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Volume 14, No. 2  
February 1999

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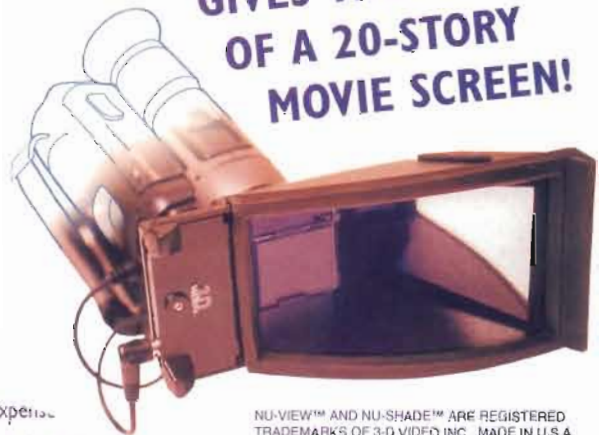
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# UFO

M A G A Z I N E  
and phenomena report

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 2  
FEBRUARY 1999

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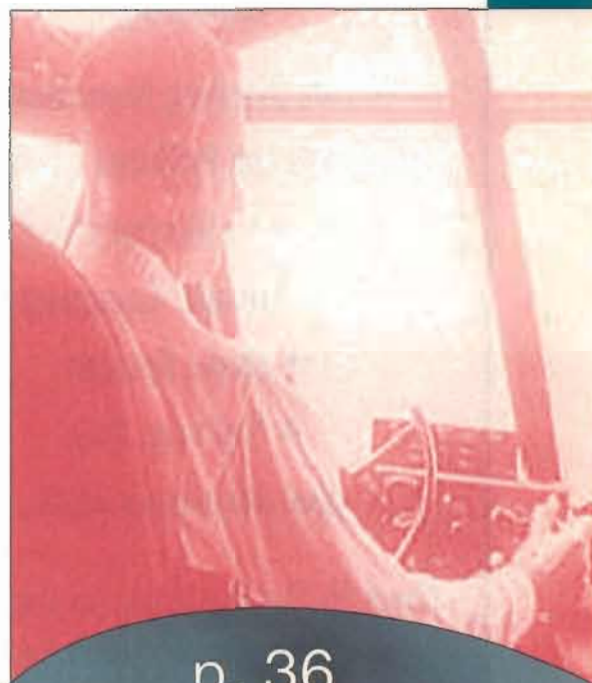
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### EDITORIAL

Publisher	William J. Birnes bbirnes@ufomag.com
Editor-in-Chief vecker@ufomag.com	Vicki Ecker
Art Director starkart@aol.com	Sherie Stark
Director of Research	Don Ecker decker@ufomag.com
Managing Editor	Sharon Higgins shiggins@ufomag.com
Circulation Manager	Jim Graves (303) 546-6804 (303) 449-1228 Fax
Business Manager	Robert Caramanica
Editorial Assistant	Sara Dupras
Contributing Editors:	Chip Beck [BeckChip@aol.com] Glen Boyd [alkiguy1@ix.netcom.com] Richard Hall, Dean Lamanna [journalust@aol.com] Michael Miley [MikeMiley@aol.com]
Contributing Writers:	Alan Ames, Victor Belenko, George Earley, Tim Iahn, Peter Jordan, Dale Toler, Dorothy Westlawn

Cover Art by John Alarid

### ADVERTISING

Jim Graves	(303) 546-6804 (303) 546-1228 Fax
Sharon Higgins	(310) 827-0505 (310) 827-6865 Fax shiggins@ufomag.com

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## COMPREHENDING ROSWELL

**Editor:**

The other day I received several copies of *UFO Magazine* (Vol. 13, No. 7) from you. What a nice bit of coverage of the 1947 incident. So often when there is coverage of this incident, it is so poorly covered that it is hard to comprehend what the author was trying to get across. Thank you for the copies and I hope that sometime in the near future you will visit us again.

Walter G. Haut  
Roswell, NM

## KNOWING THY EXPERIMENTER

**Editor:**

In his review of the book *FBI Files* Chip Beck states "even rats can tell we are there!"—in reference to Nicholas Redfern's analogy of alien abduction to animal testing. Could Mr. Beck please tell us how a rat is anymore specially aware of his human tormentor than an abductee is of his or her alien surroundings? A flea can't comprehend the whole of the dog he's riding, neither can we fully grasp the scope of the intelligence enveloping us. Mr. Beck has obviously never been the victim of an abduction, or experienced the repressed memories of a traumatic event. He imagines the rat can tell we are there. He's never been in the rat's shoes, with the panic, the fear, the confusion. His argument holds no weight!

Remy Chevalier  
Weston, CT

## HALL'S BREADTH

**Editor:**

Enough already, Mr. Hall. We get that "scientific evidence" is a must message. Month after month you drive home this point

but it's time to move on to another topic. While you are so narrowly focused on finding the tangible, smoking UFO gun—not content until it's hovering directly over your house, low enough for you to see, touch and smell—others are willing to try to investigate and understand the broad spectrum of realities comprising this phenomenon. Yet your message is discouraging: confine yourself to the physical plane of existence and the limited visible spectrum of light.

You and the skeptics seem to be encouraging a lack of creative thinking. Remember, however, that great scientific discoveries were brought about by creative and courageous people willing to think uniquely, differently, of other non-conformist possibilities.

Open up your mind, man! The UFO world with all its as yet undiscovered realities awaits you. Your scientific emphasis is blinding you, while the multi-dimensional universe is passing you by.

S.W.  
Troy, NY

*Hall will respond in a future issue.*

## ACADEMIC ANSWER TO ABDUCTION

**Dear Editor:**

Re: Mike Miley's article. The information in Gregory Kanon's article "The Great UFO Hoax" (Vol. 13, No. 8) is skimmed over by Miley, but may hold the answers to the perplexing aspects of so-called abductions. I think that Mr. Miley should take his own advice on the same page, "researchers also need to be better informed of cutting-edge work in other fields." Very specifically, Miley should apprise himself of the research of the last 60 or 70

years done in earnest in the fields of psychology, electronic technology and miniaturization.

As to my own research (including the fields of psychology, paranormal, PK energy studies, etc.) and experiences (some of the events I thought at first to have been directed by ETs), I have found 95 percent of all the events of so-called ET abduction solved by reading academic journals. And, the entities behind the events are *not* from other planets. The basis/reason for the events is also explained by a close reading of the academic journal articles.

Yes, there is a 5 percent possibly that some of the phenomena are caused by something unknown which might be a by-product of tampering with the human psyche by rituals and, in modern times, electronic technology. For a more detailed account, please see my papers published on-line in various websites—one being Mind Control Forum, Ed Light's website, and *The Konformist*.

Kathy Kasten  
West Los Angeles, CA

## MILEY'S REPLY:

Kanon's "article" is actually a book by that name and I found it intriguing. I think the psychotronic mind control hypothesis has a basis in some reports of abductions by military agents, but I find it inadequate to account for the diversity and range of UFO/alien reports. The South African case, for example, where 60 schoolchildren saw UFOs and aliens land outside their schoolyard, is hardly a case where miniature implants were placed in their brains to induce hallucinations, or even where some kind of "holographic movie" was being projected from behind the bushes for their befuddlement. Of course, the children were not abducted, but they all reported grays with big eyes

*continued on page 64*

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

**W**e're pleased to excerpt Timothy Iahn's *Interceptor Files* in this issue. Not only are they interesting reading in and of themselves, Tim has done a creditable job researching the public records and interviewing witnesses. Tim Iahn has other books he's working on in this area, and we look forward not only to seeing *Interceptor Files* as a book in the near future, but to discovering what new projects Tim is working on.

In our next issue we will reveal the grand prize finalists in the photo contest. There were many intriguing entries, particularly the videos, along with some fascinating stories of observations of strange lights. Whether they were actually UFOs we'll never know. But the stories were compelling.

In 1999, the final countdown to the Millennium, we'll be starting up a number of new projects which we'll announce in the coming months, but which will be new ventures for *UFO Magazine* that we expect will be informative and entertaining, as well.

Visit our new website ([www.ufomag.com](http://www.ufomag.com)), send us your personals, and send us your personal contact stories.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

**P**eople in certain professions are automatically considered "trained observers," and they're the ones whose witness testimony counts in ways that matter most to the skeptical-minded among us. Such credible individuals include police and other law enforcement officials, military, scientists, doctors, some business leaders, academics and most especially for our particular field of interest—pilots. Many thanks to author Tim Iahn for the patient work he did that eventually gleaned the stories we present in this issue.

When do UFO "stories" cross that crucial boundary to become reality? Because of the subjective nature of this phenomenon and the endemic denial around it, there's no sure answer for that. UFOs might be seen as one level above the rest of our reality, which forever and always will be a different set of perceptions for each individual. The schizophrenic's hallucination of a demon in the closet is just as real to her as an elected official's belief he is being "demonized" by the opposing party. In each case, the demon is a product of the individual's mind. The curious difference is that at least in the schizophrenic's case, it's not impossible that some dark mental aberration has caused her to tap into another level of reality, a place where "demons" actually exist. In the politician's case, the demon is an apt internal metaphor for his perceived enemies. Maybe the schizophrenic and the politician are part of the same spectrum, that place in the human mind where limitation and negative influences are first felt. One finds a consensual enemy—or demon—based on the conventional framework of modern civilization; the other "takes it all the way," so to speak, and conjures up a brain pattern that attracts a non-material entity whose form befits the archetypal description of humanity's most fearsome enemy.

These ideas will be explored as we cross into the New Millennium and carry the UFO concept into other realms of philosophical and spiritual searching. For even if it has a solid, material reality, which many of our contributors profess, the question of where the phenomenon fits into the human drama still takes center stage for us.



## New Science, Ancient Wisdom Converge in Berkeley

By Michael Miley

**U**FOs did not appear over the International Center in Berkeley, California between Nov. 7-8, 1998, but they were definitely a topic of discussion at the New Science and Ancient Wisdom conference held that weekend, jointly sponsored by the Bay Area Consciousness Network, the East Bay Contact and Support Network, and the group called Sharing Information on Fringe Topics (SHIFT).

The gathering was billed as a seminar for "sharing information on paranormal phenomena, extraterrestrial life and interdimensional consciousness." A roster of eight main speakers and two panels (with four panelists apiece) covered topics ranging from remote viewing and UFOs to free energy devices and sacred sites. Approximately 150 people turned up each day.

The conference got off to an inauspicious start with a rambling, uninformative presentation on remote viewing by Shelley Thompson, but then began in earnest with David John Oates's presentation of reverse speech. Oates, an Australian researcher with a personal interest in speech dynamics, made his case for a curiosity that was exploited in '60s rock music with the "secret messages" of the Beatles and other super groups: If you play a recording of the human voice backwards, it reveals "messages" that are eerily coherent. Oates thinks this isn't mere pattern recognition in a context of expectations (the skeptical view), but the "voice of the unconscious" telling the truth in reverse, a finding he believes will make public lying and self-deception impossible, ushering in a revo-

lution in human self-awareness.

After lunch, a lyrical presentation on crop circles was given by Denni Clarke, a British researcher residing in the U.S. who leads annual group excursions to the U.K. into the fields of wheat, barley, and rape seed where the crop circles appear. Clarke showed aerial and ground-level photos of the '98 season of U.K. crop circles, which have grown in number and complexity since the early '80s, and which now also appear throughout Europe, Australia, Canada, the U.S. and elsewhere. Crop circles are actually better described as "agriglyphs," which refers to their symbolic, often tetrahedral complexity, and one of the more astonishing English geometric formations Clarke showed was of the ancient Tree of Life symbol of the Qabala, a formation that figured into the hyperdimensional physics of one of the speakers on Sunday (see

Haramain, below).

Clarke reported that while hoaxes are still occasionally being made, the great majority of the agriglyphs are recognizably genuine by a number of indications (including the lack of broken stalks), and continue to be associated with UFOs and "earthlights." The British Ministry of Defense (or other secret military organizations) continues aerial surveillance of the areas where the glyphs are seen, she said.

In his engaging talk, ufologist and futurist Michael Lindemann, publisher of the online journal "CNI News" and author of *UFOs and the Alien Presence*, showed how scientific knowledge in the late 20th century has revised our notions of where and under what conditions life might take hold and how interplanetary travel by extraterrestrials may be possible, even likely. Using examples from undersea volcanic shelves, where plants and animals grow in profu-



GEORGE T. KRUSE

**WORDS TO THE WISE**—At the Ancient Wisdom conference in Berkeley, UFOs were part of the mix for some speakers such as futurist and author Michael Lindemann (at podium, far right), who gave scientific examples of why these days, belief in life on other planets is a no-brainer.



GEORGE T. KRUSE

**DISCUSSIONS**—Dr. James J. Hurtak (far right) fields questions from audience members after his talk on zero-point energy. Dr. Hurtak is founder of Academy for Future Science (AFFS) and author of *"The Keys of Enoch,"* a book that purports to be an angelic revelation about the end-times and the higher dimensions of human and cosmic evolution.

sion without sunlight, he extrapolated to planets such as Mars and Jupiter's moons in our own solar system, where conditions for life have existed in the past, or may exist now.

Lindemann wound up with recent reports of triangular UFOs seen over Israel, southeast of Tel Aviv, as well as with apparitions of "giants" seen in the Israeli countryside and 20" footprints found six inches deep in the hard-packed ground, extending some 16 kilometers into the desert. Lindemann related these Fortean reports to the Nefilim of the Bible and the research of Zecharia Sitchin.

Finally, Saturday ended with a regressionist/alien experimenter panel, comprised of moderator and hypnotherapist Virginia Bennett, M.A., experimenter Kathy Vaquilar, ufologist Dr. James Harder, and Dr. Scott Mandelker, author of *From Elsewhere*, a book that advances the thesis that some humans are actually alien incarnations or "walk-ins." A key theme discussed was positive vs. negative encounters with aliens, framed partially as the difference between East Coast (Hopkins, Jacobs, Mack) and West Coast (Boylan, Harder, and channeled) views of the phenomenon. During the Q&A

portion, a Peruvian experimenter in the audience reported her own negative abductions and looked for ways to stop them. Vaquilar and Mandelker spoke of spiritual methods for transforming negative alien encounters.

Sunday's talks began with a superb presentation on sacred geometry by Mali Burgess, a graduate of Princeton University and the California Institute of Integral Studies, and founder of Foundation for the Future, an organization designed to "provide services and inspire and develop projects in harmonic resonance with life, with the earth and nature, that include education, health, architecture, the arts, sciences, spiritual technology, geometry, and metaphysics, in a way that integrates the knowledge and wisdom of the past with respect for the future."

Burgess took the audience through a systematic presentation of what I'd call "the sacred geometry of reality creation," describing a step-by-step "complexification" process from simple to complex geometric shapes, showing their relationship to sacred imagery throughout the ages and

to structures in the natural world.

Dr. James J. Hurtak was next with a presentation on zero point energy (ZPE). Hurtak, a scientific consultant on alternative energy resources and founder of the Academy for Future Science (AFFS), is author of the visionary, Judeo-Christian and Qabalistic *Keys of Enoch*, a text published in 1977 that purports to be an angelic revelation of end-times and the higher dimensions of human and cosmic evolution in the multiverse.

The first part of Hurtak's presentation explained the scientific research being done around the world on ZPE and cold fusion for renewable energy, potentially capable of replacing fossil fuels and powering interstellar craft. Hurtak spoke of the extreme necessity for tapping into ZPE and other alternative energy sources if we are to free ourselves from dependence on fossil fuels and their concomitant pollution. He showed videotapes of two revolutionary free energy devices: a large, free-energy motor in operation at a Japanese research firm, and small, approximately 4" to 15" free-energy rings that can be held or set on a table, capable of putting out roughly 60 to 830 fluctuating volts and lighting ordinary 100-watt light bulbs, shown by an anonymous American inventor. Both examples tap into "free" energy, the first using a sequence of reversible magnets, and the second using a similar magnetic strategy, which taps into Earth's magnetic field and can produce energy indefinitely.

At one point, Hurtak spoke of the human being as an energy transducer, and the use of sound for producing altered states of consciousness. He also touched upon remote viewing, Uri Geller, psychokinesis, and the use of mantras to produce geometric materializations. "Matter, and our body, is gravitationally-trapped light," said Hurtak, and he pointed to the higher physical and spiritual evolution of humankind as a process of freeing this light. Hurtak then ended



his presentation with a computer-animated video, "Merkabah: Voyage of a Star Seed" (available from AFFS in Los Gatos, CA), articulating his mystical vision of the higher evolution.

After lunch, theoretical physicist Nassim Hamein spoke on a hyper-dimensional model of reality, drawing upon much of the same sacred geometry laid out in Burgess' presentation. Hamein has spent the last ten years researching quantum physics, zero point energy, unified field theory, ancient civilizations, and hyperdimensional geometry.

Central to Hamein's presentation was a holographic, fractal model of space-time, where each point in space-time contains the whole of reality. He explained how experiments in the '80s proved Bell's Theorem, where the behavior of distantly-paired subatomic particles implies an enfolded connection rather than faster-than-light communication. The next stage in evolution will occur when human self-awareness becomes space-time, and when humans realize that all knowledge, and the true apprehension of infinity, comes from within, not from without, as reductive science believes. His presentation used tetrahedral and octahedral figures, with intersecting spheres, structures that are exemplified everywhere in the natural world (from dividing cells to the Hourglass Nebulae). He also showed their analogs in the crop circles and at sacred sites around the world. One astonishing crop circle was a dead ringer for the Tree of Life in the Qabala, which Hamein incorporated as a complementary, polarized, tetrahedral key (one of 64) in the isotropic vector metrics model he used to depict hyperdimensional reality.

The last presentation was a report of journeys to sacred sites, including Egypt and England, by Tricia McCannon, where ceremonies were conducted at the pyramids of Giza, the Sphinx and the Temple at Karnak along the Nile, as well as in the crop circles near Stonehenge and in the fields near Avebury and Silbury

Hill in the U.K. McCannon is a photographer, ufologist, historian, and clairvoyant who purportedly does "psychic archeology" at sacred sites and within human psyches. Author of *Dialogues with the Angels* and director of the UFO Forum in Atlanta, GA, McCannon believes she is directed in her work by angelic beings. She also proclaims herself a "priestess of Isis, acting as an emissary of the Twisted Hair Native American prophetic tradition," and states she's been directed to usher in the "Return of the Dove," symbolizing world peace and the sacred feminine.

The conference concluded with a transformation/implications panel, featuring clairvoyant Paula Peterson, author of *The Oracle of*

*Clarion*; parapsychologist Jon Klimo, author of *Channeling*; and Karen Waymire editor of *Inner Words* magazine and a teacher of "A Course in Miracles."

The panel echoed the conference theme; each person spoke of their own transformative spiritual experiences, relating them to anomalies presented at the conference, the quickening changes in human culture, and the tasks ahead as humanity shifts in the new millennium from the dominant materialist paradigm to a more spiritual view of reality.

*Michael Miley, who moderated the panel at the conference, is a writer in northern California. He can be reached at mikemiley@aol.com (America Online) or mmiley@wco.com (Internet).*

## Area 51 Lawsuit Loses On Appeal

NOV. 2, WASHINGTON—In another victory for purported national security, an appeal by five former or current workers at Area 51 has been turned down by the Supreme Court, which let stand the rulings that exempts the plaintiffs' attorneys from knowing either what substances exist at Area 51 or how they are handled.

The workers at a top-secret Air Force base in Nevada, identified in court documents as "five John Does," Helen Frost and Stella Kasza—the latter names of widows of two of the workers—had

claimed in their lawsuit against the Department of Defense and the Environmental Protection Agency that injurious levels of hazardous toxic wastes were illegally burned in open trenches at the site. It is believed the deaths of Frost's and Kasza's husbands could have been caused by these practices at the site.

The initial suit was dismissed by a federal judge, and last January a three-judge panel for the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals upheld that ruling, forbidding even the release of results of a federal inspection of the site.

## Air Force Wants To Stay

The Air Force is currently seeking to extend its land use permit for Nellis Air Force Range in Nevada and filed an application to do so last September. Their current rights extend over approximately 3 million acres of public land, including 2,900,000

acres expropriated in 1986, 90,000 acres that surround the controversial Area 51/Groom Lake area and the Groom Mountains that they expropriated in 1988 and the 4,000 acres of White Sides/Freedom Ridge area adjacent to Area 51 that they expropriated in 1995.

# ET Phoned? Another Wrong Number

by Don Ecker

**R**ecently, a message about an extraterrestrial signal began circulating on the Internet that for the next week caused a flurry of excitement within the UFO and SETI communities. At first, the message said an unnamed British amateur SETI enthusiast—referred to as a “British engineer”—had intercepted a possible ET signal that emanated from the star EQ Pegasi.

The man’s story was quite elaborate. Claiming to be employed by a British telecommunications company, he had allegedly mounted a 1450 MHz “feedhorn onto a 10-meter satellite dish,” and also claimed to have a custom built “waterhole” filter mounted on the satellite dish.

The message then stated that while using two SETI software programs, FFTDSP and SETIFOX, on October 22 he logged a “hit,” which supposedly occurred while the dish was pointed at RA (Right Ascension) 23 degrees 31 minutes 48 seconds, and Declination 19 hours, 55 minutes, 58 seconds. The Internet immediately latched onto this seemingly breaking news story.

EQ Pegasi is a binary star system, which means that it has a

“companion” star. According to NASA/JPL, in order to support life, any planets would have to be about as close to the star as is our solar system’s planet Venus to the Sun. The reason is that EQ Pegasi is a cooler star than our Sun; however the danger to any indigenous life would be if the star flared. EQ Pegasi is an M-type star and they are thought to flare frequently.

Almost immediately, the mainstream scientific SETI community responded to the news about the possibility of an ET signal “hit.” NBC’s online and cable service MSNBC interviewed Dr. Seth Shostak from the SETI Institute, who said that for a short while in September the institute had suspected EQ Pegasi, but the conclusion was that signals were believed to be from terrestrial interference.

No more was heard about EQ Pegasi until Oct. 23 when the anonymous “engineer” made his claims on a closed SETI newsgroup. When Dr. H. Paul Shuch of the SETI League was contacted, he reported that as soon as the news was heard, the 63 active observing stations attempted to confirm the signal. They had no success in doing so. Shostak stat-

ed that in fact no one had success in finding the alleged signal. “The signals were found at different frequencies, which would not be confirmation of an alien signal even if all the data proved accurate,” Shostak commented.

According to the mainstream SETI scientists, the Internet message raised flags from the beginning because of the anonymous identity of the reporter. Dr. Shuch stated, “A responsible scientist, amateur or professional, takes ownership of his or her mistakes as well as accomplishments.” Dr. Shostak said he was very skeptical of the entire matter. “It has the earmarks of possibly being just a prank,” he said.

A press conference scheduled for Nov. 4 was canceled at the last minute by a bizarre posting from the now-named British engineer, Paul Dore. In a newsgroup posting dated Nov. 3, Dore stated that when he arrived home from work on Nov. 2, he was met by three men, two of whom Dore claimed were British, one from the RAF and the other from Government Communications Headquarters, Britain’s GCHQ. The third man was supposedly an American NSA officer. The message further claimed that the signals Dore claimed to have picked up were in fact from an American spy satellite.

Now dismissed as a hoax, the purported signal from EQ Pegasi set the stage for other bizarre claims. At press time, at least one faction of the UFO community was announcing and fully expecting a UFO landing, and even the outbreak of a war, that was set to begin on Dec. 7.

*The gathering in Sedona for the proclaimed Dec. 7 events will be covered in the next issue.*

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# RICHARD HALL



Richard Hall

## *The Impact of Extraterrestrial Contact*

**I**n a famous episode of Rod Serling's "Twilight Zone," the humans are concerned about the intentions of the aliens, until they find the alien manual entitled "To Serve Man." Obviously, they are here to help us, the relieved humans conclude. What they fail to realize is that it is a cookbook. The moral of the story is that self-delusion can be fatal.

