

★ THE MISSING LINK ★

NUMBER 83 SEPTEMBER 1989



GERALD AND AILEEN BRINGLE
MARRIED SEPTEMBER 2, 1989

◆ ◆ ◆ UFO CONTACT CENTER INTERNATIONAL (UFOCCI) ◆ ◆ ◆
3001 South 288th St., #304, Federal Way, WA 98003

ABOUT THE COVER:

Gerald Bringle of Bagdad, Arizona and Aileen Edwards were married at Jorpah on Saturday evening, September 2, 1989. Only those in the wedding party were aware of the surprise. Shirle' Klein Carsh, Surrey, B.C., was Matron of Honor. Michael Shupe of Seattle, Washington acted as Best Man. Marlene Anderson, a minister of the Universal Life Church performed the ceremony.

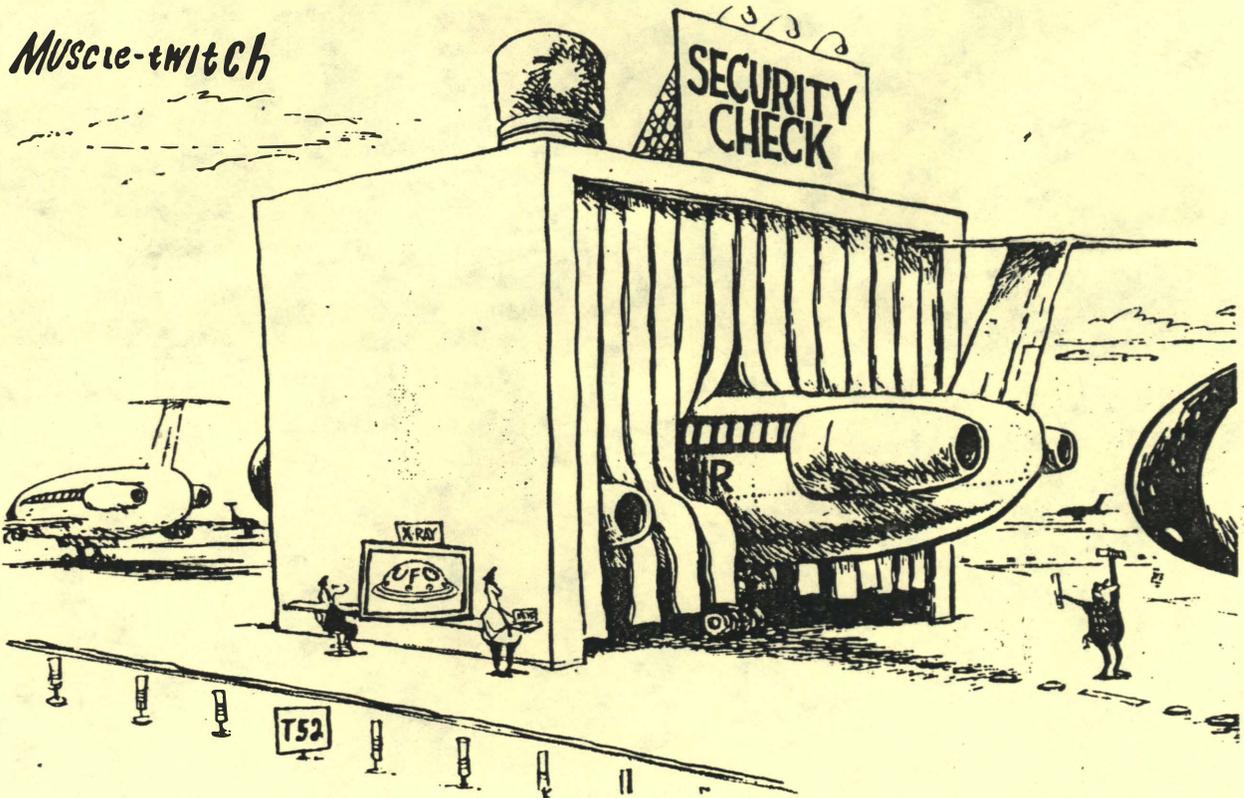
Aileen intends on remaining in the Seattle area until January 1991 when she will retire and move to Bagdad, Arizona to be with her husband. At that time the UFOCCI will be expanded even more than it is now. It is the intent to offer free hypnosis sessions, lecture and attend conferences that deal with the subject of abductions and UFOlogy.

On Sunday evening during the Awards Ceremony at Jorpah an announcement was made that Gerald will act as co-director of the UFOCCI with Aileen.

Gerald has extensive knowledge in Geology, Chemistry, Astronomy, UFOlogy; is an abductee/contactee and a metaphysician. He uses crystals and gemstones plus other forms of minerals in healing treatments. His main interest is in vortex research. Gerald has traveled to many of the vortices known in the Southwest and observed unusual phenomena surrounding the area. It was at one of these areas he had an encounter of the third kind.

We are sure that Gerald will be a most important asset to this organization.

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The Chaffee County Times

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Is the doorway to a parallel universe ajar over Upper Arkansas Valley?

by Robert Toevs
Times Staff Writer

Lew Tery of Colorado Springs carries a business card that reads "unusual advisory services; UFO Consultant."

Tery visited Buena Vista July 14 to research suspicions he has regarding the Upper Arkansas Valley.

According to Tery, a 10-mile-diameter energy zone he refers to as a "doorway" has been identified above Buena Vista. Tery believes the energy zone is a portal from a parallel universe, through which aliens might enter the terrestrial realm.

Tery claims this section of the valley exhibits unusually high "vibrations." Because of this phenomenon he suspects a UFO entry point.

Tery bases his theories, in part, on Einstein's space-time continuum. To explain his idea, Tery draws a graph with two lines representing time and space, respectively.

