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# ★ THE MISSING LINK ★

ISSUE 81

JULY 1989

Where's

DA  
Boardwalk

ALIEN TALK

IN Southampton..

No FROZEN  
CUSTARD....

NOT  
MUCH TO  
DO OUT  
HERE....

Let's Go  
To JERSEY!

◆◆◆ UFO CONTACT CENTER INTERNATIONAL (UFOCCI) ◆◆◆

3001 South 288th St., #304, Federal Way, WA 98003

THE MUFON CONFERENCE  
JULY 1 AND 2, 1989

By Aileen

Michael Shupe, Shirle Klein Carsh (Surrey, B.C.), Marlene Anderson and myself drove to Las Vegas to attend the MUFON Conference on July 1 and 2. The trip was well worth it even though the heat was horrendous. Coming from the Northwest it was in the extreme. Most of the time, however, we stayed inside the cool atmosphere of the Aladdin Hotel.

All of the speakers were well known persons in the field of UFOlogy. Persons not speaking were equally well known, especially Phillip Klass, Jim Moseley, Bob Gribble, and Wendelle Stevens. Budd Hopkins was there conducting six hypnosis sessions over the weekend. He only made a short announcement to ask for subscribers (\$100.00 each!) to his new foundation called "IF" which stands for Intruders Foundation. It is purportedly to help the contactees. Anytime you ask for money before helping a person in need I don't agree. That is the specific reason we do not charge for regression sessions.

Bill Moore failed to send his speech to MUFON to be included in the Proceedings manual. There was speculation whether he would show up or not. At the last minute he did come, spoke, asked his own questions and answered them himself! He exited through a back door so as not to be confronted. That was the last we saw of him. Several in the audience became irate over his statements and started yelling at him to tell the truth. That was because no one was allowed to ask questions. You can rest assured that the next day during speeches comments of a strong nature were made about this by many of the speakers.

The person that affected me the most, personally, was Bill English. Probably there are many who do not know of him. Bill English was a government employee that had the misfortune of being shown "Grudge #13 Report" for evaluation. After he read it he was shipped out without being allowed to tell his wife what was happening. Bill became very emotional while telling us his story. It brought tears to my eyes. He never saw his wife and sons again for many years. His wife had been told that he had walked out on her which was a total lie. Afterwards he went into hiding for 11 years. Only through the persistence of John Lear did he come out and tell his story. You could not help but believe him.

As we were walking out of the conference I walked beside John Lear. I asked him if he was really getting out of UFOlogy when the conference ended. He assured me he was. He believes he has done everything possible to enlighten the public and there is nothing more he can do. It is up to the individual what they are going to do with the information.

Dr. Jacque Vallee spoke on his trips to Brazil where he visited peasants living in remote places that see the "shupas" so often. It is a common occurrence! They are very frightened of them because if the light from one of the craft hits you you die! Jacque found many cases of persons dying. On the upper chest

area of the victims were round burns all across the chest. He showed slides of the natives he became friends with but because he promised not to do anything with the pictures they will not be included in the video of the conference.

All in all we felt the trip was worthwhile as we learned many things, saw lots of friends and had a wonderful time.

\* \* \* \* \*

## PLANETARY EXPLORATION THROUGH YEAR 2000

### AN AUGMENTED PROGRAM

PART TWO OF A REPORT BY THE SOLAR SYSTEM EXPLORATION COMMITTEE OF THE NASA ADVISORY COUNCIL

#### Helium-3 From the Moon: An Exciting Energy Source Possibility

Development of practical *fusion technology* has long been sought as the future hope for efficient and abundant energy production on Earth. The public attractiveness of this energy option depends to a large extent on its ability to guarantee a nuclear-safe process with minimum maintenance cost, radioactive waste, and thermal pollution. The lunar surface could possibly provide the fusion fuel resource that would expedite this energy promise.

##### Rationale/Objectives

- An advanced fuel cycle employing *helium-3* in deuterium/helium-3 fusion reactions offers the potential of a relatively "clean" (small number of neutrons) nuclear energy source for future commercial and space exploration applications of magnetic fusion power.
- The reasonably assured reserves of helium-3 resources on Earth (about 500 kilograms) are sufficient to support demonstration plants on Earth and near-term space power applications, but are inadequate for major power generation in the 21st Century and beyond.
- Theoretical considerations and analyses of lunar rock samples indicate that as much as 1 billion kilograms of helium-3 is present within the first five meters of the lunar surface, having been deposited by the solar wind over the past 4 billion years.

##### Significance of Resource Utilization

- The mass of lunar helium-3 required to produce the 1985 U.S. electrical consumption (260,000 megawatt-years) is 20,000 kilograms.
- The 1 billion kilograms of lunar helium-3 could produce an electrical energy equivalent of 10 billion megawatt-years, providing an equivalent of 40,000 years of the 1985 U.S. consumption.
- The amount of lunar surface to be mined (probably the maria, where the concentration is highest) to produce the yearly U.S. energy consumption would be about 270 square kilometers. The process energy required for mining, gas evolution, isotopic separation, cryogenic storage, and transportation to Earth is estimated to be 2,400 gigajoules/kilogram of helium-3. This yields an energy payback ratio of approximately 250, which may be compared to 20 for terrestrial uranium-235 production for light water reactors and 16 for coal mining.

Further information about this rapidly developing new area of study may be found in the upcoming September, 1986 issue of *Fusion Technology*.

# THE BLACK CRYSTAL

By Ahz Khan

I was given a black tourmaline crystal at the rock shop, Arizona Gems and Minerals 3-3-1987. I put the crystal in my pocket when I left the rock shop. I had some errands to run in Prescott. In about two hours I really became tired. I decided to stop and have coffee. While having coffee I thought about the crystal. I didn't know if that was making me tired, anyway I put the crystal in my car behind the driver's seat on the floor, then I went back and finished my coffee.

After coffee I went out and finished running the errands I had to do in Prescott. In about 15 minutes my energy level came back up. When I got home I was unloading the car. I saw the crystal, put it in my pocket. In about an hour I was really tired again. Took the crystal out of my pocket in 10 or 15 minutes my energy level came back up.

Since then I have tried it a couple of times and find it really sucks my energy. I don't know if all tourmaline would do that but I know this rock does. It is a beautiful rock, maybe someone else can use it with beneficial results but with me it is like a black cloud was attached to it and plagued me with all sorts of undesirable side effects.

I have even taken the crystal to work. Occasionally I will put it in my pocket. Every time I do I have a horrible fit of depression. I also get an attack of sleepiness plus general overall feeling of being tired.

I haven't loaned it to other people so I don't know if it would affect other people like that. Another negative side effect is that the crystal draws bad luck.

No lie!

I think anyone would be money ahead to throw this crystal as far away as they possibly could. I don't think I could take much more of the kind of negativity the crystal draws.

I put the crystal on top of the fence post in the back yard way away from everything. It seems to be harmless there.

I noticed one other thing when I had the crystal in my pocket; all sorts of strange aches and pains start to develop along the meridian or acupuncture points of my body. It feels as though I am trying to cast something off and can't get rid of it. As soon as I put the crystal down the feeling goes away.

I think if you wanted to cast an evil spell on someone you didn't like, all you would have to do is give them the crystal or secret it away some place close to them; then stand back and watch the s\_ \_ \_ fly.

I thought I was imagining things so I decided to put it under my pillow and sleep with it in the same room just to see what would happen.

Man-o-war! When I went to sleep I had monsters like you wouldn't believe come to visit me in my dreams.

Eight foot high fire amazons with fire red hair, eight breasts, four on each side. I know there was no way I could cover all that territory! Each amazon had two stags by a leash that had snakes for horns. The stags had one large eye and their teeth were like dogs teeth. They stood upright on ostrich like legs. They kicked like an ostrich with a ripping kick. There was one heck of a battle that took place. Not only did I tear up all the bed clothes but when I woke up I was on the floor fighting with the lamp stand. Smashed the dam lamp too!

The best thing anyone could do is smash the black crystal to smithereens and scatter the fragments over \_\_\_\_\_ (Censored by Editor).

\* \* \* \* \*



If you have had a psychic attack you will appreciate the following symptoms and how to drive the oppressor away.

### Symptoms:

All of a sudden becoming woozy  
Head feels strange  
Stomach queazy  
Body aches like the flu  
Head feels as if you are standing in the bottom of a well and somebody screaming down with a blow horn.  
Cold all over  
Ache in the back of neck area

### WHAT TO DO?

Use healing rocks and crystals to relieve the symptoms.

Use rocks and crystals around your room to protect you from any negative force that might wish to tamper with your well being.

Clean your "house" physically and spiritually.

If you have someone within your realm that is capable of launching a psychic attack against you if you know about it recognize the symptoms. Clean up your act. Learn the rituals; prevent anything like this from taking place. If you are under attack know what to do about it.

