



JUNE, 2010

The Phenomenon Times

The official journal of
The UFO & Paranormal Research Society
of Australia

PIONEERING THE UNEXPLAINED WORLD

Reporting on recent news and studies outside mainstream scientific
endeavour,
in a quest for truth.



Research of Australian Close Encounters
First Division

pr2d
Paranormal Research,
Second Division

**COVERING A BROAD, CROSS DISCIPLINARY
APPROACH TO PARANORMAL EVENTS**



STRANGE APPARITIONS



EERIE ENCOUNTERS



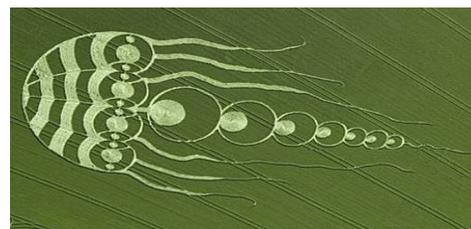
PSYCHIC PERCEPTION



UFO SIGHTINGS



TRUTH BEHIND LEGEND



THE UNEXPLAINED

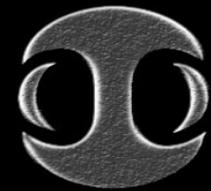
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MEGAN HEAZLEWOOD, PAST LIFE REGRESSION and more...

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JUNE 2010



Lorraine Cilia

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

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UFO-PRSA

Est 2000 (formerly known as the
UFO Society of Western Sydney)

www.ufosociety.net.au

Greetings to all my Earthling and Alien Friends.

I would just like to recap on the April meeting where guest speaker Bill Chalker gave the conclusion of his analysis and investigation into Fiona Hartigan's sighting and photos at Chipping Norton. In answer to the theory that it could have been balloons or birds in the photo, Dom and I conducted our own experiment. The following Sunday night at sunset, we released two helium filled balloons and photographed them with an iPhone - the same type of phone camera as Fiona used. At twenty metres, they were just specks in the image; the objects that Fiona photographed were obviously much bigger. Since then it has come to light that the balloons that were allegedly released from a McDonald's birthday party, two kilometres away, were actually released on the Saturday night anyway. You can read Bill's complete investigative report which is published in the latest issue of the *Ufologist Magazine*.

The group has had an interesting two months. We were invited back to the Bushranger Hotel to investigate some small child's handprints, which mysteriously appeared on a mirror. Guy Filmer, the owner, was adamant that no child had been in the Hotel and the last time we were there we picked up on the spirit of Hannah, a little girl who lived and died there at a very young age. Tiffany has written a full account of the investigation which you can read in this issue of the *Phenomenon Times*.

We were invited by Aaron and Nick, our two producers, to appear in a paranormal-style film that they are making. The filming went very well, at a location which is reported to be really haunted -- read on to find out what occurred at this location, aside from the filming.

For the information of members who are unable to attend our meetings, we have been experimenting with daytime videos, using an Infra Red filter, with some astounding results. The camera has been picking up on objects flying around in our atmosphere, which cannot be seen with the naked eye. We have ruled out normal aircraft, birds, balloons and the like; these objects are spherical, bright and moving behind clouds. Although we captured one that had the trajectory of a satellite, most are moving up, down and back and forwards. We are continuing to investigate this phenomenon.

FUTURE EVENTS

Megan Heazlewood, Artist and Crop Circle Researcher, will be our guest speaker at this coming meeting at Campbelltown Arts Centre on Wednesday June 23rd. For catering purposes, book your seat now; don't miss out on this interesting presentation.

Megan is also hosting Stephen Bassett, guest speaker from the US, at two locations here in Sydney in July. Stephen is the founder of Paradigm Research, the group which held the X-Conference in conjunction with CNN TV Channel recently in the US. Both are speakers not to be missed.

Mary Rodwell and Debbie Malone are confirmed as guest speakers at our 10th anniversary meeting on Wednesday August 18th at Campbelltown Arts Centre. You can read both their profiles further on in the pages of this issue of the *Phenomenon Times*.

Both Mary and Debbie's presentations are a must for all, revealing our future psychic evolution and, REMEMBER THE FUTURE IS IN ALL OUR HANDS.

Lorraine Cilia - President, UFO-PRSA

SCHEDULED MEETING DATES FOR 2010 TO MARK ON YOUR CALENDAR

Wednesday June 23rd

Wednesday July 28th

Wednesday August 18th

Wednesday September 15th

Wednesday October 13th

Wednesday November 10th

All Meetings are held at the Campbelltown Arts Centre, Corner of Camden Road and Appin Road, Campbelltown, NSW 2560

Reserve your seat at:
ufoprsa@optusnet.com.au

*Entry: \$6.00 for members.
\$10.00 for non-members*

Coffee & tea provided.



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DOM'S CORNER

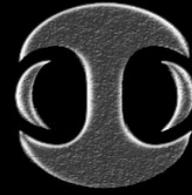
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Kellie Pataky

VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

“**S**hoot for the moon.

Even if you miss, you'll land among the stars."

~ Les Brown

The group braved the weather a few weeks ago and headed off for a much anticipated nightwatch. We decided to venture back to the mountains with the best view possible over the Burratorang Valley as we had received 3 sightings in from the area.

It was raining in Sydney on and off all day, but knowing what the Valley is like, we decided to still go anyway. As soon as we arrived, as if on cue, the clouds parted and gave us the most wonderful clear sky. Well, for three hours anyway! Within minutes, we watched the mountains disappear and it poured, but as it didn't last for long we unpacked the car and persevered.

Lucky we did; over the next 2 hours we were watching unusual activity over the ridge of one of the mountains. There was a white flash - this happened a couple of times - and then a couple of us saw a red light and a white light just above the tree line. Too low for an aircraft, as well as no flashing navigation lights.

Unfortunately, no phenomena stayed long enough to get enough footage to analyse, but as the saying goes, "you can't trust the weather." Within minutes again, the clouds rolled in and the rain began. As it was very close to midnight we all decided to call it a night.

As winter is fast approaching, it will be the luck of the draw as to when and where we will be. We have locked in a date for our next night under the stars, so fingers crossed we have clear skies!

Kellie Pataky -Vice President, UFO-PRSA

CROP CIRCLES

— A TRUE ENIGMA

by MEGAN HEAZLEWOOD



I have been working as a registered nurse since 1978. I work in the operating theatres of many Sydney hospitals. However, I spend more and more of my time studying this remarkable crop circle phenomenon, and giving talks relating to what I have learned and personally experienced trips to Wiltshire in 2006 and 2007. What I experienced there has had a profound impact on me and has expanded my view of reality.