The lines intersect at a 45-degree angle, looking much like an X. The point of intersection, says Tery, is present-time. The quadrant above present-time represents future-time; the quadrant below — pa t-time.

Tery asserts that UFOs come not from our galaxy, but rather they originate from a parallel universe



Lew Tery

somewhere in the future-time quadrant of the space-time continuum.

UFO's enter, says Tery, at the present-time intersection points and these points are called "doorways."

"This one (above the Buena Vista area) is one of thousands," says Tery.

Tery describes two predominate types of aliens. He segregates the two groups into good and bad.

According to Tery, UFO experts refer to the bad ones as "grays." The good ones are commonly referred to as "nordics." Tall

statures, blue eyes, and blond hair are common traits among the nordic aliens.

"The grays are smallish, have big heads, and they have a gray color to them," notes Tery. He says grays are thought of as bad because they are said to abduct humans and mutilate livestock.

"The nordics are very benevolent," says Tery. "Often people will experience some kind of healing when they meet the nordics. We normally refer to that kind of experience as a miracle." Tery adds that people who encounter nordics will often obtain "special powers."

Tery says people do not consciously remember alien encounters with either the nordics or grays. Only through regressive hypnosis, says Tery, do UFO witnesses remember encounters.

Tery has a private hypothesis about why aliens visit and why they are so shy.

"They're observing," says Tery. "I know it will sound kind of far out, but astronomers say the earth is slowing down. As it slows, more and more earthquakes will occur because the earth will change shape. There is a danger of the earth's destruction. The UFO's may have an evacuation plan in mind."

Certain times of day are best for UFO watching, advises Tery, who

claims to have seen about 15 in the past eight years.

"UFO vehicles fly on moon cycles," he says. "From two days prior and up to a new moon, a full moon and a perigee moon."

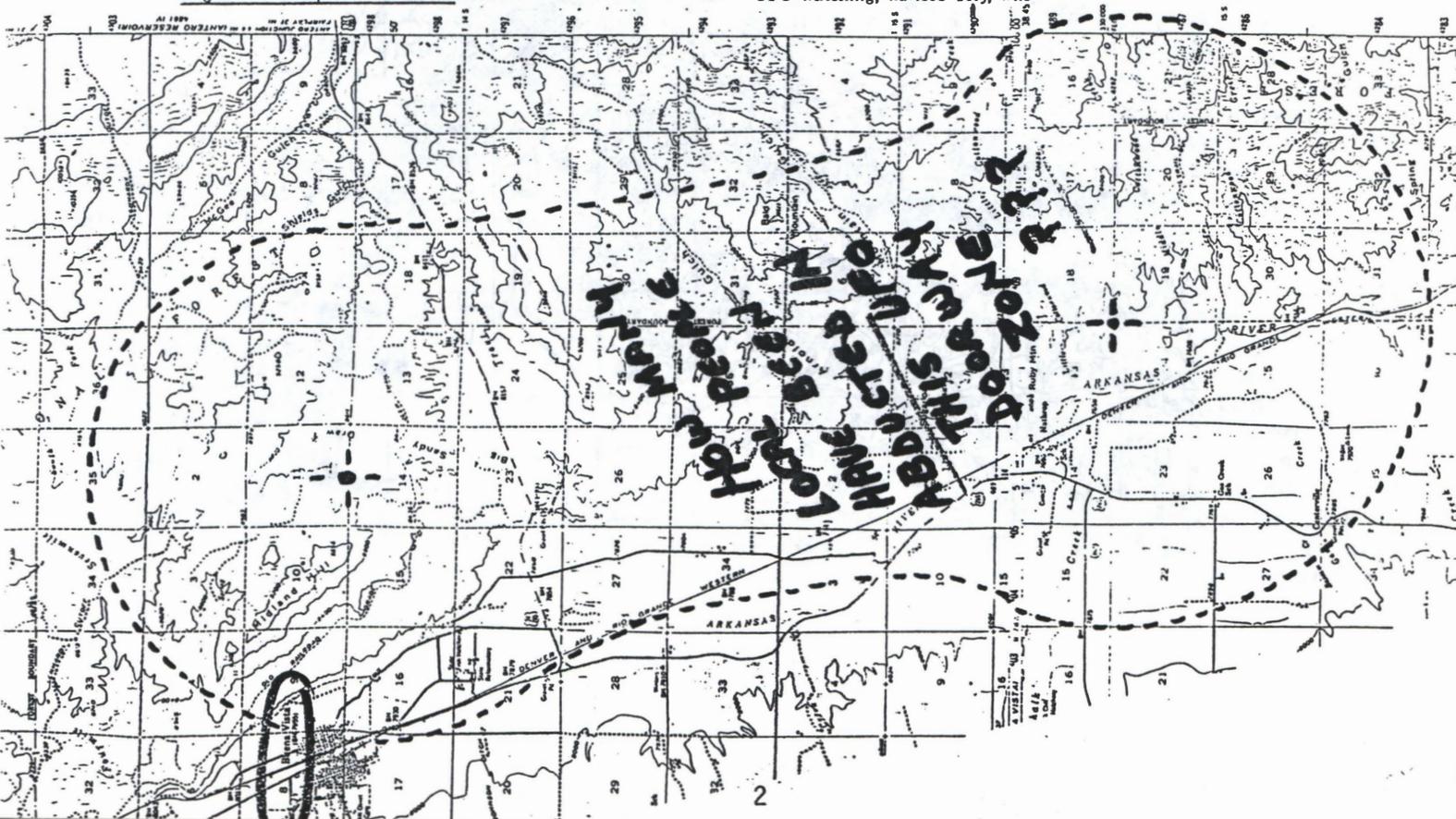
Tery explains that a perigee moon, when the moon is nearest to the earth, is one of the best times to look for UFOs near doorways such as Buena Vista.