If the attack is from a female it will hit you in the solar plexis and move up to the head area. You will have a pounding sensation up and down the sternum like someone shoving steel rods into your chest. When this sensation hits the heart area the pain is enough to raise you right up off

the bed! You will feel a horrible tightness in the chest area. The stomach will be queazy and churning; nothing will calm it. You can call on the name of Jesus all you want and you will have no relief. Do not take antiacids. Pepto Bismal is OK or a little 7 Up with salt is OK. However, it may cause you to up-chuck.

It seems as though all the acupressure points in the body start acting up, especially in the elbows and knees.

You will be real thirsty because the liver and spleen will be acting up. Your urine will have a real strong odor. The next day you will probably have the poo poos because of all the chemical changes that take place within the body during this time. The body will slough off a lot of poisons and will have a tendency to physic you.

To nullify the effects from a psychic attack the quickest and easiest method is to use plain ordinary quartz crystals. Lay down flat on your back. Take a quartz crystal and lay it directly over the solar plexus next to your skin. If you put it on top of your clothing it won't work. Aim the point to the naval with the other end pointed toward your head. Leave it in that position for about ten minutes, then move it to the left side of your tummy at the 3:00 o'clock position. Point in toward naval with the base of the crystal pointing to the left side of your tummy. Leave it in this position for about 10 minutes. Then move the crystal down to the six o'clock position on the tummy. Always keep the point of the crystal pointed to the naval this way. Any bad influences that may be invading your body will be dumped into the naval and eliminated from the body.

Leave the quartz crystal on the 6:00 o'clock position for about 10 minutes, then move it around to the 9:00 o'clock position and leave for 10 minutes. By this time you should be getting some relief. You can put the crystal on any part of your body. It will help to clear out any penetrating negative influences.

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# Flying Saucers at the Beach

Dan's Papers - March 31, 1989

On the night of the full moon in January, the 21st, a Montauk painter named Harriet Joffe feels a strong urge to go down to the beach; she would say later it was unusual for her to go in the winter. Her husband accompanies her. It is just after seven when they leave.

The night is incredible — not just with the brilliance of the moon, but the very water is phosphorescent, with swarms of moon jellies near the surface. With every wave a broken sparkling wall of moon jellies and moonlight rises, crests, breaks.

Toward the east, in the direction of the lighthouse, the woman notices a sphere of light bigger than the moon. She studies it for fifteen or twenty minutes; it stays in the same place. When she finally mentions it to her husband she finds he too has been looking at it all this time.

Suddenly the sphere shoots straight up, then arcs over them to the west. As it passes overhead it is now elliptical in shape, with two points sticking out of either end. There is a red light and a green light on the object. It gives off no sound.

As this is happening Mrs. Joffe experiences a feeling of happiness. Her husband does not; he feels anxious, scared. The object disappears in the west. Mrs. Joffe realizes she has experienced something very unusual. She wants the object to come back.

They return home around nine. A day or so later her husband reports the strange sighting to the Coast Guard, who tell him they get many UFO reports from the area.

So it should not be surprising to note another report from Montauk. Before dawn on Monday, January 30, Captain David Gaviola of the fishing boat *Jibber* eyes a strange light just north of the lighthouse as he and his crew move east. When another member of the crew spots it, it appears like a beam of light searching the ocean.

Captain Gaviola changed course, northward to the light. As they neared it they could hear no sound from the object. Then the radar quit. Understandably there was apprehension on board. The captain turned off the running lights and engine. The light seemed square-shaped and about a mile away.

The light moved toward the boat with a bob-

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"Then it flipped over,  
headed west and  
disappeared."

---

bing movement. It was triangular or diamond-shaped. The captain judged it to be about 150 feet long.

Then it flipped over, headed west, then south, rose and disappeared. The boats radar was functioning again.

The crew must have been relieved; the captain had felt that the object was going to stop right over the boat.

On Saturday, February 18, Robert Eleazer and his brother Hasaan are watching TV in the Tuckahoe area of Southampton. It is a Saturday night, and "Hawk" is on. Suddenly they hear a loud, helicopter-like noise buzz the house. The TV goes on the fritz. Even as they run outside the noise had retreated into the north. They see nothing. Inside, the TV is working again.

Not expecting it to happen a second time, they are again caught by surprise when the aerial object is heard coming back over the house and again retreating. They can see nothing outside.

But the third time it comes they are ready and catch sight of it.

An object about thirty feet wide, outlined in bluish-white lights, floats over the telephone wires, then slowly moves off to the northeast and disappeared after about ten to fifteen seconds.

The brothers can do nothing but return to their program.

The strangest case of the lot occurs up-Island, in Levittown. On Friday, February 11; James

(Continued on next page)

# Saucer (Continued from previous page)

LaFante, a musician who works in a hair styling shop is told a curious dream by a customer — that he is supposed to meet Jean Mundy, a psychologist, who was giving a talk in the area that night about UFOs. Dr. Mundy, who lives in Amagansett, works with people who claim to have had contact with extraterrestrials.

The young man is interested in attending the lecture, but has definite plans for the evening and tells the woman it appears her dream won't come true.

However, as fate would have it, to use the cliché, those plans fall through and he finds himself going to the place where Dr. Mundy is speaking. The talk is already in progress as he enters — and immediately he feels that the subject deals directly with him.

Dr. Mundy, wondering if perhaps an alien ship might be aware of the gathering, asks everyone to close his or her eyes and think about making telepathic contact. Nothing concrete results, and the musician talks with Dr. Mundy afterwards and arranges a session with her, because he feels her hypnosis techniques might help to get to the bottom of some inexplicable events in his past.

The very next evening, Saturday, February 12, just after nine, James Lafante is at home in Levittown and jamming with a friend. Suddenly the air in the room seems different; time, too — “Wizard of Oz-like,” he says later. They hear something like the sound of a helicopter — “but deeper.”

They look out the window. There is an immense object, “a block long,” with four sets of lights going across it in pairs. It moves right over the house. They run outside. It heads southeast, toward the Southern State Parkway. They drive after it.

They pull on to the parkway. There is nothing visible in the sky now, but they *feel* as if they are under an immense object; there was again that sense of a change in the pressure of the air.

Then, west by northwest, over the Seaford Oyster Bay Parkway (which at the point intersects Southern State), about a third or a quarter of the way up the sky, there appears some sort of opening, a “window,” and out shoots a brilliant burst of fiery red light, with rainbowed sparks of colors spinning off it. It's headed straight towards the car.

The two men are yelling back and forth to each other. “I want to make sure I'm not seeing this alone,” the musician thinks. He looks at a white car on his left, an old Chevy with two girls in it. One girl looks back at him, but he can't tell if she's reacting to what he's seeing.

The fantastic light is almost upon the car. At the last minute it swerves sharply to the right and bursts into the most intense white he's ever seen, as it just misses the car.

In another moment they're pulling onto the ramp that leads to the Seaford Oyster Bay Parkway. They pull onto the side of the road. They expect to see a lot a cars pulled over, with a lot

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## "Can you meet us back at that spot?"

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of eyes looking up, but there's no one.

Later the musician would say, “I felt as if the experience was happening to me, not my friend; he was just there as a witness.”

They return home about a half hour after they'd left. Later they call the police. The officer answering the phone doesn't seem particularly fazed, until mention of the fireball. “Can you hold on?” Another voice comes to the phone. “Can you meet us back at that spot?”

So around midnight Lafante and his friend are parked again by the shoulder of the on-ramp. When the police car pulls up the officers inside simply look around but don't appear to want to get out. Their attitude seems to be: There's nothing here now, why bother? They give the musician a government number to call; they leave.

When the musician calls the number the next day there is a recording asking him to leave his name and number. He hangs up.

On March 13 he has a session with Jean Mundy. Under hypnosis he recalls not the above incident but something from childhood.

He is about 12, living in Merrick. He is standing in the kitchen, talking to his mother. He is looking at this scene as if on film. From his vantage point he fully sees his mother's face but only the back of his head. The boy is telling his mother, “God is calling me. Someone is trying to come through me and take me out of my body.” At that moment, from watching the scene he steps into it; his thirty-year-old self becomes his twelve-year-old self.

The hypnosis drew him back to the night before. He is lying in bed. Awakening he sees figures in his room. At first he can't make them out. They don't seem much higher than his bed. Then he sees they are blue or wearing something blue.

He feels them taking him out of his body. He looks back and sees his body on the bed. He passes through the wall of his room. Outside it's winter and it's cold but he can't feel it. The backyard is filled with white light, which is coming down from something above. The beings are taking him up to the light. He's amazed that people aren't coming out of houses to witness this.

Coming out of the hypnosis he is not at first aware he is with Jean Mundy in the present and not back in his childhood. There is a definite sense of crossing some barrier in time. On the Parkway, when the white light had swerved just to the side of the car, he had felt as if he had been taken some place and brought back; and he thought too he saw something in the light. He has other experiences of strange beings and displacement, hours of missing time. Once he and a girlfriend "saw" beings about them in the house and tried to get them on film, but the photos didn't come out.