When I was first made aware of Crop Circles nine years ago, I was astounded by their beauty, complexity and sophistication. I am an artist, and as such, have some understanding of the logistics involved with creating art on a large scale.

So confounded was I to see 4-900 ft in diameter designs which had appeared in the landscape, and in any kind of crop with the added challenge for any artist, of undulating land. Furthermore, by all accounts, having been completed perfect, pristine and by stealth...overnight! I found it very difficult to accept that designs of this size and complexity could be rendered with such precision and in such numbers with the artists undetected, never caught in the act.

No signs of human contrivance in the brief dark hours of an English summer night, which has a maximum 5 hours of darkness.

Like most Australians, I had never heard of crop circles. I had never seen a single image. How could an art form so prodigious go largely unacknowledged for what its worth?

Why are artists not stepping forward to get the accolades they deserve? Why are they not world famous? How could this have been going on since the mid 1970s so anonymously?

Everyone has heard of Sidney Nolan, Salvadore Dali. Everyone has even heard of Paris Hilton. Very few people have heard, or care, about crop circles...why? They have been appearing since the mid 70s and no one has been made world famous for the genius. This is what I was thinking. I had to learn more.

Even more confronting, I learned, is that crop circles are a global phenomenon, and that between the years 1983 and 2003, there had been 10,000 crop circles reported, recoded and cataloged (ref- Colin Andrews Catalog or Crop Circle Connector). The most prodigious year in terms of sheer numbers was 1990, where in a single summer season there had been 800 crop circles globally. 500 of these appeared in Wiltshire, a small part of South West England.

Do we have a global art phenomenon? Yes we do.

Do we have a global art craze that by reasonable assessment would require huge numbers of people trained in a very sophisticated and demanding art form indeed an army of artists covering generations of whom are gifted enough, wealthy enough, crazed enough to carry on such an art form

for no fame, no recognition, no money, over all these years? How could one hold down a day job? In the height of the season, multiple designs appear daily. In 1987 during one 24 hr period alone in Warminster town of Wiltshire, 15 crop circles appeared! I had to learn more.

For those who are paying attention, this phenomenon holds many mysteries. There is much to be learned from many perspectives and varied disciplines.

In our western culture, we have great respect for scientific process. We give much kudos to our scientists and academics whom we believe are on a genuine quest to uncover truth. Science is here to enlighten us, and we simply trust that academia delivers in a very democratic manner. Is that always the case?

We owe a great debt of gratitude to the impeccable science which has been carried out on plant and soil analysis in crop circle research.

The BLT Research Team based in Michigan, USA (www.bltresearch.com) has examined hundreds of plant and soil samples from multiple different crops from most host countries. Samples within crop circles and control samples taken at varying distances from outside the boundaries of crop circles have revealed some startling anomalies.

It has been scientifically proven that hoaxing is not the answer to the crop circle phenomenon.

It has been revealed that what is evidence in plants and soil is consistent with an as yet unexplained and complex "thermodynamically unstable" energy application at the heart of crop circle creation. It has been proven that nothing in nature that we understand can produce all of the repeated and consistent anomalous features evidenced.

The science shows:

No known or understood technology available to the population at large can explain or produce the effects seen in the landscape situation.

Not a fungal infection. Nothing to do with fertilizer application. Not weather or ball lightning. Not Doug and Dave with stomping boards.

This is not to say that there are no hoaxed crop circles. Nevertheless, wherever the now well-established scientific rigours can be applied it is easily determined which crop circle is a hoax and which is not.

The BLT Research Team have experts in the fields of soil analysis and clay mineral spectroscopy and plant biophysicists examining all aspects of the affected plants and controls on the macro and the micro levels. The BLT research has been published in peer reviewed scientific journals including "Physiologia Plantarum".

Crop circle designs are in the form of a universal language: The language of mathematics and symbols. The phenomenon has been evolving and unfolding in a perfectly organic way, like a "conversation". Symbols communicate with us on a very deep level that bypasses the intellect. The response is immediate and emotional as is our response to music and indeed all art. This is understood by all artists, also by the famous psychoanalyst, Dr Carl Jung, who dedicated his whole career to the importance, the depth and universality of archetypal symbols and sacred geometry on the human psyche and the collective unconscious. The ancients understood this in more fundamental ways than we do today. Pythagoras, Archimedes and Plato and all the more ancient indigenous cultures bore these at the heart of their culture and cosmologies.

In all the years I have been studying crop circles and from what I have personally experienced in Wiltshire during two crop circle seasons, I believe that there is a real possibility that we, humanity, are not only receiving communication from a higher intelligence, but that there is an increased occurrence in recent years of an unfolding co-creative aspect in the creation of crop circles i.e. between human, a higher consciousness which demonstrates for us on every level the connectedness of everything. It is also what quantum physicists are arriving at and what mystics have always known.

Gifted to us in all these designs are symbols which have been sacred and meaningful to

mankind throughout all of recorded human history. The majority of crop circles appear most prolifically in reference to ancient sacred sites, bringing us beautiful and elegant reminders of the wisdom of all the ancients. Symbols also of our evolving understanding of the nature of reality with fractal designs and even glyphs which look like a language from another world. There have been predicting cosmic events very explicitly.

With any enquiry, the first step is to pay respect to scientific process. See what science has revealed, what is observably so, what is repeated, consistent and predictable. Then proceed with all the questions that flow from that.

I contend that there has been a lack of balance in this regard in the hands of the media, mainstream science and the public domain.

The following quote from Richard Dolan summarises how public awareness can be manipulated as follows: "...had discovered a profound truth: that a deft combination of disinformation, entertainment, spin, and public apathy were more effective at concealing truths than old fashioned heavy handed censorship."

- Megan Heazlewood

Megan Heazlewood will be our guest presenter at our next monthly meeting (June 23, 2010). The society has invited Megan to share her personal journey through the research of many on the topic of Crop Circles. A general public forum with question time on this, and other subjects, will take place for a full hour after Megan's presentation

EERIE ENCOUNTERS



NOW AND THEN

A witness once came to me with a story that none of his own friends have ever believed. Late one night, he was off to his usual boat launch area for a night of fishing and stopped at the roadhouse to get fuel and say a quick hello to regulars. After leaving the roadhouse, he continued driving away from suburbia and closer to the boat ramp area. As he approached the part of the road he was looking for, he found that he had somehow missed his turn. He could normally tell which was the right road because there was always the usual run down buildings on the corner, two of them. No one had lived there for years. If you go for much further, you start seeing the signs to the rail crossing. Having seen this sign, he simply believed he was distracted or something and must have missed his turn off.