We have no way of knowing the ultimate alien "game plan," unless we arbitrarily choose to believe one of the received "messages" obtained by contactees or abductees, and they are notoriously inconsistent and self-contradictory. But we can infer a few things and examine realistic alternative possibilities. On one hand, they have been around for 50 years or more and life goes on; society survives. On the other hand, a large number of people have been severely injured during close encounters with UFOs. If we credit abduction stories, many more humans have been treated like laboratory animals. There is no cause for complacency.

Since the reality of UFOs has not been "officially" accepted by governments or science, they exist in a sort of twilight world and have little impact on our daily lives or on society as a whole. But suppose tomorrow or next week society were confronted with absolute, unequivocal proof of extraterrestrial intelligent life. What would be the impact of that on our daily lives, our key institutions, and on society as a whole? Although some scholars may have considered this rather vital question, surprisingly little has been said or written about it.

The Fund for UFO Research is

compiling an issue paper for publication in 1999, in which sociologists, theologians, and other scholars will essay answers to these questions. The form the proof takes almost doesn't matter for the sake of the argument, but landings and open contact obviously would be the most dramatic, and the most likely to have

ence, and religions, even making this most benign assumption? These are matters of the utmost importance that we should be thinking about, and preparing ourselves for whatever the truth proves to be.

*Since the reality  
of UFOs has not been "officially"  
accepted by governments or science, they  
exist in a sort of twilight world and have little  
impact on our daily lives or on  
society as a whole.*

serious consequences. Suppose we find unmistakable artifacts on the Moon or Mars. Or suppose multiple tracking cameras record controlled nonhuman craft entering and leaving the earth's atmosphere. At the very least, it will be back to the old drawing board for science, governments, and the people.

What happens to us, clearly, will depend almost entirely on what the aliens want or expect from us in the long run. Peaceable, friendly overtures could be very exciting and usher in a wonderful new era. But what of the impact on earthly governments, sci-

### **Cool Prediction**

**F**rom a close study of collective behavior, my informed guess as to how most people would react to extraterrestrial contact is ... if plenty of credible information is available, there is very little risk of any harmful or destructive behavior of the kind we might all 'panic'."

—Robert L. Hall, PhD,  
social psychologist



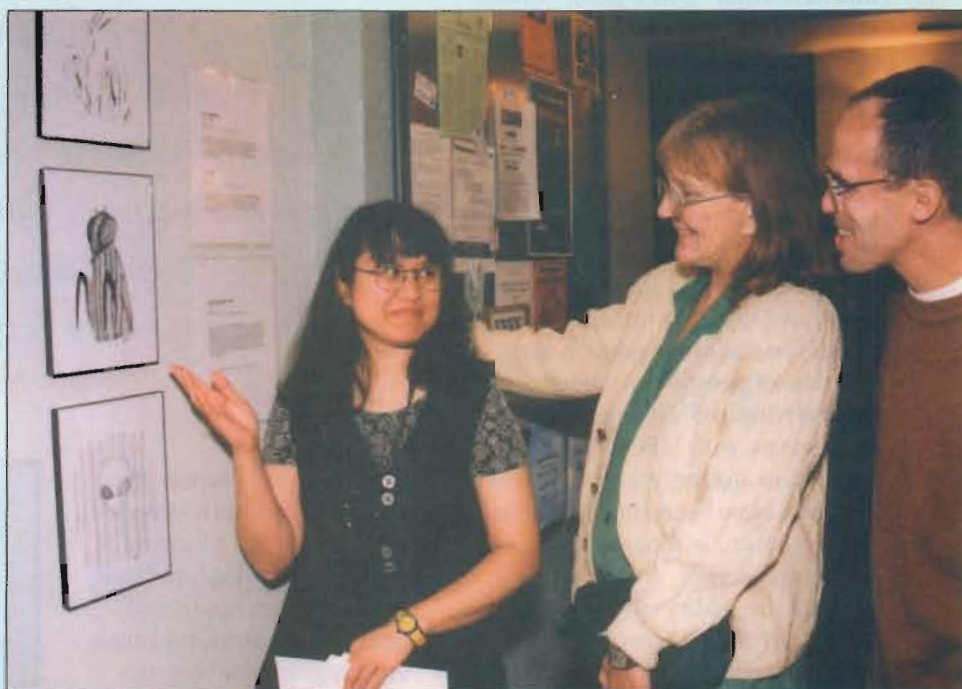
# UFO Art Show Highlights Experiencers' Impressions



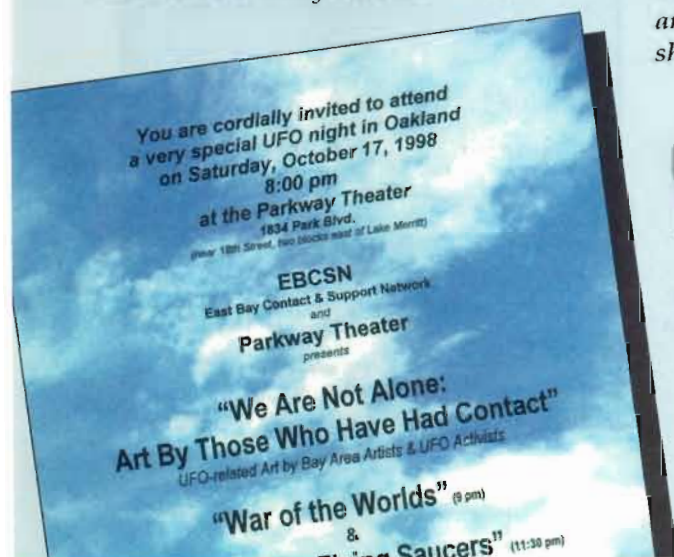
Oakland's Parkway Theater



**GETAWAY**—Ruben Uriarte, assistant state director for Northern California MUFON, and artist Kathy Vaquilar see the abductee's fright evident in Oakland artist Wayne Gex's painting, "Where Did You Go On Vacation?"



**CONTACTS**—Kathy Vaquilar tells friends Wynette Weaver (center) and Chris Carlisle about her own drawings, some of insect-like beings she's met during her experiences.



**C**oming out for abductees can sometimes be an artful process, and that was literally the case throughout the month of October when Bay Area artists displayed paintings, sculptures and photographs based on their own UFO/alien experiences. Hosted by Oakland-based East Bay Contact and Support Network (EBCSN), the exhibit entitled "We Are Not Alone: Art by Those Who Have Had Contact" was held at Oakland's Parkway Theater. "This was the first time a local group of artists boldly admitted that they themselves had witnessed UFO-related phenomena in their lives," states coordinator Kathy Vaquilar, herself an abductee and contributing artist. "I would like to see EBCSN's artists' group expand and continue having exhibits like this." Plans are underway for "We Are Not Alone, II."





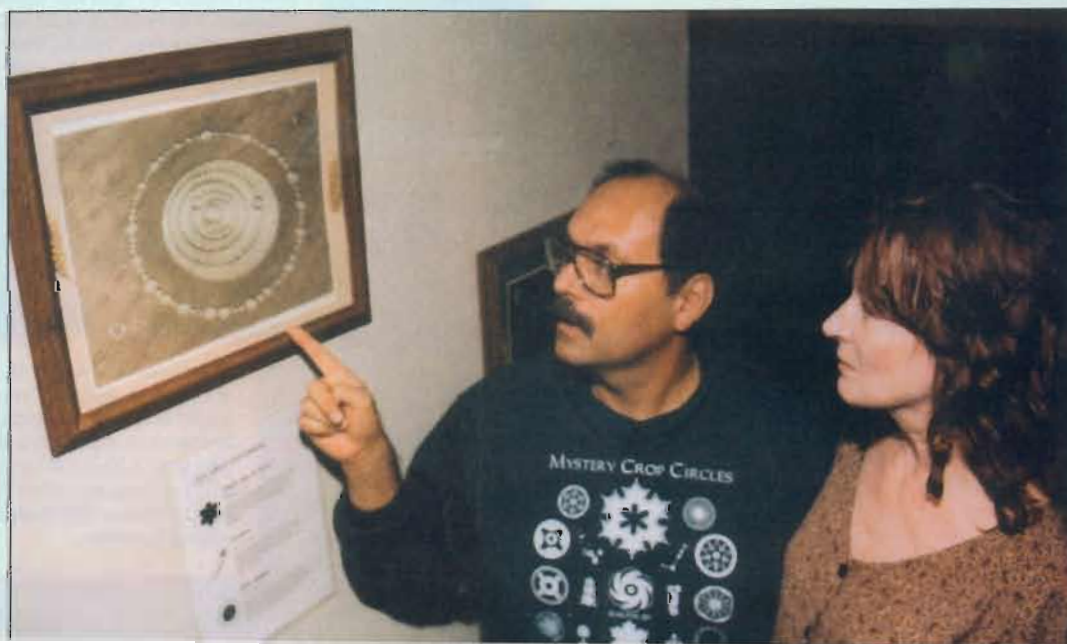
*HELPING HAND—Kathy Vaquilar, coordinator of the art show and co-founder of the East Bay Contact and Support Network (EBCSN) stands before paintings by Daly City actor and sculptor Robert Anthony.*



*Wynette Weaver, co-founder of EBCSN and her creation, "UFO Sighting in Palm Desert."*

PHOTOS BY GEORGE T. KRUSE

*Mill Valley hypnotic regressionist Helen Billings and Ruben Uriarte discuss a crop circle piece.*







# WORLDWIDE UFO

**Montana:** Polson, October 21 and 22, 1998. Between the hours of 2:30 and 3:00 a.m., numerous (several hundred) eyewitnesses report a UFO in the southwestern skies over the Mission Mountains. Polson Police department officers, radio station employees and other night workers in the towns of Ronan, St. Ignatius and Polson spot and track an unidentified object that is described to have flashing blue, red and green lights. The 600-foot triangular object hovers low in the sky. One witness sees two distinct domes above the flashing lights.

**Ohio:** Cleveland, September 26, 1998. Witnesses report seeing numerous star-like lights quickly darting back and forth in the night sky. They appear to come close together to form a very bright collective, then spread out. The lights occasionally form geometric shapes such as triangles and rectangles. Lights flicker and hint at different colors. Witnesses watch for over an hour.

**New Jersey:** Wanaque Reservoir, (no date). A witness photographs an unusual looking orb shaped like a Christmas ornament that appears to have some structure inside the ball.

**Arizona:** Phoenix, November 7, 1998. When a caller to a local radio station reports that there's a strange object in the sky, former Phoenix Councilwoman Francis Barwood steps outside her home with a friend to observe a bright, oblong light hovering in the night. It is around 11:30 p.m. Object is about 1 inch at arm's length and does not appear to move. Other nearby residents report similar sightings.

**Colorado:** Aurora, September 24, 1998. Around 9:30 p.m. while walking a dog near Smokey Hill and Waco Street, witness sees brilliant bright white lights with rays or spikes emitting all around this object. It dissected the moon from its lower left tip to its center and up to its upper right tip, then proceeded to travel due East at a very slow speed, about 10 to 20 mph.

**Chile:** Coyahique, August 19, 1998. Soldiers on night maneuvers at the Chilean Army Base see a "strange cloud like object going against the wind." Object appears to have internal lights blinking and flickering. A few nights later, another platoon of Chilean soldiers sees "a big ball of light bobbing around them." One soldier snaps a photograph of the UFO. Sixty miles away, residents and local police see a 400-meter-wide triangular UFO. Police open an official investigation.




# SIGHTINGS

## FOIA Suit Seeks Info on "Triangles"

Citizens Against UFO Secrecy (CAUS) will soon be filing two FOIA lawsuits against the Department of Defense, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency for information involving enigmatic triangular UFOs that are continually being seen in our skies, as well as information on the "alien abduction" phenomenon. Anyone with personal experience(s) of either is asked to contact CAUS at [CAUS@caus.org](mailto:CAUS@caus.org). Please visit the CAUS website at [www.caus.org](http://www.caus.org) and support the CAUS by signing up for CAUS updates.

—Sightings on these pages courtesy of CAUS



**China:** Changzhou City, October 19, 1998. A Jianjiao-6 armed interceptor jet with two pilots on board chases an unknown moving target flying directly above a military training base near Changzhou City. Encounter begins when over 140 witnesses and four different radar stations in northern Hebei province pick up an unknown moving target flying over military airspace. It appears at first like a small star that grows. Observers describe a mushroom-shaped dome on top and a flat bottom covered with bright, continually rotating lights. As the jet gets within 4,000 meters of the UFO near Quing County, the UFO abruptly shoots upward, easily outmaneuvering the jet. UFO appears to toy with the fighters in a cat and mouse game by repeatedly outdistancing the jet and then reappearing just above it. Interceptor finally returns to base after running out of fuel at an altitude of 12,000 meters. UFO then disappears from Chinese airspace.

**North Carolina:** Clarkton, October 13, 1998. Witnesses on Highway 211 see a triangular-shaped craft moving at about 15 miles per hour southwest across the highway to about 500 yards above the trees. The noiseless craft has a bright white light on the front tip with round lights on the corners. Underneath the center of the craft is a large, bright, red blinking light.

**Malaysia:** Sabah, Beluran District, October 2, 1998. A staff nurse along with several other workers in a government hospital report a strange object illuminating the dark sky around 2:15 a.m. A round, bright orange light hovers in the sky on a moonless night. The object travels approximately two kilometers and lands in the distance. They watch for 5 minutes until the lights go out.

**Australia:** King Island, September 24, 1998. Numerous residents of Currie, the largest city on the Island, report reddish-orange glowing balls of light hanging almost motionless in the evening sky. Sightings continue to occur every night from September 24 through September 28. Residents declare never seeing anything like this before.



## PEOPLE

### CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH AN ALIEN PILOT

# The story of a daring flight to freedom

by CDR Chip Beck, USNR (ret.)

**M**any Americans claim to have made contact with alien crews who have penetrated U.S. airspace over the years, but because of the bizarre, secretive nature of their visits and missions, our fellow citizens often have trouble documenting these encounters or getting the rest of us to believe these aliens exist, or—horror of horrors—walk among us.

Well, sign me up as one who has had close encounters with an alien pilot from a distant time zone and a parallel world that most Americans, even the abducted ones among us, have never visited. In fact, I've encountered two such alien pilots, but this story will only be about one of them—the one I know best, and whose visitations to our own domain have been the most frequent.



**"THUMBS UP"**—Belenko reacts to a standing ovation from USAF pilots at a "Dining In" at the 120th Tactical Fighter Squadron in the 1980s.



**"ALIEN-PILOT DESCENDING"**—This oil painting by the author depicts the MiG-25 pilot in the final moments of his escape from the USSR in 1976. The painting is based on a description by Belenko.

PHOTOS THIS PAGE COURTESY POLITICAL GRAPHICS SERVICE

I should begin by telling UFO readers that this alien pilot is quite adaptable, and although he walks among us, appearing to be one of our own kind, he can be identified as an alien pilot if one observes his odd habits and strange behavior closely, listens to his slightly defective speech patterns, and watches for the small mistakes that he makes as he simulates our way of life and social patterns.

In somewhat of a "Mork from Ork" manner, his comprehension of our linguistic nuances is not perfect. He once demanded to see a "bitch," but really had a "beach"

in mind. His confusion over our words, "six" and "sex" led him into some embarrassing situations with our female species.

This alien pilot first came to us in a craft that had the U.S. military and aviation industries all drooling to learn about its advanced technologies and propulsion systems. Because of the language barrier, the military and intelligence technicians did not at first realize that the alien pilot was making a gift of his craft to us—so that it could benefit our civilization.

The alien pilot was defecting from a war-like race that was bent





*TOP GUN"—Victor Belenko at the U.S. Navy TOP GUN school in Miramar, 1988.*

PHOTO BY CHIP BECK

on our destruction. He was one of several who either disagreed with the hostile plans of their masters to vanquish us or meant us no harm, once they came to better understand our own race. This planned conquest was eventually thwarted over decades of secret operations and behind-the-scenes development of our own sensitive technologies, many of which still remain hidden from the public eye.

The alien pilot who dropped in on us one cloudy day 22 years ago and almost crash-landed his supersonic alien craft was none other than a Siberian life-form by the name of Lieutenant Victor Belenko. The advanced propulsion platform (or so we viewed it) was a MiG-25 fighter aircraft, number 31.

Belenko, whose English was so bad as to be non-existent, almost created an international incident when he landed his MiG-25 in Hokkaido, Japan. He was indeed from another world and an alien race whose long-range goal was the destruction of the American way of life and civilization. At the time of his courageous flight from

the Soviet Union, the MKVD and KGB had infiltrated "illegals," or "sleeper agents" into our country, our society, and our institutions, to prepare for the day when America would presumably collapse from within.

So secretive was his world that the United States might as well have been another planet, orbiting in deep space far beyond the Soviet Solar System. When he finally decided to defect to America, Belenko had almost no idea what

kind of a world he was going to be entering. All he really knew was that there was something critically wrong with the one he desperately wished to leave.

To break away from the Soviet orbit himself, Belenko prepared a daring plan of escape, one which depended on his fellow pilots not having the latitude to make independent decisions for themselves.

One day, as his MiG-25 Squadron thundered off the runway for reconnaissance operations in the



*Belenko and then-LCDR Beck in Alexandria, Virginia, 1984.*

PHOTO COURTESY POLITICAL GRAPHICS SERVICE



*Victor Belenko (with helmet) and U.S. Navy TOP GUN instructors at Miramar, 1988. Many of the Navy pilots in the group were advisers on the Tom Cruise movie.*

PHOTO BY CHIP BECK

Soviet Far East, Belenko departed from the pre-arranged flight plan, dove below radar, and began to "contour fly" his fighter through valleys and canyons, heading east to the Sea of Japan and the Japanese Islands.

His Soviet comrades were too stunned to immediately do anything. Years of flying had not prepared them for this contingency. By habit, Soviet pilots would abide by strict orders, and were not allowed to deviate one bit from their pre-ordained flight plans. Unlike American pilots, they were not trained and certainly not authorized to think for themselves. Belenko counted on this rigid adherence to rules to make good his escape.

Belenko, trapped in extremely heavy cloud cover over the northern Japanese Islands and flying on visual references, barely made it to a patch of ground to land on. When the fighter jet finally skidded to a stop, sliding off the end of the runway at Hokkaido, there was nothing left in his gas tank but fumes.

Acting every bit as alien and bewildered as a pilot from planet

Zeon might behave after crashing into Earth, Belenko then leapt out of his MiG-25, waving his survival pistol and firing off a couple of rounds to keep a gathering crowd of Japanese motorists from approaching his craft.

The Soviet pilot fully intended to present his MiG-25 to the United States as a gift in exchange for his political asylum. Unfortunately, his written English was so bad, that a note he provided to Japanese authorities seemed to indicate, incorrectly of course, that the MiG-25 was booby-trapped and would blow up if anyone touched it. It took the Japanese several hours to even realize that Belenko was trying to defect, and was not simply a Soviet pilot who lost his way in the storm clouds.

Eventually, U.S. and Japanese technicians from the military and intelligence services took the MiG-25 apart inch-by-inch, just as they would have had the aircraft been a true alien spacecraft. What they discovered was astounding, but not in the way that they had anticipated. Far from being the high-tech, state-of-the-art, advanced

fighter that U.S. analysts had proclaimed it to be, the MiG-25 was pretty much a disappointment. While the U.S. thought the MiG-25 was capable of flying faster, higher and farther than it really could, it was essentially a flying bus, a pig on gas. It had only half to three-fourths of the capabilities American aviation experts had believed, and the technology used to build it was well behind that of U.S. fighters. While it was comforting once again to know that the Soviets were not ahead of the U.S. in tactical aviation technology, it was a disappointment to the specialists who had convinced everyone else otherwise.

After coming to the United States, Belenko was a major celebrity not only in the intelligence community, but particularly within the ranks of Navy and Air Force fighter pilots. His education about America—our civilization and way of life—was no less astounding to him than it would have been had he really come from another planet.

As it turned out, the Soviets predicted the collapse scenario well enough, they just had their eyes on the wrong country. Even "Alien Masters" fail to read the stars right when it comes to their own horoscope. Yet in spite of the fact that the Soviet Union is no more, Russian law still has Victor Belenko under a death sentence for at least another 4 years. Both the Soviets and the Russians have tried to lure him back to Moscow, where the sentence would presumably be imposed if he were so foolish as to accept their invitations to return.

*Retired CIA operative Chip Beck, who has debriefed a number of defectors from behind what was once called the Iron Curtain, has known Belenko for 15 years. "This Alien Pilot, a loyal friend who once felt himself to be a 'stranger in a strange land,'" Beck comments, "has done a lot for his adopted country and is quick to tell young Americans what a great nation they live in. To my knowledge, he's never turned his back on anyone who came to him for help."*



# FLIGHT AMONG THE STARS

by Victor Belenko

*A few years before his defection to the U.S., an airborne Belenko momentarily flaunted the rules and found an unexpected visitor on his wing.*

**SALSK, SOUTHERN SOUTHERN RUSSIA, JANUARY, 1972**—It was a bitter cold January midnight as I sat in the small cockpit of my MiG-17 fighter. The miserable weather, with its low ceiling and thick clouds, was perfect for IFR flights—flying on instruments. That was the whole reason I was sitting there, with the canopy open, waiting for permission from the tower to start the engine.

As the cold mist moistened my face, I caught the familiar stench of jet fuel and the coughing and roaring of other MiG engines as they leapt into life one-by-one. We were not going into combat, but we were going to battle the elements that night, and our abilities as pilots would be once more challenged. The chances were good that we would all return alive, but that was only if we flew the way we were supposed to. If we didn't, accidents could be fatal.

Sitting there, waiting for the tower's command, I felt as nervous and fidgety as an athlete does before the starting gun goes off before a race. Finally the "gun" went off—the tower signaled for me to proceed to the runway and launch.

After the take-off, I climbed gradually and was almost immediately enveloped in dark, dense clouds. Blackness surrounded the world outside my cockpit. I focused on the instrument panel, the only thing that would keep me alive and flying in such conditions.

"Attitude indicator—up," I mumbled aloud, going through my check-list, "speed indicator—720, altimeter—gaining altitude, vertical speed indicator—up, engine panel—OK, now back to attitude indicator and check it all again."

The routine cross-check during my climb away from the Soviet Air Base was occupying my mind, as I glanced from one instrument to another as a matter of habit and training. I listened to the sound of the MiG's engines even as the instruments verified everything was in order. My eyes flitted around to the compass, as my feet and hands automatically kept the bearing steady. My fingers played with the throttle, to keep the RPMs right where they should be.

The deep, thick and dark clouds made me feel like I was in a submarine beneath a black ocean of water. There was nothing to see outside, and I was not even supposed to look. My world was right there in front of me, on the instrument and control panel.

My assignment that night was to practice an instrument flight, or IFR, in "Zona # 3," which was 60 kilometers from the base I had just left. I was at 5,000 meters, still inside the cloud, when my flight plan called for me to make a cautious 30-degree IFR regulation banking turn to the left.

"To hell with the regulations," I thought, pulling into a

steep 60-degree bank. The act of rebellion and the 2 Gs needed to sustain the turn made me feel good and alive.

All of a sudden, half of my aircraft was unexpectedly "showered" by stars!

I was above the clouds, in the middle of a turn, a 60-degree bank with the tip of one wing pointed toward the heavens and the other toward Earth. Startled by the sudden appearance of lights, and without thinking, I looked outside.

Big mistake.

The surface of the cloud just below me was like a huge ice skating rink, reflecting the starlight from below to join the shower of light from above. The reflections danced all around the skin of my aircraft, disorienting me. Surprising the hell out of me was a big, round spot of light on my right wing tip, appearing to be a strange face with a grin.

Cursing myself and my momentary distraction, I jerked my head back to look at the instrument panel. In a matter of seconds, I had gotten into deep trouble. I was upside down and in a steep dive.