After telling his mother what he did at twelve, she took him to the school doctor. Today he is not sure he will have another hypnosis session. But he definitely feels called. "Every day they're putting the signs in front of me."

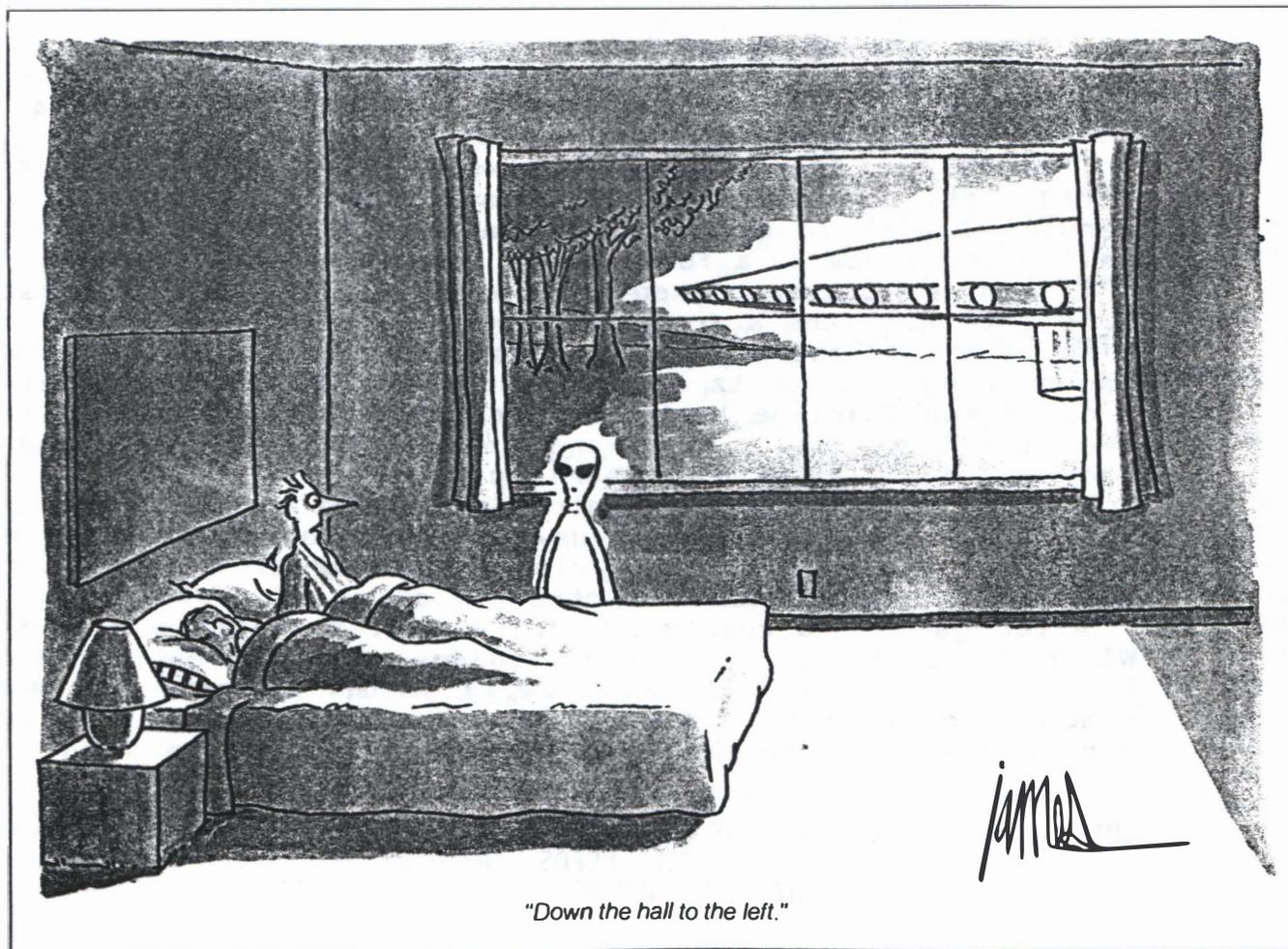
Are Aliens coming to Long Island?

—Jerry Cimisi



EVE

"But that was before I knew you were REAL!"



*Jerry Cimisi*

"Down the hall to the left."

Dear Aileen:

I have been doing meditation-healing for my daughter Charlene who was involved in a car accident February 13, 1989. As a result of the accident she had head injuries and has been in a coma since then.

Usually when I am doing meditation-healing for a person I like to do it for three days running; some each evening then stop. In the case of my daughter I would do the series of three meditations, wait a day or so then call the hospital or go see my daughter. This way I could monitor her progress, also monitor my spiritual progress and if anything needed to change I could do it before the next series of meditations.

During my travels around the country investigating UFOs I had occasion to go into the center of an intensely magnetic vortex. I found a very small stone I call the "Vortex Stone". It was about half the size of a dime. It was unusual in color, like cold ice blue with a steel gray iridescence. I picked it up with a pair of non-conductive plastic tongs and placed it in a mylar pouch. I knew this was a very powerful stone. It had what looked like a white cross in the center so I was very anxious to try it out during meditation for healing.

On this series of three days of meditation I would start on 4-12-89 and go thru 4-13-89 and end up 4-14-89. I was working afternoon shift 3:00 - 11:00 p.m. so as soon as I got home at 11:00 p.m. I would shower up, then get ready for meditation. Everything went very well the first night. I thought I accomplished a lot but I didn't use the vortex stone. The next night 4-13-89 would have been three months since Charlene had her accident so I wanted to have a real good meditation and use the vortex stone.

I have set up a meditation area outside the house in the backyard. As soon as I got home and cleaned up I started the meditation. First I started out and smudged the area with burning sage to deodorize the area and clear out any negative influences. Then I burned sweet grass to bring in good influences. I have a small stool that I place the color of candles I wish to use. On the small stool I placed the crystal ball which I use as a focal point for my conscious mind.

I said the prayers, then started out using a quartz crystal to tune into Charlene's frequency and see her with my mind. I can also gaze into the crystal ball and see what I am tuning into. I was holding the quartz crystal and gazing into the crystal ball. I could see Charlene laying on her hospital bed. I could see her two spirit guides. They were standing together watching her. They would assist with the healing.

Most of my attention was directed to the crystal ball while I was meditating but I was vaguely aware of a mist over my house. It wasn't a cloud, it was a clear warm night. I thought it was odd but didn't take time to check it out.

After using the quartz crystal I rested a little bit while I watched the crystal ball then I changed the candles from white to blue. Then I started using Lapis lazuli to send her a calm, peaceful healing and reassurance. Through my mind I visualized her completely immersed in a beautiful royal blue light. As I

NOTE: CHARLENE CAME OUT OF THE COMA. SHE IS NOW IN REHABILITATION LEARNING TO TALK AGAIN. SHE STILL NEEDS MANY HOURS OF THERAPY AND CARE. ANY POSITIVE THOUGHTS SENT HER WAY WILL BE APPRECIATED.

watched in the crystal ball I could see this beautiful mass of blue light surrounding her. It was swirling back and forth and surging through her body revitalizing her. The spirit guides were also assisting - sending in golden rays of healing. This went on for about fifteen minutes, then I rested.

I felt it was time to use the Vortex Stone. I picked it up and placed it between the palms of my hands. My hands were in a position like prayer in front of my chest so the vortex stone was in front of the thymus gland. This is the first time I actually handled the vortex stone with my hands. Wow! What power. I held it in that position for awhile and started to build the blue light within my mind and body. My whole body started to vibrate, then every dog in town started to bark. I didn't get up to investigate because I was concentrating on what I was doing. I know that just about anytime you can go outside and hear a dog or two barking but this time they were all barking.

The next day a lady who lived in a trailer park five miles from town said she had woke up about 1:35 a.m. because all the dogs were barking in the trailer park. That's just about the time I was using the vortex stone.

After I finished the meditation about 2:00 a.m. I noticed the mist that had been above the house was gone. I felt very tired so I went to bed and crashed. This is very unusual because generally after meditation I am really charged up and can't get to sleep until about four or five o'clock in the morning.

This is one reason my girlfriend and I have twin beds, plus the fact we work different hours. This way we don't disturb each other's sleep.

About one hour after I went to bed I woke up freezing. I was absolutely chilled to the bone. I had a normal amount of blankets on the bed and it was a warm night but I was really cold like C - O - L - D. I got up and crawled into bed with my girlfriend and finally got warm enough so I could go to sleep.

About two days later my girlfriend, who had been with me for about a year moved out. Yes sir! She rented a trailer at the trailer park and flat moved out! No explanation as to why she was going, just a simple, "I am moving out this weekend."

It was only after she moved out I found out she was working for an organization that was trying to stop my UFO research. She not only had been stealing money from me but she had taken stuff out of my UFO files. Also she had been reporting my activities to that organization. She had been lying about a lot of things; sneaking around and generally a dishonest person.