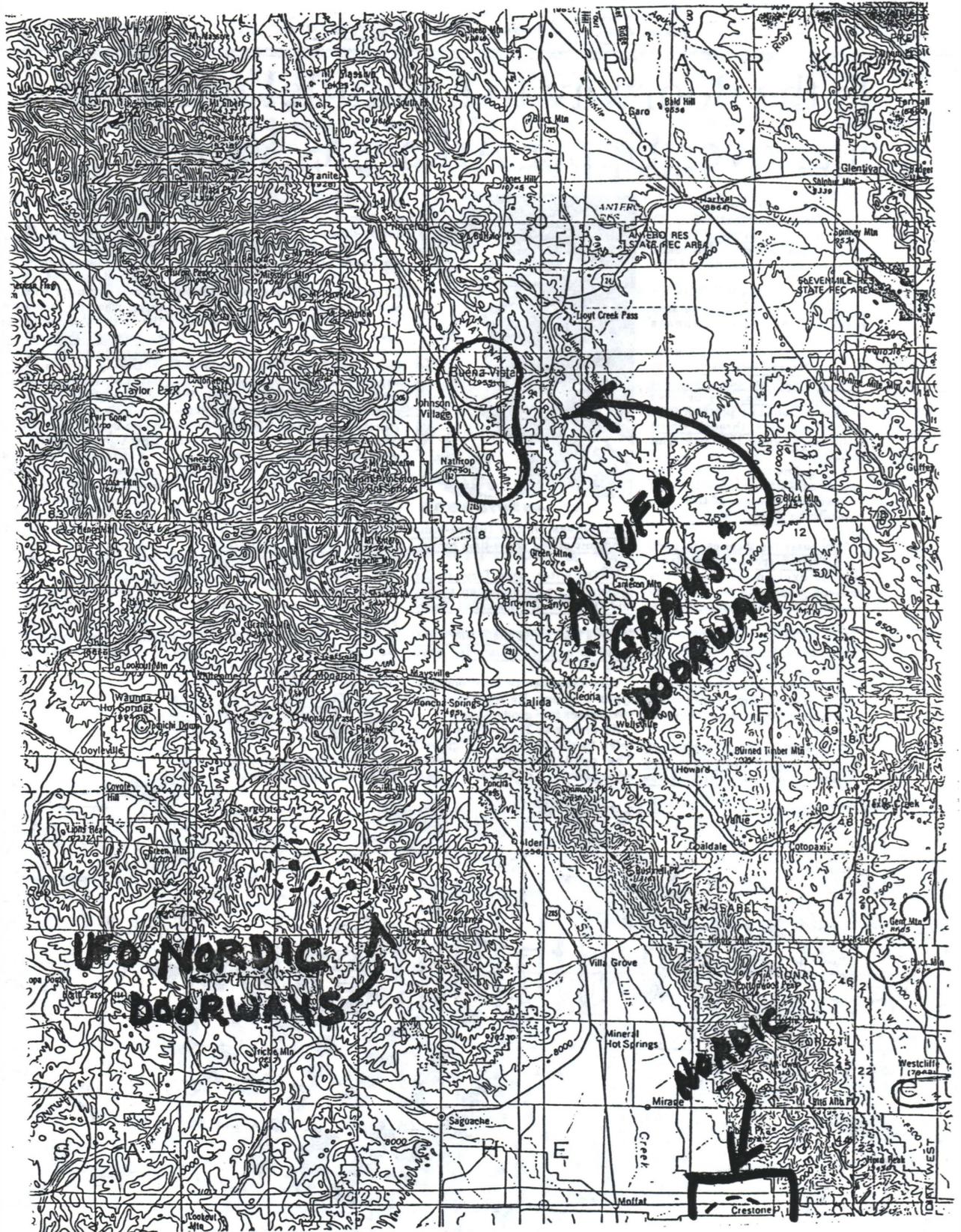
"During perigee, the magnetic fields of the earth and moon are locked together for two days," says Tery. He adds that early morning hours between 2-4 a.m. are prime UFO-sighting hours.

According to Tery, there are a number shapes to look for. The most popular are cigar-shaped, spherical-shaped and disc-shaped crafts, with grays confining their travel to the cigar-shaped vehicles.

During the day, notes Tery, aliens camouflage their ships as clouds which have a smooth shape and remain still in the wind.

Tery warns that UFOs emit high levels of radiation and that people should never get under a UFO or even near one if at all possible.





THE CASE OF THE SHATTERED CUP....

By Ahz Khan

I have an interesting experience to share with you. It may be connected with UFOs but it may not have anything to do with UFOs. Anyway I thought it was so interesting you may be able to help us in B.... to understand the experience better.

So I'll give you a background to the story. My daughter, Charlene was involved in a very serious car accident. This doesn't have anything to do with UFOs, me or vortex stone (I smashed that a long time ago.) This is just something she has to go through, even though the accident took place in Kingman they took her to Flagstaff because they can handle head injury people (there). The most serious damage on her is to the area on the brain stem called the Pons. She has the best of care up there so I know she will pull through.

The accident happened February 13, 1989. She is still in a coma. If you could pray for her and send her healing I know she will appreciate anything. I feel the best thing I can do for now is prayer, meditation, and healing. From B.... to Flagstaff is 200 miles, 400 miles round trip. I have been going up there on my weekends, so I have to forego any UFO research out in the field for now until something changes.

I have been driving over to H.M.s. She lives in C.... which is just 60 miles from Flagstaff. I have been staying overnight at her place, then I go up to Flagstaff in the morning to see Charlene. Then I come back to H.M.s that evening and have a meditation healing for Charlene.