Immediately I executed corrections, talking to myself as I did so. "Attitude indicator—c'mon, straight and level. Altitude—enough to stay alive. Speed—800, vertical speed indicator—plus 50 up. . ."

Above the clouds again, but climbing right this time, I chanced a look outside once more. Now the spot with the human-like face was on the left wing!

This time I felt like I was piloting a spacecraft among the stars, when all of a sudden I came "over the top," and felt the sensation of my weightless body floating in space between the harness straps and the ejection seat.

Back to the instrument panel!

I was in a slow "barrel roll" this time. I disciplined myself, finally, to stick to the instrument panel. I fought very hard to overcome a seductive compulsion to look outside. I was also fighting "space disorientation," what the Americans call "vertigo," and was having trouble with the plane. Something was wrong with the MiG as well as the MiG pilot!

I could not complete my training assignment, and requested permission to return to "Tochka," our air field. All the way back I struggled with the space disorientation, until finally I saw the runway ahead with its lights. Finally, a visual reference I could count on.

After landing, I reported the technical problem I experienced. "The cycle for hydraulic relief valve was too short," I told them. It was just an excuse on my part, but a good one. I did not tell anyone about what really happened up there—not about violating the regulations, not about the shower of stars, looking out the cockpit, and certainly, most certainly not about the "man in the moon" riding on my wing tips!

If I had told anyone about any of those things, I would have been "grounded," and you would never have heard about Victor Belenko, MiG-25 pilot.



# WEBWATCH

by Glen G. Boyd

**S**urf's Up, Cybernauts. First, the big news. *UFO Magazine* is pleased to announce our return to cyberspace with the re-launch of our website. As most of you know, the old *UFO Magazine* site has been terminated and we have returned with a brand new site, with not only a new look, but also a new URL and a new partner. In an agreement between this magazine and Central Park Media Corporation of New York, *UFO Magazine* will now be featured at UFOCity.COM at <http://www.UFOCity.com> and of course can be accessed directly at <http://www.ufomag.com>

Now before you start singing that "Don't go changin'..." song from Billy Joel...

What this means to *UFO Magazine's* readership is more of the same objective, up-to-the-minute news and research on all aspects of the UFO phenomenon. It also means the same regular features (including this column) *UFO Magazine* has become known for. In addition, you will find daily news updates as they happen, a National Sightings Map (updated as reports arrive), Editor's and Publisher's columns, a Chat Room, video and interactive features, archives of the best stories from past issues, previews of upcoming issues, and secure online ordering for subscriptions and back issues. Got all that?

Check out the new, improved *UFO Magazine* site at <http://www.ufomag.com>

End of gratuitous self-promotion. Except for one thing. We also thought we'd tell you a bit more about UFOCity.com. Since we'll be giving equal time to some of the other UFO mags online a little later here, we went ahead and made them our Webwatch Pick. We'll keep it short, though, okay?

## AND THE WINNER IS...

UFOCity.com at <http://www.UFOCity.com>  
Peter Robbins' UFOCity.com is "dedicated to bringing the most up-to-date news and features available on the subject of UFOs," according to the main page introduction here. To that end, UFOCity.com has a Newsstand, where you'll find all the latest UFO news, as well as columns by Robbins ("The Truth Matters"), British researcher Nick Pope ("London Calling"), Georgina Bruni ("Bruni's Column"), and "Filer's Files," a weekly wrap-up of major UFO stories from George Filer.

You'll also find an online shopping mall, which promises to house the largest selection of UFO books,



*UFO Magazine will now be featured at UFOCity.COM at <http://www.UFOCity.com>*

videos, CD-Roms, and other merchandise in the near future. UFOCity.com also has one of the larger UFO linkboards around—we found a great link to FBI UFO Files there which will be covered in a future Webwatch. Features planned for the future include a UFO news service, live chats and interviews with top UFO researchers, and reviews of relevant books, videos, and CD-ROMs. UFOCity is still a work in progress, but it's off to a very promising start.

"Conflicts of interest" aside, Webwatch says to check them out.

Now in the interest of equal time for the competition, Webwatch looks at some of the other UFO magazines and newsletters with websites out there. Graham Birdsall's *UFO Magazine* is the U.K.'s largest UFO publication (and *not* to be confused with the one you are reading). Online, you'll find them at <http://www.ufomag.co.uk/>

In addition to news and articles, UFO U.K. promotes a number of UFO conferences in the U.K., on which you'll find tons of info here if you feel up for the trip. UFO U.K. is also home to *The Unopened Files*, a sister publication devoted to UFOs and related subjects.

They are not the Ufologist, The Parapsychologist, the Cryptozoologist, or any other Mystery-ologist. So says *The Anomalist*, a twice yearly publication exploring mysteries and anomalies in the fields of



science, nature and history. You'll find *The Anomalist* at <http://www.anomalist.com>. With a subtle, but decidedly Fortean spin, *The Anomalist* features stories and links on everything from the recent Pegasi space signals hoax to news items like "Suspected Killer of homeless claims to be a Vampire." You'll also find Links, Commentaries, and a section devoted to High Strangeness Reports. Webwatch liked *The Anomalist* a lot. But when it comes to all things Fortean, nobody does it quite like *Fortean Times*, "the monthly magazine of news, reviews and research on strange phenomena and experiences, curiosities, prodigies and portents." Dedicated to the work of veteran investigator/researcher Charles Fort, *Fortean Times* explores "the wild frontiers between the known and the unknown." You'll find articles from the current issue and an archive of previous material at <http://www.forteanimes.com>.

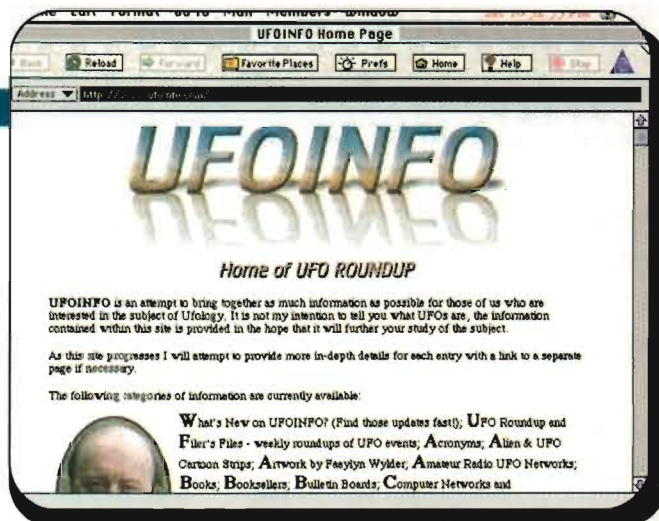
*Nexus* is the bi-monthly international magazine "for information anarchists everywhere." You'll find coverage of Alternative Health, Suppressed Science, Earth's Ancient Past, Government Cover-ups, and of course, UFOs and the Unexplained at <http://www.icom.net/~nexus/>.

Current articles up at *Nexus* include stories on Remote Viewing and a Linda Howe piece on "Insider Evidence of UFOs and EBEs." *Nexus* can be a little New-Agey at times, but overall it's a very good information source.

Speaking of information sources—

**GET ON THE UFOINFO HIGHWAY:** We found a great clearinghouse of UFO Information at UFOINFO, a site packed with tons of resources and links on virtually everything related to the UFO phenomenon, from publications to psychotherapists. You'll find UFOINFO at <http://www.ufoinfo.com>.

Once you arrive here, prepare for an extended visit as you sift through pages and pages of material covering every aspect of UFOs. There are archives here linked to Amateur UFO Radio Networks; Books; Booksellers and Bulletin Boards; Computer Networks and Newsgroups; Magazines; Mailing Lists; Media UFO Research; UFO News Clipping Services; News Stories; Museums; Radio Shows; UFO Hotlines—even Psychotherapy. If that's not enough, check out the UFO Roundup and Filer's Files for the latest weekly UFO updates. You'll also find Crop Circle links to magazines and organiza-



*UFOINFO can be found at <http://www.ufoinfo.com>*

tions and an archive of Triangular Craft Sightings in the United States for 1995-'96. UFOInfo is as good a place to start your UFO cyber-search as we can think of, and gets a big Webwatch "Surf's Up."

**SAUCER BYTES:** As most of you no doubt already know, Art Bell was back on the air less than a month after his dramatic announcement in October that he would be leaving his late night shows for good. No sooner had Bell returned to radio than he was at the center of the now largely discredited story that an amateur astronomer had discovered star signals indicating intelligent life in the Pegasi system (see News). For those who missed it, the whole story from the discovery, through the alleged visit of government types to silence the astronomer, to the final discovery of the hoax should still be up at <http://www.artbell.com>. Speaking of Bell's site, he's also got some wild photos of a spaceship and alien said to have been encountered and subsequently killed in the Northwest wilderness by one Dr. Jonathan Reed. The pictures show the hovering craft, the "alive alien," and finally the "dead alien." Give Reed credit for going through an ordeal like that and getting pictures so good they look posed! The pictures in question can be found at <http://www.artbell.com/aliens4.html>.

Great to have ol' Art back, gotta tell ya . . . Mississippi UFO is the only site on the Net devoted to Mississippi UFO Research and Data Archives. You'll find reports, photos, news, links, archives, a discussion forum and chat room all at <http://www.c-gate.net/~jmichael/ufo/>.

Till next time, happy surfing! 🍌

*If you would like your UFO-related website considered for review in Webwatch, please send a brief description and URL to Glen Boyd at [Alkiguy1@ix.netcom.com](mailto:Alkiguy1@ix.netcom.com)*

## PERPETRATOR UNKNOWN

# Colorado Cattle Mutilation *By Alan Ames*

*Though no absolute connection has yet been proved, cattle mutilations display chilling anomalies that some connect to UFOs—enough to be studied and documented with the tools at hand, as this videographer and his co-investigator finally decided.*

**SEPTEMBER 7, 1998**—Having just concluded four days of business negotiations on a project which had brought me from Houston, Texas to Durango, Colorado, I asked my associate Sam R. if we could take a drive to enjoy some of the local scenery in the surrounding mountains of Durango. Sam suggested that there were two nearby reservoirs just a few miles out of town, so we headed in that direction, destination unknown.

The smell of the crisp, clean Colorado air, coupled with the vibrant green of the trees and meadows, quickly removed the businesslike attitudes of hours before, and we proceeded to unwind. The calming effect of nature began to work its magic.

We came to the turnoff of the first of two reservoirs, and although we had intended to drive further, we pondered for a moment, deciding instead to turn towards Lemon. As we proceeded along the dirt road which circles Lemon reservoir, Sam and I casually discussed the local beauty, property values and the fact that on one side of the road were five million acres of protected federal wildlife preserve. My kind of town.

We passed the few icons of civilization along the way, soon becoming attuned to the overwhelming simplicity of life expressed by the ranchers and farmers we saw. Some 20 minutes after we had turned onto Lemon, we realized we were now at the far end of civilization “as we know it,” only a few rustic fences reminding us that someone lives out here. The Southern Rockies were magnificent; taking a few deep breaths, I finally opened up to enjoy their timeless beauty.

As I relaxed into a calm appreciation of my pastoral surroundings, Sam and I rounded a corner and came upon a small meadow on the west side of the road, backed by a long row of trees some 40 to 60 feet in height.

No sooner had the meadow come into view than an eerie, uncomfortable feeling came upon

filled with a deep uneasiness, a sense of impending doom. “Sam,” I said, “There’s something weird in that meadow. Let’s stop.”

“There’s no place to pull over here,” Sam replied. He wasn’t interested in stopping, so we continued on. After a few hundred yards, I asked him to stop again. “Sam, I think there’s something really strange back there. I don’t know why, but I really feel the need to go back.”

He obliged, and we pulled alongside a creek with a campsite, and got out of the car. We took in the surroundings for a few moments, and then I insisted, “Sam. I don’t know

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**BLED MEAT**—*Encircled by a black, char-like substance, the carcass appeared as if some sort of burning took place. One investigator states that the stuff couldn't have been dried blood, as one theorist has suggested, since under normal circumstances blood flow would not completely surround the body.*

me, making me turn to look more closely at the meadow. Looking across Sam in the passenger's seat, I saw what I thought looked like a small, brown mound of some kind.

I thought it was dirt at first, but something was not right. I was unable to discern just what it was, but my entire being was suddenly

what it is, but I can't stand it. I have to go back and check it out.” I waved in the direction of the meadow. “Come on.” With an aching suspense urging me on, we got back into the car.

As we drove back to the meadow from the opposite direction, my apprehension increased. “There,

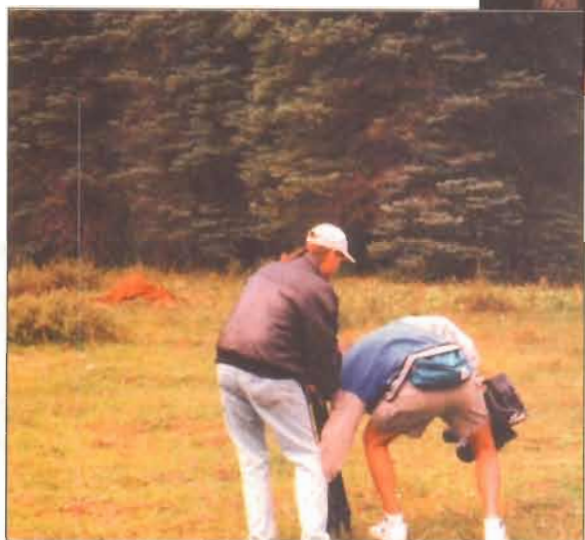


Sam," I pointed out. "There it is at the far end of the meadow . . . see that brown hump?" To myself, I thought, "Damn! Why didn't I bring my video camera?" A premonition had told me to bring it along, when packing for the trip, but I decided against the extra baggage.

Sam saw the brown hump, but lacking my enthusiasm, let me traipse to the site alone. I found a spot to climb over the fence and proceeded some 75 yards to what I now could see was obviously a dead cow. The



**I WANT MY GRIM TV**—Above: Ames begins to relate the main points of their brief, bizarre mutilation adventure as Sam R. controls the camera, tape rolling. At left: Ames and Sam start to set up for another camera angle.



marked the area where the skin had been lifted off, the incision neat and perfect. It couldn't have been done with a knife, no knife cuts were visible. The first thing that came to

mind was a laser incision. I'd been holding my breath to avoid that most sickening odor, and had to move away for a moment to get another breath.

I moved to the belly side of the cow, and noticed an angular incision just below the neck. Bending down,

hideous odor of a dead carcass had hit me full force when I was still some 20 or so yards away. Covering my nose and mouth with my hand, I approached the cow until I was standing only a few feet from it.

I had seen dead animals before while hiking in the forest, and with this one immediately noticed some startling details. A black, charcoal-like ring surrounded the carcass. The mouth and nostrils of the animal looked as if they had been painted black. What looked like charring or ash residue extended from the cow's nostrils, as if a flame of some kind had ejected from them. The animal's pelvic bone was protruding from the back of the carcass, completely bare of any meat or hide.

I circled to the rear of the body, where I could clearly see that the entire hind end of the cow had been removed, cleanly, as if by some large mechanical device. A thin, black line



**EASE OF PASSAGE**—On another visit to the site, the part of the fencing which Ames and Sam had crossed to reach the carcass was cut, as if to allow an easier entry for another unknown visitor.





**SMELL OF DEATH**—The pungent odor of the decaying carcass forces Ames to take a step back as he points out the scene of the crime to the photographer.

I could tell the cavity was empty, that the heart and other organs had been completely removed.

Again I approached the rear of the carcass and saw a slightly larger hole located between the two front legs, giving me a reverse angle on the neck incision. Other than a mass of maggots which were now feeding on the carcass, the entire chest cavity was empty. I had seen enough. At this point, I screamed across the meadow, "Sam! You'd better come see this."

"What is it?" he yelled back.

"It's a mutilated cow!" I was feeling queasy at this point, and uncomfortable being alone, so I walked back towards Sam to help him over the fence.

Returning to the dead cow, Sam and I began to examine the areas of mutilation, and tried to assess what could have caused such damage. He turned to me and said, "It looks like some kind of laser energy entered the cow from behind, and came out the nose, mouth and ears in a black char."

"I've seen dead animals before, but never anything like this," I mused. From the looks of it, the maggots must have been eating at it for a few days, but there was no real deterioration at that point, except for the areas cut away by—whatever—and the eyes and mouth, which were

now somewhat covered by maggots. "Sam, there's no blood in this animal. Check it out. There's no swelling, either . . . look at the ribs through the hide. This thing has been drained dry."

Sam nodded. "You're right, and there's no sign of blood near the areas of incision at all."

"I've seen enough," I said. "Let's go."

We decided to return to Durango to get the camera, then turn around and come back for pictures. But it was now 7 p.m., and we were a good hour away. Sam and I both knew it would be dark before we could return. "Let's wait until morning," Sam advised, but something inside me insisted that we return as soon as possible. For one thing, I didn't want the scene to change, and knew the maggots would soon do their work.

As we neared Durango, Sam reminded me that we had a dinner engagement with his two roommates, Amanda and Paula. We'd have to make a choice about our evening plans. The decision was obvious to me: "To hell with the dinner, Sam. I couldn't eat now if I had to."

By the time we arrived, our two attractive companions were waiting for us outside the restaurant. Call-

ing them to the car, we gave them a quick briefing. "Come on! You're not going to believe this . . . we're not going to eat . . . we just saw the most amazing thing . . ."

On the way to get the camera, we told the ladies what had happened and offered them the opportunity to be additional witnesses to the evidence. At first a little uncomfortable with the idea, they eventually couldn't resist being a part of this bizarre situation. They agreed, and after changing into something more appropriate, we headed back to the meadow, 35 mm camera in hand with two rolls of film and a flash attachment.

In the extreme darkness—the moon wouldn't rise for another two hours—Sam and I reflected that under the circumstances it might be difficult to locate the correct meadow area. We didn't want Amanda and Paula to think we were taking them on some wild goose chase. But I felt as if I were being guided by some kind of tractor beam that would lead us directly back to the dead cow, as if I had been directed since the beginning of this adventure.

We came to the Lemon turn-off, proceeding as before. We drew closer, images of the daylight encounter flashing in my mind as we passed landmarks seen earlier that day. We came around the bend, and Sam and I both knew we were back. We stopped the car in the exact same place as before, got out, loaded the camera and headed toward the rock we had used earlier to climb over the fence.

After getting over the fence, the four of us approached the far side of the meadow in total darkness. In our rush, we had forgotten to procure a flashlight. Even so, I was able to lead us directly to the carcass, as if being pulled by some magnetic force. Again, a pungent smell rose up like a putrid aura of some kind.

I could now see the dull outline of the cow as we surrounded it from all sides. The only light we had was the flash from the camera as it went off. As it faded, the flash allowed some relative visibility; for a short



time the most distinctive aspects were able to be perceived.

As I took shot after shot, I allowed the lingering flash decay to realign my position in an attempt to get clear images of the heart and chest incisions, mouth, ear and nose charring, in addition to the more obvious protruding pelvic bone and missing rear end. It seemed like only moments, but the whole 24 exposures were used and I had to return and re-load the camera. I continued to shoot the area around the carcass and take close-ups of the main areas of interest.

At one point, overwhelmed by the stench, I asked for Amanda's assistance in taking the last shots on the second roll. Last shot taken, and we were once again engulfed in total darkness, all of us feeling the same uneasiness as if we were being watched. Although none of us saw anything physical to explain this feeling, we decided to return to the car as quickly as possible. Amanda and Paula had now digested the situation and insisted on leaving the area immediately.

The ride back was non-stop conversation as we each tried to make our own prognosis and confirm with the others what we'd seen. The surrounding darkness had served to pose more questions than answers, and Sam and I decided we had to take another roll of film in daylight, and if at all possible locate a video camera as well. All the way back to Durango, the images of the cow in flash decay appeared in my mind's eye. Lifeless and unmoving, the animal was now at peace, but endless questions engulfed us: Who—or better yet, what—had done this? And why? I suddenly realized that I hadn't explored the land surrounding the carcass, nor the tree line behind it. I hadn't inspected the ground for tire tracks or other markings which possibly could help lead us to answers.

After Amanda and Paula were dropped off, Sam and I continued into town to search for a photo developer. It was 10:30 p.m. on a Monday in Durango—hardly the big city.



**BONE CLEAN**—The cow's carcass was found with a protruding pelvic bone, sans any tissue or blood, exposed from the hind end. An unusual char-like substance was spread on the dirt around it, and one witness speculated that some kind of laser burning might have been the cause.



Though there were plenty of photo places, what would be open? The excitement was just too intense for us to wait.

Finally we came upon a Wal-Mart, which had just opened days before and was operating on a 24-hour basis. Much to our disappointment, the photo department was closed for the evening. It offered one-hour service beginning at 8:30 in the morning. Not feeling entirely comfortable parting with the whole load of photographic evidence, we decided to leave one roll only. If it was there, developed, in the morning, we would let Wal-Mart develop the second roll.

Later at Sam's house, I made a call to Gary P., who has his own

video production company in Durango and might have a video camera available if we could reach him. I left a message. I had a 2 p.m. plane reservation the next day, and knew we'd have to rise early in order to accomplish the videotaping, retrieve the photos and make it to the airplane on time. In a state of anticipation mixed with mild futility, we decided to do the only thing possible and try to get some sleep.

#### **TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—**

Rolling over and opening my eyes, I looked at my watch: 5:59 a.m. Grinning at the synchronicity, I said a brief affirmation on the day's objectives and headed straight to the phone to call Gary, who hadn't

returned my call from the night before. After a few rings, he answered.

"Gary, it's Alan. I'm sorry to call you so early. Did you get my message last night?"

"No," Gary replied. "I was out late and didn't check the machine."

"Well, I don't feel comfortable saying too much over the phone," I said. "But yesterday, Sam and I found something unusual—news-worthy, in fact—and we need a video camera to document it. Do you have one available?"

"Well, all I have on hand is a S-VHS," Gary replied.

I felt a surge of energy. "Great. That'll do. When can we meet?"

"Give me an hour or so and I'll be there."

I hanging up the phone, I thought for a moment how bizarre this conversation may have sounded to Gary, a business associate whom I had met for the first time only a few days earlier. I hoped this wouldn't have a negative effect on our business relationship. Too late now—the die was cast!

Around 7:30, Gary pulled into Sam's driveway. We loaded the equipment into Sam's car and headed back to the meadow one more time. As we drove, I turned to Gary and told him the details of yesterday's experience. At first, I detected some skepticism, which I felt was only natural under the circumstances, but as Sam reiterated the story in his own fashion, I could tell Gary's interest was sparked. He began to speculate on the obvious possibility of natural causes, predators, etc., but having heard of such mutilations before, he was willing to see one for himself.

Once again, we came to the bend where the meadow began, found our spot and pulled over. It was 8:30 a.m. We unpacked the equipment, set it up and from the road took an establishing shot. Gary asked me to synopsise the events on camera, which I did.

As I approached the rock we had used to climb the fence, I noticed that someone had cut the barbed wire, apparently for easier access. I knew this had to have happened sometime between 9 p.m. last night and now.

"Sam," I exclaimed, "Look at this! Someone else has been here and cut the fence." No question, it must have happened after we left last night. The rock we used before to scale the fence was no longer necessary. I told Gary we needed a shot of this when we were done.

Once again, I led the way as Sam followed with the 35 mm camera in hand, Gary pausing along the way to get approach and cover shots of the entire area. As I approached the carcass, I could tell the maggots had been furiously attacking their meal in our absence, and noted some definite changes in what we had so clearly seen the afternoon before.

The two holes in the chest had changed—the upper one barely discernable beneath the maggots, which were using the hole as an entryway. The lower hole had closed up, the body caving in on itself from the decaying process. But there was still plenty to see. As I checked the ground for any traces of human intervention or markings of unknown origin, Sam circled the area taking the last exposures on the roll of film. With amazing precision, Gary moved the video camera to various positions, eventually taking it off the tripod for a series of close-ups until the stench forced him to retreat for cleaner air. Nauseated at one point, he had to stop and regain his composure.