After turning his car and boat trailer around in a U turn, he managed to miss his turn off again! He could tell because now there were the signs of built up areas returning and he was now closer to the roadhouse than anything else. Swallowing a little pride, he asks at the roadhouse if the roads have been changed. Having found nothing to change his mind, he sets off again to find the boat ramp turn off. This time, he travels more slowly, the closer he gets.

Eventually, he stops at the site of two houses, obviously still lived in. Now he knows the run down houses that he is expecting could not possibly be these two, but he is also puzzled to think that they are at about the right spot. Yet the tarmac road siding he expects to see is not there – just a dirt side road and no lighting.

Because the occupants of these two houses appeared to be up late, our witness decided to knock on the door of a friendly local, for directions etc. As he was about to enter the gate of the first house, he notices that a group of silhouettes are gathered in the lounge room and

seemingly staring at him out of the front window. Their eyes appear to stand out in the dark. Now of course, that's enough to put anyone off, so he decides to try next door instead. The next house has a radio playing from the kitchen area and rear verandah lighting is still on. With no driveway gates, our witness decides to go to the end of the drive and call out.

When he gets no response, he then goes to the screen door and peers in as he calls to the occupant. What he sees inside resembles a man in a rocking chair with a dog – Alsatian – sitting motionless by his side. When the growls begin to emanate from both, it's time for our intrepid witness to 'bolt' back out to the car and speed off down the road.

Once back in familiar territory, he waits out the rest of the night catching up with friends who can't quite understand his rattled state. At first light, he wakes up in the car and decides to go back out to the same spot. Imagine his surprise when all is normal – two run down houses and a fully tarmacked side road leading off to a boat ramp. Everything was exactly as it had always been on every other occasion – save for the trip last night.

No matter how many times he was shouted down by all and sundry, this man would not change his story for anyone. When he told me of these events, I answered him that I thought it perfectly normal – in my experiences with other such witnesses. For whatever reason, some people appeared to be allowed a sighting of how things used to be and only a few are ever given that opportunity. The problem is, it's not always obvious as to why it should be them or why at that time.

- Dominic McNamara

Psychic **QP** Perception

Past Life Regression

By Kellie Pataky



The true answers to the mystery of life after death remain locked behind a spiritual door for most people. This is because we have built-in amnesia about our soul identity which, on a conscious level, aids the merging of the soul and human brain. In the last few years the general public has heard about people who have temporarily died and then came back to life to tell about seeing a long tunnel, bright lights, and even brief encounters with friendly spirits.

It seems most people that have these 'near death experiences' then become much more spiritually aware and also start to have 'recollections' from a possible past life. This was also the case with me. As I mentioned in my first article on Past Lives in our April edition, I decided to do some hypnotherapy and regression sessions to try and piece my visions together. Most people are very sceptical of how 'legitimate' these sessions are and the information that patients recall during these sessions. Both therapists that I have done sessions with are very credible in their field and I have had incredible success. Not only have I got answers to so many questions, but I have become much more at ease knowing that there are plenty of other people out in this big world of ours just like me.

Many may wonder how it is possible to reach the soul through hypnosis. Visualize the mind as having three concentric circles, each smaller than the last and with the other, separated only by layers of connected mind-consciousness. The first outer layer is represented by the conscious mind which is our critical, analytic reasoning source. The second layer is the subconscious, where we initially go in hypnosis to tap into the storage area for all the memories that ever happened to us in this life and former lives. The third, the most innermost core, is what we are now calling the superconscious mind. This level exposes the Highest Self where we are an expression of a higher power. Some refer this level may be the soul itself, and from personal experience I tend to agree.

Once in hypnosis, patients report the pictures they see and dialogue they hear in their unconscious minds as literal observations. In response to questions, the patient cannot lie, but they may misinterpret something seen in their subconscious mind, just as we do in the conscious state. This is why professional practitioners will cross-examine several times throughout the session.

In the book *Journey of Souls* by Michael Newton PhD, a counsellor and hypnotherapist, he explains that after many patients having past life recollections, he decided to do much more research into the subject. One of his first fascinating cases was a gentleman that came for a hypnotherapy session after suffering a lifetime of chronic pain in the right side of his body. One of the tools of hypnotherapy for pain management is to direct the subject to make the pain worse so then he/she can also learn to lessen the aching and thus acquire control. In one of his therapy sessions, the patient used the imagery of being stabbed to recreate his torment. Searching for the origins of this image, he eventually uncovered his former life as a World War 1 soldier who was killed by a bayonet in France. No wonder he was in pain!

Michael also explains in his book that as he gained confidence with focussing his research on past lives, he started to get a more diverse range of patients. Some were very religious, while others had no particular spiritual beliefs at all. Most patients fell somewhere in between, with a mixed bag of personal philosophies about life.

The most outstanding thing he found as he progressed with his research was that once patients were regressed back into their soul state, they all displayed a remarkable consistency in responding to questions about the spirit world. Michael's research has spanned across 30 years of life between lives hypnotherapy. *Journey of Souls* is a book of Michael's case studies over the past 10 years and is well worth the read. It certainly left the question in my mind of where I have been and where am I going.



The second crop circle of 2010 has been reported near Stonehenge.



As with the first reported 5 days ago, this one is also in the Salisbury area. Apart from a small selection of formations that have appeared in the area over the last 20 years, it has hosted relatively few designs since the study of the subject began.



This formation is lying opposite Stonehenge in the same field that hosted the famous 'Julia Set' pattern of 1996. The circle dimensions are approximately 350 ft. long.

There were places within the pattern where the crop was not just flattened but laid down and overlapped.



HAUNTED HIGH SCHOOL FILM SHOOT

by Tiffany Alicajic

Over the April Easter long weekend, our group had been given quite a different assignment to what we are normally used to. This one involved a high school, a ghost wearing a suit with lots of gelled hair, an assembly hall, and a demon-possessed woman being exorcised by a man in puritan-style priest getup. Confused? Initially so were we by the script we'd been given.

