telescope

DoD 5040.6-M-1, October 2002

C5.21. UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT (UFO) AND OTHER AERIAL PHENOMENA IMAGERY

The following table concerns imagery that records UFOs and other aerial phenomena not obviously identifiable as conventional aircraft or missiles. The table also lists the priority assigned to each category of imagery and provides relevant handling instructions.

Subject Description	Instructions
5-21-1. Aerial flying objects not obviously identifiable as conventional aircraft	NORMAL. Provide copies or dubs as needed to local and major commands. Handle camera-recorded imagery according to Appendix 2.
5-21-2. Aerial phenomena (including moving lights and similar phenomena)	

ABOVE: WOW: The document revealed UFOs were still being sought by the US in 2002. © Paul Dean

DoD 5040.6-M-1, October 2002

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ABOVE: Various documented sightings of UFOs in the US. © Paul Dean

DoD 5040.6-M-1, October 2002

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ABOVE: The document tells US military to document UFOs. © Paul Dean

suggests that 2014 MU69, a tiny Kuiper Belt object (KBO) located approximately 1 billion miles beyond Pluto, is at least as red as the dwarf planet. The scientists involved in this project already

have data from telescope observations, according to which Pluto's icy surface below the level of the atmosphere is bright. The new flyby observations don't only confirm this but also show that Pluto's brightest areas are among the most reflective ones in the entire solar system. "Because we see a pattern of high surface reflectivity equating to activity, we can infer that the dwarf planet Eris, which is known to be highly reflective, is also likely to be active," explained Bonnie Buratti, co-investigator from NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

The scientists' excitement concerning the exploration of New Horizons is reinforced by these observations, as it suggests that other missions should be also focused on sending probes to Pluto in order to validate these hypotheses and maybe even come to new conclusions.

Pluto's layered atmosphere seems to be hazy, however, which suggests the planet is free of clouds. Should this not be the case, it would imply that the weather and atmosphere on Pluto are even more complicated than initially thought.

It's possible for the dwarf planet to have rare condensation clouds, according to NASA's specialists interpretation of the probe's observation. The hypothesis, however, will have to be verified during other missions targeted to explore the dwarf planet.

Hubble and New Horizons have tried to explore the Kuiper Belt region, taking advantage of their venture points and aiming at obtaining as much information on the activity in the area as possible. MU69 is the tiniest KBO with measured color, confirming that it is among the oldest materials of our entire solar system.

New Horizons is over 3.4 billion miles away from Earth and approximately 340 million miles beyond Pluto, with an average speed of 9 miles per second. Roughly all the data gathered and stored from the spacecraft's mission has already been sent to Earth, remaining to complete its transmission on Oct. 23.

The discovery comes short after establishing, back in July, that the dwarf planet emits X-rays, according to NASA's Chandra X-ray Observatory. The icy dwarf planet's activity amazed scientist because of Pluto's consistency.

Lacking natural magnetism should make it impossible for it to produce radiation. Due to its characteristics, the scientists believe

that high-energy particles from solar wind are responsible for these emissions, noting that it's also possible for other KBOs to record the same activity.

Source: Livia Rusu, Tech Times 19.10.16

FLASHBACK: FIRE DEPARTMENTS GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO HANDLE A UFO ATTACK

For those who wonder how seriously the government plans to counter possible alien attacks, the ABC News report in the video below is a real eye opener. An entire chapter of a new firefighter emergency response manual covers what to do in the event of an attack by unidentified flying objects and aliens from another planet.

Taking the possibility of alien attack very seriously, chapter 13 of FEMA's "Fire Officer's Guide To Disaster Control," titled "Enemy Attack And UFO Potential," outlines what first responders may encounter in the event Earth's first contact is of the unfriendly kind.

Discussing radio meltdowns, overwhelming technological advantages, and the current state of planetary defense, this is not being treated as a joke any more.

The ABC News report below consults with firefighters in the field and an investigator with the Mutual UFO Network, an organization which documents the ever-increasing rise in sightings all around the world.