There were no unusual markings of any kind—no footprints, tire tracks, ground charring, no obvious damage or anything out of place, that I could tell. It was at this point that I realized that nothing I was aware of could have executed such a maneuver on the hapless cow without leaving some kind of trace . . . unless the source of the mutilation had come from above. After finishing out the roll of film and one more close approach by

Gary, we hurriedly retreated back to the road.

Taking a moment to absorb everything, I realized two other changes from the day before. First, the charred-like impressions protruding from the nose, mouth and ears were no longer discernable due to the multiplying maggots, which appeared to have doubled overnight, and secondly, I noticed for the first time a series of white marks or substance of some kind which looked like it was splattered randomly across the entire carcass, from the cow's pelvis to the head. I had no idea what it could possibly be, but the odds of it being natural were nil. Something had to have made those splatters. As we reached the fence, I asked Gary to document the cut in the barbed wire, and wondered who or what had been there in our absence. Gary asked me to make a closing statement on camera. By the time I did, it was 9 a.m.

When we reached Sam's, we decided to split up in order to make the most of the precious little time we had left before my departure. Gary went to his studio to make a backup dub of the video while Sam and I headed directly to the Wal-Mart to see if the first roll had come out. Sure enough, the pictures were discernable even in the low light of the evening, but they failed to clearly show the detail I had hoped for. We persuaded the photo technician to expedite our order, and gave her the two additional rolls, then waited in anticipation while the fruits of our labor were developed.

At 11 a.m., Sam and I received the prints from the two rolls. Taking deep breaths, we started to thumb through them. The first roll was from the evening before. Picture after picture mirrored the same shortcomings from the first roll—too dark for precise detail, yet obvious enough of something unnatural. As I turned the last photo over, I was filled with disappointment. I knew that no one could glean from these photos anything but speculation. I handed them to Sam, and then pro-



ceeded to open the final set of photos he had taken this morning.

Heartened at what I saw, I said, "Look Sam, there you go, look at this." Picture after picture in the daylight gave enough detail that even though the deterioration had increased from the time of our first encounter, we could see clearly the areas of interest, and even through the decay and maggots, the incisions were recognizable. Sam agreed that although the pictures weren't able to show what we had first seen, we could easily reconstruct what we saw from the morning photos and hopefully the videotape.

Feeling somewhat relieved that we could support our knowledge of what we had seen with this photo documentation, Sam and I headed to a local restaurant where we had planned to meet Gary for lunch. No sooner had we sat down and ordered when Gary arrived.

Seeing the videotape in his hand, I quickly asked, "Gary, how does it look?"

"Awesome," Gary replied. "It's all there and it looks real clean."

More relief, even a thrill. "Yesssss! Here, take a look at these," I said as I handed him the photos. Gary took a quick look and then we all decided to put them away for the sake of better digestion while we ate our food.

Since we had made double prints of each, we decided that it would be best if I took one copy of the photos, two sets of the three sets of negatives and the original video while Sam and Gary kept one set of the negatives and the backup video. That way, if something should happen to any of us there would be something original with the others.

As we finished our meal, we reviewed our official business which had brought me to Durango, then Sam and I departed for the airport, arriving with only minutes to spare. As I boarded the 16-seat prop plane which would take me to Phoenix to connect on to Houston, I couldn't help but ponder over the events of the last 24 hours, and decided that upon my return to Houston, I



**PREDATORY**—Above: A grim view of the cow's mutilated underbelly and stubby legs. Below: Quick maggot action gave the witnesses only a brief time to get back to the scene and photograph the carcass before nature had taken its consuming course.



would attempt to contact people who knew more about what we had experienced than we did. I had to know more about this encounter with a strange and gruesome animal death which I had been so mysteriously drawn to check out, and which had supplied one-of-a-kind photographic evidence of an unknown killer. ●

#### **POST-SCRIPT:**

In October of last year, Ames attended the Houston UFO Network (HUFON) monthly meeting in Houston, Texas, where Jim Marrs, author of *Alien*

*Agenda*, was the keynote speaker. After the presentation, Ames spoke with Marrs and HUFON's President Karle Rogers, showing them some of the photos of the mutilated cow. Marrs, apparently impressed, requested copies for further scrutiny. He has since reported back, stating that he fully believes the carcass is a "legitimate mutilation." Ames will be making a presentation to HUFON in February. Researchers Derrel Sims and Linda Howe have been furnished with photos and video and are also looking into the case.

# UFO Pioneer Donald E. Keyhoe *By Richard Hall*

*The inextricable link between the military and UFOs is never more evident than when an officer steps forward and forthrightly expresses interest in the phenomenon. Maj. Donald Keyhoe went well beyond mere interest in the years of his activity in the field, setting a high standard of investigative rigor and temerity for his successors. **UFO Magazine** columnist Richard Hall was fortunate to work closely with Keyhoe and enjoy his enduring friendship, and now reveals a material legacy that enriches all of ufology.*

**T**he Donald E. Keyhoe Archives in Brentwood, Maryland, are named in honor of Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC (Ret.), my mentor in UFO investigation and research, and a true pioneer. For 10 years, beginning in 1958, I served as Major Keyhoe's top aide at the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), in Washington, D.C. He tutored me on the workings of the government and trained me in investigative journalism.

During my tenure as Executive Secretary of NICAP (later Assistant Director), Major Keyhoe showed me how it was done in those days. In pursuit of some story, he would map out a line of inquiry, line up all the appropriate phone numbers, then start making



*Major Keyhoe during World War II, left, and as a Naval Academy student, below.*

ALL ART COURTESY DONALD E. KEYHOE ARCHIVES



phone calls. Let's say the first call was to a particular Air Force office about a reported radar-UFO sighting. He would pose pointed specific questions to the spokesperson, get their responses, then hang up.

Then quickly, before government agencies could coordinate their responses, Keyhoe would call someone in the Civil Aviation Administration (later Federal Aviation Administration) and pose the same questions. Very often, he obtained totally contradictory "official" versions, plus new leads, from the flustered

public information representatives of the various agencies. Sometimes he would use what one spokesman had told him to throw another



spokesman off guard. He had a very quick mind, and was skillful at interrogating.

### *Working "The Hill"*

With a knowledge of how Congress worked, Keyhoe gathered documentation and organized materials to interest staff members in taking a closer look at the subject. When certain UFO encounters had implications for flying safety, he tried to interest the aviation oversight committee in conducting a focused investigation. Occasionally, he had some success in obtaining Congressional action.

As a former government public information official himself, Keyhoe knew what constituted news, and when he smoked out some hidden sighting or secret government agency report that cast UFOs in a serious light, he would call one or more of his press contacts and issue a news release. Many of the stories he uncovered made headlines in leading newspapers and were carried by major news services.

During my apprenticeship, he also taught me a great deal about the arts of writing and editing, which has stood me in good stead ever since. As Associate Editor of the NICAP publications, I learned to write and shape copy for newsletters and longer reports, and had the benefit of learning from his editing. He took me under his wing and practically made me a member of his family, as well as encouraging me to pursue high goals in all facets of life. He was a man of great mental acuity, wit, charm, and integrity.

### *Preserver of Ufology*

Younger generations, unfortunately, are not familiar with Major Keyhoe's name and his many skills and accomplishments. Yet, but for his efforts, the UFO subject would have been buried long ago. A very experienced pilot, a skilled writer, a former government employee

who knew the ways of the civilian and military bureaucracies, he brought a unique package of talents to bear on the subject. In retrospect, what he and I together accomplished against great odds was rather surprising. My skills complemented his, and we made a good team. But he was the pathfinder, and I the follower.

Keyhoe's 1950 book *Flying Saucers Are Real* exploded on the scene with the astounding claim that we apparently had visitors from another world. His military

for 10 years and become a family friend. Or that I would still be involved in the struggle to learn the truth 50 years later.

In 1953, Keyhoe wrote the best-selling *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, in my opinion his best book. Citing Air Force intelligence reports given to him by Air Force contacts, he made a powerful case in support of his argument. A press release by his publisher featured his revelation that the Air Force had secret movie films of UFOs. A few years later, he would

*He was a man of great mental acuity, wit, charm and integrity . . . but for his efforts, the UFO subject would have been buried long ago.*

and aviation background gave the story credibility, and it is accurate to say that he was the first and foremost proponent of the extraterrestrial origin theory for UFOs.

At that time I was an enlisted man in the Air Force, assigned to Personnel Services at Keesler AFB, Mississippi, and checked his book out of the base library to read. It literally changed my life forever. Never did it cross my mind at that time that I would ever meet Major Keyhoe, much less work with him

take over the helm of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) and spearhead the drive for Congressional hearings on government secrecy about UFOs. But this is getting too far ahead of the story.

### *Personal History*

The Donald E. Keyhoe Archives contain file after file and carton after carton of correspondence, documents, reports, books, journals, newsletters, audiotapes, and

*Lindbergh photograph autographed to Don Keyhoe in 1927.*



videotapes. (See Sidebar.) Collectively, they preserve the personal history and records of Donald E. Keyhoe, NICAP, UFO sightings, research records, correspondence of noted ufologists, some aviation history, and Keyhoe's relationship to Charles A. Lindbergh. In order to understand the rationale for the Archives and exactly what they contain, it is necessary to know some of his personal history.

Donald E. Keyhoe was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, on June 20, 1897. While he was still an infant, the famous "mystery airship" sightings were in the news. A few dirigible airships were being flown, but airplanes (winged, heavier-than-air machines) were unknown. The Wright Brothers made the first powered, controlled flight of a heavier-than-air craft at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903 when Keyhoe was five years old.

## Marine Corps 2nd Lieutenant

During World War I, he was enrolled in the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland, graduating in the Class of 1920 at age 23 with a B.S. degree and the commission of a 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. During his senior year at the Academy, Robert Goddard published his theoretical paper, "A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes" (i.e., rockets), and two years later Hermann Oberth, the famous German space pioneer, wrote "The Rocket Into Interplanetary Space."

Balloon flights were also much in the news. The young lieutenant entered Navy flight training at Pensacola, Florida, earning his wings as a Naval aviator. He piloted both balloons and airplanes in the period between the World Wars. I still remember some very

humorous stories of his hot-air ballooning escapades.

In the years leading to World War II, Lieutenant Keyhoe commanded a flight of Naval seaplanes being ferried from the U.S. to Guam as part of the original projection of U.S. military power into the Pacific region. He served

in Guam until a crash during a night flight, in which he sustained permanently disabling injuries to one hand. Retiring from active duty, he entered government service, becoming editor of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey publications. Then he was appointed Chief of Information for the Aero-

The Keyhoe Archives has countless examples of the pilot's writing career, including a write-up of his boss' triumphant post-flight tour for National Geographic, left, pulp fiction in the early '40s, below left, and articles about aviation accidents, below.







when *True* asked him to investigate in 1949 and he interviewed numerous fliers as well as military officers in the Pentagon, he discovered that expert observers had seen the unexplained discs, many at close range.

On May 9, 1949, he received a telegram from Ken Purdy, the editor of *True*, which read:

HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING  
FLYING SAUCER MYSTERY.  
FIRST TIP HINTED GIGANTIC  
HOAX TO COVER UP OFFI-  
CIAL SECRET. BELIEVE IT MAY  
HAVE BEEN PLANTED TO  
HIDE REAL ANSWER. LOOKS  
LIKE TERRIFIC STORY. CAN  
YOU TAKE OVER WASHING-  
TON END?

"It was a strange assignment," Keyhoe later recalled. He promptly traveled to New York City and met with Purdy to talk things over. Thus began a rendezvous with destiny that would change his life forever.

### *Convinced of Cover-Up*

The more he investigated, the more he became convinced that the UFOs were nothing from this earth, apparently coming from some other planet in outer space. He concluded that the Air Force had to know this and was covering up the truth. This conviction never wavered to the end of his life, though it cost him dearly in livelihood and reputation. His initial article "Flying Saucers Are Real" in the January, 1950 issue of *True* became one of the most widely read and discussed articles in publishing history, and caused a sensation.

That same year the article was expanded into a paperback book, *The Flying Saucers Are Real* (New York: Fawcett, 1950) and reached an even wider audience. This was followed by the major hardcover books *Flying Saucers From Outer Space* (1953), which made the *New York Times* bestseller list, *Flying*

*Saucer Conspiracy* (1955), and *Flying Saucers: Top Secret* (1960).

During these early years of UFO history, numerous pilots had startling aerial encounters with UFOs, sometimes at close range. On July 23, 1948, Eastern Airline pilots near Montgomery, Alabama, watched as a giant cigar-shaped object with windows approached, then zoomed upwards out of sight. (One of the pilots, Capt. Chiles, later became an advisor to NICAP.) That November at Andrews AFB, Maryland, an Air Force pilot engaged in a "dog-fight" with a luminous oval UFO, also observed from the ground, and watched as it sped away over the horizon.

### *Pilot Sightings*

Throughout 1949 and the early part of 1950, airline, military, and private pilots continued to encounter maneuvering, craft-like objects. On March 20, 1950, airline pilots flying near Little Rock, Arkansas, watched as a perfectly disc-shaped craft with portholes flew over their plane. On April 27 another airliner near Goshen, Indiana, was paced by a glowing red disc.

The pilot sightings that had occurred up until this point were summarized in a round-up article in *Flying Magazine* for July 1950, making a very strong case for the reality of UFOs. Since Keyhoe had personal connections throughout the aviation community, as well as former classmates and friends in the Pentagon and other government agencies, he probably was uniquely positioned to learn from

first-hand witnesses and knowledgeable sources what really was going on, and to report it to the public.

He interviewed as many of these pilots as would talk to him.

Initially the pilots were outspoken about their sightings, declaring firmly that what they were seeing was nothing familiar or conventional. But when they were greeted with ridicule and official denials, and sometimes made to



**STACKS**—The work and case material of many researchers, not only Keyhoe, can be found in the collection kept by Richard Hall.

look foolish, they adopted a policy of silence that prevails to this day. Only the bravest—or most foolhardy—pilots continued to report their sightings thereafter. Ridicule has been a powerful force in suppressing the truth about UFOs ever since.

During World War II, Lindbergh—quietly, without fanfare or publicity—had flown combat missions against the Japanese in the Pacific Theater. Among other high performance aircraft he flew, a considerable upgrade from the flimsy "Spirit of St. Louis," was



the twin-boomed P-38, one of the fastest fighters of World War II. His *Wartime Journals* is one of the most fascinating books I have ever read, and makes clear what a truly remarkable person Lindbergh was.

Both during and after the war, Lindbergh fraternized with military leaders at the highest level, and continued to do consulting work for the Air Force well into the Atomic Age. Among other assignments, he was an adviser to the Strategic Air Command on inter-continental bombing mission policies and strategies, and he flew long practice missions as an observer.

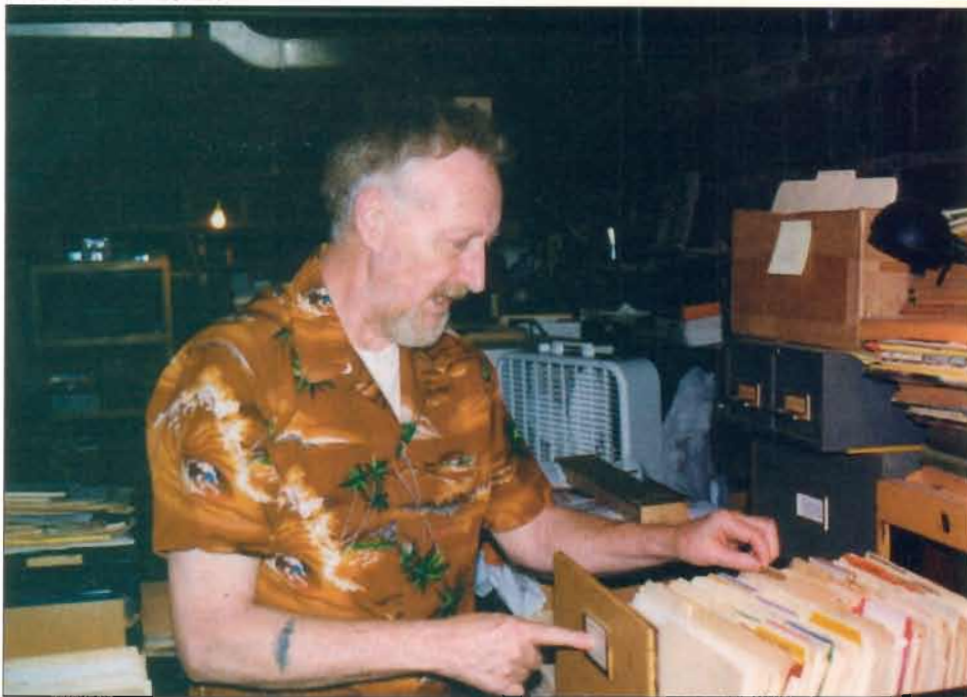
### *Price of Perseverance*

When he asked top-level Air Force officers about UFOs, they assured him there was nothing to it. The new biography of Lindbergh by A. Scott Berg indicates that, as a result, he assumed his friend and former aide Don Keyhoe must have had a nervous breakdown to believe in "flying saucers." Although Lindbergh had stayed in touch with the Keyhoe family for years (Mrs. Helen Keyhoe had also taken a flight with Lindbergh), they were no longer in communication by the mid-1950s.

This was only part of the price Major Keyhoe paid for sticking to his guns about UFOs; it hurt his reputation and career across the board, and at times he was dogged by financial problems. But he persisted stubbornly, and his wife, Helen, totally supported his continued efforts to force out the truth. Many years after his death while we were reminiscing, she still spoke fondly of those years and jokingly called NICAP "The Company."

Were it not for Keyhoe and his relentless pursuit of UFO truth, organizations like NICAP and individual researchers alike would not have quite the firm informational foundation currently available. Inroads forged by Keyhoe keep the mystery alive and hold out the promise that the search will continue to progress. ●

PHOTO BY DON ECKER



**RESEARCHING**—Hall rifles through his own thick, archival files. His basement stores numerous books, tapes, photos, testimonies, microfilms, clippings, reports, logs, correspondence—and the intangible but very real essence of scholarly respect for the UFO subject.

### **KEYHOE ARCHIVES:**

## **Invaluable UFO History**

*The Donald E. Keyhoe Archives contain documents, letters, books, journals, newsletters, project reports, articles, clippings, photographs, audiotapes, and videotapes, primarily related to UFO investigation and research, historical and modern. Its major Special Collections are listed below, with their approximate sizes in parentheses, in terms of numbers of file drawers or file boxes (about three feet deep):*

- Donald E. Keyhoe: Writings, correspondence, audiotapes, books, clippings, personal records, memorabilia, photographs, Lindbergh information and records. (5 boxes)
- NICAP & Related: History of the organization, records, logs, correspondence, news media coverage. (10 boxes)
- UFO Sightings: Chronological, 1800s to date. (2')
- James E. McDonald: Correspondence, records, reprints, clippings. (1')
- University of Colorado UFO Study: Correspondence, documents, clippings, papers. (1 box)
- Historical files: Government agencies, organizations, projects, reports, documents. (3 boxes)
- Correspondence: Notable and other UFO researchers, historical and recent. (4 boxes)
- Articles and reports: UFOs or related scientific issues, alphabetical by author. (2 boxes)

# Redman, WA: From Keyhoe's Files

by Tim Iahn

*One of Major Donald Keyhoe's favorite UFO intercept stories concerns a small town in Oregon on September 24, 1959, a story about the most interesting, if not the largest, UFO intercept mission ever told. It details an astonishing seven jet interceptors, and one B-47 bomber.*

**J**ust before dawn, on September 24, 1959, a large flying disc descended near Redmond, Oregon, setting off one of the most desperate pursuits the Air Force ever attempted and almost wrecking the censorship.

About 5 a.m., the hovering UFO was sighted near Redmond 6 Airport. The witnesses, attached to the air traffic communications station, were members of the FAA—the Federal Aviation Administration. At 5:10, the FAA rushed a report to the Air Force. At 5:18, six F-102 jet fighters roared up from their base at Portland, heading for Redmond. As they took off, the tower radioed the pilots of a B-47 bomber and an F-89 fighter, on routine flights nearby, and ordered them to join the F-102s in a secret mission. The purpose: to capture the UFO—and its crew, if one was aboard.

All the pilots were grimly aware of the fatal chases and narrow escapes in other capture attempts. But they also knew the mission's tremendous importance. If the UFO was still hovering at a low altitude they might be able to force it to down without any serious damage. Even then, the mission might not succeed. The spacecraft might be destroyed on the ground—by its crew or by remote control if no one was aboard. But if the

machine remained intact, the AF would have its long-sought opportunity to learn the UFOs technical secrets.

The first known witness at Redmond was a city policeman, Officer Robert Dickerson, who was cruising at the edge of town. When a glowing disc plunged out of the sky he thought it was a burning plane about to crash. He was astonished when it stopped at 200 feet and he saw the disc shape. For a few minutes the strange machine remained motionless. Then it climbed up past Redmond Airport and stopped again, hovering northeast of the field.

Dickerson drove quickly to the airport and reported the UFO to Flight Specialist Laverne Wertz. Through binoculars, Wertz and other FAA men scanned the disc for several minutes. The glow had dimmed and they could clearly see odd tongues of flame-red, yellow and green extending and retracting from the rim.

At 5:10, Wertz teletyped the Air Route Traffic Control Center at Seattle. His report was immediately relayed to the Military Flight Service at Hamilton AFB, California. Within minutes, the AF told Seattle that the Portland jets were being scrambled, also that AF radar was tracking the UFO at Klamath Falls, Oregon.

At Redmond, the FAA observers were still watching the UFO when they heard the roar of jets. As the planes dived toward the spacecraft, the tongues of flame vanished. Then a fiery exhaust blasted from the bottom of the disc. Accelerating at terrific speed, it shot straight upward, almost in the jet's path.

The nearest pilot frantically banked to avoid a collision. As the UFO shot straight up past him, another jet caught in the churning air from the machine's exhaust almost went out of control. Three

other pilots pulled out of their dives and climbed after the fleeing disc. But even with the extra speed from their afterburners they were quickly left behind.

As the UFO disappeared in the clouds at 14,000 feet, one AF pilot, guided by his gunsight radar, climbed after the unseen craft.

His approach apparently was registered aboard the disc, for it instantly changed course, tracked by height-finder radar at Klamath Falls. Even after the AF pilots gave up the hopeless chase, the radar operators were still tracking the UFO in high-speed maneuvers between 6,000 and 54,000 feet.

When the pilots landed, still tense from their frightening experience, they were hurried into an Intelligence debriefing session. After describing the UFO encounter they were ordered not to discuss the pursuit, even among themselves.

But hundreds of Redmond citizens had heard the diving jets. Several had seen the interceptors, and a few reported seeing an odd glow in the sky. The AF, fearing the capture attempt might be exposed, hurriedly explained the flight as a routine checkup, caused by false radar returns. The glow was brushed off as something imagined by excited witnesses. Through the FAA at Seattle, Flight Specialist Wertz was ordered to make a flying check for abnormal radioactivity.

Using a Geiger counter, Wertz and the pilot of a Tri-pacer circled at various altitudes in the area where the UFO had hovered. The results, teletyped to the AF, were never released."

Until now.

On January 14, I visited my old buddy Al. He was sitting on his porch with a laptop computer, conversing half way around the



world with someone from Bulgaria. He glanced up at me as I rounded his Victorian style home. "I see. Look Al, I need you to look up some names for me," I said.

"Well," Al said, looking very hesitantly, and glancing at his computer, "okay," Al said, "hold on one second." In a very short time, Al had telephone numbers and addresses to match the names I had provided him. I thanked him and we quickly returned to his back porch here where his lap top lay.