In our February newsletter, Kellie and I wrote about two investigations that we had been on – The Hospital and The Manor. The filmmakers we'd met, Aaron and Nick, who had come out with us on these two particular investigations to do research for a feature film they were making, had been so inspired by our work that they decided to write us into the script. All we had to do was basically stand there and play ourselves, which seemed easy enough. However, the real thrill for us came when we heard a claim that the high school we were going to be filming in was supposedly haunted by an old male ghost, who allegedly roamed the lonely long hallways. Sounds like the perfect setting for a teenage horror flick; no wonder this place attracted the filmmakers. When Aaron and Nick approached the school requesting to use the premises for their shoot, the principal, upon hearing that the film had a supernatural theme, immediately informed the guys about the school's so-called resident ghost. Apparently many of the accounts and sightings had come from the janitor (why is it always janitors, and especially in movies?) So when Aaron told us that the school was meant to be "haunted", suddenly it seemed as if there was even more reason for us to go along. We hadn't checked out a school before, and the idea of a haunted high school seemed different and thrilling. "The thing is," admitted

Aaron, "nobody except us and you guys will know the place is haunted. We're only going to tell the actors on the final day of the shoot. We don't want anybody running away in the meantime."

We arrived at the school on Sydney's North Shore at around midday after completing an interview for a university student's media project. The first half of the day involved the group sitting around in the outside courtyard, eating, talking and drinking whilst waiting for our 'call'. We weren't used to being on such a professional set and we were really lapping it up and enjoying the social time together (not to mention all the free coffee available). The school was in typical 70s-style, separated into several blocks (i.e. A, B, C). Many of the scenes being shot on Day 1 were in Block A, which left the other blocks pretty much deserted. We seemed to be the only people hanging outside between the blocks with a lot of spare time on our hands. Though we did use the time productively – Frank ended up taking photographs for our new 'Meet The Team' profile shots (now on the UFO-PRSA website), taking advantage of a colourful bright blue wall to use as our background.

After the novelty of taking profile pictures wore off, we decided it was time to grab more coffee and snacks. The downside to TV and film shoots is that there is *a lot* of waiting around. So there we were, sitting around an outdoor table in between two blocks, chatting amongst ourselves, when all of a sudden we heard a huge bang come from inside block C, like a door slamming. We all turned around and looked at the main door, knowing full well nobody was in there. We'd been sitting outside the main entrance of that block for hours and were aware of anybody coming and going.

One of our team decided to go in and check it out. Typically, there was nothing. Judging from all the accounts provided to us later on and in hindsight, it seemed that this spirit was merely just starting to show his frustration with his home being disturbed during the Easter school holidays. The poor thing probably had enough to deal with school kids invading his space and running amuck on a daily basis, and here we were, a whole cast and crew, interrupting his much-needed peace and space.

After several hours of waiting around, *finally* it was our call. Our first scene involved us being in usual investigation-mode holding some of our gear (cases, cameras, tripods, meters etc). All we can say here is that we were dealing with one highly disturbed and arrogant ghost. And it would be an investigator's *dream* to be able to contact them in the way we were doing so in the script! After several takes (an actor had trouble throwing a glow ball in the right direction) it was time for a much-needed dinner break.

After chowing down some sandwiches, more coffee and sitting through a cast and crew meeting, Lorraine and I decided to go for a wander down an incredibly long, dark, isolated hallway. The further we walked, the more we noticed that the hallway had an incredibly dense feel to it. Even some of the crew members, who had randomly stumbled upon the hallway, had gotten out of there quick smart. I was walking in front of Lorraine and the closer we got to the end of the corridor, the more difficult I found it to breathe. I found it such an effort to consciously inhale, that when I was just about to turn around and tell Lorraine, she was already behind me saying, "I'm finding it hard to breathe!" I looked back at her in shock. "I was literally turning around to tell you the same thing!" I replied. When we finally reached the hallway, we saw a dark foreboding stairwell, but unfortunately we didn't have any gear with us to check out the area out properly (all of our equipment was needed on set for a scene being shot at the time).

After dinner, it was Dom's turn to be needed

on set. Basically, for the next two or so hours, Dom was required to run up and down a hallway whilst the rest of waited outside, drinking coffee, snacking and smoking. During that time, Lorraine went to go get something from out her car, when all of a sudden she heard my voice speaking from the front passenger seat. Except it wasn't coming from me -- it was coming from the EVP recorder in their car that had mysteriously turned on all by itself. Interesting things were indeed starting to happen...

Kellie's mediumship abilities were soon required in one of the back building blocks in order to suss out if there were any so-called 'occupants' in the school's drama room. Later on in the filming, a scene that was to take place in this room was to involve the actors actually being 'hung' from the ceiling by nooses (yes...it's quite a violent film as you've probably well-guessed). One of the cameramen had accompanied Kellie up to the room, only to have his camera die on him as soon as they got there. Baffled and annoyed, the cameraman had to go all the way back to the set, leaving Kellie all alone in the drama room, for nearly up to half an hour! Meanwhile, back at Dom's scene, Lorraine, Darren B and myself were all wondering where Kellie was, and assumed she was somewhere with Frank and Darren T, because we couldn't find them either. Little did we know that poor Kel was locked up in a dark room somewhere, unable to get out! (This is *exactly* why we have CB radios with us at all times during normal investigations). After what seemed like an hour, we finally saw Kellie, who filled us in with all the drama in the drama room. She had been left alone, wondering what the hell was going on, when after a short while, she suddenly heard loud footsteps walking along the corridor and several doors closing. The thing was, nobody else was in there. When she went out to investigate, after a moment or two of silence, a figure appeared in the hallway. This was no ghost, but the crew's 'Best Boy', who, upon seeing Kellie in the darkness, totally flipped out, scaring himself half to death. The intriguing thing was, with the Best Boy having only just

arrived, he was clearly not the person that was walking along the corridor banging doors. Everybody else was minutes away by foot, on the other side of the entire school.