So let me tell you people something. If you ever use one of these vortex stones, you better make sure you know what you are doing and be very careful what you use the vortex stone for because it will be instrumental in banishing negativity out of your life. However, it will make the positive more positive.

When I went to the hospital five days later to see my daughter, the doctors were positively amazed at the progress my daughter had made in the past five days. She had moved up to the fourth stage people go through when coming out of a coma. They were feeding her food through the mouth. She had no infection. Her white blood count was down. She is well on the way to recovery.

I was so pleased with the good news. It shows a very positive trend.

My friend, John Graves, said there may have been an ultra high frequency sound being emitted and that may have been the reason all the dogs started barking that night.

I am still puzzled about the mist that was above my house. It may have been a UFO. This would cause all the dogs to bark. I wish now I had taken the time to investigate.

The mist above my house could have been an entity, maybe a band of angels. Then it may have had nothing to do with anything. While I was using the vortex stone I may have called in a UFO and didn't know it. But I know one thing, after using the vortex stone the events were so unusual they were above and beyond simple coincidence. Most amazing thing I ever saw..... Ahz Kahn



IF ANYONE WANTS TO SEND HEALING TO CHARLENE - THIS IS HER PICTURE.



# DEAR AILEEN

Dear Aileen:

I've read in several books where extraterrestrials have said that we do have extra dimensions attached, or involved in some way, to Earth. Lately I've been troubled by persistent rumors that "skinheads" are really incarnated Holocaust victims back to get revenge??

Do you think there's any truth to that?

Signed.... Troubled In Seattle

Dear Troubled:

The Russian scientists have defined many, many dimensions existing beyond the three we are familiar with. Within those dimensions exist entities that we cannot imagine.

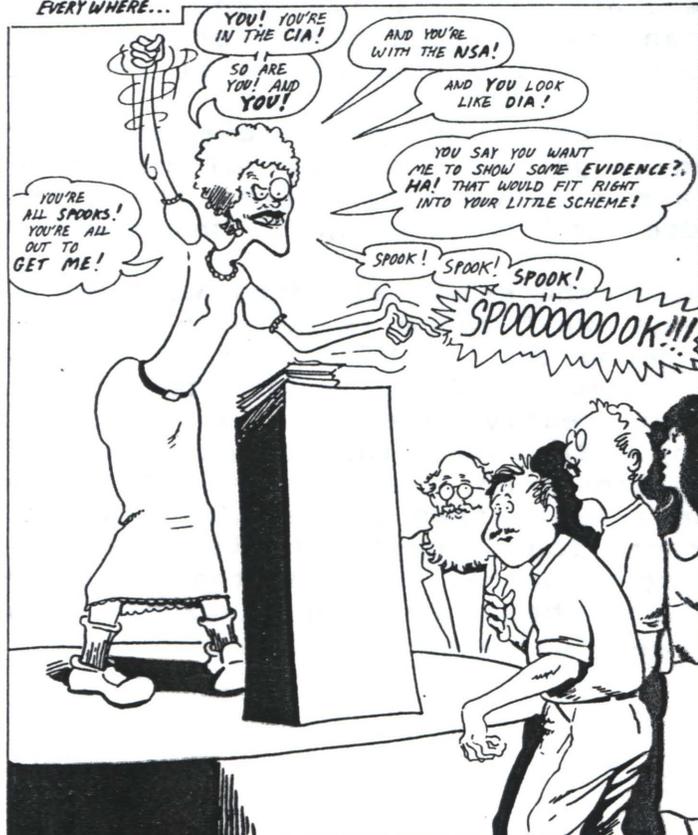
It is an interesting concept but one that is hard to prove to think that such an ironic situation could occur. I am sure if the skinheads knew that to be true - they would let their hair grow!

P.S. Don't believe everything you read - or hear!

## THEY DO IT EVERY SINGLE TIME!

UFO INVESTIGATOR SUZI SAUCERS SEES 'GOVERNMENT AGENTS' EVERYWHERE...

BUT WHEN SHE MEETS SOMEONE WITH A GENUINELY QUESTIONABLE BACKGROUND... THAT'S DIFFO!



The following narrative accompanies the drawings of marks and bruises the witness observed on her body over a period of time.

## MY STORY

By an anonymous subscriber

Through many of my dreams I realize I have lived many times. I (we) am here for a purpose. I feel I don't really belong here and I want to go home. I have seen many UFOs and feel they are my real family.

Many of us are being picked up by UFOs because we are cared for. The reason for the dark bruises is they are my "proof" that I was taken during my sleep and to let me know I am not crazy.

Since 1986 I have dreamed of seeing, holding and kissing beautiful little babies. The reason for the puncture wounds (snake bites) or burning pain (bee sting) caused by a tiny ball under the skin is that we are being examined and cared for very closely.

When I feel I am pregnant and very, very tired and under a lot of stress and worries, along with what we must go through during our pregnancies. The puncture wounds could be a blood test; high blood pressure test, pulse, thermometer, or a combined test all in one. The reason we are constantly examined is because it is v e r y important that we stay healthy. Eating right, resting and not doing those things that are bad for your body and that will harm our babies. Our babies must be healthy because we are not able to be with them for a long period of time to care and love them, to help them grow, because they are very, very sensitive. (If men are receiving the same "marks" I don't know about them.)

We all know that babies who are not healthy, cared for, touched or loved by their mothers can, and will, die of a broken heart.

That is my feeling about all the unusual marks that have appeared on my body.

I feel I must be patient. Understanding will eventually bring piece of mind. We will no longer fear because of the love we have for all. Ones who are sensitive will find it in their hearts to forgive; not judge; and be willing to share and care for those who are in need.

I feel many of us (true brothers and sisters) were sent to earth to learn and experience "why" there is so much fear, pain, hatred, anger and killing among us. I have learned that many (humans) just do not care. Knowing if all humans took the time to really listen, showing you really cared, and trying to take the time to understand - why. Sharing with each other that they are not alone. Hearing you are alike in many ways. Being aware within our hearts how others feel, then it is only natural to forgive and try to forget your (past) hurts and pains. Forgiveness can bring a sense of peace. Knowing that being cared for, protected and guided will bring healing (a warmth within) to your mind, body and soul.

## HOME

It is a beautiful bright crystal clear glass city of many domes. The city sparkling with many colors of the rainbow. Once there you will never want to leave. There everyone is of light and has warmth and love for all. Everyone including the old, adults, young people and especially the children are very happy and at peace.

Many of us were placed here. Soon they will be coming for us. You (brothers and sisters) which have forgiven all and can love all easily - you and our loved ones are going home.

Once we have learned "why" we are here then it will be time to leave earth. We will never take with us or want to - the experiences of Planet Earth when returning to our true home; the negative, the fear or confusion. Because we have experienced what being unloved means and what it can bring along with all the rest.

## MY FEELINGS ABOUT THE MARKS

1986

I do not care for cigarettes, coffee, unnecessary over the counter drugs and alcohol.

Dark bruises (finger or thumb print) - my proof that the visitors are coming for me (I'm not crazy!). The reason "why" the bruises are black on my dark skin is because their touch is of light. Sometimes I'm touched by a small child of light.

Being poked (two grey dots) - I'm being examined. (feel pregnant) (I'm under a lot of stress and worries)

Red dots (two or three) - being examined (blood test) (Due to my nose always bleeding, feeling weak/feel pregnant)

Unusual bruises - being examined. (I don't understand or know what it means!)

Lower back pains - my feeling - delivering my babies naturally.

Sharp pains in ear - hearing a "high pitch" sound, which others can't hear.

Ear bleeding - hearing a loud "pop" in my bedroom. Sometimes the visitors have to pop in or out of my bedroom because of constant watching from loud low flying airplanes and helicopters always over my house or my area. (Military and strangers prowling)

Sharp pain - (my feeling) A hot beam of blue light cutting through removing samples of tissue ... when needed.

(Sometimes) Left side of neck, shoulder and arm "hurting" - (my feeling) Sitting and holding my baby and breast feeding them for a long period of time.

Being "poked" (one dot) (07-22-88) - Being punished. The visitors knew two days in advance that I was going to pollute my body with diet pills and not eating right or resting. (I must try and stay healthy for the visitors when delivering and nursing my babies with them.

Pain below my navel - Feel pregnant.

Two red dots (poked) (11-17-88) - My feeling a blood test because I am very, very t i r e d !! (Due to many pregnancies with them.) Not having enough sleep, being sick, back hurting, stomach pains, feeling dizzy/falling, feverish, feeling weak, spitting up blood, vomiting, bad cramps, almost in tears because my breasts are hurting, being forgetful (loss of memory), vision blurred, my eyes, mouth and throat very dry and hard to swallow; especially my nose bleeding... t h e n having to be a mother, housewife and work and having to do all I must do for my family along with all the problems spouses have. Especially about being over-weight. Always looking pregnant.