On January 14, 1997, I contacted Mr. Laverne Wertz in a small mid-west town. I spoke to his wife and asked her if he would speak to me concerning this event. She told me that Mr. Wertz was out of town,



PHOTOS COURTESY LAVERNE WERTZ



**NOW AND THEN**—Above: LaVerne Wertz and his wife Betty in 1997. At left: Wertz and his eldest son in 1958, a year before the UFO incident. An FAA flight specialist in 1959, Wertz was on duty at the Redmond Flight Service Station when an object was sighted near Redmond Airport. The Air Force scrambled two F-102 jets to intercept.

but took my address and telephone number and promised she would have him return my call.

"Do you think he will discuss this with me?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "He would probably love to." I hung up, feeling stunned; evidently this incident really did occur. I dialed the next number Al printed out for me. A gentleman, who, because of his rudeness, I will not mention his name here, answered the telephone in a cheerful "Yes?"

"I'm looking for a Mr. \_\_\_\_\_."

"Yes, this is he."

"Yes, sir, I'm a researcher from

Virginia, and I'm re-searching old FAA documents concerning specific incidents in the 1950s. May I ask you a few questions?"

"Well, yes, I suppose."

"The incident in Redmond, Oregon. That UFO incident. . ." I began.

"Oh, shit!"—a muffled sound of the telephone.

"Sir?" Suddenly, the receiver clicked. He hung up on me. I must have thrown him off guard with my question. So, there was only one logical thing left to do, and that was, call him back. So I did just that.

"Hello," I heard the man say.

"Sir, this is me again, I believe we got cut off."

"Yeah, I cut us off."

"Why?"

"Look," the man said in a weak voice, "I barely remember that incident."

"Then why did you hang up on me? Don't you want to talk about this?"

"No!"

"May I write you a letter?" I persisted.

"No!" he said, and then he hung up.

The next day, I wrote this man a long letter. I told him that I knew the whole Redmond story and I would have his logs and reports very soon. "So," I told him, "you might just as well tell me the whole story."

Remarkably, the next day I finally got to speak with Mr. Laverne Wertz, the FAA Flight Specialist for the FAA who was actu-

ally in Redmond Airport the night of the incident.

His voice seemed calm and reassured, that after 38 years he was finally going to get to tell his story. He told me that Major Donald Keyhoe had on two occasions telephoned him. I was thrilled to think that Major Donald Keyhoe and myself were the only two people who had ever interviewed Mr. Laverne Wertz concerning the Redmond Incident.

He told me how he had never got to tell his story to Major Keyhoe.

"I couldn't talk about it back in those days, we were ordered not to speculate, or elaborate on the incident with anyone. So, when Major Keyhoe called, I told him that I could not discuss it. But, now, after so much time has passed, I don't believe it really matters. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'll send you a letter detailing the entire incident, how's that?"

I thanked him, and we spoke for a moment about his letter before hanging up. Next, I dialed the other telephone number Al had provided, and a sweet sounding elderly lady answered the telephone.

"Hello?"

"Yes, I'm looking for a Mr. \_\_\_\_\_."

"I'm sorry," the lady said, "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ has passed away." I expressed my condolences and asked her if he had ever spoken to her about the Redmond incident.

"No," she said, "I wished he had."

I couldn't believe that he would keep this big of secret from his wife until death. "Well," she said, "they wasn't supposed to tell, were they?"

"I suppose not," I answered, "But never?"

"Well, he never brought his work home."

After hanging up, I thought about this level of confidentiality. The man kept his knowledge of the Redmond incident secret all

the way to the grave. He didn't even tell his wife!

I started waiting, in intense anticipation, for Mr. Wertz's letter. I knew I was going to get the full story, nothing withheld. No secrets.

I felt odd about getting the interview which Major Keyhoe always wanted but never got—

the slow passing of time has taken care of that for me. Mr. Wertz was ready to tell his story now. And like Major Donald Keyhoe, nearly 40 years before, I was eager to listen. ●

*Additional Interceptor stories can be found in our section by Tim Iahn, which starts on page 36.*

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## Witnessed At Redmond

*Former Flight Specialist Laverne Wertz provided this statement regarding his involvement in the Redmond, Oregon UFO intercept attempt almost 40 years ago.*

**"O**n September 24, 1959, I was the Air Route Traffic Controller on duty at the Redmond FAA Flight Service Station. I came on duty at 1 to 8:00 a.m. PST. "My duties at the Redmond Station were all radio communications with civil and military aircraft in the area; traffic clearances were relayed through us from Seattle Center via land line and we passed them to the pilot via radio.

"We also took local weather observations every hour or updated reports as weather occurred. At that period of time, we were supplied with Geiger counters and were required to send periodical reports of readings that we took.

"At 4:50 a.m., (approx.), I had gone out on the observation deck and took visual observation of sky and cloud conditions and had returned to the inside of the flight station. I was in the process of putting them on the teletype tape to be transmitted on a circuit at 5:00 a.m. As I was finishing on the keyboard and I was putting the tape in the transmitter, Redmond

Police Officer Robert Dickerson, whom I had known for some time, came running up the stairs all excited about "something on fire" coming in east of the airport, and he wanted to know if I had an Emergency Landing Report. At the time, I informed him that I had no knowledge or radio contact with any aircraft in distress. His next words were, "There is something wrong out there!"

"We immediately ran for the observation deck, and on the way out I picked up a pair of binoculars that I kept at the console for observing aircraft that might be in trouble.

"At that time, we observed the object move horizontal to a position northeast of the airport. That would be about 25 degrees from the first sighting. At about 5:08 PST, I returned to the console where I had a hotline to Seattle Control Center, and explained to them what we were observing and questioned them about anything they might have knowledge of in our area.

"I also advised them that the object was hovering and gave its location. They advised me to continue to observe and report. I was informed that there would be jets scrambled from Portland, and to communicate with them on an assigned radio channel.

"I was then in contact with the jets as they cleared the Cascade mountains and made visual contact



with the lead jets. The lead jets advised me that they had made visual contact with the object. To clarify: The only two people at the airport who had observed the object at this time were officer Dickerson, who reported it to me, and myself, who was the only FAA official on duty. At that time we used one man on duty during nighttime shift. Traffic was lower in count at that location, at that time of the morning.

"Being the only communications link between all involved, I needed to stay at the console and operate the radio and land line and pass information from party to party.

"I was able to monitor the pilots in the jet interceptors, but, as I recall, talked to two of the pilots. However, while monitoring the radio, I recall one of the pilots saying, "He is coming at me!" He then came back on the air and said that he had to take evasive action to avoid collision with the object.

"At this time, the object moved to a position close to the Cascade mountains, west of the flight SVC station, and I was able to view it from the window by our console.

"The interceptor jets came around for another pass at the object. As I recall, they came in at approximately 6,000 feet, and as they approached, the object immediately ascended rapidly and radar reported losing contact at about 55 to 60,000 ft.

"The following morning, I was asked to take a Geiger counter and go to the known positions where the object had been, and take readings and report them. I was furnished a plane and a pilot. As I recall, there were no abnormal readings. The full report was entered on the log we used at the Flight Service Station and was forwarded to the FAA."

**U**pon reading Wertz' report, it appeared to me that the jet interceptors barely escaped a midair collision with the UFO! I would say the Air Force barely missed losing a couple of the jet fighters.

How often has this type of inci-

dent occurred in the last 50 years, and has been covered up by being explained away as a midair collision? Without the testimony of Mr. Wertz on the ground, the whole incident could be written off as pilot error. The crash report would have never even mentioned the UFO and the whole document would make very little sense.

On January 14, 1997, I formally requested all FAA logs pertaining to this incident, and on January 28, I received a reply from the FAA stating that "your request has been assigned for action to the offices listed below."

The offices where the FAA sent my request was in Renton, WA, and Los Angeles, CA, both FAA offices. I waited. And waited. And waited some more.

On February 7, 1997, I received a letter from the office of the Federal Aviation Administration in Los Angeles, California. The reply was from the office of the Regional Administrator, Western-Pacific Region.

It stated, "In the year 1959, the Western Region consisted of nine states, including Oregon and Washington. Subsequent to that year the regions were reorganized and Oregon and Washington became part of the FAA's Northwest Mountain Region. Any records pertaining to activities in the states of Oregon and Washington were transferred to Northwest Mountain Region at the time of the reorganization. Your request should have referred to that region to search for responsive documents. We note that such a referral was made.

"Nevertheless, a search was conducted of the records maintained in the Western-Pacific Region's Air Traffic Division for documents responsive to your request. None were identified and we know of no other office in this region that is likely to have responsive records."

The FAA was moving very slowly with my FOIA request, but its fate lay in the hands of the FOIA Coordinator for Northwest Mountain Region, Michael Cooke. Two

letters from two different FAA facilities referred me to him.

On February 24, 1996, I telephoned Laverne Wertz at his home in Idaho. It was good to hear his upbeat voice, and I was interested in learning more about his sighting. I asked him point blank, "What FAA official asked you to keep quiet concerning the Redmond Incident?"

"Mr. L. E. Davis was the man in charge at the Redmond station," Wertz replied. "He was Chief of the Redmond Air Traffic and Communications there."

"Did he tell you not to say anything about the sighting?"

"Well, I think Davis got a call from higher up, you know. He was told that if anyone wanted the logs, that is, our logs from that night, they would have to request them from the Regional 4 office in Los Angeles."

The FAA never made available to me any files pertaining to the Redmond Incident. They finally gave me the lame excuse that any records over five years of age which does not pertain to crash records the FAA simply destroys.

In the end, we do know some things that went on that early morning in the dark skies over Redmond Airport. We know that the government as late as 1959 still didn't have a clue how to disable these crafts. The sheer stupidity of trying to force one of these UFOs to the ground by descending manned jets down over the top of them shows to what great lengths the Air Force was capable of going in order to recover one of these objects.

We may never know exactly what occurred that night over Redmond airport. But we are one step closer to the truth. It's also probable that the United States military controlled the FAA. When Wertz stated that Davis got word from "higher up," the Air Force was more than likely the source of the gag order. They had several jets involved, so it then became a matter of National Security. And you know where that leads. ●

# The Interceptor Files

By Tim Iahn





*In rural Danville, Virginia, a private investigator veered from typical assignments into cases that fascinated in ways he never expected. His spark of UFO interest quickly flamed into a book-sized project, a fire of witness reportage that has since spread to UFO Magazine. As he kept following the trail, author Tim Iahn was led from one retired pilot to the next, all of whom had personal encounter stories, but not all of whom were initially enthusiastic about revealing their experiences to a writer. But with patience and goodwill, Iahn was ultimately able to get these men to talk about experiences which their professional training had kept safely repressed for years. Excerpts from *The Interceptor Files* presents testimonies from some of these trained observers, and points the way to a new era of openness.*

**T**hough rare, firsthand stories of UFO encounters by retired Air Force interceptor pilots are out there, most never being openly shared. As one distinguished colonel told me, "I never even told the Air Force!"

The Air Force ridiculed civilian witnesses, claiming that only fools or unstable individuals reported UFOs. "You would have to be crazy to report seeing a UFO," said one Air Force Brigadier General.

So most of the sightings by Air Force pilots went unreported. And the few who have reported their encounters are usually ridiculed by the other members of their squadrons. In one case I've uncovered, the pilot's family was contacted by mail with a cryptic message that could have been interpreted as threatening.

The response by this pilot followed a typical pattern:

Considering the pilot didn't know where the letter originated, and unsure of the meaning behind the correspondence, he became concerned about the safety of his family and his job and so he decided he would keep quiet. If he was transferred from one base to another, his UFO encounter was never brought up again.

So I went back in time and tried to connect all the dots. I tried to locate all of the retired Air Force officers who had had a UFO encounter and were willing to talk about it. Little by little, one officer led me to another.

After a short time, I began to break below what I call the "media line." This is a point where all the previously unpublished reports remain, untouched. It was like searching for buried

treasure, and I began to wonder what riches I might discover, or what Pandora's Box I might unwittingly open, turning loose a force which would eat me alive. I knew and understood our government's reputation. It is like a sleeping bear you don't want to disturb.

I believe that throughout America, tens of thousands of retired Air Force personnel are sitting on their porches remembering their strange encounters with the unknown, patiently waiting for someone to ask them about their experiences. Some of these men held top-secret positions in the "secret group" which studied and collected evidence concerning the UFO phenomenon. These men must be sought out. The ones I did seek out are telling their stories to the public for the first time.

# THE COLONEL IN TEXAS . . .

**O**ne such retired Air Force officer is a Lt. Colonel living in the big state of Texas. At first, he refused to discuss the UFO subject by skirting around my questions with stories of chasing early German jet aircraft.

Finally, after a lot of discussion, the Lt. Colonel answered my question concerning UFOs with, "I can't really talk about that." I could hear his voice straining under the weight of the subject.

When I agreed not to use his name, he softened a bit.

At this point, I knew he was a rich source of information. I felt this man knew a great deal concerning UFOs and the government's stubborn endeavors to keep it all quiet. I listened as the veil of secrecy began to crumble.

**Iahn:** This UFO subject, is it classified, or what?

**Lt. Col.:** I—I, can't get into some of that stuff . . .

**Iahn:** It's okay, it was a long time ago, I won't use your name or anything like that, I just want to know what went on.

**Lt. Col.:** Oh, that's been too long ago.

**Iahn:** Is there any truth to that stuff?

**Lt. Col.:** There were too many things happening, uh, when I was out in the Pacific. See, I was put out there for awhile, and I had some pretty good friends in that area too . . . Well, anyway, there were a lot of things going on, and especially down in Nam. I was in the middle of that, too.

**Iahn:** Was there an agency that investigated this after Bluebook and all that ended? Did they just quit investigating UFOs in 1969?

**Lt. Col.:** No. Before I came back down here to Texas, I was in Washington D.C. I was supposed to be in the "five point shed," you know where that is. (The Col. is referring to the Pentagon.) But I wasn't. I was in a different building, a totally different building. Because of the things that I'd been through, and some other things.

**Iahn:** Do you mean concerning UFOs?

**Lt. Col.:** Yes.

**Iahn:** Please tell me!

**Lt. Col.:** No way.

**Iahn:** Why can't you discuss this? It's been so long. I really don't think people care anymore.

**Lt. Col.:** The only thing that I could tell you, I suppose, is that every morning I went to a little (meeting) where we did a lot of talking. And when I went back to where I was supposed to go, then I had to tell the General.

**Iahn:** I don't understand.

**Lt. Col.:** Well, he wanted to know what was going on!

**Iahn:** It seems like the Air Force just put the UFO subject away, thinking it can't exist, so it doesn't exist. They say there's been nothing done on this subject since the '60s.

**Lt. Col.:** Well, no, there's been quite a bit done.

**Iahn:** Is it still going on today?

**Lt. Col.:** In some areas.

**Iahn:** Like Central Intelligence?

**Lt. Col.:** I can't say. . . I can't say anything more, but that's not it.

**Iahn:** This is really strange, don't you think? I mean, after all these years and it's still secret. (The Colonel then said something that at first seemed a non-sequitur.)

**Lt. Col.:** Go to Albuquerque.

**Iahn:** Why would I want to go to Albuquerque?

**Lt. Col.:** Well, I don't know—





*"I really can't say any more. . . But, let me just tell you a little something—you'd do a lot better if you could get somebody out at Albuquerque. . . they've popped the door a little bit, and they're talking now about, ah, well—'people,' well, you know other 'little people.'"*

ah—a lot of strange things are going on out there.

**Iahn:** Colonel, did you ever see any documents relating to a crash in Roswell, New Mexico in 1947?

**Lt. Col.:** I can't get into that. Look—Let's just put this thing away. I really can't say any more.

**Iahn:** Why?

**Lt. Col.:** Because we don't do that. But, let me just tell you a little something—you'd do a lot better if you could get somebody out at Albuquerque. Because they've popped open for a few already, and those things are really there!

**Iahn:** What do you mean, "popped open?"

**Lt. Col.:** They are letting things out!

**Iahn:** The Air Force?

**Lt. Col.:** Yeah. In Albuquerque, like I said, they've popped the door a little bit, and they're talking now about, ah, well—"people," well, you know other "little people."

**Iahn:** What do you mean "little people?"

**Lt. Col.:** Who come around in a round glowing . . . you know.

**Iahn:** UFO?

**Lt. Col.:** Yeah, but they weren't made there!

**Iahn:** Oh, you are talking about alien space craft! When did you become aware of this alien thing in



Albuquerque?

**Lt. Col.:** When I was stationed in Albuquerque. I spent two years there.

**Iahn:** Did you work for the Inspector General's office, or the Office of Special Investigations (OSI)? I'm trying to figure out who was in charge of this thing.

**Lt. Col.:** No, I didn't work for either one. You see, I did a lot of things for various people, and uh, it was so easy. If they wanted something done, in some areas, they would

just call me and say, "Hey, we want to talk to you." And then they would tell me what they wanted done.

And that was about the way the rest of our conversation went. It is interesting to note that in the conversation above, the Lt. Colonel admitted that much has been done on the subject of UFOs since the days of Project Blue Book. The Air Force maintains, however, that nothing has been done, and no study exists to this day. ●

# COL. KENNETH LEELAND . . .

**C**olonel Kenneth Leeland is now retired and living in Wisconsin. But back in the late '50s, Leeland was flying in the backseat of a F-94 interceptor when he and the rest of the crew encountered an intelligently-controlled vehicle which demonstrated phenomenal aerodynamic capabilities.

When I interviewed Col. Leeland, he related a sighting that took place some 40 years ago.

**Iahn:** Tell me about your sighting, Colonel Leeland.

**Leeland:** Well, I flew in the Air National Guard out of Duluth, Minnesota. We had F-94s.

**Iahn:** What year did the sighting take place?

**Leeland:** You're talking about the late 1950s—'58 or '59. Well, we were simply on intercepts, and I'm a "backseater," and we did encounter some target, on radar and visually, of course more visually, because the distance was greater than what my set would pick up. But, we definitely felt like we saw things that were not the norm of being in the afterburner of a jet, or a shooting star, or something other than that. Nor even an airliner.

**Iahn:** So, you were scrambled after this object, right?

**Leeland:** We were scrambled, yes.

**Iahn:** How many UFOs were picked up by the ground radar controller?

**Leeland:** I'd say just one.

**Iahn:** At what distance did you get a visual on the UFO?

**Leeland:** Well, this radar site was just north of Duluth and they were the ones that painted it. And it apparently hovered over their radar site and then, from what we talked about with them, they said they went outside and saw whatever was there, and it immediately shot straight up and was gone.

**Iahn:** So, it hovered over the radar shack to evade being detected by you guys in the jet?

**Leeland:** Well, I don't know if that was the case, or it just happened to be there. As I recall, they had said that there was a definite object, and that it did go to a limit beyond their scopes. It





*"We saw the object, and we were heading up toward the radar site; we were vectored toward that area and both the pilot and I, as I recall, saw it, but it disappeared on us. It was just there and then gone."*

was hovering right over and they went outside and happened to have seen it, they said, but I can't quote them.

**Iahn:** Did you get a visual on it from the F-94?

**Leeland:** We saw the object, and we were heading up toward the radar site; we were vectored toward that area and both the pilot and I, as I recall, saw it, but it disappeared on us. It was just there and then gone.

**Iahn:** Can you describe it?

**Leeland:** I really can't. It was a bright return.

**Iahn:** Was it a white light like a star?

**Leeland:** Well, I think it was more white than any other color, more white than red.

**Iahn:** I've heard the Air Force state that interceptor pilots would occasionally be fooled into chasing stars, or Venus or whatever.

**Leeland:** Well, this was no star. I've never chased a star!

**Iahn:** Did this object move at high speed and stop and then go erratic?

**Leeland:** Right! Those in the radar site seemed to have said, as we visited, that they didn't see it on their scopes any longer, but when they went outside they saw it, and then bingo! It was gone.

**Iahn:** Do you think what you saw was intelligently controlled?

**Leeland:** Right.

**Iahn:** So what *do* you think you saw Colonel?

**Leeland:** Like I said, it was so long ago, that I don't even recall now. I just know that when I talked to the fellow I was with, we knew it was something different. But we really didn't know what it was. But later, some years later, we were flying and came upon a similar object. We reported it to the radar site or whatever, and they responded by saying, "Roger we understand and we know what it is," and that's the answer we got from the higher authorities.

**W**hat did Colonel Leeland encounter in his F-94 over Minnesota so many years ago? Whatever it was, it displayed amazing flight characteristics. The object took evasive action when it discovered that it was being intercepted by the incoming F-94. The object made a bee-line for the radar site and actually hovered low above the building, an action that accomplished two things. One, it enabled the object to disappear off the radar scope in both the F-94 and on the ground set; and secondly, it provided the object with a cover from the F-94 circling overhead.

It's conceivable that Colonel Leeland, looking out of his jet, would have thought he was seeing the lit-up radar site below him. But instead, he was seeing the

UFO hovering low over the radar site! This strategic maneuver may have been an effective method of dealing with the U.S. defense systems at the time.

It's more than reasonable to state that whatever Colonel Leeland encountered, it was a technology far in advance of our own. In other words, it did not come from our planet, it could not have.

It is a fact that occasionally our air defenses run into something that can't be explained. From past incidents on record, we know that technicians at a radar site will vector, or steer, the fighter jet toward the UFO, and the pilot will then attempt to intercept the unknown object.

All interceptor pilots were the best of the best, the most capable men for their jobs. They were the iron men of the Air Force, and they had to perform under a very tight set of regulations. One screw-up and a pilot could very easily be grounded for good.

It was very easy to wash out in an interceptor squadron, because a pilot's excellence was constantly being measured. Every move he made was under the watchful eye of the squadron commander. The life of an interceptor pilot was a strenuous one; with very little sleep the pilot would often be obligated to attend aviation classes and fly countless missions in a single day. Encountering a UFO could only complicate a pilot's already stressful routine. ●

# BRIG. GEN. W.H. FAIRBROTHER...

**O**n a crystal clear day on November 18, 1951, now retired Brig. General W.H. Fairbrother and Lt. Colonel Douglas Stewart were flying their P-51 Mustangs over Minneapolis, Minnesota. At the time, both men were members of the Minnesota Air National Guard and protecting the skies against hostile intruders was their primary function. They were interceptor pilots and they were both excellent aviators.

A little after 3 p.m., as the two P-51s were flying in a tight formation, Brig. General Fairbrother spotted something whiz by his aircraft. Colonel Stewart was flying General Fairbrother's wing that day, and the object moved so quickly he didn't spot it.

On April 1, 1997, I interviewed Brigadier General Fairbrother and

asked him to describe his sighting. The General seemed surprised that I brought the subject up, but I found him to be a very nice fellow, intelligent and easy-going.

General Fairbrother is no stranger to keeping secrets and handling highly classified documents. For two years in the 1960s, he worked in the Pentagon as the Assistant Executive to the Air Force Chief of Staff. In that position, he was cleared for viewing the most top-secret material our country had to offer. As he told me, "I (was) cleared for everything the Chief was cleared for, including close association with the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO)."

General Fairbrother also worked on the SR-71 Blackbird program before it was made pub-

lic by President Johnson as the A-11. General Fairbrother told me, "I had to write my briefs on a yellow pad (no typists were cleared), and when I finished, I had to either personally burn the piece of paper or eat it!"

When I inquired into his sighting, he acted slightly interested but otherwise amused by the whole subject. He described the object he encountered as "non-descriptive and sort of pale." When General Fairbrother lost sight of the object, he quickly turned to his left and looked at Colonel Stewart and asked, "Doug, did you see that?" Colonel Stewart looked back at General Fairbrother with a quizzical look in his eyes.

"See what?"

General Fairbrother started to try explaining what he had just seen, and then realized that he wasn't at all sure what had just flown by his aircraft.

"Follow me, Doug," General Fairbrother said, as he quickly made a tight turn in his P-51 to go back around. As he completed his turn, he fully expected to get a look at the object and possibly pursue it, but to his complete astonishment, it was completely out of sight.