After more waiting around and with the cast and crew hoeing into endless packets of chips (thanks Darren) it was finally our last call. Firstly, Aaron had asked us to come and check out the Assembly Hall to see if we could pick anything up, and especially to see if Kellie could tune in and advise if anything, or anyone, was in there. The reason behind this 'sussing out' of the hall was due to the very violent nature of the next scene that was going to be shot. Because the scene involved an exorcism, Aaron needed to know if there was anything in there that may have an issue with what we were about to do. After spending some time sitting and walking around the hall, we really didn't pick up much except maybe a couple of wavering temperatures; the whole ambience was pretty much neutrally still. After giving the thumbs up, all the cast and crew came in and started setting up. The scene involved an actor - who was cast as being one of our own 'investigators' - lying down on a table, surrounded by the rest of our team. She was required to act as though she were trying to expel demons from her body, whilst an actor playing a priest hovered over her, ranting biblical passages and violently shaking a string of rosary beads in his hand. Trying to make the scene look as authentic as possible, we advised the crew that the clock on the wall behind us should be positioned to read three o'clock -- the infamous 'witching hour'. A crew member immediately ran over and set up the clock to reflect that it was 3am, even taking the batteries out. We didn't know how long it was going to take to shoot this scene and adhering to continuity, we couldn't have time moving forward.

Instead of any spirits having issues with the fake exorcism taking place, I instead had some "issues" with the scene. In ordinary circumstances, if that were one of *our* team members writhing around, screaming in agony, wouldn't we instinctively all run to try and help them? Apparently not, according to

the script. Instead, it had us all busily going about our separate ways, totally detached from the drama that was unleashing itself on the table, too involved with recording sound, temperature and electromagnetic field readings. Only Kellie was there, soothing the actress and stroking her forehead. Before we rolled to 'action', I was standing there, EMI meter in hand, saying, "This wouldn't happen!" Lorraine reassured me that this particular script called for investigators doing their thing - researching. I shrugged and gave up. I was purely an extra, not the director. Anyway, I thought. This was a *movie*. And movies rarely depict reality, right? I just went on my way, pretending to read EMI readings and totally ignoring the screaming, convulsing body on the table, until we heard the director yell, "Cut!"

After a couple of takes (the whole scene was very full-on with all the violent screaming and also ranting from the priest) I had noticed that the clock on the wall had started to turn backwards. And this thing had no batteries in it!! The continuity guy ran back over to position the clock back into its 3am position, but everybody was just standing there, baffled as to what was going on. Nobody had an answer for it and for a brief moment, we all just kind of stood there, staring at each other. Still, time was indeed technically and literally ticking, so we had to get a move on. It was late enough as it was, and people were starting to fade from the filming going overtime.

After about six or seven takes, it was finally a wrap. We had a couple of group photos taken, and then that was it for our twelve-hour day. By the time we were finished we were absolutely exhausted. All those hours of sitting, eating and drinking really take their toll on you.

We'd definitely love the opportunity to go back to this school and conduct a proper investigation next time, especially after hearing reports of what happened over the following nine days of the shoot. Everything from phantom whistling and strange singing, loud noises coming from

isolated blocks with nobody else in them, to lights mysteriously turning themselves on and off in the male toilet block after the rest of the cast and crew had gone home. It was finally when Nick had had enough, telling the spirit that it had to get used to the idea that they were here and sharing space, that a film was being made and he had better get used to it, when all the activity finally and mysteriously stopped. The rest of the film was then shot in peace without any disturbances; it was almost as if the mischievous spirit was just content and happy enough to be acknowledged, finally surrendering as a result. As the saying goes, there's always at least one tantrum-throwing 'diva' on a film set. This one just happened to miss out on getting his starring part.

- Tiffany Alicajic



In the Assembly Hall, rehearsing a scene: L-R: Darren Terry, Tiffany, Actor playing a Priest, Kellie, Orlena (actress playing an investigator), Sound Guy, Frank.
Photograph by Yie Sandison.

THE BUSHRANGER HOTEL

Report by Tiffany Alicajic



Photograph by Frank Pataky

The Bushranger Hotel, in the tranquil town of Collector, located 45 minutes from Canberra, is one of those historic places we just can't seem to get enough of. The property is drenched in dark, dramatic history; so much so that the energy is embedded into the hotel's walls – you can feel practically feel it oozing from every crack, in every wall, in every room. And tonight we are back for our fourth investigation.

It's Friday night, 9th April, the weekend following our last get-together at the high school. The group arrives in at the hotel around 9pm and after the long drive we are looking forward to having a hearty pub meal together. Thanks to the lovely and incredibly hospitable manager, Guy, the kitchen is kept open for our late arrival. As we tuck into our meals, Guy updates us on all the goings-on since our last visit. The most impressive story is the child-like handprints that have mysteriously appeared on the wardrobe's mirror in infamous Room Number 3 (the hotel's most haunted

room, according to numerous reports). "And there's been no children staying here, let alone allowed to go upstairs," confirms Guy.

After dinner, we decide on where all our cameras are going to go. Dom sets up the locked-on cameras with the help of Frank and Darren, while Lorraine and I do sweeps of the rooms recording temperatures and EMI readings. When we come to Room 3, we see the handprints imprinted on the mirror, and instantly all the hairs on my arm stand up. The tiny handprints have been well preserved and definitely belong to a child of about 3-5 years of age. Lorraine and I attempt to take photographs of the prints, but find it too difficult to get them to manifest properly on film. Flashes reflect and bounce of the mirror, and with no flash or light, the handprints are too obscure to appear. The temperature in Room 3 is pretty stable – 19.5 degrees, but the EMI readings are rapidly fluctuating. Everywhere else shows low readings, especially in the Attic, where we record little of significance. It seems that Room 3 might be the hotspot for tonight.

By midnight we are all raring to go, but there are still drinkers at the bar. One of them is very intrigued with what we're doing, so he comes over and launches into a myriad of slurred questions. Clearly we can tell that this man isn't going anywhere. Trying to give him the hint, we tell him that the activity only happens once everybody has left, that nothing happens when people are still hanging around. He looks back at us with a blank expression, slowly downs the last of his beer, and then bids us an incomprehensible goodnight. Finally, after all the drinkers bail and the last of the staff leave, we are good to begin our investigation.

At 12.45am, Kellie goes upstairs to use the bathroom, only to hear one of the toilets fully flush. Nobody is upstairs. Dom goes up to check, and she's right – there isn't a soul in sight. Suddenly, I scream and run. Everyone looks at me, but all I can do is point to where there is a whopping huge huntsman spread out on to the ceiling. Forget the ghosts, I'm more scared of the spiders in the joint.