The thinking is, if it does happen, why not be prepared?

Makes perfect sense.

Source: Tom Rose, Gather 27.07.12

WORLD'S BEST UFO AND ALIEN HOTSPOTS REVEALED

Spotting aliens can be tricky, but heading to the ET hot spots will give someone the best chance of getting a close encounter.

Some people would not want to meet extraterrestrials, but others consider reaching to beings beyond Earth a lifelong dream.

The following are places known for UFO sightings.

AREA 51 IN NEVADA, U.S.

Many UFO enthusiasts believe that the remains of a UFO involved in the famous Roswell Incident are hidden inside Area 51, a highly classified Air Force base.

THE NULLARBOR, AUSTRALIA

Many travelers in this Australian Outback have claimed UFOs chased them while driving down the remote area's empty roads.

THE MOLYOBKA TRIANGLE IN RUSSIA

Also known as the M Triangle, the place is one of the UFO hotspots in the world with locals in the area have claimed to notice strange lights and symbols in the sky as well as seeing translucent beings. The M Triangle is located in the Ural mountains of Russia.

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO IN THE U.S.

UFO spotting has never been exciting than in Roswell for most alien enthusiasts. The site is where an alleged alien spaceship had crashed in 1947. Shady government officials allegedly transported the remains and debris of the incident to Area 51.

WARMINSTER, ENGLAND

The place boasts the mysterious stone circles of Avebury and Stonehenge in Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire. In the 1960s and 1970s, Warminster got the attention of the world when strange sounds were heard in the area. UFO fanatics from around the world visited the area, which has also become famous recently with unexplained crop circles.

EL ENLADRILLADO IN CHILE

After a flurry of alien sightings had taken place in El Enladrillado, Chile's tourist board formed the first UFO trail of the country. The 30 km trail passes through the Andes, from where it spotted until it allegedly landed at El Enladrillado.

WYCLIFFE WELL IN AUSTRALIA

Many called the Wycliffe Well as the UFO capital of Australia. Locals have been claiming to have spotted lights in the sky frequently.

BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

UFO experts have been calling the location of Bonnybridge as The Falkirk Triangle, which is located between Stirling, Fife and the outskirts of Edinburg. More than 300 sightings are reported each year around this area.

Source: LUFOS 08.05.17

THE UPSIDE IN TRANSMITTING MESSAGES TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS

Officially, humanity has not found any proof of space alien existence despite many years of searching in the cosmos. However, if Earthlings succeed in encountering alien species, will the aliens be hostile, indifferent, or a little nice?

Dough Vakoch of METI International, a group of scientists that has been sending radio signals out into the void in an attempt to communicate with alien life, says that it is challenging to second-guess alien motivations. SETI scientists have often assumed ETs that will make contact have survived long enough and overcome any warlike traits during the process of their

evolution.

akoch explains that if space aliens have not learned to behave nicely with others, they will not have survived at least thousands of years necessary to be a stable interstellar civilization.

Stephen Hawking has warned about transmitting messages to aliens. He said that intelligent aliens might come to Earth to strip mine. However, Vakoch does not think Hawking's theory is realistic as it makes no economic sense the idea of aliens traveling across the galaxy to look for something that can be found in their backyard. Second, according to Vakoch, a civilization that can traverse the distances between the stars may already know about our presence, so scientists do not expose our lives to any additional threats in transmitting intentional signals. Vakoch further explains that there is, in fact, an upside to sending such messages and that is to intrigue the aliens about humanity and make a reply.

Source: LUFOS 11.05.17

CONTRACTORS CLAIM BIZARRE EVENTS AT HOME WHERE KILLER TED BUNDY GREW UP

It feels ridiculous introducing a ghost story, but Casey Clopton has no other explanation.

Clopton and his company, Extreme Contracting, were hired in September to renovate the Tacoma home where serial killer Ted Bundy grew up. The owner planned to flip the house afterward.

