

UFOs Observed In Riverwest

BY JEFF WORMAN

Once the trees in front of my flat have leaves, they cover the sodium vapor lights of the street below. During this period, stars appear above the porch each evening. This meant checking a few books out of the library. An intensive study of astronomy followed. I didn't want to buy any books at a store, just in case I didn't like stars. The books came in real handy later on the porch. Using them to identify stars and constellations from the porch my girlfriend Barbara and I share in Milwaukee's scenic Riverwest.

While the reservoir is one of the finest observatories on the East side, I also enjoy my porch. One evening was spent staring at the Lyra star system, especially at the star Vega which shines bright white, high in the northeast corner of the sky. From the porch. The reservoir would see these stars a little earlier as it is South of my geographical location. On our porch, there are chairs. And the trees shield the light. Off to the side is Cygnus, the swan characterized by its cross shape with Deneb as its head. Makes sense. Swans always look like crosses. Ask any astrophysicist. Not just the ones that visit on my porch.

It was a Sunday evening and I was pointing out a few of the constellations I was attempting to memorize. So, in case I'm lost, I'll know what planet I'm on. Showing a good friend of mine. One of the people I work with on *The Milwaukee Shepherd*. Oh yeah, *Milwaukee Shepherd Express*. I won't mention his name in this article, so people won't think he's nuts, too. As we gazed toward the East, a blip of bright light appeared, white and moving in a straight line. To the Western horizon, the damn thing shot across the sky. At first I thought it was a satellite. When we observed a narrow band of translucent pale gray light edge perpendicular the width of the sky and it consequently disappeared, I thought differently. "What the hell was that?" asked the person whose name I won't mention. At the risk of sounding nuts, he did allow me to use his name. Bill.

The next encounter I experienced with life from other planets was even more fantastic!

After eating a cheese dog Barb made for me, and some left over pizza, we went out on the porch to do some star gazing. We lay outside half naked in the sleeping bag. While the location is still the city, the porch we have out front is shielded, like I was saying before, from the street lights by huge trees. I think they're some kind of maple. They're red at first and later they turn green. This makes for pretty good star watching, either way. And you can sit around half naked without the neighbors calling the cops.

About 1:00 a.m., I nudged Barb. "Holy shit! Look at that."

A formation of eight to ten things darted from east to west at high speed. Originating, near Gemini. I think. They appeared white and yet they glimmered orange, blue and green. Moving silently through the atmosphere, each one moving slightly one ahead of the other, as if vying for position. One lead the pack. Shaped unlike conventional aircraft, they had definable wings and wide tail ends that glittered in their swift silent passing. If they were normal, I think you'd hear them when they went overhead. Unless, they were geese or from outer space.

Before I began to work the following day, I tuned the boom box in the API office to the local polka station. A call in program was on. I thought they had polka music. The moderator gave the phone numbers for their "open line." He suggested maybe people wanted to talk about NORAD detecting UFOs on radar flying over North America. They thought they might be satellites.

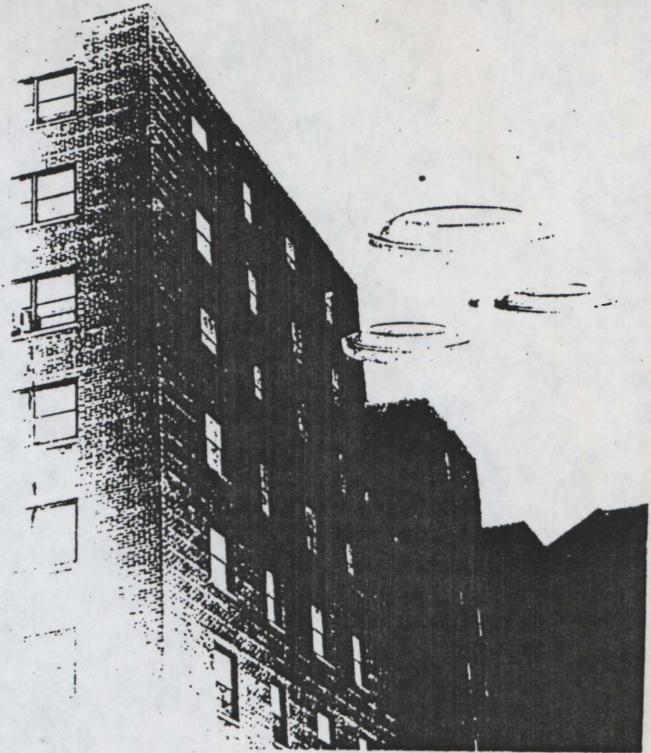
I told someone whose name I won't mention either over iced tea at one of those swanky coffee shops where no one smokes. He said it was probably a group of defective top-secret stealth bombers. Who knows. We read the paper and this one guy, whose name once again I won't mention, (so that the men in black don't get him too.) He stopped by and upon hearing the story, he said the men in black come and get you if you know too much about spaceships. Oh yeah, I thought, I have an album by The Stranglers called *The Men In Black*. He said when he was in boot camp, years ago, his platoon saw a bunch of ships whizzing back and forth, up and down, playing a veritable celestial tag. When his sergeant returned to see everyone staring at the show, they shot up and away from Earth. The spaceships, not the soldiers.

"Not a word of this to anyone or you're out of here," the sergeant, whose name I don't know, said to his men. I won't mention the name of the guy who told me the story because the aliens may get restless. Or the government. Or the geese. He has been out of the service for some time now.

Upon returning to the office, I paged through the White Pages to the Government Listings page. NORAD wasn't listed so I called the Civil Defense number for Wisconsin. A man answered. I asked him if he knew anything about the detection of unidentified flying aircraft being detected and reported on the radio. He said the guy that handles that wasn't around and could be reached the next day between eight and four.

After calling the local Air Force Base and being given several wrong numbers for NORAD, I went the route of Colorado directory assistance.

"We don't track UFOs," a Ms. Sinclair in Public Affairs at Lowry AFB commented before connecting me with Lt. Commander



Schamp of NORAD.

"We detected a Soviet rocket re-entry last Sunday which would have been visible burning up over Canada," he told me over the phone Tuesday afternoon. Only a day after people from other planets buzzed my house. Silently.

"No U-fos were reported to us yet. What's the time frame and geographic location?" he asked.

"Wisconsin. I heard something about on the radio," I said. He said they had been misquoted before. I thanked him for his time and called the polka station. Their news staff only works mornings so I retired

my investigation, satisfied that Soviet rockets you hear nothing about in the papers were blowing up in our hemisphere. He called them "re-entries." I call them World War III.

"I just spoke to Lt. Commander Schamp at NORAD."

"You're doing something about UFOs?" Joe Klein, one of our colleagues, who is nuts, asked from the network server. That's computer talk for the one with the hard disk.

"Yeah. For real this time." "Isn't it always for real?" someone whose name I won't mention questioned.

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Milwaukee SHEPHERD EXPRESS, July 1987 (the paper had just recently changed its name from the Shepherd).
Dates of sightings:

- With Bill Conroy, "probably within three weeks" of the second sighting (i.e., May 10 or 17, 1987)
- With Barbara Schaefer, Monday, June 1, 1987, at 1:00 a.m.
(at that time, Worman lived at 2845 N. Pierce St., in the area of Milwaukee just across the Milwaukee River from the "East Side")

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RICHARD HEIDEN via COUD—I