1.10am: Kellie, myself, Darren B, Lorraine and Guy decide to sit around and do a vigil in the downstairs living area. Guy starts telling us a story about how he and the hotel's chef once used divining rods and their contact with a young girl called Hannah, who had apparently died from Tuberculosis in Room 3. Other handprints on other occasions have appeared on mirrors right in front of their eyes. "That's not the only thing," says Guy. "We've been sitting here, watching TV after everyone has gone home, and then suddenly, it's like a stampede of elephants running above us upstairs, as if they've suddenly been unleashed all over the place. That's when we're like... okaaaay, they're here..."

At 2.30am, our vigil continues, with the odd audible knock, bang and strange conversations coming from near the bar. We sit and conduct an EVP experiment, but nothing of interest really comes through. It's when we're all sitting around in our own quiet thoughts, when suddenly there's a loud noise, and the whole oak coffee table abruptly moves a full three inches in front of us. My heart lunges into my throat.

"Awesome!" yells Guy.

Astounded with what has just happened, each of us try to move the coffee table using our feet, but it's far too heavy for anybody to move on their own. We couldn't have asked for a better sign if we tried! Of course as luck would have it, no hand-held cameras are operating in the room at the time. The nearest locked-on camera to us is in the hallway at the foot of the stairs.

Meanwhile, Dom's voice comes over the CB radio. He says somebody is walking above him in the attic, but both he and Frank are downstairs in the monitor room. They can't see anything because they've also lost visual feed from the camera sitting in the attic room. Obviously the entity in there is draining energy from the camera in order to produce sound. Dom is positively baffled.

"I am absolutely sure," confirms Dom. "There is no doubt in my mind that it sounded like somebody was walking around up there."

Now for Dom to say that, that really means something.

3.10am: Simultaneously, Lorraine and Guy suddenly start to suffer from a bizarre itching attack. All of Lorraine's arms are burning and crawling with a strange and highly uncomfortable itch. Even Guy is rubbing his legs, complaining.

"Well it's not the cat or dog, 'cos they don't have fleas," reassures Guy.

We all suddenly start looking around for invisible mites and fleas, but the couch is as sparkly and shiny as polished silver. There are definitely no fleas around this place.

"What is it!?" questions Lorraine, madly scratching.

Baffled, we can't work out why a weird itching attack would suddenly strike two group members. A 'sign' of Tuberculosis, we wonder? The disease Hannah died from?

As 3.30am rolls around and the living room action starts to subside, we decide to head up to Room 3 to do a vigil and use the psychic

board as a tool to see if we can get in touch with Hannah. Unfortunately Lorraine is still itching. It has become so bad now that Kellie goes to get her an antihistamine tablet. As we wait for everyone to get settled, I decide to ask Guy about how his latest guests have handled the sudden influx of activity.

“I had one couple in Room 6, who basically just packed up their bags and bolted in the middle of the night without a word,” says Guy, shrugging as though it’s the most normal thing in the world. “We’re pretty much used to that sort of thing happening here.”

Once Lorraine is back and feeling a bit better, the psychic board is brought out in Room 3. Darren B, Lorraine, Guy and myself position ourselves around the table, whilst Frank takes photographs and Kellie watches from a nearby bed. Firstly it takes a while before the planchette starts to move, and when it finally does, it’s very slow. Whatever it’s spelling out, it’s gibberish, and it’s very difficult to comprehend what the spirit is trying to say. Could it be Hannah, the child?

As we try to decipher what’s trying to be communicated, all of us on the board are suddenly overwhelmed and feeling intensely drained. I myself am finding it *very* hard to breathe. So much so, that I am abnormally conscious of trying to inhale each breath. It’s as though my whole body has been injected with lead. I can hardly keep my eyes open. Each breath is a colossal effort and I decide that I just can’t do this. I ask Kellie to take over before collapsing on the bed. It’s as if whatever was coming through has devoured all my energy, rendering me practically comatosed.

Once Kellie is on the board, things start to speed up. Suddenly “Jim” comes in. Jim was the former publican of the Bushranger Hotel who knew Guy well and who showed up on the board during our very first visit to the hotel. Jim passed away a couple of years ago.

“G’day, mate!” says Guy. “I’m very glad to see you’re back.”

The EMI meter is on the bed next to me and



L-R: Tiffany, Kellie (in background) Lorraine, Darren, Guy.
Photograph by Frank Pataky

the needle is going berserk. Dom’s voice comes over the CB radio saying that he has heard a loud noise come from somewhere.

The words spelt out on the board are repeated over, and over again: *New; Shop; Magazine; Vote; 32*. None of us can make any sense of it.

“It’s obviously not that important,” says Guy.

The planchette shoots across the board: *WAIT*.

“Shit, sorry dude,” replies Guy.

The needle on the EMI meter peaks furiously.

“Jim obviously wants to talk to you, Guy,” says Lorraine.

WAIT.

“What am I waiting for, Jim?” asks Guy

TAKE LEASE.

LOOK VOTE.

“Is there a vote out the lease, Jim?” questions Guy.

YES.

“The owners of the pub are voting whether or not to extend the lease, or sell it?”

YES.

YES.

“Wow,” exclaims Guy.

LOOK FOR NEW IDEA.

“What do you mean, mate. What do I need to do different?”

NEW. IDEA. 32. TAKE LEASE.

Guy sighs. “You want me to stay, don’t you mate.”

YES.

“Maybe something to do with entering a competition in New Idea?” asks Lorraine.

“...in 32 days?” asks Kellie.

PLEASE KEEP PUB.

Guy is touched that Jim’s come back to reassure him again. The bond between Guy and Jim is obvious, even in their separate worlds. Jim doesn’t want him to go.

NEW JOURNEY. DON’T LEAVE.

With that, Guy decides to wind it down, thanking Jim for coming through and reassuring him that he’ll do his best to keep the pub. By this stage, everybody is very drained from all the energy that has been drawn. Kellie closes the circle and after Jim says goodbye, the planchette is moved back to the centre.

“He definitely doesn’t want you to leave,” says Lorraine. Guy sits in shock, looking as though he’s trying to digest everything that has just happened.

“I can’t believe I’m going to have to go out and buy the magazine ‘New Idea’. Maybe there’s a competition in there or something.”

“You’re right,” says Kellie. “That could be it. You never know. Maybe we’ll know in 32 days?”