Clopton says he quickly noticed red flags

as they began work.

On his second visit, he brought his 11-year-old daughter to see the house. As they walked upstairs, she told her father she didn't feel right, that something was wrong. Then she started crying and asked to leave.

"I just chalked it up to a little girl being scared of the dark," he said.

But, it only got weirder from there.

Clopton's crew claims they spent months hearing jiggling doorknobs and phantom footsteps as they worked. One worker claims he heard a knock at the door, then it opened to reveal no one on the other side.

He also claims some mornings they'd arrive to find several drawers and cabinets opened up. But, Clopton says nothing was taken, and the exterior doors were still locked with the alarm activated.

Then one day a dresser that was wedged into the wall inexplicably fell. "To take that out, it takes you two people," he said. "It was tipped over, moved over across the hall a little bit, and on its face." "I couldn't figure it out," he said. At first he thought someone might be pranking him, but when the incidents continued got worried.

Even the real estate broker, James Pitts, claims he had a spooky moment when he tried to record a Facebook Live video in the basement. "My phone kept resetting, and kept resetting until it wouldn't turn itself back on anymore," Pitts said. "It just crashed pretty much."

In the seven months they worked on the

house, Clopton says his crew experienced about 30 odd incidents.

None were more bizarre than two notes they found written in the home.

Clopton's crew member says he found the word "Leave" written in sawdust in one of the bedrooms. He snapped a photo of it for evidence. He also says he found "Help Me" written in dirt on the inside of a window in the basement.

After so many incidents, Clopton's crew penciled Bible verses on the walls of the home. They brought in pastors from a church in Puyallup to bless the house. He says they walked through, reading bible verses, trying to clear any spirits. Clopton also instituted a rule that Christian music had to be playing at all times inside the house.

He says after that things calmed down. The project took four months longer than expected, eventually finishing up in April just before the house was sold. Clopton is happy the project is over. He says the whole ordeal made him a believer.

"That there's something else out there, man. That's what I think it is," he said. "That we are not alone out here."

According to the Puget Sound Regional Archives, the Bundy family bought the home in 1955, when Ted Bundy was 8-years-old. They sold it in 1965.

KOMO News tried to reach the new owners of the home Monday, but was unable to connect with them.

Source: Gabe Cohen, KOMO News 10.05.17

Workers for Extreme Contracting claim there have been a series of bizarre events at the home they're renovating in Tacoma. It's the home where killer Ted Bundy grew up. © KOMO News



PROBING POST

Another issue, another bagload of letters to the editor covering every subject under the sun, and probably a few other stars as well. Write to us on matters ufological, ghostly or otherwise unexplainable events, and you might well get to appear in Australia's biggest UFO Magazine - nobody does more, and nobody does it better! That's what we think, anyway - how about you?



SIMILAR UFO TYPES?

Dear Sir/Madam

Upon buying the May-June issue of UFOLOGIST magazine on 29 April, upon leafing through it I noticed a striking resemblance of the UFO in the photo taken over West Sussex (pg 17) with one of the images taken in January 1958 by Almiro Barauna of the UFO at Trindade Island, these photos can be viewed on the Internet, perhaps your magazine can print comparison photos of these UFOs in an upcoming issue.

Sincerely

Peter J
Sydney NSW
03.05.17

CONGRATULATIONS ON 20 YEARS: 1996-2016

Have been an '(Australian) Ufologist' reader since year 2!

Yes, it's taken that long to finally spot one! I've provided both 'doc' and 'docx' versions of my sighting plus 3 reference Googlemap cuts.

Congratulations on reaching 20 years!

Robert Mc
Perth, Western Australia
24.03.17

PRESS RELEASE - UFOS TODAY BY IRENA SCOTT PHD.