"Well," General Fairbrother told me, "We reported this and we went to work that night in the control center, with the big board and all. Well, these strange reports were in from the radar sites saying that their antenna started to





*As he completed his turn, he fully expected to get a look at the object and possibly pursue it, but to his complete astonishment, it was completely out of sight. . . "We had to fill out a report on what we knew, and what we'd seen, and after that we decided from then on we were not going to see one of those things anymore!"*

rotate the other way."

I asked the General to clarify.

"Well, they were sitting there watching the antennas go around at the radar site," he said. "It stopped and started going around the other way. But, I think that was just an optical illusion. There were two or three different reports in, and as a result we both said, 'Shoot, I think I saw something!' We had to fill out a report on what we knew, and what we'd seen, and after that we decided from then on we were not going to see one of those things anymore!"

"Did they give you a hard time, General?" I asked.

"Well, yeah. They asked us funny questions . . . They just badgered us, coming back, again and again and again. Funny looking people with beards who wanted to ask us questions."

**O**n April 1, 1997, I interviewed Lt. Colonel Doug Stewart concerning this sighting. He had very little to say about the subject, stating that he "never saw a thing."

He did, however, recall General Fairbrother seeing something and pulling hard on his memory, said, "I always thought he said he saw a sheet of ice."

"A flat, circular sheet of ice?" I asked, trying to keep skepticism out of my tone.

"Yes," Lt. Colonel Stewart replied, "Why?"

"Never mind." There was little point in trying to convince the Lt. Colonel that the General saw something far different and more mysterious than a round sheet of ice.

For his part, Gen. Fairbrother readily recalls not only the Duluth sighting, but another as well. In 1953, near Rapid City, Iowa, General Fairbrother was flying night intercepts with Dave Needham as his wing-man when suddenly an eerie white light popped over the horizon. Needham was instantly alarmed by the light and radioed to General Fairbrother.

"Do you see that light?" Needham asked.

"Yeah," General Fairbrother answered, "that's nothing, don't worry about it."

Needham radioed ground control and they reported that they had nothing on radar. Still the object hung over the base, motionless and sparkling in the sky. Needham wanted to pursue the object and General Fairbrother protested.

Later, after they had come back in and landed, Needham spoke up and said, "I swear that there was something up there and it wasn't from the ground and it wasn't a star!"

General Fairbrother then bent to the requirements of his rank and said, "Dave you didn't see a thing!"

Needham protested, "Yeah, I did!"

General Fairbrother persisted, "Dave believe me, you didn't see a thing! They will badger you to death!"


"Well," General Fairbrother told me, "He insisted and finally he had people coming to visit him and filling out reports and so on. Finally he came up to me and said, 'I see what you mean!'"

Even after these experiences, Gen. Fairbrother seems to revert to the "party line":

"The Air Force never found anything to substantiate anything having to do with UFOs. I mean, it's fun to think about and all that, but, no, there's nothing."

In my quest for the truth, I also interviewed General John Browman. Colonel Leeland told me that General Browman was with him the night of the Duluth sighting, where the UFO hovered low over the radar site to evade the interceptor jets.

General Browman, still on active duty, wholeheartedly denies that he was with Colonel Leeland that night over Duluth. "It seems I do recall something about that sighting, but it must have been someone else he was thinking about. It wasn't me."

General Browman then told me that one time he *had* actually seen a UFO that was flying at an altitude way above his fighter jet. "But," the General stated, "I'm sure it was an SR-71 Blackbird. Yeah, an SR-71, that's what it was." 

# LT. EDWARD BALOCCO . . .

**I**t was on a Monday evening, February 7th, 1953 in Edenton, N.C.

Virginia Beach citizens were settling down for the evening and wives of professional fishermen were busy hanging out their laundry to catch the last remaining rays of the sun. Boys played Indian Ball down near the beach, and girls flocked in small groups to the local drug store for hamburgers and milk shakes.

Norfolk, Virginia was beginning to turn into a major industrial shipping harbor and the Navy had the largest Naval installation in the world located here. People fished for a living in Norfolk and the beaches attracted huge crowds in the summer. The hustle and bustle of the Navy never seemed to cease.

But on February 7, 1953, the sum-

mer crowd was yet to arrive and the days on the beaches were quiet. Quiet, that is, until an utterly amazing occurrence. Retelling this now, after so many years, only seems to deepen the mystery of what really happened off the east coast on February 7 and 11, 1953.

To look back on it through a haze of borrowed memories and recollections—because after so many years that is all we have left—creates an air of rumor which has a tendency to lead us astray. We become confused and skeptical. In a sense, this case mirrors the way most of us are programmed to react to the entire UFO subject. We need the facts.

**I**t began at approximately 5:00 p.m., on February 7, 1953. Mrs. B.E. Eagen of 305 Ellers

Street called the Norfolk newspaper, saying that her neighbor had called her attention to a “bright white light” moving at a slow pace in a southeasterly direction. She stated that she thought the light was a flying saucer, and that it was heading in the direction of Little Creek.

About ten minutes later, another caller reported a strange light moving overhead. It was described by the second caller as a “bright light” heading for Virginia Beach. In the next few seconds, the paper received another call, also describing a “big, bright star” heading southeast.

At the same moment, Preston Charles, chief of the Suffolk news bureau, sat in his office approximately 20 miles southeast of Norfolk, also being swamped with calls from astonished citizens who were



PHOTOS COURTESY ED BALOCCO



reporting high-flying "saucers" in the area.

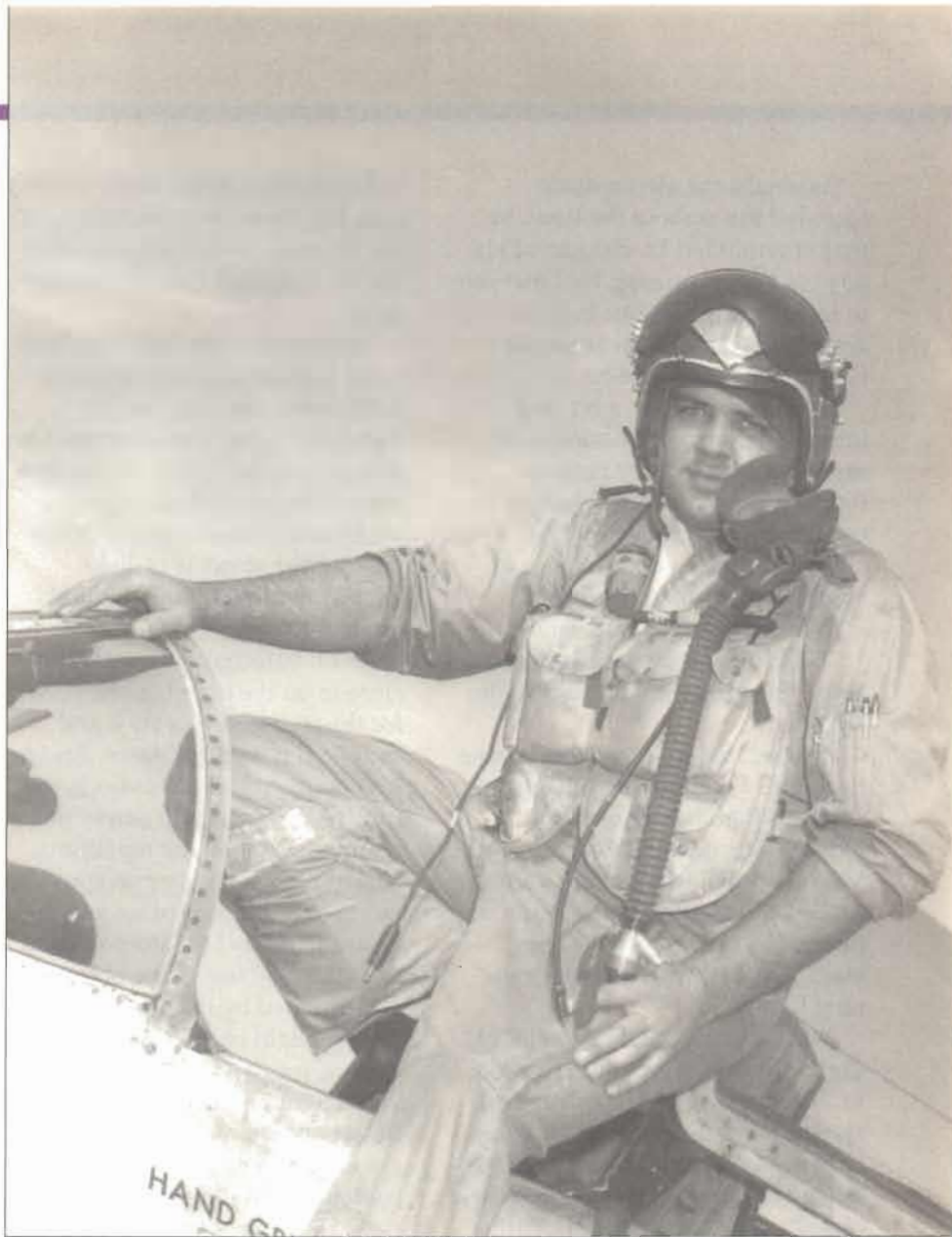
Responding in a usual journalistic fashion, the *Norfolk Virginia Pilot* telephoned the Navy Fleet Weather Central at the Norfolk Naval Air Station, inquiring into recent balloon launches. The Naval Station explained that the balloons the station was using were only eight feet in diameter, white in color, and were usually gone from the Norfolk area very rapidly. Officials there stated that they "doubted" that their balloons were the cause of the sightings. Besides, one Naval commander commented, the people of Norfolk were used to seeing their balloons and they'd never caused a panic in the past, let alone a flying saucer report. The editor of the newspaper hung up the telephone, scratching his head. The reports were continuing to come in, but they'd diminished somewhat. By nightfall they had ceased, but not for long.

A few hours after sunset, a neighborhood in the Riverview area reported strange lights in the sky which acted like nothing they had ever witnessed before. The reports consisted of a "round, orange-ish object" which seemed to "(dart) about the sky, mostly in an erratic, vertical motion rather than horizontally."

About 30 minutes later, a call came in to the newspaper from Mrs. A.K. Johnson, who claimed that the flying saucer was nothing more than a balloon being flown at a used car lot. But the residents of Riverview reported that they were certain the object moving about the sky was no balloon. One caller stated, "I've never seen anything like this!" Confusion reigned in Norfolk.

Soon, the reports started tapering off. The last sighting was reported by the employees of the Briggs Esso gas station, who reported a strange object high in the sky to the east of them. The excited caller stated, having figured it all out, "There's a kite up there, a white one, dipping up and down."

And after a short while, the tele-



**FLIGHT READY**—Eddie Balocco straddles the edge of his plane's cockpit during his Korean tour of duty. Opposite page: still intact, Balocco returned from one sortie in Korea with a badly damaged VMF 311.

phones grew silent at the newspaper and the sightings stopped coming in. So, just as quickly as it started, one Monday night of total confusion in Norfolk, Virginia, had come to an end. At least, that is, until the weekend of the 11th, when all hell broke loose.

On February 11, 1953, just one week after the Norfolk sightings, Marine First Lieutenant Edward Balocco drove around the base at Edenton, N.C., looking for something to keep his thoughts occupied. It was a Saturday night and Lt. Balocco had the "dirty duty"—that is, he was the only pilot at the

base on "intercept-ready status."

He had just returned from a very successful tour of duty in Korea. In the short time that he was there, he had been awarded four air medals along with the Distinguished Flying Cross, a medal only awarded to the bravest of pilots. But on February 11 at 10 p.m., Lt. Balocco was driving around a lonely base in Edenton, N.C., just south of Norfolk, Virginia, and was busy thinking about his future, not his past. Would he accept the commission that the Marine Corps had offered him? Or would he leave the Marine Corps in search of a law degree?

Suddenly, the alert whistle sounded throughout the base. At first, it reminded Lt. Balocco of his days in Korea, causing his heart rate to increase slightly, but then he remembered that he was safe in Edenton, North Carolina.

Lt. Balocco calmed a bit, and immediately parked his jeep and made his way to a F-9 Panther fighter jet which was parked on the tarmac, ready for takeoff. He climbed in the jet and fired up its engine and radioed the tower.

"What do we have, tower?"

"Unknown bogey, at two three zero," the tower stated, "Get in the air, now!"

"Roger," Balocco answered, as he taxied his F-9 onto the runway.

In less than two minutes, Lt. Balocco was heading north toward Virginia Beach while being vectored to the UFO by the Cherry Point tower. His orders were to "run black," that is, with no outer running lights.

After approximately 20 miles of flight, Cherry Point tower handed Lt. Balocco over to Norfolk Naval station. Norfolk vectored Lt. Balocco toward the unknown object, but when Lt. Balocco's F-9 reached the object's approximate position, the object suddenly disappeared off of radar at Norfolk tower.

After approximately 15 minutes of searching without success, Lt. Balocco radioed Norfolk and informed them that he was running low on fuel and was returning to his base. Norfolk gave him permission to break off the search and Lt. Balocco swung the Panther back toward Edenton. As he proceeded to head south, he noticed a bright light on his port side below him. He was flying at 20,000 feet and the light appeared to be on or near the surface of the ocean.

Steadying his course to the base, Lt. Balocco paid little attention to the light and continued flying south. He checked his speed, his altitude, and his heading. He flipped on his outside running

lights so other pilots could identify him, but, as he glanced back up to the horizon, he was astonished to see the light had risen to his altitude.

The bright white light was hovering motionless approximately 2,000 feet away, and just like in Korea, Lt. Balocco made a head-on plunge into the object. As the two aircraft began to close in on one another, Lt. Balocco could clearly see that the object was disk-shaped, with red blinking lights on its hull.

As Lt. Balocco continued to close in on the object, he reached for the trigger on his stick and squeezed it with full force. And to his complete and utter shock, the cans were apparently empty of ammunition! Just the repetitious clicking of his empty gun could be heard over the roar of his jet.

Suddenly, as Lt. Balocco closed to within 350 feet of the object, he was stunned by the almost unbelievable light conditions. His entire cockpit was bathed in a deep, white light and everything seemed to be hanging motionless in mid-air. He could no longer hear his jet roaring; all sound seemed to dissipate. He seemed to hang motionless for just a second or two, and then just as suddenly as everything stopped, it started again, and the saucer broke away from the F-9 in a flash and headed south with incredible speed.

After regaining his composure, Lt. Balocco radioed Cherry Point tower, giving them a heading, a speed and an altitude of the object. He also chased the object for a moment, but it soon pulled away from him and disappeared heading south, low against the east coast.

Almost immediately, Marine Captain Thomas Riggs also reported spotting the light. Captain Riggs was also scrambled in his F-9F fighter jet, and was in the process of returning to his base at Cherry Point.

Captain Riggs later told the Marine Corps that he spotted the object moving swiftly down the North Carolina coast at a low altitude, and reported that at the distance he was from the object, he was unable to identify it.

Lt. Balocco soon became dangerously low on fuel and intended to return to the base and refuel and continue his search for the glowing saucer. But upon landing at Edenton, he was informed that the Marine Corps was sending a plane over to take him to Cherry Point for debriefing.

The plane soon arrived and whisked Lt. Balocco into the air, heading south for Cherry Point. Upon arriving at the base, Lt. Balocco was taken to a conference room where a group of Marine and Navy officers sat around a long table waiting for his arrival.

Lt. Balocco walked into the room, still sweating from his encounter with the saucer. He took a seat at the end of the long conference table and, looking around, noticed a wide assortment of Marine colonels and officers from the Navy. He poured himself a glass of water from a pitcher sitting in front of him, and it was then that he noticed that his hands were shaking slightly. And that's when the interrogation began.

A Marine colonel ordered Lt. Balocco to explain his encounter and Lt. Balocco did, over and over. Each time as he described the object as being disk-shaped, a Naval officer sitting near the end of the table would whistle slightly, as if to say, "Oh, boy!" A Marine colonel would glare at the Naval officer and tell Lt. Balocco to continue.

After a few tense hours, when it was all over and he was ready to exit the conference room, a Marine colonel stood and said to him, "Of course, you will say absolutely nothing about this incident."

"Of course, Colonel," Lt. Balocco responded. "Nothing, absolutely nothing."

Lt. Balocco was then flown back to



*Suddenly, as Lt. Balocco closed to within 350 feet of the object, he was stunned by the almost unbelievable light conditions. His entire cockpit was bathed in a deep, white light and everything seemed to be hanging motionless in mid-air.*

Edenton, and as he walked across the tarmac he was met by a jeep driven by an enlisted man. Lt. Balocco jumped into the jeep and let out a sigh of relief.

"What happened up there tonight?" the enlisted man asked.

"Lieutenant, what did you run into?"

Lt. Balocco did not look at the enlisted man, but instead looked across the base into the starry night sky and said, "Just a Nighthawk, sarge, that was all. Just a Nighthawk."

As far as Lt. Balocco was concerned, that should have been the end of his involvement, but it wasn't. Two weeks after this incident occurred, Lt. Balocco was walking through the base when he stopped by the bulletin board located in the base headquarters.

Someone had pinned up a comic poster depicting a squadron of F-9s flying in formation with one pilot in the center (apparently Balocco) stating that he saw a flying saucer. The other pilots in the cartoon were laughing from their jets and sneering at the notion of flying saucers. Lt. Balocco ripped the poster down, folded it neatly and stuffed it into his jump suit.

A month later, Lt. Balocco received a telephone call from his mother in California. A letter containing two Band Aids had arrived in the mail at Lt. Balocco's mother's home. The cryptic letter read:

"The next time your son goes up, have him put these over his eyes."

The meaning behind the letter was uncertain, but apparently upsetting enough to the lieutenant's mother to prompt her to call from



California, asking him what she should do.

"Nothing, mother," Balocco said, with anger in his voice, "It's just the guys trying to have some fun, that's all."

But Lt. Balocco knew that none of the men in his squadron would have sent such a letter. None of them really knew for sure that he had seen a flying saucer, and to frighten and harass another pilot's mother would have been the worst kind of sin, something

unthinkable in a fighter pilot squadron. It would seem someone was trying very hard to keep Lt. Balocco from talking about his incident. They were using the simplest of methods, one which would both humiliate and frighten him into keeping quiet. But the sad thing is, they never trusted their highly decorated pilot. The order to keep his mouth shut was enough and they could have stopped there. After all, Lt. Eddie Balocco was a true war hero. ●

# COL. HOWARD STRAND . . .

**N**ot all Air Force interceptor pilots had the experience of seeing or chasing a UFO. Some went their entire careers without ever seeing a suspicious light in the sky, but some of

those pilots who did see and chase UFOs many years back are only now willing to discuss it, some 50 years later.

Colonel Howard Strand is one of these pilots.

PHOTO COURTESY HOWARD STRAND



*PILOT PRIDE—Howard Strand (rt.) and his co-pilot during the late 1950s.*

Colonel Strand was a very successful Air Defense interceptor pilot who retired in 1972 with an astounding 28 years of total military service. From January 1944 until his retirement, Colonel Strand had never gone “undercurrent” (45 days in a row off flight ready status) except for the period between World War II and his discharge and joining the Air National Guard in 1948.

Colonel Strand was born in Otsego, Michigan on June 28, 1921. He graduated from Allegan High School in 1940, and on April 16, 1943, enlisted in the Army Air Corps as an aviation cadet. Colonel Strand won his wings and 2nd Lieutenant’s commission on November 20, 1944.

While he was busy learning to master the single-engine P-51 in Florida, U.S. bomber crews in England were starting to report strange nocturnal lights which paced their planes and flew in formation with them over Germany.

Through late November 1945 to December 1948, Colonel Strand was assigned to the Air Corps reserve. On December 5, 1948 he joined the Michigan Air National Guard at Battle Creek, Michigan. Colonel Strand was recalled to active duty in the U.S. Air Force as a squadron pilot with the 172nd Tactical Fighter Wing in February, 1951. On March 24, 1969, he was appointed Wing Commander of the 127th Tactical Fighter Wing in Detroit. And on March 11, 1971, Colonel Howard Strand became Brigadier General of the Michigan Air National Guard.

In the spring of 1953, Colonel Strand was a captain flying intercept missions out of Selfridge Air Force Base in Michigan. But one day in early March of 1953, Strand would encounter something in the air over Detroit, something that



*"I could not identify the objects as aircraft because they weren't—there were no wings or tails to 'pop' into sight for identification as aircraft. At the time, I had no thoughts of flying saucers, therefore I made no efforts to identify such. If I had even so much as thought of it at the time, I never would have taken my eyes off them."*

would change his life forever.

Below is Colonel Strand's written report:

**"T**he following event is an eyewitness account of an encounter with unidentified, unexplainable objects of aerial phenomena. The incident occurred on a clear day in the spring of 1953 in the Detroit, Michigan area.

"I had approximately 1,700 hours total flying time of which 400 were jet. Approximately 10 o'clock a.m. one morning in March, I was scrambled on a routine patrol mission. We were expecting the Navy to try and penetrate our air defenses in the local area for practice purposes.

"After about 20 minutes of flight, the radar site controlling our flight gave us a target which was to our left at about the eight o'clock position. Upon visually checking, my airborne radar operator and I could see tiny specks in the sky which appeared to look like a ragged formation of aircraft. Our position at the time was approximately 30 miles N.W. of downtown Detroit. The targets appeared to be over the city's central section.

"The Selfridge AFB ground radar controller gave us a heading which we turned toward as the target on their radar scope. All this time, including turning toward the target, establishing our course etc., the objects were visible to the pilot as a ragged formation traveling slowly

in a westward direction. This was established to be between three and four minutes.

"The objects were a little lower than our aircraft so we were in a slight downhill run at full military power, without afterburner, on the intercept. I can recall thinking more than once that I should be able to start identifying the aircraft any second—but I couldn't. Their tails, wings and aircraft features just didn't seem to "pop out" as they normally do when you close in on an aircraft to identify its type.

"All the while we were on a quartering head-on intercept, my radar operator in the back seat was trying to pick up the targets on our airborne radar. The ground radar had both our aircraft and the unknown painted as good, strong targets. Still no positive identification, except the objects seemed to get a little larger all the time.

"About this time, the radar operator in the back seat started receiving some returns on his scope and thought he was picking up the targets. I was watching the objects until I looked in the cockpit, trying to inch out a little more speed without going into afterburner. Then, when I looked up, the objects were gone—every last one of them. I had estimated the number to be between 12 and 16. We had been expecting to see/identify Navy fighter type aircraft—but now, nothing.

"Immediately I asked the ground

radar controller where they were and he told us the targets were still there—loud and clear. We continued to fly the headings given by the controller right into the center of the targets. We flew and turned in every direction but there was still nothing in sight. Gradually the targets disappeared from the ground radar after we had been among them for three or four minutes; as close as 2,000 feet according to the radar. Airborne radar picked up nothing after the initial fleeting contact and then the objects had disappeared from visual sight. We returned to land at Selfridge.

"No UFO report was submitted by the aircrew for one reason. This was the era when it seemed the Air Force was denying even the possibility of UFOs and attempting to make everyone who thought they saw such objects look silly or stupid.

"In retrospect, after reading a considerable amount of material about UFOs and 'Flying Saucers,' I have come to two conclusions about this sighting. One, that I could not identify the objects as aircraft because they weren't—there were no wings or tails to 'pop' into sight for identification as aircraft. At the time, I had no thoughts of flying saucers, therefore made no efforts to identify such. If I had even so much as thought of it at the time, I never would have taken my eyes off them.

"I can say definitely that the objects were not conventional or jet

aircraft, due to the fact that no aircraft could have turned around and "gotten away," so to speak, in the two to four seconds I was looking in the aircraft cockpit. Remember—all the while we were bearing down on the targets at approximately 500 MPH in a quartering head-on pass.

"Number two: the object went straight up—out of sight to me and my airborne radar operator—still visible as targets on the ground radar. Other sightings have been made where UFOs did go straight up for tens or hundreds of thousands of feet in one or two seconds and then hover or move slowly at that new altitude."