Feeling I must eat all the right kinds of food - (before delivering) Drinking plenty of water, plenty of milk, juice, and fruit. (Dreaming... of having twins - beautiful, happy healthy boys.)

Later - an urge to drink plenty of water, plenty of milk, eating lots of bananas, strawberries, and craving for strawberry ice cream. (when breast feeding them) I don't care for food. It makes me nauseous.

(Dreaming sometimes I breast feed them until my milk runs out and I am dry. Then the babies are given bottles with light green cereal in them. "Now" in my dreams they are wearing "cute" little pampers and are wrapped warm in a receiving blanket. The visitors (females) are a little shy. I sense excitement and am amazed when I am loving my babies; kissing, holding, nursing, smiling and talking to my babies while they are near watching me.

When I am bottle feeding them I look within their eyes. They are so smart but need, and want to be loved, so much. While in my arms they begin to get sleepy or poop in their pampers then I am told to place them on this bright white soft warm counter that comes out of the wall. Then it is time for me to return home to bed.

In my dreams I have many sons and also a beautiful little girl. She's about six or seven years old but the height of a three or four year old. She knows when I am aboard and tries her best to get away from the female visitor that cares for her and calls out to me and awakens me from a deep sleep. I am not supposed to be disturbed but I plead with the female visitor to "please, let her

come to me," "please, it's okay, I'm not asleep", then the female visitor releases her to come to me. After she falls asleep while listening to my heart beat, while I hold, kiss and love her. The female visitor takes her from me. I lie down and fall into a deep sleep. (My feeling is my little girl needs and wants so much to be loved by me, even though the female visitor takes very good care of her most of the time.)

The reason "why" (I sense) the female visitor does not want ME loving on her is because SHE (FV) does not TRUST humans. FV feels I will want to inspect my little girl and remember everything and be able to sketch a picture of her. FV KNOWS I know how to draw.

Remembering .. one of my sons was given a ball to play with and likes to bounce it near me when I am sleeping, letting me know he is happy. Sometimes I can't open my eyes or move when I hear children running all over my house. I sense their all silly and excited because they are somewhere different. (My feeling is that it is my sons)

Smelling sulfur - (my bedroom window open) Sometimes I can't move, open my eyes, or get out of bed. Knowing the visitors are near you and when they disappear, smelling sulfur again.

Being so "sensitive" - I am actually feeling other peoples pains, aches, headaches, earaches, and fever (my families, sisters, and friends). This used to happen to me years ago when I actually felt and knew when someone was in pain.

#### BEE STING OR BURNING PAIN

My feeling: Why? and Purpose?

BEE STING: Tiny BB (grey) is placed under the skin -- leaving no cut or scar. It stings or burns and is very, very uncomfortable.

The grey BB is placed under the skin before the Mother Ship with all its crew had to leave to go back HOME from where it has been stationed.

The Mother Ship will be able to monitor us very close from a far distance and will be able to keep track of us by our "senses" (one who is very sensitive to ALL).

Mother Ship will KNOW in advance how we are feeling, doing and KNOW if we will be in any kind of "danger" in advance. It will return ahead of schedule to protect and guide us out of danger because we are loved by them and are very special to them. We are part of them and they are a part of us. We are one.

When the Mother Ship returns the tiny BB is removed from us. Then we are no longer in pain or feel the tiny BB under the skin.

#### SHARING

When I was twelve years old I remember one night I felt pain as "someone" inserted something under my skin, below my right

then slapped "someone's" hand because they were hurting me. In the morning I awoke and felt a tiny ball under the skin. After so much pain I burned the tip of a needle; cleaned the area, tore open the skin held the tweezers underneath the tiny ball and pinched it out. I was in tears because of the pain. It shot out, hit the mirror, bounced, rolled and fell on the floor. "I couldn't believe it." It was a light grey, tiny ball like a BB. I washed the blood off and scraped the tissue off around it and dried it. I showed my sisters and we were all shocked. We thought someone had shot at me with a BB gun but I didn't feel it, when it happened to me. I tried biting it and breaking it with a hammer bit it would not break. I showed my mother but she "yelled" at me for being so stupid for doing that and hit me! But I could not stand that tiny ball under my skin and it burned more when I had to put my bra on. I placed it in my father's ashtray and it was later trashed. I wanted to take it to our family doctor so he could take a look at it because it was more like a rock than metal, but the rock would not break.

When the visitors are very near they let me KNOW by making my bedroom alarm clock "beep" or sometimes my watch will "beep" letting me KNOW they are "watching" me at that moment.

#### MY WARNINGS

Hearing "beeps" within my ears means:

I am to sleep - now or something is coming (bad weather or suspicious strangers) or letting me know they are close by.

Silver dot (pinpoint) flashes before my eyes means:

The visitors are letting me KNOW they are watching me or the visitors KNOW I'm thinking about them at that moment.

WHEN DRIVING:

A "bright" silver blue light flashes before my eyes means:

A Police Patrol vehicle is up ahead or police patrol car is near.

A "bright" yellow orange light flashes before my eyes means:

Prepare to slow down.

One flash - road construction up ahead. or

Two flashes - danger up ahead (accident) or

Something is in the middle of the road/street

A "bright" red orange light flashes before my eyes means:

Be alert!!

One flash - ambulance vehicle approaching

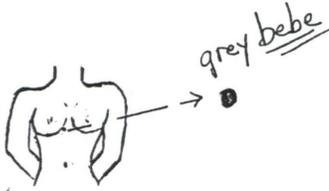
A "bright" red light flashes before my eyes means:

Be Alert!!

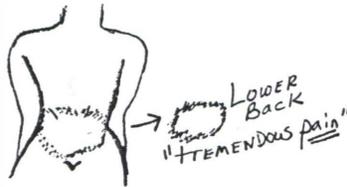
Two flashes - fire engine truck approaching

BEE STING PHENOMENA REPORTED

In the May Issue of the Missing Link we asked anyone that had bee sting like marks from unknown sources to write in. The following drawings were the result. See how many you can relate to. All of these happened to one lady - a subscriber to the Missing Link. She was overjoyed when I asked the question about whether anyone had received unusual marks on their body. Perhaps it was meant for her that I asked that question - I never know why I do what I do!



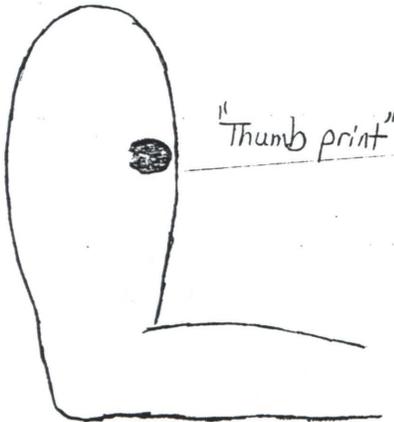
12 yrs. old - under right breast, a small bebe under the skin, burns and hurts - feels like a "bee sting!"  
1968 (6th grade)



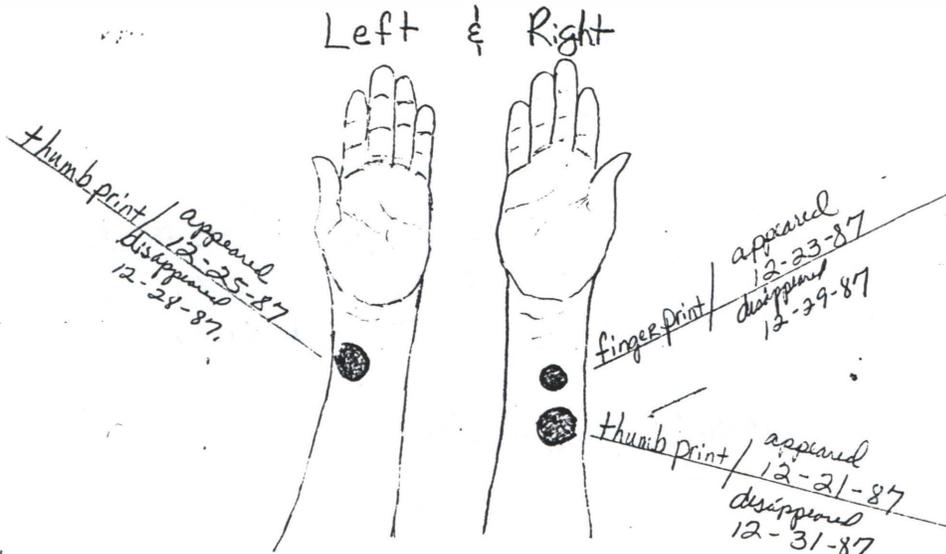
03-22-86 / awoke CRYING - so much pain - I could barely walk.



04-19-86 / 6:00pm walking to my bed room - (Four sharp pains) I could not move or speak (FROZE) Within left ear!