I went over to H.M.s Tuesday evening after work 3-7-89 (new moon). I stayed over night, then Wednesday morning I drove up to Flagstaff and "visited" Charlene or should I say, went to see her because she is still in a coma. Wednesday evening 3-8-89 I drove back to H.M.s to have the healing circle and meditation. When we first started the meditation group we only had three people. Every week we keep getting more and more people. The thing is really growing and some astounding things are happening. The doctors are really pleased with Charlene's progress. As we get more and more people involved she will make a faster recovery.

Thursday 3-9-89 I left for B.... in the morning because I had to work. H.M.s friend Helen from Phoenix came to visit her. Helen got to H.M.s place about 11:00 o'clock a.m. They were sitting in the kitchen visiting. Helen was sitting across from HM with her back to the microwave and kitchen cabinets.

After 1:00 p.m., maybe 1:30 p.m., HM isn't sure about the time, just approximate. L... came to visit HM. He had been at the meditation with us the night before. He was still "high". He was going on and on about the experience and how much energy he had felt, and the amount of power that had been generated (Nordic force?). HM was trying to calm him down because her friend Helen is a good Mormon. Then L... started talking about this high pitched sound in his head. He likes to talk with his hands, and he put both of his hands on his head. He said he could still hear the sound. He moved his hands away from his head - out away from his head. There was a sound, like a gun shot. It startled

everybody. They could not figure out what happened. HM thought her microwave had exploded. She got up to check it but it was unplugged. Then she noticed some pieces of broken glass on top of the microwave and a few pieces of glass on the kitchen cabinet in front of the microwave. The kitchen cabinet above the microwave has a crack between the door and the shelf so some glass could have fallen out the space onto the microwave. HM opened the cabinet and saw broken glass all over inside. One of the glass coffee cups had absolutely imploded.

HM's husband, who is a scientist, said there is only two things that could cause glass to shatter like that. Heat or sound. It wasn't hot that day, maybe in the mid 70s. The only other explanation could be sound. The glass seemed to break according to the molecular structure of that glass cup.

HM saved all the glass in a paper bag to show me. I dumped the glass out on the table and took a picture so you could get some idea of how it happened. The pieces of glass that were big enough to look at were triangle in shape. Most of the glass was shattered into very small fragments.

There could be some other explanation that particular glass cup was susceptible to a particular frequency and as L... moved his hands away from his head, he discharged something like a bolt of sound. Like a bolt of lightning, only sound. He could have released a sound package like a bullet that hit with an impact like a rifle shot. I have heard of people breaking glass with the sound of their voice, but I haven't seen anyone shatter glass with their mind.

Another possible explanation could be poltergeist. Then I was thinking there could have been a microwave station in the area that could have possibly gone berserk and fired off a sound wave "shot" something like a stray bullet.

Maybe someone was messing around and discharged a sound wave accidentally in some controlled direction without even realizing what they had done.

Another explanation is some agency, government or UFO or some other exotic organization may have purposefully fired a sound wave intending to cause some harm to someone in the house. Possibly HM?

Someone in the house may have been a "plant." HM herself could have had a "beeper" with her or some device for a maleficent sound wave to zero in on. Her husband is a scientist.

Someone could have been directing a microwave toward the house, eavesdropping and got a negative resistance from something in the house causing it to ricochet and hit the glass cup causing it to shatter.

The effect from the solar flares were having their maximum effect during this time. Who knows, a burst of energy may have hit one of the "Star Wars" satellites while it was directly overhead, and it could have caused the satellite to discharge a laser beam.

Also during this time (Thursday, March 9, 1989) I was told by Bill H..., he heard that they had detonated a nuclear device in Nevada. He said he heard it was the largest one allowable by the nuclear regulatory commission. This is just hearsay. I wasn't

This article was written several months ago. Since that time Charlene has recovered and gone home to Kingman. She still needs your prayers for a full recovery as the road back is a long one.

able to confirm this test. He also told me that they had swarms of earthquakes, he didn't know where. I wasn't able to confirm this news either. Enclosed is an excerpt from a letter you sent me.

"I have come across information on the feds implanting people and sending messages and sounds into their heads to the point they go insane. Only trouble was that one of these persons found out what was happening and has brought it to the public's attention. I have information on this but it is so terrifying not many people are going to listen. That is what happened when I presented the Bennewitz material to the contactees. They didn't want to hear about anything negative. I want to know the truth of what is happening."

* * * * *

Federal waves jam garage doors

United Press International

LIVERMORE, Calif. — The federal government says it knows exactly why hundreds of automatic garage-door openers started jamming last Friday across a wide area of central Contra Costa County.

But the Federal Communications Commission refuses to say which agency is filling the air with radio signals that disrupt the openers, leading to speculation that a top-secret experiment is under way.

"We know it's a government agency, but we can't say which one," Tom Hora of the FCC said Tuesday.

Hora said the disruptions are temporary and are expected to stop about May 2.

Garage-door companies throughout Contra Costa County, northeast of San Francisco, have been flooded with hundreds of calls from puzzled homeowners

unable to get their doors to open.

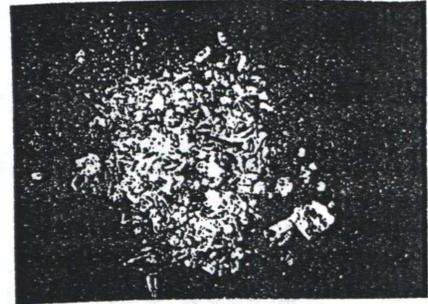
Residents soon developed theories. Perhaps it was sunspots or flares, an experiment by the CIA or the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, or the work of sinister UFOs.

Because automatic garage doors operate on radio frequencies, Brian Cross of Cross Overhead Door Co. in Hayward asked the FCC for explanation of his sudden increase in service calls.