—Colonel Howard  
C. Strand, Ret.

**O**n March 18, 1997, I conducted a follow-up interview with Colonel Strand, a man I found to have both high intelligence and a good degree of common sense, a perfect combination for a fighter pilot. He took a lot of time to explain his sightings, and for that I am grateful.

Flying at an altitude of 25,000 feet, Colonel Strand got his first glimpse of the unidentifieds. "Radar turned me on them," he said, "because they were looking for the Navy to try to invade the Detroit, Michigan area. Well, I turned toward that area and I could see what looked like a ragged formation down there, but they were just specks. You couldn't identify an airplane."

"The blips were below me, they appeared to be below me—I would judge 10,000 feet. I put the throttle up, full throttle, and headed that way for an intercept. And I looked in the cockpit for just an instant or so, to try to get more push out of the airplane, just short of afterburner, and I looked back up and they'd disappeared. However, radar said that they were still there . . . Well, I kept heading in there and I got right in to where they were, and they

kept disappearing off of Selfridge radar, one at a time or two at a time. And I got into the area and there was still one there, according to Selfridge, and I turned the airplane inside out looking for it, and there was nothing there."

"What do you think you saw, Colonel?" I asked him.

Strand replied, "In all of the reading I've done about UFOs, I can only assume that if that's what it was, and not a fluke of the radar—although I actually, physically, saw the specks at one time before they started disappearing. Some of the sightings that I have read about, these UFOs go straight up, instantly, out of sight! And radar could still pick them up. So, that's the only thing I can assume.

"How real it is? I don't know."

His encounters didn't stop there. In 1952, Col. Strand had another sighting.

"I was flying wing man in a night-flight of two F-94s over Port Huron," he began. "My leader thought he saw a UFO. Well, actually, he saw a light, a blinking light, and in fact, radar turned us on it to start with.

"We were way north of Selfridge, and we chased and we chased and chased and chased, and finally, gave up! You gotta come home and get fuel."

"What do think the object was?" I asked him.

"Well, we gave up chasing that so-called 'blinking light.' But, then you discover if you fly that many hours, stars will blink and change colors on you."

"Do you think that's what you were chasing?"

"I don't think that was anything but chasing a star."

"How would radar pick up a star?" Col. Strand shrugged. "Well, they wouldn't," he admitted. "Radar back in those days was pretty unreliable. It had a lot of flukes in it. It could pick up something, and it wouldn't be there, or it might be a bird or a flock of birds.

"Well Colonel, are all the sightings people see swamp gas or illusions?" I felt I had to ask him that question.

"Uh, some of them are," he said. "Some of them are pretty good. Airline pilots have seen some stuff that is pretty strange. And I personally believe that it's possible for there to be UFOs, because look at the intelligence in this country, the United States, in our world, in the last 75 or 100 years. We've come from horse and buggy to the moon and things of that nature.

"Look at what computers will do today! All you have to do is imagine that there's another world out there similar to ours, someplace that's a thousand or a hundred thousand years older than we are. If we've advanced as far as we have in the past 100 years, can you imagine what we will do a thousand years from now?"

Col. Strand explains his having had UFO sightings yet still maintaining a successful Air Force career as a matter of personal discretion. "In that one episode, I didn't even tell the military about it. Back then, if you saw a UFO, there was kind of an indication higher up that you were nuts! You didn't advertise that you saw a UFO."

I also tried to look back and find some information concerning Colonel Strand's Port Huron sighting where he believed that he was fooled into chasing a star. Two F-94s were involved in the chase that night. One pilot was, of course, Colonel Howard Strand. The other pilot that night was Lt. Colonel Edward J. Sloan, whom I tried and failed to locate.

But Colonel Strand sent me a letter dated August 6, 1970, from the late Dr. James E. McDonald to Major Donald Keyhoe, describing the sighting in full detail. Below is an excerpt from the letter from Dr. McDonald. Did Colonel Sloan chase a star? Decide for yourself.

"As soon as I introduced myself on the phone and I mentioned the



*"In that one episode, I didn't even tell the military about it. Back then, if you saw a UFO, there was kind of an indication higher up that you were nuts! You didn't advertise that you saw a UFO."*

Port Huron incident, Sloan remarked that he still remembered it quite clearly. He was a Captain at the time, flying out of Selfridge AFB. He recalled that he and at least one other F-94 had been doing practice intercepts on some aircraft, but could not distinctly recall that it was a B-25 (as indicated in the Bluebook file summary that I studied on my last visit to Wright-Patterson last July). He thought there were only two F-94s, where the Bluebook file indicates three.

"Sloan talked by phone with the GCI controller as soon as he landed, but never spoke to him in person, so he lacked the clue to the locale of the GCI station. As he now recalls it, he didn't see anything until he got to altitude and was given some new vectoring instructions. (The Bluebook files indicate that GCI told him the target was at his 3 o'clock position when he gained altitude, i.e., off to his north.)

"Captain Ruppelt's [the officer in charge of Blue Book] account indicates that GCI saw the target do a 180-turn and head back north just at the time Sloan's F-94 turned into it. However, he did state that he remembered GCI describing it as hovering motionless, just before he got up there.

"As soon as he did a starboard turn and headed into it on a northerly course, GCI radioed that the unknown target they were carrying was beginning to move northward. Sloan does not now think that his radar man ever got a lock-on, though he recalls that Helfenbien did get some transient returns. (Bluebook file is quite specific in mentioning a 30 second lock-on.)

"Mr. Sloan recalled that he pursued the target for about 20 minutes. He said he is still puzzled as to what it was he saw visually. It was changing color (red, blue, white) and very bright. It lay near the horizon and near the north point. I asked him if he thought it could have been a star. His remark was that he had done a lot of flying, both before that and since, in northern areas, and he had never seen a star that looks like that. He estimated that he had about 3,500 hours at that time, and he had logged 6,000 hours by the time he had retired from the Air Force in 1963. Though he said several times that he never was entirely sure that the light he was pursuing

was not a star distorted by some atmospheric effect, he repeated that it was very puzzling to him."

**I** read the McDonald letter and wondered about the sighting. Was Colonel Sloan fooled by a star into believing it was a UFO? Or was Colonel Sloan fooled by a UFO into believing it was a star?

The Rosetta Stone of this case lay in the radar controller's report. If the controller was sure that the object he was tracking was a real object and not just some fluke in the equipment, then Colonel Sloan was not chasing a star. The radar controllers stated that the lock-on that he got from the object was, "just as solid as you get from a B-36." ●



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# LIEUTENANTS MONCLA, WILSON...

**O**n the night of Nov. 23, 1953, over Lake Superior, the Air Defense Command tracked two unidentified objects low over the Soo Locks. An F-89C jet interceptor was scrambled out of Kinross Air Force Base; its mission to intercept and identify the two UFOs.

The F-89C fighter jet carried a crew of two, Lieutenant Felix Eugene Moncla, Jr., the pilot, and 2nd Lieutenant Robert L. Wilson, the radar observer, both of whom were on temporary duty from Truxton Air Force Base in Wisconsin.

Directed by an Air Force GCI (Ground Control Intercept) radar station, Lt. Moncla pursued the UFO out over Lake Superior. Then something inexplicable happened. A GCI radar controller was startled to see two blips "merge" with the F-89C on the radar screen. The combined blips abruptly disappeared from the radar scope, with no distress signal being issued.

As the two blips disappeared from the scope, the controller quickly radioed search and rescue. Moncla and Wilson could have ejected before the collision. Both had life preservers on and a self-inflating dinghy; even in the freezing weather they could have survived for a short while. Immediately after the F-89C vanished, two additional jets were scrambled, tasked with searching for the missing F-89C, or to locate any wreckage.

A Coast Guard cutter circled in the water near the F-89C's last known position, finding only calm water and an eerie silence.

The F-89C and the two unidentified objects merged on the radar scope at 6:50 p.m. But at 7:35 p.m., a rescue aircraft claimed that he heard Lt. Moncla's voice break over the radio, sounding like an accidental transmission. He distinctly heard Lt. Moncla say, "I think we'd better. . ." and then it cut off. This was 45 minutes after they disappeared.

U.S. and Canadian search and rescue planes circled low over the area

all that night. At daybreak, many planes joined the search, as the pilots crisscrossed the lake for hundreds of miles in the air. In total, over 20,000 square miles were searched, but not a trace was found of the pilots, the jet or the UFO. Even as the relentless search continued, Truxton Air Force Base issued this official release to the Associated Press:

"The plane was followed by radar until it merged with an object 70 miles off of Keweenaw Point in upper Michigan." This statement appeared in an early edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, headed, "JET, TWO ABOARD, VANISHES OVER LAKE SUPERIOR."<sup>1</sup>

Then, the Air Force buried the story.

Denying the F-89C had merged with anything, the Air Force said the radar operator had misread the scope. The reported UFO—only one—had been an off-course Canadian airliner, which the F-89C had intercepted and identified. After this, the Air Force speculated, the pilot evidently had been stricken with vertigo and plunged the jet into the lake.

The Canadian government quickly denied any flights in the area. Expert pilots also questioned the AF's explanation; if Moncla had experienced vertigo, he could have switched on his automatic pilot until his head cleared.

For over a year, the Air Force stuck to its original version of the accident, despite the denials from the Canadian government. Then an Air Force spokesman, Maj. William T. Coleman, switched answers. "The F-89C," he wrote, "had intercepted a Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) plane which was on a routine flight."<sup>2</sup>

In 1955, Maj. Donald Keyhoe of NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena) queried the RCAF. Its Chief Of

Staff informed him that there had been no such flight, period.

Later, while attempting to force the Air Force's hand on the crash, Keyhoe received a letter from Mrs. Moncla, thanking him for trying to learn the truth. "I suppose the Air Force has its reasons for not letting us learn the truth," she wrote. "But it is sad for a mother. God bless you for trying to help."<sup>3</sup>

In its official explanation, the Air Force still repeats the disproved RCAF explanation. The crash report, classified in 1953, has never been released."<sup>4</sup>

Until now.

I'd been a private investigator for about ten years when I first learned about the missing F-89C. I thought about the "merger" on radar. Had they really intercepted a Canadian aircraft and somehow spun into the lake? Why was no debris ever found?

I realized Lake Superior was a big lake, but sooner or later the bodies should logically wash ashore. The lake is surrounded by land and both pilots were wearing life preservers. It's also strange that no wreckage was ever located. The aircraft would have broken-up on impact with the water, but obviously didn't.

I decided to take this case after careful consideration. I knew this couldn't be the whole story. This was something deeper, something mysterious, something *secret*; I could feel it.

I called Al Corpening, a computer whiz and friend of mine, and asked him to run through the tele-data base on the worldwide web. I asked him to give me all the Monclas he could find. I gave him the name Lt. Felix Moncla, Jr. I know it was a long shot, but, I decided to give it a try.

Al returned my call a short time later and gave me the list. I quickly found the son of Lt. Felix Moncla and I wrote his number in a small notebook that I carry.

I debated over calling the son of this missing pilot, for two reasons.



*Later, while attempting to force the Air Force's hand on the crash, Keyhoe received a letter from Mrs. Moncla, thanking him for trying to learn the truth. "I suppose the Air Force has its reasons for not letting us learn the truth," she wrote. "But it is sad for a mother. God bless you for trying to help."*

One, in this case we are talking about "missing people." Human beings ripped out of other people's lives in terribly tragic circumstances. A young mother left with two little children, and no real explanation as to where their father went.

Another reason I felt odd about calling him was I figured other researchers had probably bugged him to death over the UFO thing in the past. I called the number anyway, hoping for the best. Something inside of me kept pushing me farther and farther into this case.

I dialed the number deep in the heart of Tennessee, hoping it was the right thing to do. "Hello," a female answered the telephone. "Hello, my name is Tim, I'm an investigator doing research into David's father's crash, and I wondered if I could speak with him."

"Oh, yes," the voice said, sounding excited. "Hold on a minute." I heard the telephone click on to call-waiting. In an instant, she was back on the line sounding very upbeat. She told me that David was gone at the moment. I told her I was researching old air accidents and wondered if they had ever explained the crash.

"No," she said, "But, do you know the rumors?"

"Well, kinda," I responded, trying to play innocent. "It's weird, isn't it?" she said, with a slow southern drawl.

"What's weird?" I asked.

"This UFO thing, didn't you know?"

"Well, yeah, sort of. Why don't you fill me in?"

"Well first of all, David doesn't believe it. He thinks it was a 'secret'

experiment which was fouled up, or something."

"Has he asked the Air Force anything about this?"

"No," she said, "no one has."

"Did they recover the bodies?"

"No, they never did," she responded, sounding very chilled.

"Does David have the crash report?" I asked.

"No, I don't believe the family ever saw one."

"What! That's weird! There is always a crash report!"

"Not in this case!" she said.

"Is David's mother still alive?" I asked.

"Yes, but she's in a rehabilitation home. She should be out in a week or so."

"Does David want to know the truth about this?"

"Oh, yes! I think so!"

"Do you want me to investigate

this for you? That is, will you help me look into this?"

"Okay, we will help you if we can," she responded, sounding satisfied.

On Oct. 31, Halloween night, I spoke to David Moncla for the first time. As his wife got him to the telephone, I groped for the best way to speak to him about these matters. And then he came on the line. I asked him if they ever recovered his father's body. He said that they did not. We spoke about the mysterious UFO, the Canadian transport plane, and his missing father. "David, what do you think happened in your father's situation?" I asked. I waited impatiently for a reply, which had probably taken him a lifetime to formulate.

"I don't really know," he replied. "I've wondered, a lot sometimes. But is it my life ambition to find the answer? No, I don't believe it is. It happened so long ago. But, I would

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like to know what happened."

"How did you find out about the UFO story?"

David drew a deep breath, and grew quiet. I could tell this was something that bothered him. Finally, after a moment, he spoke.

"Well, actually, my mother told me. One day she gave me this old book with a book marker in it. She walked away and did not say anything. I opened the book and there it was."

"Who wrote the book?" I asked.

"Keyhoe," he replied, "Major Donald Keyhoe."

We spoke for awhile longer. It was raining in Tennessee that night. And I could hear the rain beating against the windows of David's house. I told David that I would do all I could to help locate his father. But I told him, "It could be difficult; it happened so long ago."

I hung up with David feeling very excited. This was obviously an intriguing mystery. Something very old and very mysterious; I wondered to myself, how was it that they never recovered the pilots' bodies? I went to my office and produced a map of Lake Superior and its surrounding areas. "Let's see," I said, mumbling to myself.

I drew a straight line that equaled 70 miles in distance. This was where David's father's plane went down, 70 miles out, northwest of Kewennaw Point. As I was drawing the line I noticed a startling peculiarity which no one had ever mentioned. The international border with Canada begins 50 miles off Kewennaw Point. At 70 miles out, where the F-89C went down, it was way inside Canadian airspace, approximately 25 miles.

Why would the F-89C travel so far into Canadian airspace? Was he on a secret mission? Could the RCAF have "inadvertently" shot down the American F-89C?

But where was the wreckage? Would the U.S. Air Force and the Canadian government attempt to hide this unfortunate accident that happened more than 45 years ago? Perhaps.

On November 4, I wrote a letter to the Canadian Information Agency, asking them, quite respectfully, if they shot Lt. Moncla's F-89C. I asked them to describe their search and rescue operation on this date, and asked them to check and see if there were any unidentified bodies found around the St. Ignace Islands or the surrounding areas.

I needed more information than what I was getting from old UFO books. I needed someone who was there, in real life. Someone who dealt with the UFO mystery back in 1953. Someone who knew their way around government double-talk. I instantly thought of Al. I could see him in my mind's eye, milling around his house, with a sandwich in one hand, a stack of technical reports in the other.

Al is your typical computer hack. He lives in cyberspace, with his four computers and his unlimited megabytes. He is also a UFO buff—one of his many interests. I dialed one of his numbers and heard an odd clicking sound on the line.

"Look, Al, I need you to look something up for me," I said when I got him on the phone. "I need you to find someone from the Air Force's old flying saucer project." I could hear Al mumbling to himself as he wrote down my request. Later that day, Al returned my call with a wealth of information. He had a name and number for me.

"Major Dewey Fournet, Ret."

"Who?" I asked.

"Major Dewey Fournet! This guy," Al stated with fervor, "cannot be approached! Do you know what he did in the Saucer Project?"

Turns out Maj. Fournet was the liaison officer for Project Blue Book. Al finally gave me his number.

On Nov. 1, I spoke over the telephone with a gentleman at the Air Force's Casualty Reporting Center at Randolph Air Force Base in Texas. He located a death certificate of Mr. Moncla, but Lt. Moncla's name was spelled wrong. Also, Lt.

R.R. Wilson, the radar man in the F-89C, was spelled Robert Leroy, rather than the R.R. which I believed was correct.

Before I hung up, the gentleman asked me in a cool voice, "May I ask you why you want this?"

"I am investigating for the family," I answered. There was a uneasy silence on the telephone.

"Okay," he said, finally. "I will get it out to you immediately." That same day, I spoke with a man at the Air Force's Historical Research Center, who stated that Lt. Moncla's F-89C was apparently "swallowed by a UFO!"

Somewhat taken aback, I asked him to explain.

"The jet," he began, "was after something and the thing (UFO), apparently swallowed the jet, or something."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Can you send me that report?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "No problem."

Later, the Air Force Historical Center sent me a notice saying that they had found the crash report. They stated that I could purchase the microfilm at a cost of \$20. It seemed too good to be true. I hurriedly wrote a check with my request for the crash report and sent it Federal Express.

On Nov. 5, I telephoned the Missing Persons Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri. I spoke with a young lady who looked up Lt. Moncla's name to see if they had any documents on him. She returned to the telephone and told me that they had nothing. "Back in 1976, this name was one of the ones destroyed in the fire."

I hung up with a odd feeling. No files. No problem. A fire will take care of everything!

That night, I sat and wrote David Moncla a long letter. I described what I had done on the case and told him, "On November 23, this year, I too, will be thinking of your Father." ■

#### NOTES

1. Keyhoe, Donald E. *Aliens From Space*. NY: Doubleday & Co., 1972.
2. Op. Cit.
3. Op. Cit.
4. Op. Cit.



# “NEGATIVE UFO”

BY DALE TOLER

*When word got out about this issue's focus on pilot encounters, a friend of a friend decided the time was right to chime in with his own personal story. Its climax may reflect military protocol—an automatic reversion to withholding all the facts—but not any real closure for the witnesses. That, we expect, results only from the full rendering of the story being presented here. For one witness, at least.*

**T**he statute of limitations has almost run out on this event, so it's time to tell the story. Of course, the common consensus is that anyone who has seen a UFO is somewhat out of touch with the real world. Thus, they are reporting an incident that has not really occurred.

This occurred. It was 1982, and I was a captain on a King Air 200 for a very reputable charter company. At the time, I had accumulated several thousand hours of flight time, including a combat tour in Vietnam. Trained first in the Army in helicopters, then transferred to the Air Force, I flew fighters for several years in the Air National Guard. For two years I had ferried civilian light twins all over the U.S., coast to coast, border to border. I had a

great deal of experience by any standard.

We were on a charter flight from Washington D.C. to Marco Island, Florida. It was winter in Washington. The scheduler said it was to be an overnight on Marco Island, so the trip held the promise of a fun evening. After we arrived, the sole passenger, a prominent circuit speaker, told us he probably wanted to return after the speech. Leaving after the event meant a departure around midnight; so much for fun in the sun.

My co-pilot (now a U.S. Air captain) and I were able to partake of the full course dinner, so we felt not all was lost.

Weather check just prior to departure promised a smooth, easy and fast trip home. The route

was clear the entire way, and we were to pick up a good tailwind once out of Florida. Although the flight home would be late, it should be pretty relaxing.

We climbed up to 29,000 feet, set the auto-pilot and poured a cup of coffee. Not much to do now except compute fuel and ground speed while staying awake.

The first half of the flight continued with only the occasional check-in of the few aircraft flying late at night. The clear winter night offered a horizon of thousands of settling stars touching the carpet of civilization's lights. We even lowered the cockpit lights to a minimum to further enjoy the panorama.

Somewhere around South Carolina, a very large yellow sphere appeared in our eleven o'clock position, appearing similar to an artillery illumination flare. The first assumption was it was from one of the many military areas we were approaching. The co-pilot and I talked about it briefly, as the night was otherwise very silent. Our single passenger had long since gone fast asleep.

After a few more minutes of flying, we started to realize this light was actually above our altitude. This meant the sphere was at least 30,000 feet, which is a lot higher than any illumination shell I'd ever seen. It was also stationary. Illumination devices were on parachutes and always had a perceptible, decent rate of movement. As the perspective of height came into better view we also realized this was a very large light source. As we appeared to be getting closer, the light sphere would seem to be well over 100 feet in diameter. This again was larger than any illumination device I'd ever encountered.

Curiosity finally overcame both of us and we called Air Traffic Control and asked what ranges were in use, since the area was covered with military ranges and ATC is kept abreast of activity to route traffic around them. ATC replied that all the ranges were cold. Now the event took on new meaning. It was very unlikely the military would put up such a large object in the north-south high altitude corridor without notifying ATC. The potential for catastrophe was just too great.

The next question flowed without our even thinking, "What do you show on your screen twelve o'clock?" ATC's reply was, "nothing." "There is an airliner south bound, some 100 miles north. Another overtaking you."

I described to the controller this large spherical yellow light in front of us. It was giving off enough light to look like a miniature sun. It appeared as though it might be only a few miles away by this point. Again, he responded that his scope was clear. "OK, then can we alter course to fly directly toward the object?" I asked.

"Cleared," was his reply, "and let me know when you get a better look."

I wanted a better look. We were beginning to get a good tailwind, so another minute or two would not delay us. Both of us were very curious about this light source.

We turned about 10 degrees left to go straight at the object. Almost as we leveled the wings, the light started to move. Sort of matter-of-factly, the light drifted across our path and then seemed to climb in altitude. We should have been getting closer, but this miniature sun was drifting away and rising above us. We asked for another course correction, this time turning about 30 degrees right. Again, the sphere climbed higher and continued to pull away from us.

We reported to the controller

the sphere's responses to our course changes. He repeated that his scope did not show anything in front of us. Now he called the airliner in front of us, asking him if he saw anything in front of him. The response was affirmative. There was a bright yellow light out there. It was quite large and definitely above him.

The next call came from the aircraft behind us that had just checked in. He too confirmed an object above and to his right. He was the highest of the aircraft, at 33,000 feet. So I knew I wouldn't be climbing up to the light. So much for getting closer.

As we continued toward the light, we were not closing. This meant it was at least holding the same airspeed, some 275 knots. Pretty mobile for an aerial illumination! There were ongoing conversations amongst the aircraft and controller. The passenger-carrying airliners were curious, but not about to venture too close to the object. The aircraft behind us wanted a deviation left to ensure clearance. The controller granted the request, but again repeated he had nothing on his scope and no military activity in the area.

Those of us airborne came to the same conclusion. The object was well above us now and had moved to clear our flight path. I turned on course again, as it was not likely I would be able to get any closer to the object. As we passed abreast we could see the dull yellow light across the Earth's surface. The circle of illumination was around 15 miles in diameter, making all the ground features visible as though it were a hazy afternoon. As we looked back, the sphere continued its sun-like glow, disproving an earlier thought that it might be reflecting the sun at altitude. This light was coming in the wrong direction. The light on the ground was a full circle.

All three aircraft were trying to speculate on the source and origin

of this light. None of us in any of the cockpits had seen anything remotely like this before. The movement, altitude, size, and illumination were unlike any previous experience.

Then the call came from ATC. "Would you like to report a UFO?" There was complete silence. No one was going to answer. Everyone was considering the consequences of such a report. Almost a minute went by, which is a very long time in high altitude communications.

Finally the silence was broken by one of the airliners with a very sullen, "Negative UFO." The other airliner responded, "Negative UFO." I came in third with, "Negative report." The controller replied with an understanding, "Roger, no report."