UFOS Today - 70 Years of Lies, Misinformation, and Government Cover-Up
By Irena Scott, PhD

UFOS TODAY -70 Years of Lies, Misinformation, and Government Cover-Up, presents UFO studies that colleagues and I have undertaken during our thirty years as field investigators. The material is generally presented in chronological order, beginning with information that the government had been investigating the phenomena prior to the Kenneth Arnold event in 1947. The work is new and different because it focuses upon the importance of government research into this subject, whereupon most such research has centered on the investigation of witnesses and of the sites of UFO sightings.

What makes it truly unique and valuable is that several of my co-investigators and I have not only probed the organizations where the research on UFOs has been conducted, we have also worked in many of the most crucial institutions involved in the UFO field. Thus, unlike the few others that have done this kind of research, we have had an inside tract to understanding the organizations, the researchers, and the results of the studies. Examination of government knowledge of the UFO phenomena is vital because it provides important evidence about whether the subject is taken seriously by government authorities, and can potentially provide technical information about the phenomena.

The book also includes never-before-published first-hand interviews and correspondence with many of the most important and the initial investigators of the phenomena. This is significant because many of these people have died and those who are living are getting old. Thus, this research provides an historical record of the reasoning and opinions of those making an initial impact in this field.

Send all letters to the editor for publication c/o 'Probing Post', Ufologist Magazine, PO Box 738, Jimboomba, Qld 4280 Australia or via e-mail dan.ufologist.mag@gmail.com

Thankyou Robert for sending in your Sighting for publication. It's good to touch base with long term readers and I'm glad you finally had a UFO sighting of your own. Keep looking up! You'll never know when you get another opportunity to seeing a UFO. Cheers

Robert Frola
EDITOR

It also covers the complexity of the phenomena, which has contributed to the difficulty and controversy in conducting this field of research.

This book also features the testimony of a former US Deputy Sheriff who was an alleged witness to the UFO crash at Roswell in 1947. This gentleman's unique testimony will be published here for the first time.

UFOS TODAY is like no other book on the UFO subject as it comes from an academic who worked behind the scenes at a number of locations and witnessed the official cover-up for herself.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Dr. Irena Scott received her PhD from the University of Missouri in physiology, did post-doctoral research at Cornell University, has been an Assistant Professor at St. Bonaventure University, and has done research and teaching at The Ohio State University, the University of Missouri, the University of Nevada, and at Battelle Memorial Institute. She worked for the Defence Intelligence Agency and the Aerospace Center in satellite photography, was a volunteer astronomer at the Ohio State University Radio Observatory, and has taken flying lessons.

Her publications include books, and works in scientific journals, magazines, newspapers, and she was a correspondent for Popular Mechanics magazine. She served on the MUFON Board of Directors (1993 to 2000), is a MUFON consultant in physiology and astronomy and a field investigator. She co-edited eight symposium proceedings, has been a State Section Director for Ohio MUFON, was a founding member of the Mid-Ohio Research Associates (MORA) and its journal editor, and has published UFO material in books and journals (including scientific journals).

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Philip Mantle
United Kingdom
25.04.17

readers' stories

IT COULD BE YOU

Send all stories for publication c/o 'Readers' Stories', Ufologist Magazine, PO Box 738, Jimboomba, Qld 4280 Australia or via e-mail dan.ufologist.mag@gmail.com

Welcome to our section devoted to tales of alien contact, ufos, ghosts or other strange events from you, the readers. We will not pass comment on these stories, we simply present them to you as they were presented to us. All requests for anonymity will be respected.

MY FIRST TRUE UFO SIGHTING! WEDNESDAY 15TH FEBRUARY 2017 1.00AM MAIDA VALE WA (BEHIND PERTH AIRPORTS)

Seen well above horizon to the South at same relative height and brightness & astigmatism as Venus was @ 8.00pm previously.

Then realized this very bright (as was Venus, but) deep-orange light was moving directly toward me, but slowly slowing.

If this was a plane (first assumption) it disobeyed the Transponder-light requirement by remaining as bright as airliner landing-lights, but never resolving into a pair as it approached; never changing size (especially as its constant decrease in apparent motion would indicate increasing altitude for a plane); being orange (zero tonal change throughout) rather than blue-white; and by never showing any other kind of (or multiple) light as would be even on a stratospheric flight (which one can only detect, being beyond hearing, by the actinic white blink of the Transponder-light – as well as blue & red running-lights) and especially if flying low enough to justify 'headlights'.