Cross said the FCC told him that government transmissions from atop Mount Diablo were "saturating" some garage-door receivers.

Hora said anyone having trouble should have his system's frequency changed.

The public was not notified, he added, because garage-door openers are classified as "unprotected devices."



THE SHATTERED CUP

Navy admits beam foiled garage doors

LIVERMORE, Calif. — The Navy finally acknowledged Thursday that a makeshift satellite-communications hookup with a battleship had knocked out thousands of electronic garage-door openers in suburban cities.

The door openers went mysteriously "kaput" about two weeks ago. The cause was traced to powerful radio waves beamed off a satellite dish atop Mount Diablo to a ship tied up at Alameda Naval Air Station.

The Navy said it had turned to the satellite dish after the regular communications system went out of whack.

The Navy turned off the beams Thursday, and garage doors once again began working. 3-18-1989

D-18 Wed., March 29, '78 The Arizona Republic

'Signals from space' are traced to U.S. Navy

United Press International

EUGENE, Ore. — Eugene's mysterious, pulsating, high-powered radio signals are not coming from outer space, but are a "naval operation" in Alameda, Calif., a Federal Communications Commission official said Tuesday.

Richard Smith, assistant chief of the enforcement division of the FCC, said in Washington, D. C., "Frankly, I think it's much ado about nothing."

Marshall Van Ert, an industrial hygienist at the University of Oregon who was one of the original

investigators of the pulses in the Eugene area, said the signals caused his skin to turn red.

"On at least five occasions I have had to leave my apartment," Van Ert said. "The signal strength will begin to increase in intensity in the evening from 6 to 7 o'clock and continue through the night and into the morning until about 8 or 9 o'clock."

Smith said the FCC had determined the signal was emanating from a "naval operation" at the Alameda Naval Air Sta-

tion on San Francisco Bay but he did not know what the operation was.

"The data transmission is something that has been going on for some time," he said, "and there is nothing particularly mysterious about these radio signals that we can see."

Smith said that while he is not an expert on human reactions to radio waves, "we see nothing unique about the effects on humans, and there is no reason to believe these would cause any type of reaction."

Van Ert said his investigation began last October when he was asked to investigate a house in nearby Santa Clara, Ore.

"In the house I perceived a high-pitched, non-audible sensation that set up a ringing in my ears. It felt like a pressure around my head. I observed the chimes of the grandfather clock on the mantle and the rabbit

ear TV antenna vibrating."

Van Ert said he talked to about 25 other Eugene residents who reported experiencing physical reactions to low-level noises or vibrations.

The Oregon State Health Division said Tuesday that the matter had been turned over to the Federal Environmental Protection Agency.

ARE WE CRAZY OR WHAT?

On September 29, 1988 we all watched in awe as the Space Shuttle Discovery catapulted its way back into space. The Americans felt wonderful - all because the Shuttle remained in one piece. Their national pride was back in place.

In an article in the Arizona Republic dated September 30, 1988 Republic Columnist E. J. Montini writes a very thought provoking article about why we were so anxious to renew our shuttle flights into space.

The reason for this flight was to launch a \$100 million satellite but the main reason was because of our ego. Did you know that just this one flight cost American tax payers \$2.4 billion dollars? The satellite was for tracking and data-relay of the shuttle launches in the future.

As Joe Montini writes in his article, "In a way, that satellite symbolizes our view of space. We spend outrageous amounts of money and time to put people into orbit. Yet once they're in space, our primary goal is not to explore the wonders beyond our globe, but to look back at ourselves, to spy on each other, to plot ways to blow each other up. It's a galactic joke."

In the new book by Artur Berlet, "UFO Contact from Planet Acart", Acorc (the Acartian guide) tells Artur that their planet is becoming overpopulated. They have been posing new theories on what they can do to rectify the situation without committing mass genocide! The solution has come easily.

Acart has been observing every facet of planet Earth for many years. They understand man and his warlike ways. They know that sooner or later we will destroy ourselves. They are waiting for that day because then their solution will come to fruition. They will simply walk in and take over the planet without lifting a finger!

Some of you will question how will they do that with nuclear radiation being prevalent. A long time ago they invented a machine to neutralize all nuclear radiation turning the fallout into fertilizer for the soil and preserve what remains of the flora and fauna.

Recently I saw a broadcast on the "Showtime" television channel about the "Peace Walk" that took place in Russia. Americans and Russians were embracing each other at the end like long lost family and friends. The rock and roll bands from the Soviet Union were singing about how we are on the verge of destroying ourselves and that we must stop this craziness before it is too late. You wouldn't think that Russians, OF ALL PEOPLE, would sing songs like that, would you? They are just people, like us, who want to live in peace. If it were up to the common man we would be.

On the Planet Acart, many years ago, their planet was much like ours. They had greed, corruption, crime, selfishness, and MONEY. A scientist discovered solar power from the Sun. He was able to build what they call a neutralizer for protection from warlike alien races. With great wisdom he decided he would threaten the nations of Acart with this powerful weapon; that if they did not give up their borders, to become one planet (instead of country),

give up money and live on the same economic level he would blow them to kingdom come. Since 90% of the people were poor and without means they backed his plan. The ten percent affluent people had to go along with it or be overrun. This solved all their problems. No one was better than anyone else, no one had more than anyone else, and everything was provided by the government.

Unfortunately we haven't found a scientist of his caliber (with perhaps the exception of Tesla and look what we did to him!) that can make things right for our world. In the process we are hastily trying to end our planet through wars and the development of nuclear weapons so that a more peace loving society can come in and take over. Think about it. It is happening to us at this very moment. Think what you can do to make things turn around toward positiveness. Then do what you can through love to prevent someone taking over our beautiful planet Earth.