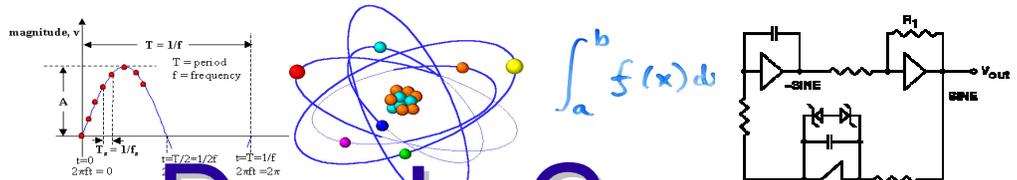
Pleased with the amount of information we’ve

received, we all decide to call it a night. By now, it’s about 4.45am and everybody’s exhausted. We pack up some of the gear and turn off our locked-on cameras.

I don’t know if I am clinically insane, but I decide to sleep in Room 3 again. Only if Kellie crashes in one of the other spare beds in the room though. No matter how many times I’ve been to this place, I’ve only slept alone once in this room, and vowed to never do it again. Amazingly, the hotel’s spirits keep us at peace for the night, and we manage to get a deep, sound sleep. No footsteps running up and down the corridors and staircase in the early hours like the last time we were here.

Late next morning over some much needed coffee, we chat in the living room about the night’s events. Dom is clearly the most excited – he has personally experienced a phenomenon that he cannot explain. After bidding farewell to Guy before our long drive back to Sydney, we make plans to come back again in July. There is so much activity in this beautiful old hotel, it is always so impossible to say a final goodbye.





Dom's Corner

SUPERHUMAN

The case for and against any particular case of bizarre circumstance is usually poorly reflected in the media. There are some notable exceptions but on the whole, the media is not great at portraying both sides as there needs to be a sampling of the public in order to get quotes they can use. This inevitably leads to belief systems as opposed to case material. All of this is exacerbated by the lack of serious debate offered by both sceptical and supportive minds. Whenever the two sides are constructive, there is an opportunity to appraise whatever is on offer – but there is very little offered that meets the expectations of academic scrutiny.

Building bridges between the two is hard at the best of times and it doesn't matter who you know, but what you know for sure – which is a little different from other, everyday circumstance. This then is our constant barrier and yet a good measure or 'height of the bar' that we need to take up in order to be taken seriously at all. It was with this in mind that I began to look at specific equipment, more capable than consumer devices. But in the end, the evidence you can capture is always difficult to appraise to a level that is acceptable without a true run-down of the circumstances prevailing over the scene. In other words, I find it hard to document enough of what happens during the equipment phase and even when there's plenty of that to be had, it always seem to be less than enough required to convince *me* of the controls in use, let alone anyone else. In short, I don't have enough coverage and no one wants to watch two hours of setting the controls just to end up watching a few seconds of anomalous tape.

But I can't see a way around that – and that takes time, money and energy just to be able to prove out the situation at hand right down to knowing who was - and was not in the room, building, paddock, etc. If there is a strange sighting of any kind, the type of video and image capture is hard to prove as authentic, let alone what kind of object(s) are in the frame. The intention is to somehow capture what occurs in the smallest running data capacity. This is akin to building a circuit which operates a camera at the moment a lightning bolt strikes so as to catch the image of the strike as opposed to 'missing' every time!

So the answer is to build devices which are autonomous and can 'determine' that there is either movement, sound or temperature difference and begin 'shooting' either stills or video only when these conditions are met. The risk is that circuitry is not a good 'observer'. Not as good as a human. So here is a list of the sorts of 'capture' I would like or indeed need in order to cover all angles:

- Temperature difference
- Physical movement of any inanimate object
- Movement of objects detectable by Infra red
- Sounds above background noise
- Deviations in Electromagnetic field strengths
- Spectral photography of light emitting objects

These are the most obvious ones and even this will not gather everything. But it would sure help to have a data bank to query at the end of a day or night so as to register any of the above as either mundane or inexplicable in the first instance. You could be simply watching a sky over an area where people have reported strange circumstances on the ground and notice nothing in particular until these data logs are reviewed. This is the case in many instances, but the lack of collections stymies forward progress.

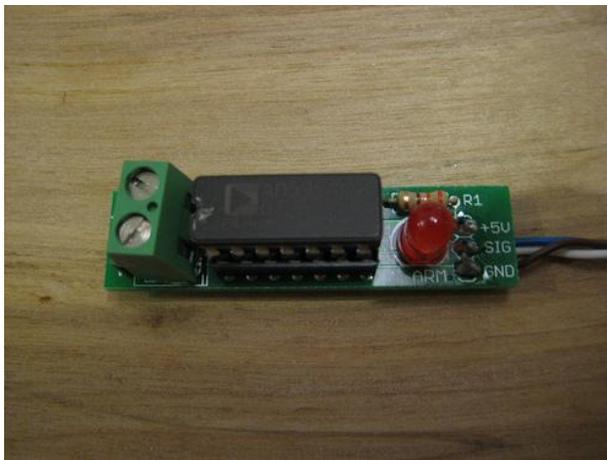
At last check, even the lamest attempt to fill this 'shopping list' would measure in the tens of thousands of dollars. What we hope to do is develop that which will assist in covering this ground 'in house' by determining the above problem list as simply equipment that does not yet exist in a way that suits our purpose and then literally build what we need. Spreading our efforts into multiple tasks on the one investigative approach gives us more chances of gathering information of use. The first of these is a camera with which to see. The base board for the device is already made. The second is to develop the trigger controls for both this and every other object in the kit, so as to have both automated and manual recordings. The last is to extend our reach from purely visual and measured metering into a real data logging situation.

For the rest of the year, this is to be the goal – to become as many other creatures on the Earth are already considered – 'Superhuman', i.e. our ability to capture beyond our ordinary sight and sound.

- Dominic McNamara



Left: Infrared temperature sensors



Above: Assembled thermo sensor



Above: Magnet meter



SIGHTING REPORTS

HARTLEY, NSW - 1983

I was on a friend's farm hunting with two other people. We woke around 4.30am and as I went outside, I looked to my right and saw this weird smoke going upwards, but round like a car spring shape. Then we saw the UFO; it came over towards us & stopped right above us, hovering. It was the size of a football oval, round-oval in shape and a grey-black colour. As we all looked up at it, Bill said to me, "I should put one into it," referring to his high powered 30-06 rifle. I looked at him and said, "I don't think that's a good idea!" It slowly headed east after a few minutes & I will never forget the Turbine like noise it made. Silent, but very powerful. I'm now 45 years old but will never forget it.