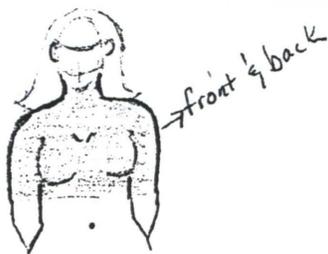


Right arm / dark purplish-blue bruise.  
appeared 8-17-87



Awoke with dark (black) bruises.

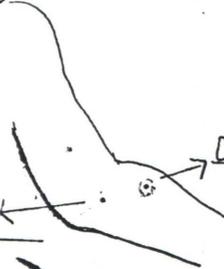
Feb. 4 thru 17, 1985



Red rash below ears to upper waist.  
(Cold month)

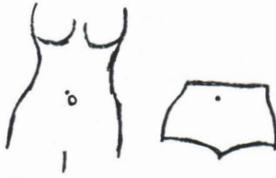
Went to my doctor.

03-27-87, Blood test.  
by doctor  
(I was not pregnant)



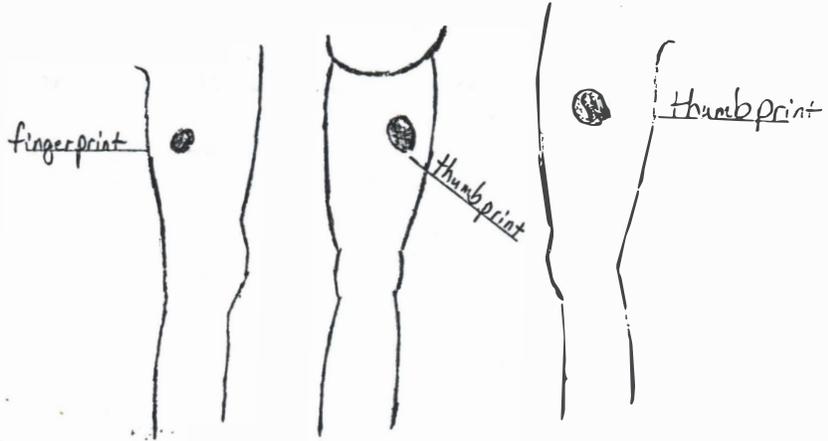
03-28-87, Awoke with blood dot with a red circle around it.  
(as if, someone else took another blood test during my sleep.)

01-23-88, Houston, Tx



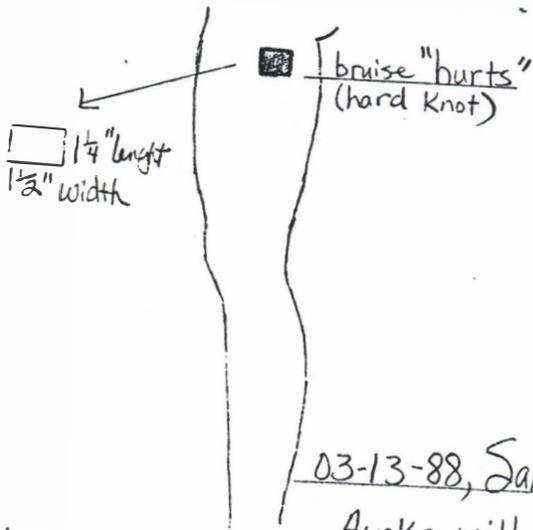
1:00pm. "Sharp pain"-right above navel.  
(felt being stabbed) Went to restroom.  
Noticed red dot above navel and  
noticed blood spot on panties.

02-28-88, Del Rio, Tx.



Right side leg. Right back leg. Left side leg.

Awoke at 7:15am - my legs "hurting" as if  
pulled and spread apart and noticed all  
three dark (black) bruises.

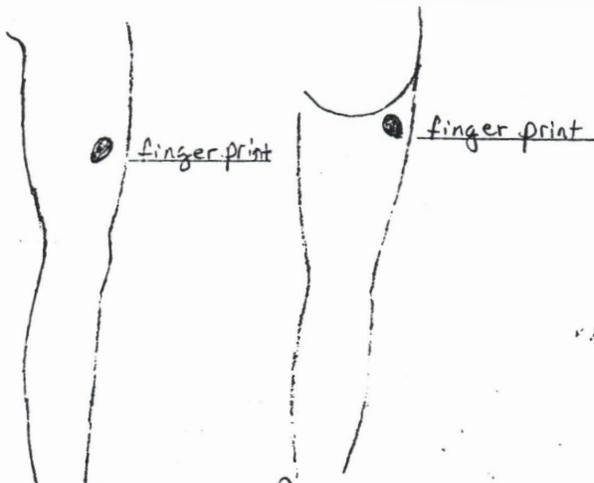


03-13-88, San Antonio, Tx.

Awoke with dark (black) bruise.  
I could barely walk.

Left side leg.

03-16-88, Houston, Tx

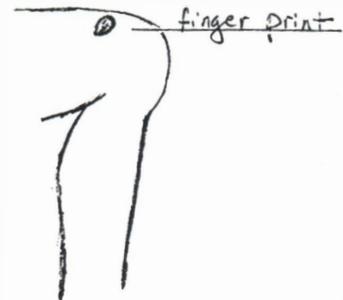


Right side leg.

Right back leg.

Awoke with two dark (black) bruises.

03-28-88

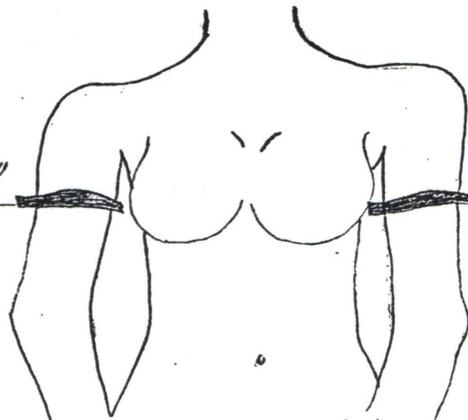


Right leg. Right side by knee.  
3:00A.M. - Awoke w/dark (black) bruise.

04-08-88

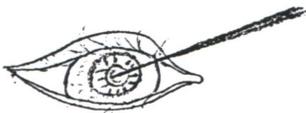
2:15 A.M. right arm "hurting."

6:30 a.m. left arm "hurting"



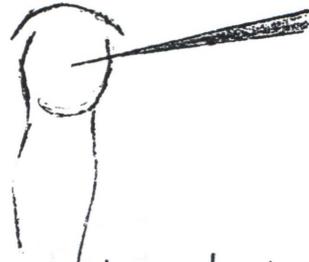
As if, strapped down, then began to spin while lying down, then pulled upward and continued spinning.

04-27-88



3:28 A.M. - Awoke with my left eye in burning pain. (as if, needle inserted) ER: Nothing wrong with it OR hurting!

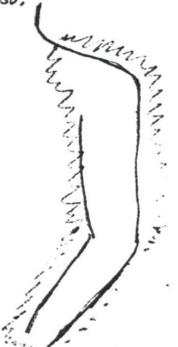
05-17-88



Left knee hurting. "All day" hurting when I walk. (as if, needle inserted)

05-19-88.

Also, 08-31-88.



Awoke with left arm & shoulder sore and hurting.

06-01-88

08-27-88

POP

heard a loud "pop" in my bedroom.

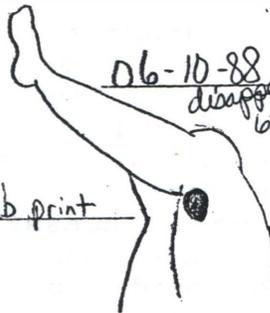


All day my ears bleeding & hurting.

06-10-88

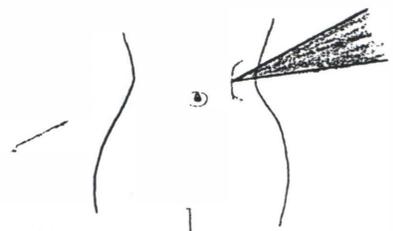
disappeared 6-24-88

thumb print



dark (blk) bruise on right leg.

06-18-88



Sharp pain in my left side of waist. (3:20 A.M.)

(as if, hot beam of light cutting through)

06-19-88

10:08 a.m. "Sharp pain" in center of fore head. (as if, hot beam of light cutting through)



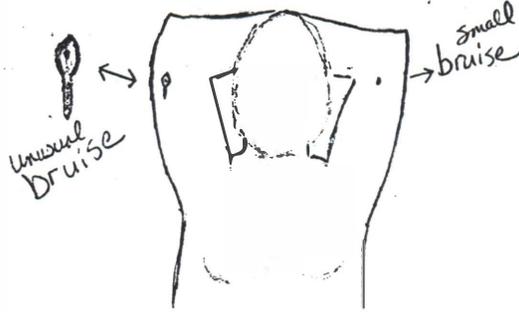
05-29-89.



also



06-01-89.



04-11-89

7:25am awoke with my face red, as if SUN BURNED. Later - it was a rash all over my face, neck, & shoulders.

There were three more pages of physical anomalies but we have limited this month's article to the above. Perhaps in the future we can run the rest of them.