* * * * *



Classified Ads

Jorpah 1989 T-Shirts in a variety of shades. Beautiful UFO motif in black ink. \$10.00 each. The following colors and sizes are still available. Order while the supply lasts - first come first served.

- Fuchsia 3 medium - 1 large
- Lavender 1 large
- Pink 1 large
- Grape 1 large
- Yellow 1 large
- Sea foam 2 medium
- Turquoise 3 medium - 4 large
- Watermelon 1 large

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The following is taken from "Extraterrestrial Intervention: The Evidence by Jacques Bergier and the Editors of "Info".

THE MYSTERIOUS MOONSHAFT

Antonin T. Horak

If the "Prague spring" had continued, and if trips to Czechoslovakia had not become difficult and even dangerous, I would have done some on the spot research into this story.

This is the story of the discovery in October 1944, during the Czech resistance against the German invaders, of a cave in the form of a crescent-shaped shaft, seemingly of artificial origin. Czech friends have confirmed the basic facts of this story, which was made public in March 1965. Unfortunately they have other problems at this moment, and I can understand their position.

The riddle is as strange as it is fascinating. The work of extraterrestrial beings is the first explanation that comes to mind, and is the one I would prefer.

I hope that more detailed research using modern methods will one day bring us the truth about a mystery that is one of the most astonishing in this book and on this planet.

The following true adventure, related by a captain in the Slovak Uprising of World War II, transpired during October of 1944. Dr. Antonin T. Horak - now a linguist - has attempted for years to persuade speleologists to investigate what he considers one of the underworld's strangest mysteries - an ancient shaft he discovered in a dismal Czechoslovakian cave. The story is taken from a diary written on the scene and is reprinted from the March 1965 issue of NSS NEWS (National Speleological Society) by permission of the author. The cave in question is located near the villages of Plavince and Lubocna, at about 49.2 degrees north, 20.7 degrees east - Ronald Calais (contributor of the diary).

October 23, 1944. Early yesterday, Sunday, October 22, Slavek found us in a trench and hid us in this grotto. Today at nightfall, he and his daughter Hanka came with food and medicine. We had not eaten since Friday, and all we had had before, during the last two battles, was maize bread and not enough of that. Our commissary had been on its last legs anyway; the supply carriers had been dispersed by confusion and the enemy.

Saturday afternoon, the remnants of our battalion (184 men and officers, a quarter wounded, 16 stretcher cases) were retreating through the snow of the north slope. My company was the rear guard. At dawn Sunday, two 70mm. guns opened up at us from close range - about 300 meters. Having held our position for 12 hours. I ordered a gradual breakup of the skirmish and a slip-off. But in our left trench, someone became careless, and that drew two direct hits - shells, two wounded. Arriving there, I bumped into the enemy, caught a bayonet and bullet with my left palm and a blow on the head, which put me out. Without my fur cap, it might have been fractured.

I came to when someone was pulling me from the trench, a tall peasant. He packed snow on my hand and head, and grinned. Then this rough and ready Samaritan grabbed Jurek, stripped off his pants, yanked a long silver of steel from his thigh, and planted him bare-bottomed and gasping into a heap of snow. Martin, with a slash across and into his belly, was tenderly bandaged. Building a stretcher, the peasant introduced himself as Slavek, a sheepman, owner of the pastures hereabouts. With Slavek hauling and guiding, it took us four hours to reach this cranny.

Slavek moved rocks in the cranny and opened a low cleft, the entrance to this roomy grotto. Placing Martin in a niche, we were astonished to see Slavek become ceremonious; he crossed himself, each of us, the grotto, and, with a deep bow, its back wall, where a hole came to my attention.

About to leave us, Slavek went through the same holy rites, and begged me not to go further into his cave. I accompanied him to fetch pine boughs, and he told me that only once, with his father and grandfather, had he been in this cave; that it was a huge maze, full of pits which they never wanted to fathom, pockets of poisonous air, and "certainly haunted." I was back in the grotto with my men at about midnight, exhausted, head very painful, soothed it with snow. Martin was unconscious, Jurek feverish. For breakfast-lunch-dinner, he and I had hot water, and, thank God, I had my pipe. I placed warm stones around Martin, and Jurek got the first watch.

Miserable night, Martin at times conscious; I gave him three aspirins and hot water to sip with drops of Stivovitz (Eds. Note: brandy). Jurek hobbled hungrily around the two German helmets in which he boiled water to which I added ten drops of Stivovitz, our breakfast. With this deluge of snow, avalanches imminent, and enemy skiers roaming, Slavek may not be able to get through to us with food for days to come. And neither should I try hunting and track up the landscape while I have two immobilized men on my hands. But here we have this cave which Slavek knows only partially; it may have more than this known entrance, and it may contain hibernating animals. These possibilities I mulled over while Jurek was chewing pine bark, and, as expected, he implored me to go poaching into Slavek's cave and promised to keep mum. And I was not only starved but equally eager to find out what makes self-assured Slavek scared enough to involve the deities. I started my cave tour with rifle, lantern, torches, pick. After a not too devious nor dangerous walk and some squeezings, always taking the easiest and marking side passages, I came, after about 1 1/2 hours into a long, level passage, and at its end upon a barrel-sized hole.

Crawling through and still kneeling, I froze in amazement - there stands something like a large, black silo, framed in white. Regaining breath, I thought that this is a bizarre, natural wall of curtain of black salt, or ice, or lava. But I became perplexed, then awestruck, when I saw that it is a glass-smooth flank of a seemingly man-made structure which reaches into the rocks on all sides. Beautifully, cylindrically curved it indicates a huge body with a diameter of about 25 meters. Where this structure and the rocks meet, large stalagmites and

stalactites form that glittering white frame. The wall is uniformly blue-blackish, its material seems to combine properties of steel, flint, rubber - the pick made no marks and bounced off vigorously. Even the thought of a tower-sized artifact, embedded in the middle of an obscure mountain, in a wild region where not even legend knows about ruins, mining, industry, overgrown with age-old cave deposits, is bewildering - the fact is appalling.