YERRANDERIE, NSW - April 9, 2010

At my property at 8pm, I was looking at a clear sky with many stars when I witnessed a circular object with red, yellow and white rotating lights. It hovered for 5 hours above the paddock in front of my property. While I was watching it, 15-20 yellow circular

lights at tree-level seemed to be surveying the area with torchlike lights down to the ground. They had random, but purposeful movement - nothing like any aircraft I've ever seen. It came VERY close to our deck where we were watching from. The main hovering vessel above the paddock was showering light of red, yellow and white over sections of land close to us. We then went out from the deck into the open space and above us it hovered maybe 40 metres max above the yellow light things. Don't know how to describe it, but the stars behind them were still, and they were moving randomly above as if they were watching. Totally felt an undeniable presence and I absolutely questioned what I was seeing and my friend was present the whole time. The next morning I went across the track to my neighbour. Without telling him what we had witnessed, I asked if he had seen anything in the night sky. He described the exact same experience, saying the light to the ground was as though there were many people in the forest with torches. But the light was coming from above. I don't know what this means, but I am totally freaked out.

HARRINGTON PARK - April 14, 2010

Could you tell me if any other sightings have occurred tonight in the Narellan-Campbelltown Area? I live in Harrington Park and I was emptying some rubbish in my bin tonight when I heard the noise of a loud plane passing over. I looked up and noticed two planes above, one to my left and one in front of me (facing south towards Campbelltown). The noise was coming from the left plane and I watched as it moved to the left and past me. I looked back at the other plane that was blinking red and blue lights, and was about to go inside when I realised it hadn't moved that much compared to the other plane. I stood for five minutes and watched this 'plane' hover in the air as it slowly appeared to move away from me heading south. I walked to the back door and called out to my partner, and jokingly said, "Do you want to see a UFO?" laughing. She laughed back but I asked her to come out and take a look. We both stood there for another five minutes watching this object that continued to shrink in size.

We then walked around and to the front of the house and stood watching this object for around 30 minutes. I had grabbed a pair of binoculars and noticed that this object had what appeared to be a ring of lights in a circle that were pulsing. The most interesting thing about this was that while we stood there watching, numerous planes were flying very close to the object, then passing by it; this happened approx every 5 or so minutes and this happened around 8-9 times while we watched. Our area is not overly common for multiple planes and to see so many that were flying all directly past

this object was quite strange.

After a while the object got so small that we could no longer see it. I went back into my house and looked up if there had been any unusual events sighted in the sky on the internet. During this quick search I read that planes don't have blue lights, only red, white and green. Also I found a You Tube video of a UFO in Edinburgh that flashes red and blue like this object was doing.

I would be very interested in hearing if anyone else has seen this object and the commotion of all the planes flying around it tonight.

HARRINGTON PARK - April 20, 2010

It happened again tonight and this time I got a better view. Hopefully someone can tell me if anyone else saw this. It was 9:30pm and I was putting out the bins. I looked up at the sky to appreciate the stars as it was a really clear night and you could see them more than usual. I stood looking around at them and noticed one towards the east that seemed quite bright and was twinkling. I watched it for a while and thought I saw a red, then blue tinge to the twinkle. This reminded me of the other night when I saw a similar object with planes moving around it. It didn't appear to be moving so I asked my partner to come out and take a look to see if she thought I was seeing things and if she thought it was just another star. She said she could see it was brighter and had colour to it that wasn't like the others. We noted another star in the sky at a similar level that was almost as bright, but it was white and it wasn't twinkling as brightly.

I went in and grabbed my binoculars and this time, my small telescope. I set up the telescope and pointed it towards this star. As I brought it into focus, I could see four rings of lights that got smaller towards the centre and they were flashing red and blue. I called out to my partner again and she looked through the telescope and confirmed that she saw the rows of lights in circles as well.

I got my iphone and my camera and tried to take some photos through the telescope lens and with my camera's zoom lens. I did get a few shots of this object but they were really shaky and not as close as the telescope. They just show the object and as my hand wiggled, the light from it moved on the lens and you see it changing colour. I kept trying to get a good shot of this through my telescope, but my telescope is really cheap and basic and I couldn't line it up properly with my iphone or camera lens. I tried this for a while but the object was slowly moving away over the horizon. Around 11pm, the light disappeared over the horizon.

Interestingly, I noted that the other stars, including the one I had earlier used as a comparison, were in the same position in the sky, however this object had moved quite a distance and disappeared over the horizon in a matter of 1 and a 1/2 hours.

Note from the Investigator:

The sighting on the 20th was most probably a planet. The witness stated that they watched it disappear over the horizon in 1 and a half hours after 9.30pm. At 11.00pm, two major planets were setting in the west - Sirius, which is the brightest star in the sky, and Mars, which is the most colourful. It is a proven fact that if you watch the stars for a long period of time, they begin to scintillate and change colour; this is an effect with our eyes.

- Lorraine Cilia, Investigator

The UFO & Paranormal Research Society's 10th Anniversary Meeting

will be held on Wednesday, 18th August, 2010
beginning at the earlier time of
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at

THE ARTS CENTRE, CAMPBELLTOWN

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Mary is recognized internationally, as one of Australia's leading researchers in the UFO and Contact phenomenon. She has lectured in the USA, Canada, Hawaii, UK and New Zealand.

Mary appears regularly in national and international media news programs and in documentaries such as Australian Documentary *OZ Files* and the BBC television program, *The Paranormal Files* (UK) and Discovery Channel's *Animal X*.



Debbie Malone

Sydney-based Debbie Malone is an acclaimed and highly respected psychic, clairvoyant, psychometry expert and spirit medium, who has assisted Australia-wide police departments with great success to solve murder investigations and missing persons for the last eighteen years. Her invaluable assistance with the police on both cold cases and active investigations

have proved uncannily accurate. She was the 2005 New South Wales Psychic of the Year and a qualified Angel Intuitive with a fascination that specialises in Paranormal Spirit Photography.



**THE END OF THE TRUTH EMBARGO,
AND THE COMING POST - UFO - DISCLOSURE WORLD**

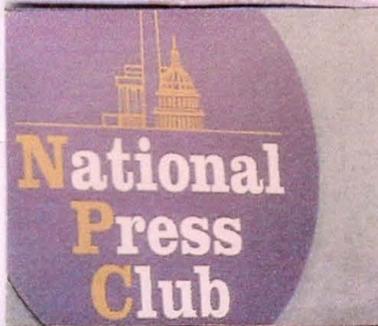
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