Dear Aileen:

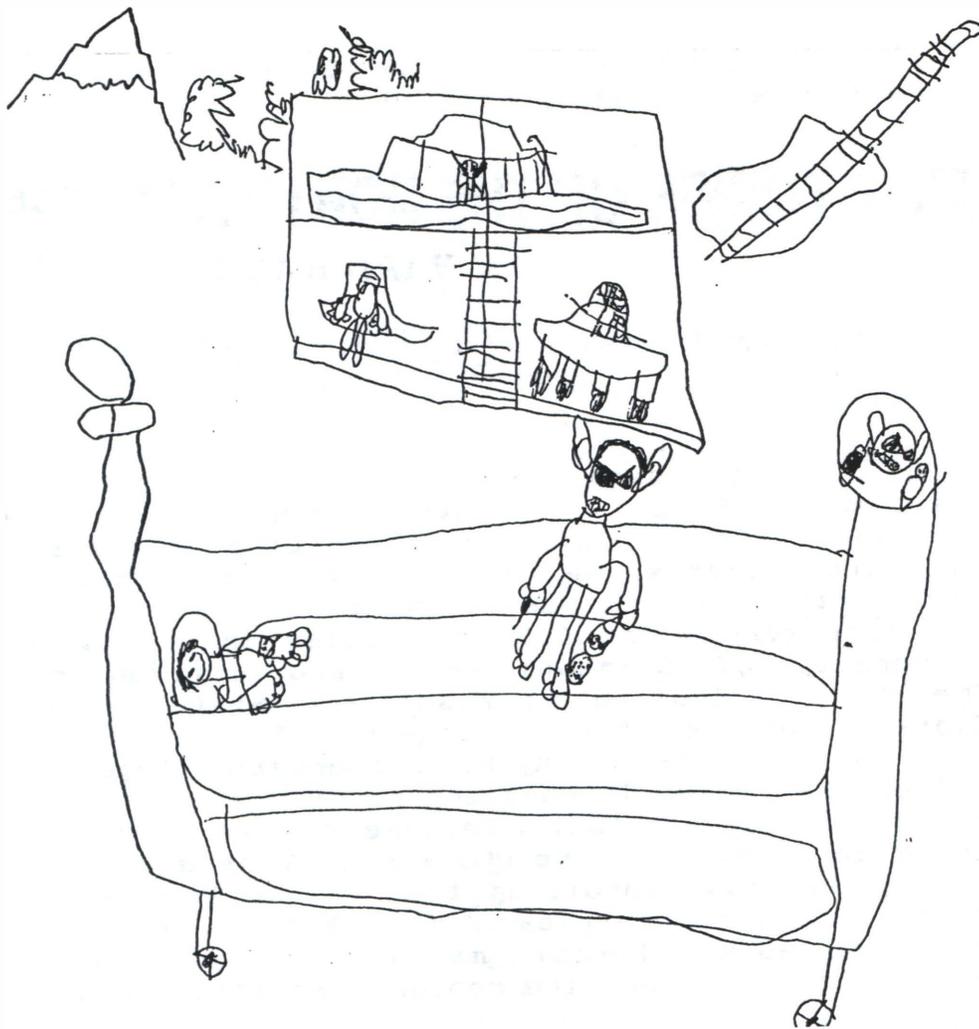
The "bee sting phenomena" is interesting. In one of my many close encounters I had a similar occurrence but differs in the subsequent results.

I was enroute to visit a huge energy field on the Pueblo Indian's sacred mountain (Blue Mountain). I knew this light and field to be a UFO; resident in nature and wanted to commune with them.

Just as I was about to reach this force field I felt a sting, like a bee on the top of my left hand. Accompanying the sting was a sharp metallic bleep, like a computer. I raised the hand and looked at it and it had been lasered all the way through. This later turned into a very unsightly wart like growth which I continuously picked off. It stayed with me for almost a year. Later when I was successful in establishing contact with the target craft I gave them a piece of my mind about the lasering only to be informed they did not do it but a belligerent or hostile craft had. It seems the hostile craft didn't want me to link up with the good guys. Moreover, the good guys informed me they had deflected the laser burn which had originally been aimed at my head.

My suspicions are that there is a similarity between my encounter in 1974 and the current sequence. Most certainly mine was much more destructive and obviously the intensity greater.

Current stings would seem to imply some type of once removed implants. To carry this a little further my feelings are that although the desired results are the same, i.e., control and future submission, this group is far more sophisticated than the Zeta Reticulum types, and need not beam you aboard to implant. Another cog in the on going mystery..... Virgil "Posty" Armstrong



The above drawing was done by a 6 year old boy - the son of Jim and Diane Van Avery. His explanation is the big ship in the window is the "good guys". The two small ships are the bad ones. That's a needle in one hand and the thing with the ball in the other hand is to put on your forehead to make you forget. The guitar is up in the air because when the alien is in the room it makes a force field which lifts things up in the air. The boy is smiling because he is asleep and doesn't remember! (A very curious drawing - don't you agree?)

Dear Aileen:

You asked in the May Issue of "The Missing Link" for comments on a "Dear Aileen" column. It is good idea, except it should not be done in a lighthearted way.

Think of all the people a column like that could help. Those who have no one to turn to could get help. They are the ones who could be hurt by a column which was lighthearted.

Well, that's just my opinion. An occasional cartoon is OK.....  
Lucille E. Williams

Editor's Comment: Thank you for your response. Yes, I agree with you but we already have the Letters to the Editor column. This one was just for fun because we do need a little humor in this subject! I will take your comments into consideration because we value what you have to say Lucille!

\* \* \* \* \*



(This article was sent in some time ago with a caption as to where it was originally printed.)

# UFO STORIES OF THE NORTHWESTERN INDIANS

RICHARD HACK

The author has published a number of articles in *Flying Saucers* (Palmer), *Exploring the Unknown* and other magazines.

The UFO story began many centuries ago, perhaps even predating the coming of man. We have accounts in the Bible, from the Egyptians, and in the pictorial writing of the Stone Age. And in the United States, we have the legends of the American Indian, from North to South, East to West.

I came across the following tales in a book published by the University of Oklahoma Press and written by the Professor Emeritus of English at Washington State University, Ella E. Clark. Entitled "Indian Legends of the Northern Rockies", it records the creation myths and ancient legends of the Indian tribes that lived in what are now the states of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and Washington. Because of the number of legends that could be related to the UFO field, I have decided to concentrate mainly on those involving the "Little People" - creatures very similar to our modern-day "UFO-nauts". I would further point out that the author herself makes no attempt or suggestion at a connection, and that the concepts advanced in this article are my own.

The legends are from the story-tellers of the following tribes: Group 1: the Nez Percés, the Flatheads, the Kallispels, and the Coeur d'Alenes; Group 2: the Arapaho, the Gros Ventres, the Blackfeet, the Crow, the Assiniboine, and the Sioux; and Group 3: the Shoshoni, the Bannocks, and the Kutenais.

Group 1 were Plateau Indians, dwelling in the country of eastern Washington, Oregon, Montana and much of Idaho; their staple food was the salmon; they lived in communal houses in winter, in simple lean-tos during summer.

Group 2 were the Plains Indians living from the Rockies eastward to the Mississippi and as far south as Texas. The buffalo was their staple diet and was also used for just about everything else, including clothing. The Indians of these tribes travelled by foot until the introduction of the horse during the first half of the 18th century, and since they were rovers, this meant that they were in fact a hardy people.

Group 3 were also Plains Indians. In addition, they were Plateau Indians, as they were representative of neither exclusively.

For our purposes, it must be noted that the tribes listed above are invariably described as composed of extremely intelligent and extremely honest individuals, with the possible exception of the warlike Blackfeet. Further, it should be noted that the Indian

has a peculiarly retentive memory, and of course, respect for their ancestors led to the careful preservation of the stories quoted.

Nearly every tribe in the Rockies had some legends about the "Little People". Most detailed and typical are those of the Nez Percés, who called these strange dwarfs "The Stick Indians", because they lived in deep forests. The legends usually went as follows.

The Stick Indians were about 3 ft. in height, and formed very much like humans. They wore deer skins, and lived in the deep forests, although they roamed far and wide. Often at night they made strange sounds. They were reputed to be able to turn invisible by rubbing themselves with a certain type of grass. They could hoot exactly like owls or howl exactly like coyotes. They were possessed of incredible strength; an old white man told an Indian once that he had seen a dwarf walking off with a calf under each arm.

They had a habit of invading Indian homes and demanding food, with dire consequences for those who refused. On p. 50 of this reference book by Miss Clark, a story is related how one evening a hunting party was camped for the night during which a storm blew up. The narrator's uncle ordered the members of the party to cover themselves with blankets, for "A strange visitor is coming." The narrator's father peeked out and saw a little man with long hair, dressed in deer skins. The creature demanded food which was given to him. The next day, however, the narrator's father wound up with a face swollen, presumably as punishment for having peeked at the little man. It is interesting to note the swelling feature, as it is often reported today by witnesses to close-range UFO sightings.