Clearly all airborne eyes had witnessed some phenomenon. There were probably almost 100 cumulative years of flying represented in the witnesses of this unidentified flying object, yet none of us wanted the stigma associated with such a report.

To this day, nothing has come close to duplicating this glowing sphere, several hundred feet in diameter. Its light cast a visible spectrum over the ground, yet there were no reports of the incident in the papers. Clearly a phenomenon. No one ready to report.

If we had filed a report, would it have made a difference? Probably not in the investigation, but certainly in the future careers of those who saw this light. And, for the most part, probably not a positive influence on their careers.

We look forward to eliminating the call "Negative UFO." Perhaps someday we will be allowed to report a UFO without becoming labeled by those who purport to investigate. When that happens, science may continue to gain knowledge when it no longer punishes those who question. ●



## Endorsement of Airborne Eavesdropping

by Dorothy Westlawn

**E**very time I'm in an airplane, I have this huge desire to know what's happening in the cockpit. In the "old days," airplane passengers could sit back and listen to the pilots communicating with ground control just prior to take-off, or any other time throughout the rest of the flight. On some airlines, anyway.

If anything particularly dicey happened, they would cut off the public transmission, leaving the few passengers who did listen to those dry male voices and their clipped code language to figure out whether the 747 was about to go down in flames or if the co-pilot had just spilled hot coffee on his lap. Regardless, there was something comfortably inclusive about hearing the chatter of professionals with 200- plus civilian lives in their hands, navigating megatons of metal over miles of airspace 30,000 feet above the ground.

No more. Like the stratified separations between corporate clerical personnel and executives, crew and passengers stay ignorant in their cubicles while the pilots close the boardroom door and go about the really important business of the flight—the flying.

With the increase in UFO sightings, I believe it's important that all airlines re-institute the practice of letting passengers listen in. No more "Negative UFO"—not when paying passengers hear a conversation that might go something like this:

"American Airlines, Flight 701. Control, can you give us a read on the plane we see about 2 o'clock ahead . . ."

"Nothing there, 701."

"Look again, control."

"Um. Hmm. Negative, 701."

A pause. "The co-pilot and I both see an aircraft . . . I'd say about 3 miles or so . . ."

"Scanning . . . sorry . . ."

"Oh, Lord . . . Holy sh—"

"701?"

"Huge! We're gonna hit it! It's glowing like a sonofa. . ."

And that's just about when the transmission would be cut off. I don't know about you, but on a 4-hour afternoon flight to the East Coast, say, I want more to think about than whether to eat crusted fish or microwaved lasagne for dinner. Then again, I already know UFOs are real. The handful of passengers listening to this discrepancy between ground control and their startled pilot are the ones who need a quick heads up on the phenomenon. If each of the hundreds of domestic flights per day



Dorothy Westlawn

had even a few curious listeners . . . Just my opinion, of course. But can you think of a better or faster way to end the cover-up?

Sure, plenty of risk would be involved. That goes without saying when anyone merely steps into an automobile, much less an airplane. And the UFO cover-up, after all, has the strength of its own enduring protection of the status quo to fall back on, something most citizens march with in lock-step. How many passengers will actually talk? But for the airlines, this "open channel" policy would mean an enormous commercial boost. When buying tickets, passengers would receive a tacit promise of a possible "situation" unlike anything they could find on the ground. For business travelers, flying would no longer be just a necessary chore. For athletic vacationers, the thrill of sport could start well before they hit the beaches or tennis courts at their destinations. For the old, the bored and the blasé, air travel would provide a much needed kick.

Most important, those in the cockpit would no longer have to deny the truth of their professional observations, and could include their precious human cargo in perhaps the most uniquely unforgettable experience a pilot can have. We mere paying passengers stuck with airplane food in a crowded, competitive and increasingly risky traveling environment deserve nothing less. ●

*Dorothy Westlawn is a teacher in Orange County, California. This is her first contribution to UFO Magazine.*

## REVIEWS

# *Aliens In America:* *CONSPIRACY CULTURES FROM OUTER SPACE TO CYBERSPACE*

by Jodi Dean. NY: Cornell University Press, 1998. 242 pp.

**N**ow, thankfully, that the inkwell has begun to go dry on Roswell and Area 51, and hypnotically-uncorked, cookie-cutter tales of alien abduction have begun losing their luster—could this mean the end of the modern age of sloppy thinking is close at hand?

In your dreams, mouse potatoes. Because of the web, the worst may be yet to come. Social observer Jodi Dean credits the modern colonization of cyberspace with spawning a deepening crisis of truth where suspicions of terms such as “rational” and “reasonable” thrive and distinctions between fact and fiction have been obliterated. Technology—and the information blizzard it has unleashed—makes it impossible today for many to know what to believe, says Dean—or who should be trusted. For many, truth resides in the televisual. “Trust No One”—an anonymous, video graffiti artists’ warning on “The X-Files”—is invested with more meaning than the words of any scientist or politician.

The chronic skepticism of experts, authorities and technology has made what Dean calls virtuality a part of everyday life. Plugging into the web, any group, any theory can acquire an immediate audience and link itself to a network where it cannot be excluded on the basis of non-conformity—and where in the end

truth is “fugitive.”

Within the confines of cyberspace, says Dean, no claim, however outrageous, is refutable; there is no “expert” analysis to decide the matter one way or another. There is not even a real “public” to convince, just “innumerable networks of connection and information.” In the language of the web, consensus reality doesn’t exist; only virtual reality.

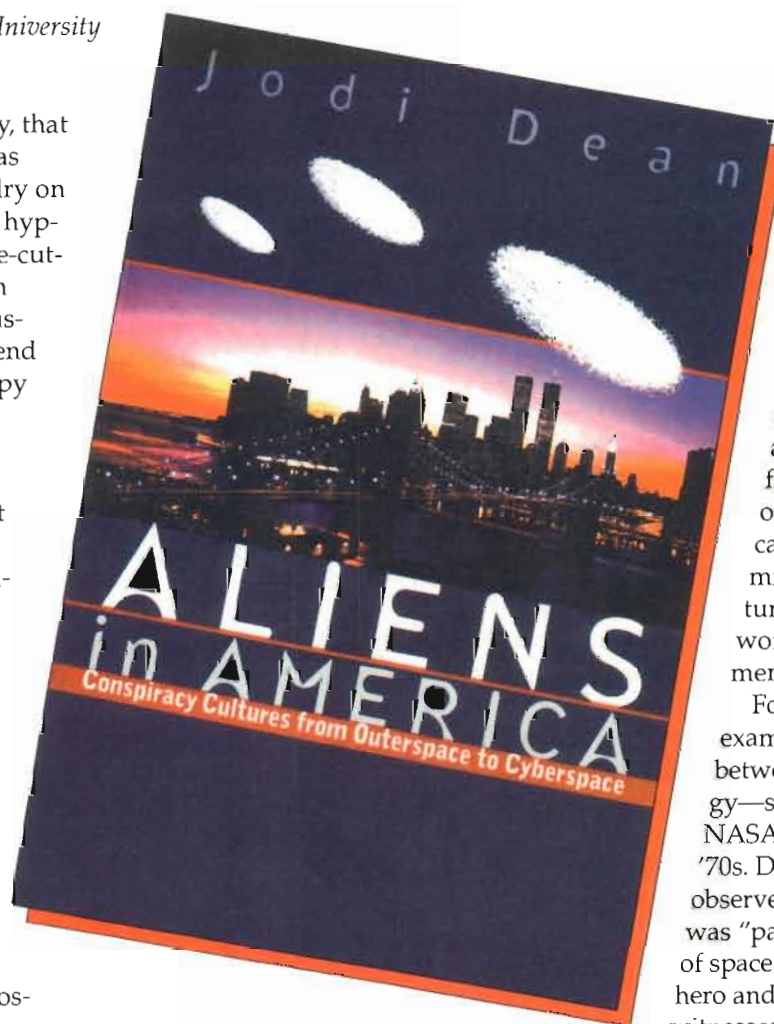
You fully expect Dean—an academic writing for an academic press—to suddenly sink her fangs into UFO beliefs—but she doesn’t. Her eye is trained elsewhere, on

American pop culture, and how it has become so saturated by alien imagery. “How did this happen?” she asks, not as a skeptic, but as a scholar intrigued as to how alien icons—such as greys—have managed to become as familiar as Nike logos on billboards. What caused these icons to migrate out of the subculture of ufology into the world of culture and commerce?

For the answer, Dean examines the connection between space and technology—specifically the work of NASA during the ‘60s and ‘70s. During that time, she observes, the space program was “part of a general theatrics of space in which the roles of hero and scientist, citizens and witnesses, were enacted.”

Our goal was to reach and conquer outer space; Dean characterizes these missions as a “serialized account of American power and success.” These were televised marvels none of us can forget—but their ability to inspire didn’t last. Being passive onlookers eventually wasn’t enough; we craved more, says Dean.

We found it, she says, with the computer, transferring our idealism to cyberspace, where we could be “both astronauts *and* audience.” But while parades marched for the astronauts of outer space, there are no parades in cyberspace. Astronauts were the heroes of outer space. In





"UFO-cyberia" there are abductees, who are not heroes, but victims, with wrenching stories of capture and torture. Their stories are rooted in uncertainty; one reflective, says Dean, of the uncertainty of contemporary America. The narratives they offer conflict, she writes, "with the very heart of consensus reality," and because of this their arguments "dissolve into false assumptions, into something that a skeptic will dismiss as a naive understanding of science or a misunderstanding of the nature of memory." Efforts to defend or protect themselves fail, she says, as they are "further manifestations of the virtuality of contemporary reality."

Dean is incisive in identifying abduction claims as political acts by which abductees are stigmatized and installed along the margins of society. The stigma attached to UFOs and UFO beliefs, she suggests, establishes the alien as an icon for modern social problems—those located along what she calls the "fault lines of truth, reality, and reasonableness."

By supporting abductees—or even accepting the possibility their stories may be true—we assume a radical stance, says Dean, in resisting dominance by scientific and governmental elites. The abduction is subversive, and threatens democracy, she says, by exposing the limits of a system of government based on a unitary conception of reality. For Dean, abductions reveal themselves as more than stories; they are windows onto how contemporary practices of liberal democracy "fail to remain neutral before competing conceptions of the real."

Dean has given us a fresh and engaging perspective on the significance of the alien as a modern cultural icon, and for this she must be applauded. On not taking the tempting, traditional path of belief-stomping, however, I recommend we give her a standing ovation.

—Peter Jordan

*Peter Jordan can be reached at Peter Jordan1@Compuserve.com*

## Aliens are Here! Video Proof!

*Rysher Entertainment, Inc.; Distributed by Real Entertainment, Inc.; 1998; color, not rated; 50 min. running time.*

**T**his is one of the more recent in a seeming endless stream of videos that promise more than they deliver. Oh, there's some interesting stuff here all right, it's just that there is nothing here that any serious ufologists would ever consider as "video proof" that "aliens are here."

So—what do the folks at Rysher give us? Well, we have such topics as: Sightings, Encounters, Crop Circles, Abductions, UFO/Alien Beings, Another Dimension, Haunted Houses, a tiny human Skeleton and an evolved dinosaur.

It begins with the unproven assumption that aliens are here. (I know, I know, for many of you Out There that's a given, but we do NOT have proof that would, as they say, stand up in court . . . and you don't get it here.) This segment is accompanied by hand-held night video shots of what the late Dr. J. Allen Hynek was fond of calling "nocturnal meandering lights." Being that these were hand-held shots, it is impossible to tell how much of the motion shown is camera wobble and how much is actual movement of the unknowns. (There's a lot of that sort of anomalous motion in this video.)

The witnesses are not identified. The lights are just that, blobs against a dark background . . . no definition, no crisp, hard shape, just bouncing blobs.

Some experts are trotted out to verify that what we're seeing is "real." Curiously, these experts are only identified verbally; no name or i.d. is printed on the screen so I don't know if the alleged geological expert is Dr. Bruce Cornet (which is what it sounded like) or if the spelling is

different. So much for the viewer's ability to do some independent verification.

We do see Peter Davenport of the UFO Reporting Center chatting about pilot sightings, all of which seem to be several years old. Some cases were reportedly confirmed by radar.



And we see crop circles. Those old Brit barflies Doug and Dave are thankfully among the missing, but we do watch as two anomalous lights (it's a daytime sighting!) apparently create a circle. Wow! Unfortunately, the narrator then tells us there is reason to believe the film is a hoax. So why include it? To imply all the other circles we see are real ones?

We meet two women in Virginia who believe they have not only been repeatedly abducted and made the victims of weird, painful physical procedures, but perhaps were on the same "ship" together as children. They display a num-



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ber of ufological "stigmata" but no doctors are interviewed about their case. It's all anecdotal.

Then there's the case of a little boy born with a bad heart and many other ailments that would normally kill him in a few years. Miraculously he is cured—by, he says, the "egg man" who came thru his wall. His sketch—he's now old enough to draw a bit—shows a figure with the "classic" grey head/eyes, etc. But do we meet his pediatrician and get formal confirmation that he was born as seriously ill as claimed? No.

Down in Argentina there's a chap who, like Billy Meier, claims encounter experiences and who has taken both still and video footage of craft and aliens. His pix are poorer than Meier's. He tells us that the aliens are from another dimension which we cannot yet access but if we learn to love each other, stop wars, etc., (i.e., the old 1950s contactee line) we may yet graduate to a higher plane of existence and will then understand much that has been confusing us all these years.

Dr. Bruce Cornet comes back on screen as we trot around upstate New York near the ufological "hot spot" of Pine Bush. Turns out that the area is simply infested with dozens of rock chambers, all neatly constructed from local granite hewn into blocks and dry stacked. According to another investigator, the area is rife with UFO and paranormal activity which inevitably takes place reasonably close to one

or another of these granite constructs. Of course, given how many chambers are reportedly in the area, that shouldn't really surprise anyone. And, again not surprisingly, the producers fail to interview any professional archaeologists. Perhaps they fear viewers would be confused to hear from university professors or state archaeologists whose opinions could be far more prosaic.

We then leave the ufological realm for some ghost stories, "haunted" buildings in Colorado and Wisconsin. We are told one building may have been built on the site of an "interdimensional gate" which allows access to our vibratory plane from another, higher plane. And we are shown "weird" photos of apparently paranormal subjects, though they're nothing that spirit mediums weren't doing a century ago, and which were duplicated by researchers of that time. As with other events depicted on this tape, no outsiders with possible contrarian views were interviewed.

Then there is the tiny skeleton. It's ten inches tall and a medium says it's that of a sailor named Tom who many long years ago was cursed by a witch doctor and began to shrink (shades of Stephen King!). I think it more likely the skeleton is that of a baby. Here again, competent medical opinion was not presented.

The producers, having left time for commercials to be added, doubtless hope to get this on your TV screen. As far as I am concerned, it is unconvincing paranormal mind candy for credophiles and I suggest you pass it by. —George W. Earley

*George tells us he left his meadow uncut all summer in the hopes a crop circle would appear. Nothing happened.*

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# FOIA Documents—F.B.I. & N.S.A.

CD-ROM from Kaeser Consulting & The Fund for UFO Research; \$15.

**C**omputers! Computers—the damned hook that snared me into this often moronic “field” of research and data collection. Yes computers, the absolutely vital tool that any UFO researcher in today’s world *must* have. Thirty years ago, the necessary component was a tape recorder, but alas! No more. This little piece of technology is a bit more expensive and dare I say it again?

Vital.

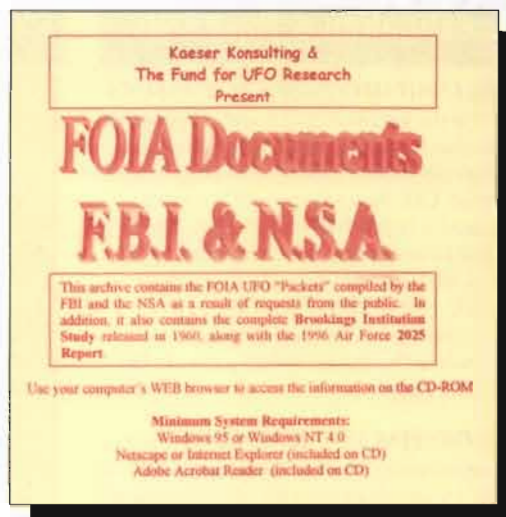
Today, we can connect to almost any part of the world via the personal computer and the Internet. We can be in contact with researchers anywhere on Planet Earth instantly. E-mail, internet video phone, photos, breaking news is at the fingertip. And we can revel in the original purpose of computers—in crunching numbers and *data*. Of course it helps to know where to look for the data. Brother, is there data to be found! Just in the field of UFO research there are literally tens of thousands of sites available on the Internet, and any search engine will overwhelm you with sites when you type in “UFO.” One of the major problems, however, is telling what information is factual, speculative or just plain delusional. That is not quite as easy as simply finding places to look and bookmark your browser. So what are the novice users to do? Start with the basics, and there I can point you to a place you should go.

Steven Kaeser and The Fund for UFO Research have produced a “must have” CD-ROM for the seriously-minded UFO researcher and interested parties. It is called **FOIA (Freedom of Information Act) Documents of the F.B.I. & N.S.A.** and it’s a neat compilation of the documents culled from the real govern-

ment bureaucracies that have held onto and hidden UFO information for over a half century. The documents are drawn from such agencies and institutions as the United States Air Force, the Brookings Institute, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the National Security Agency. Talk about your basic primer into the then brand-new Air Force’s attempt to cope with the “saucer” problem—these documents are an absolutely invaluable tool that give a real “insider’s” look at how the United States government and its agencies view this often insoluble UFO mystery.

When I first got into this research arena I did a historical study using both my computer and many books and magazines related to this field. I might also add that over the years I have heard many people in the research field make many predictions about where all this was leading. Most were usually way off the mark. However, it seems that not just UFO researchers and Wall Street like to make predictions. So does the U.S. Air Force, and they call their predictions the “U.S. Air Force 2025 Report.” (See Vol. 14, No. 1) This is the Air Force’s attempt to peer into their crystal ball over the next quarter century. This makes some fascinating reading. Here is a quick run down of some of their items and agenda:

“2025 In-Time Information Integration System” or “The Man in the Chair: Cornerstone of Global Battlespace Dominance.” Or try this on for size, “Aerospace Sanctuary in 2025; Shrinking the Bull’s-Eye,” or this pleasant thought: “Hit ‘em Where It Hurts: Strategic Attack in 2025” or one more “Star Tek—Exploiting the Final Frontier: Counterspace Operations in 2025.”



This is only the very tip of this iceberg. The information is voluminous and if you were to try to get it via the Internet you would spend many, many hours downloading. That is another reason that Kaeser’s CD ROM is a must-have. CD ROMs have the capacity to hold over 600 Megabytes on one small CD, which is the equivalent of more than 60 floppy disks. This has the whole enchilada in one place. Oh yes . . . most of these files need Adobe Acrobat to be read. This program is included, along with versions of Netscape Communicator or Microsoft IE browsers, a must to surf the net. I installed the Netscape browser off this CD, as it was a later version than the one I was using.

**FOIA Documents** is a fantastic tool to have in your research and software library. Not only will you give a nod to **UFO Magazine** for bringing it to your attention, you will lavishly thank Steven Kaeser and the Fund for UFO Research for going to the trouble of putting this gem together!

—Don Ecker

The CD can be ordered from Fund For UFO Research P.O. Box 277 Mt. Rainier, MD 20712. Steven Kaeser can be reached via the net at [Steve@konsulting.com](mailto:Steve@konsulting.com)

# CONTACT

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**THE BRITISH UFO RESEARCH ASSOCIATION** is the largest research and investigation organization in the UK. BUFORA publishes *UFO Times* bi-monthly along with *UFO Newsfile* (British UFO Newscippings). For more details send a large SASE to BUFORA (UMU) 1 Woodhall Drive, Batley, West Yorkshire, WF17 7SW, UK. BUFORA On-Line the first British based UFO related WWW site URL <http://citadel.co.uk/citadel/eclipse/futura/bufora/bufora.ht> instant access to the British UFO scene.

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*continued on page 64*

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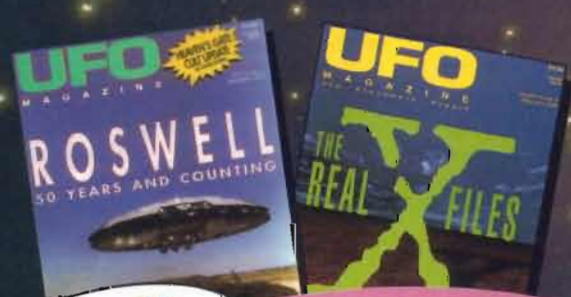
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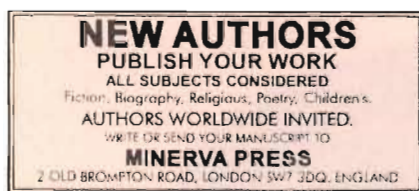
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## LETTERS

continued from page 3

and the usual telepathic communications about ecological destruction. That being the case, the mind control hypothesis has to account for the weird idea that government agents (in protection of the New World Order of global big business) are putting implants in children's heads to force them to study deep ecology. Not a likely scenario.

As for my own ignorance of "the last

60 or 70 years done in earnest in the fields of psychology, electronic technology, and miniaturization," I confess that I have much work cut out for me to catch up to Ms. Kasten's deep knowledge of those subjects. But I'm perplexed by her remedy. I picture handing an academic journal with articles on psychotronics or electrostimulation of the prefrontal lobe to someone who feels they've been abducted. Or even many academic journals. Months later, they come back, a little bleary-eyed. They're now convinced that their "implants" have been placed there by the government to create hallucinations of alien abduction. Case solved! Where before, they felt helpless at the hands of alien beings, they now feel helpless at the hands of diabolical government agents who are elusive, anonymous, without moral scruples, and inaccessible to redress or public pressure. What an improvement!

*UFO Magazine* welcomes Letters to the Editor. Please send them to Editor, *UFO Magazine*, P.O. Box 66970, L.A., CA 90066. Include your full name, city and state of residence. Letters are subject to editing and condensation.

## PERSONALS

SWM in central NJ, 37, never married, 195 lbs, 6'1" likes to work out, into UFOs, ESP, RV. Looking for a SWF, in shape, who is into the same but not too 'new age.' Cute abductees welcome to reply. #00005

I have been in UFOs for four years now. I believe. I met awhile back a fellow who was abducted. As a matter of fact, I met him through this magazine. I am writing or requesting to anybody who reads this superb magazine, please contact me to share their experiences or sightings with me. I will keep confidential. I have been wanting to reach out to people for some time. I have seen a sighting once. I have been wanting to write to this magazine for awhile. I would really appreciate this. Plus any photos or drawings. #00001

Single, white male, age 49, on disability due to bad back and legally blind in my right eye. Desires contact with a single, white female, to write to for friendship. I've been interested in UFOs since 1966. I am a member of MUFON, but I am not an investigator, and I am a member of the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell, NM. #00002

Love and laughter, attractive, easy going 5'3", 150 lbs, 48, NS. Short curly-haired brunette, humorous, sincere teacher, loves animals, kids, nature, travel, adventure, movies, computers, UFOs and the paranormal, ISO man with similar interests, 46-60. I hope to hear from you soon. I think this is a much needed service for folks like us. #00003

SWM desires contact with those interested in going on "saucer watches" with me. Would like to investigate North and Central Conn. Hudson Valley area in NY state and NW New Jersey. If you know of a "hot spot" not too far from Conn., please contact me. M or F welcome. Prefer verbal people to help pass the time between encounters. #00004

Please respond to personals by code number at *UFO Magazine*, Personals Dept., P.O. Box 66970, L.A., CA 90066-6970. Send your own listings to the same address. All personal ads free of charge. Don't miss out. Respond now. Free ads are printed on a space available basis only.



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