Before arriving overhead it came to a complete standstill! (for at least a second – after having taking a good 2 minutes or more to move from the initial sighting position to a point, say, 70degrees above). I presumed it had changed altitude as the astigmatism became less complex, though still as large, but this could have been due to its greater proximity to my position.

And then it blinked out for a split-second and 'turned'(moved-off) Eastward(-inland) in a classic right-angle manoeuvre (from standstill in this case) instantly resuming its initial sedate speed with no perceptible acceleration. That did it for me! Despite its anomalies, it could still have been an aircraft up to that point, but it simply returned to its original speed without the lateral-acceleration of a helicopter.

There was still absolutely no sound. The night was completely still with no traffic-noise and any, even high, jet-sound would have caught up with my location well before the light halted, nor was there any heli-engine (the light being so bright that such would be well within range) – unless 'cloaked' of course.

Moreover, it then began to meander! It did so erratically, unlike the atmospheric and inertial motion of a rotor-supported craft which must make even-sweeps of change, making swift curving turns and small zig-zags. Furthermore, it not only altered speeds as it lazily wobbled about in distinct shifts relative to a reference-star and motionless nearby cloud layer (i.e., no optical motion-shifting



illusion), but it also dramatically varied its luminosity!

It did so as it manoeuvred, going from full(initial) brightness to half, then quarter, back-to-half, then blink out entirely (but never flicker/fade), come back to 1/4 ; 1/2; & full again until finally dropping to 1/4 for a short linear distance and then just turned off altogether well before reaching the cloud.

All this over a distance less than a quarter that of its originally-viewed straight and steady traverse.

Needless to say it didn't reappear.

I've watched all manner of normal aerial phenomena over my (now 62) life, starting with being shown Sputnik II passing over Albany WA by my father when I was little, and see satellites weekly from the balcony of my country residence (dusk & dawn). My parents have lived in back of the airport (on the 'toes' of the foothills below Kalamunda) for 30 years and I've watched ordinary airport 'phenomena' over Perth and other cities for longer than that.

I've never allowed myself to make 'hopeful' interpretations of things as Possible UFOs especially since I know, as a lifelong Ufology Reader, all the usual suspects (and excuses) and that something like this must be indubitably anomalous to count. This one satisfied every criterion of counter-identification needed for unequivocal surety.

My reaction was calm delight and of fulfilment of a casually-held desire to see one myself, having prided my assessment of this subject as intellectually rigorous and independent of any influencing experience. Thus I early came to the acceptance of UFO reality as a detached but partisan analyst, confirming the preponderance of truth as reported by others over the decades.

It's a real treat finally to have the experience.

**Robert Mc
Perth, Western Australia
24.03.17**

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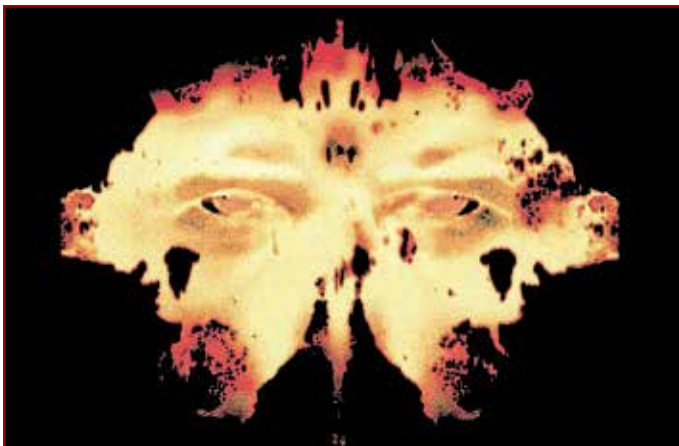
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