Another parallel is to be noted in the fact that the Stick People often kidnapped children. Once, during the last few decades, a party was huckleberrying in the hills. They locked a baby in the car for safe-keeping. While picking berries, the child was heard to cry. It was discovered that he had disappeared. When the cry was heard again, the child was found some distance away. Something had removed him from the locked car, and the Indians ascribed the act to the Little People.

The Flatheads described the Little People as about 3 ft. tall, with very dark skins, apparently darker than the Indians' own skins. Strangely, the Little People were reputed to own herds of tiny horses less than 3 ft. in height. These horses were not used for packing or riding, but in winter were killed for food.

The Coeur d'Alenes report that many dwarfs lived around Rosebud Lake which was surrounded by dense brush. They had the odd habit of beating sticks against the trunks of trees. Some were dressed in squirrel skins, and some were described as being users of the bow and arrow. They had a habit of shouting when they saw strangers, thus drawing hunters on to wild goose chases, much like the strange lights that today hover over roads and deserted areas across the country, luring police and others away from such places.

The Shoshoni and the Bannocks had many legends about the Ninnimbe, the "Little Demons". These were supposed to haunt the

areas near the sources of Muddy Creek, Wyoming. They, like the others, were between 2 and 3 ft. tall, very strong, and dressed in goatskin clothing. They were expert stalkers and hunters, and were described as fearless. Very interesting is the concept of the invisible poison arrows with which they killed game and many a Shoshoni. They were reputed to have done the carvings on the rocks in the Wind River country. The Indians had a curious defense, which consisted of putting on a great deal of paint, for the Little People were supposedly afraid of paint.

One of the Little People allegedly still survives. He, too, is called Ninnimbe. He is described as an old man, sturdily built, dressed in brightly-painted skins. His nose, like Rudolph's is red. He lives in the mountains, appearing and disappearing at will. Stone darts have been found which have been attributed to him.

The dwarfs are reported to be cannibalistic in the legends of the Shoshoni and the Bannocks. The descriptions are the same, as well as the reported great physical strength. But the creatures had the disconcerting and somewhat gruesome habit of eating children and their mothers. The Little Man would seize a child, devour it, then perfectly imitate the cry of the child to lure its parent. When the Indian woman was seized, her screams usually frightened the being off, but the women usually died before morning. The Little Men also would creep up on a party of children, hide their tails by wrapping them around their bodies, and request to play with the children. They would then seize a child, perch him on their tails and run off, never to be seen again. Curiously enough, these cannibals would never eat men. Instead, they would invite them into their homes and offer them food.

The Little People of the Arapaho, Gros Ventres, and Blackfeet were again 3 ft. high, with black skins and big stomachs, powerfully built. They were versed in a crude sign language and reportedly carved the rock houses in the deep canyons in Wyoming, North-east Minnesota, and Montana. Some houses and skeletons remain in these areas, according to the Indians. The creatures were also far fleet runners than the swiftest Indian, as well as being incredibly strong, and, here too, cannibalistic. These tribes tried to kill off the Little People, but arrows had no effect, so they were forced to herd the enemy into a deep gorge, drive them to the trees, and set fire to them, destroying them all.

Then there is the story of the Medicine Wheel, a photograph of which is included in the book. This strange construction, located in the Big Horn Mountains west of Sheridan, Wyoming, is composed of thousands of limestones slabs laid in a wheel form 245 ft. in diameter. There are 28 or 29 spokes radiating from it. On some of the slabs, buffalo skulls look to the east.

A story told about Red Plume, a famous Crow Indian chief, goes to the effect that he once went to the Medicine Wheel and stayed there four nights and four days. On the fourth night, he was visited by three little men and a little woman. They conducted him to a hidden underground passage beneath the Medicine Wheel. He remained with them for three days and three nights, learning

the arts of war and how to be a good leader. This story backs up the belief that the Indians tell: that the Little People lived once in the rock shelters to be found near the strange monument.

The above stories are the majority to be found in Miss Clark's book, but by no means all. It is interesting to note the strange relationships these tales have with the ones heard today from the sober lips of businessmen, police officers, and others who have encountered these strange creatures -- or ones like them.

For instance, it is a fact that quite a few stories of "babies crying" have been reported to have occurred in cemeteries, supposedly haunted houses, etc. And here we have the Shoshoni telling us that this is a technique to lure small children from their mothers, to be devoured.

The incredible strength has been reported by several South American witnesses, as has the apparent invulnerability to simple weapons like knives.

The entire area of the creatures' interest in children today leads to gruesome conjectures when related to the cannibal stories of yesterday. And the disappearances of young men and teenagers - is there reason to believe that we are little more than a stockyard for sub-human races? I think this latter answer is too limited, but we must consider the possibility that some few missing children may have indeed been murdered, and that others may have narrowly escaped this fate and lived to describe their meetings with these "abominable little men."

I would suggest in conclusion that an effort be made to investigate the areas described by the Northern Rockies Indian tribes as abodes of the Little People. It may be that remains might be found indicating the fate of these beings over the years. It might also be reasonable to quietly find out what is happening in these areas with regard to the UFO phenomenon itself.

I suggest that researchers in the North-west take the time to visit the Medicine Wheel, the Owyhee Range, the Salmon and Wind River countries, and investigate the occurrences there, particularly the incidence of "cattle rustling", or kidnappings, as well as straight UFO and contactee reports. It may be that the little creatures that plagued the Ancient Indian are even now plaguing modern man, using far more advanced techniques and perhaps under the auspices of a new master - the "Alien".

(Editor's Note: Pat McGuire was taken to the Medicine Wheel near Sheridan, Wyoming during his abduction by UFO-nauts. He was let out and walked around to see where he was; picked up and taken back to near Laramie, Wyoming where his ranch was.)

FIND THE ANSWER TO ANY QUESTION YOU CHOOSE. IF THERE IS NO UFO BEING AROUND TO GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS TRY THIS. SEND ONLY \$6.00 AND YOUR BIRTH DATA, NAME, ADDRESS AND AS MANY QUESTIONS AS YOU LIKE TO: MRS. JOY BARISH, 2 POLE PLAIN RD., SHARON, MA. Why wait for an answer to any question. Try Tarot, It's fun!

Dear Aileen:

I wanted to comment about the John White articles. Is this the same John White who was calling the aliens "demonic" in his article in the Missing Link in November 1988? Now he calls them "star folk" and says we should look at them as teachers!? Have I missed something?

Aileen, why do these people want to make abduction and rape a holy event? By trying to associate the phenomena with religion, in my opinion, one only clouds the issue. The violation of any being (human or other) by any other being, earthly, godly, or extraterrestrial is criminal and unethical and should be punished rather than revered.

Strieber calling them VISITORS and White calling them "STAR FOLK" and others calling them "SPACE BROTHERS". Does your "brother" abduct and rape? Does a "visitor" terrorize you? All the nice benign terms. We are all being hoodwinked by the phenomena, or don't we really believe we've been abducted?

I don't get into the Lear/Bennewitz scenario. It's a little too sci-fi for me. But I do think humans are being harassed by beings (unknown) and that alone should make us wary and not "all embracing" of these "STAR FOLK."

What do you and others think? I'm sort of out of touch here in good ole' St. Louis..... Barbara Becker, Assoc. Director - UFOCCI

Dear Aileen:

Strictly speaking, I'd be classified as a "contactee" as opposed to "abductee." The whole "abductee" business puts me in a quandary as my experiences have always been so positive and I identify with these so-called "aliens" - they're not "alien" to me.

For most my life, I simply accepted what I've always called my "masters" as ordinary spirit guides and they pretty much fit the role, always showing up to save me when I was in danger or ill - usually through telepathy.

This went on some 30 years. I was often aware of having discussions with them - the content of which I wouldn't remember. I often argued and frequently bargained with them. I am not meek and I have a mind of my own.

Then two years ago and bit by bit they started to reveal they were something else than standard spirit guides - i.e., like they had some powerful flying vehicles that could travel very fast. This speed exhibit was meant to delight me as well as the message "we'll be back for you." They've never been anything but kind to me but they can be stern and I can see where they might not be to everyone's taste. They aren't weak or sentimental and they could hit some people as hard. Then they started sending messages through channels and psychics who'd be baffled and would ask me "what all the star stuff means?" Since then, more pieces of the puzzle came together especially since what seems to be legitimate astral projection. I found myself running around in one of those shiny form fitting one piece outfits - a uniform - in the interior of an impressive, huge vehicle. I had another heated discussion and some predictions were made - these predictions were dead right - as usual.

Now it seems I could be one of those 5 to 6 feet "humanoids" in a shiny outfit spotted hanging around looking at home in a space vehicle quite likely communicating through telepathy. It's actually a bit amusing.

Well, they're certainly not all hostile and their technology is way beyond a lot of people's comprehension.

I am awaiting newsletter with no small interest..... Pat S.