Not immediately discernible, a crack in the wall appears from below, about 20 to 25 cm. wide, tapers off and disappears into the cave's ceiling, 2 to 5 cm. wide. Its insides, right and left, are pitch black and have fist-sized sharp valleys and crests. The crack's bottom is a rather smooth trough of yellow sandstone, and drops very steeply (about 60 degrees) into the wall. I threw a lighted torch through; it fell and extinguished with loud cracklings and hissings as if a white hot ploughshare were dropped into a bucket.

Driven to explore, and believing myself thin enough to get through this upside-down keyhole, I went in. Wriggling sideways, injured hand and head below and steeply downward, nearly standing on my head, cramped, though my right arm with the lamp could move in the extended crack above me, the crush got the better of me and I had to get out, back, quickly. And that became a struggle. When out and breath regained, I was too fascinated by the whole riddle and determined to get at it. For the day I had had enough and had to think about tactics.

I was in camp about 4:00 p.m. Jurek had washed Martin, kept him between warm stones, and I gave him three aspirins and hot water with Silvovitz to sip. I explained to Jurek that the hunt in the cave requires much smoke, poles, and a rope. Thank God, Slavek and Hanka did come with provisions. When they left, I accompanied them to fetch torch boughs, was back in camp about 2:00 a.m., dead tired, but finally we had eaten - Jurek too much - and I got the second watch.

October 24, 1944. Peaceful night; Martin supped fever-tea with honey; hope we can pull him through. Jurek's posterior is not even swollen, but my head still is. I cut our belts, braided eight meters of solid rope. At 10:00 a.m. was at the wall, anchored the rope over a stock across the crack, and keeping it slung over my shoulder, forced myself again into the grim maw. Like yesterday, the lamp, this time carbide, was on a stick ahead within the jaw above. When it came through and down, it swung freely over some void into which I could not see and there was again rushing as if from agitated waters. And, unable to turn, I feared a water-filled pit ahead and to end in it -- literally -- in a headstand.

I wriggled upward, back again; my clothes caught on the protrusions, descended on my shoulders and head, and formed a plug. The resulting struggle nearly caused me to be burned alive. When out and on my feet, I was shaking from exhaustion, and had lurid visions.

There were no loose stones about the wall, and so I hacked stalagmites into short rolls and bowled them down through the crack. They rolled on, causing enormous echoes, and knocked to a standstill, indicating a solid floor and room to turn. I

launched the unlit torches after the stones, undressed, keeping the shirt only, and went after the stones and torches. Already acquainted with the meanest fangs in the crack, I came through with only a few cuts, dropped a little, rolled down an incline and was stopped by a wall which felt familiar, satiny smooth like the front wall.

My lamp was still burning next to me, but there were confusing sounds. Lighting some torches, I saw that I was in a spacious, curved, black shaft formed by cliff-like walls which intersect and form a crescent-shaped, nearly vertical tunnel, rather, shaft. I cannot describe the somberness and the endless whisperings, rustlings, and roaring sounds, abnormal echoes from my breathing and movements. The floor is the incline over which I rolled in, a solid lime "pavement".

All the lights together did not reach the ceiling or where these walls end or meet. The horizontal distance between the apexes of the concave backside of the front wall and the convex back wall is about eight meters; along the curve of the back wall is about 25 meters. To explore further I needed more light and my pick, which does not fit through the crack and must be taken apart.

I left jubilant, in a sort of enchantment mixed with determination to explore this large structure, which I believe is unique, singular.

This time with my head up, with no clothes to ensnare and burn me, I was through the crack fairly unscathed, dressed, smoked a pipe, and was underway to my men. I tried to catch some bats, but caught none. Jurek was boiling potatoes and mutton and therefore inclined to excuse my bad huntsmanship; he even appreciated its hardships when he had to grease the scratches on my back and mend my shirt.

Martin had a crumb of bread with honeyed fever-tea. After 6:00 p.m., I went for a new load of torches, was back at about 10:00 p.m. Jurek got both watches.

October 25, 1944. We had a good night. Martin seems to mend. Am glad that Jurek's thigh is not yet well enough for him to want to go with me poaching for bats. It is better that he knows nothing about the cave's secret.

I went directly to the wall, undressed like yesterday, smeared mutton fat over me, slid my things through the crack, and went in, feet first. Extending the carbide lamp upon a double pole, with four torches burning, still the upper ends of the cliffs remained in the dark. I fired two bullets up, parallel to the walls. The reports caused roars as from an express train, but no impact was visible. Then I fired a bullet on each wall, aiming some 15 meters upward from me, got large blue-green sparks and such a sound that I had to hold my ears between my knees, and flames danced wildly.

Assembling the pick caused more uproars. I probed the "pavement," and started digging where the lime is thin, in the horns of the crescent. At right is dry loam; at left I came, at about half a meter, upon a pocket of enamel from the teeth of some large animal; took one canine and one molar, replaced the rest. Digging on nearby, the back wall has, at about 1 1/2

meters below the pavement, a vertical, finely fluted, undulating pattern (R.C.: This has been suggested as an indication of machinery). It seemed warmer than the smooth surface. I tried with lip and ear, and believe the impression is correct. In the middle, the pavement is too thick for a trenchpick.

When the torches were extinguished, and I was in a freezing sweat, I left the "moonshaft," dressed and went where the bats are, and bagged seven. Jurek stuffed them with bread and herbs and they became exquisite "pigeons."

Slavek and Olga, his other daughter, came about dusk with hay, straw, a sheep's fleece, more medicinal herbs - self-heal and stonecrop - and seeds from the iris, an excellent coffee substitute. I accompanied him, fetched nine torches, two long poles, and was back about midnight. Martin got the last aspirins, honey-water; and Jurek both watches.

October 26, 1944. It was a good night. I went into the "moonshaft" to continue experimenting. On my longest assembly of poles the carbide lamp did not light the upper ends of these cliffs. I fired above the lighted areas; the bullets struck huge sparks and made deafening echoes. Then horizontally at the back wall with similar effects - sparks, roaring, no splinters, but a half-finger-long welt which gave a pungent smell. After that I continued in my digging in the left moon horn and saw that the wavy pattern extends downward; but in the right horn, I found no such pattern.

I left the moonshaft to probe the front wall and its surroundings. Next to the stalactites are some enamel-like flecks which, scraped, yield a powder too fine to be collected without glue, which I will try to boil from our "pigeons'" claws. I wished to obtain a sample of the peculiar material of the walls, but even firing two bullets into the crack, upon the protrusions and hitting them, I received only ricochets, a blast of thunder, welts, and the same pungent smell.

Returning to camp I caught some bats and we again had "pigeons." I ordered Jurek to carefully remove any trace of them, and kept the claws. The Slaveks arrived as usual at nightfall bringing this time a quarter of a deer, 1/2 kilogram of salt, and a tin of carbide. Jurek took both watches.

October 27, 1944. Martin died, slept into death. Jurek knows his kin, took charge of his belongings, including his wallet with 643 crowns, watch with chain, and my certificate. Now we are free and ready to leave and rejoin our battalion which is somewhere east of Kosice. With his stick Jurek can march some ten kilometers daily, and we have to move carefully anyway. We will start tomorrow.

At 10:00 a.m. I was in the cave probing passages for a way around behind the "moonshaft"; looked also for ice and poisonous air about which Slavek had spoken, and found none, though there may be some. Then I slipped into the "moonshaft" to sketch, dig, and ponder, and returned to camp at about 4:00 p.m. I ordered Jurek to prepare our packs, clean the weapons, boil food for seven days, and have ready what we will not need to be returned to the Slaveks. He and both girls, as if the family had sensed that Martin died, came, and we carried him into the dwarf pines

to the trench where he had received his mortal wound, took turns to dig his grave, prayed, and buried him in a blanket.

October 28, 1944. Restful night, good breakfast. Cut my name, etc., on a leather strip, and together with the golden back of my watch rolled and inserted both engravings into a glass bottle, plugged it with a pebble and a ball of clay mixed with charcoal, and deposited this record in the "moonshaft" on top of the ashes of my torches. It may stay there for a long time, possibly until the structure is completely hidden behind its curtain of stalactites and stalagmites. Slavek has no son to tell about his cave-mystery; his womenfolk don't know about it, and anyway daughters usually marry to other villages. In a few decades nobody will know, if I do not come back and have the structure explored.

I sat there by my fire speculating: What is this structure, with walls two meters thick and a shape that I cannot imagine of any purpose known nowadays: How far does it reach into the rocks? Is there more behind the "moonshaft"? Which incident or who put it into this mountain? Is it a fossilized man-made object? Is there truth in legends, like Plato's, about long lost civilizations with magic technologies which our rationale cannot grasp nor believe?

I am a sober, academically trained person but must admit that there, between those black, satiny, mathematically-curved cliffs I do feel as if in the grip of an exceedingly strange and grim power. I can understand that simple but intelligent and practical men like Slavek and his forebears sense here witchery, conceal it, and also fear that if the existence of this "moonshaft" is ever made known, it would attract armies of tourists, and all the commotion, tunneling and blasting, hotels and commercialization which would probably ruin their nature bound trade and honest life.

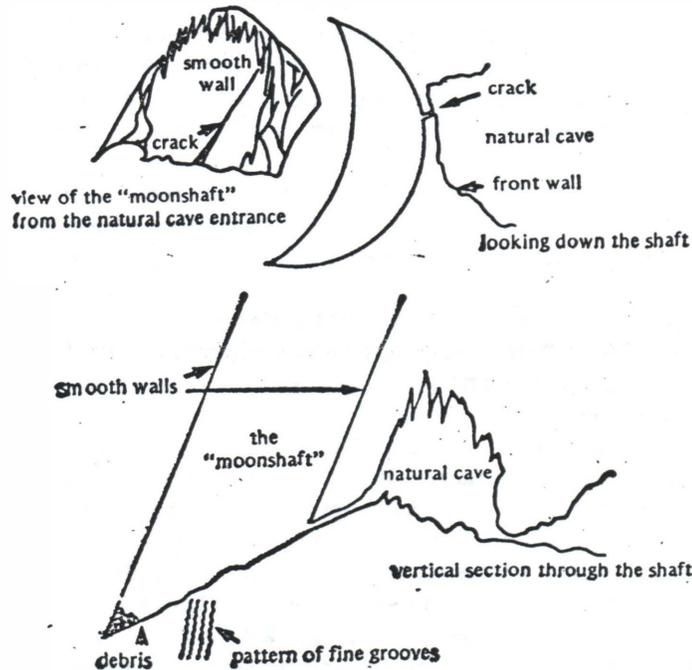
On my way back to camp I burrowed and hid the crawl holes which lead towards the wall; the cave may have entrances which Slavek does not know, and some chance discoverer may start blasting "for treasure" before a scientific team can get there. I was in camp after 3:00 p.m., and about 5:00 all three Slaveks arrived, bringing some hardboiled eggs.

With the hearty Slovak handshakes, we shouldered our weapons and packs and went. When we entered the pines and turned, we saw Slavek concealing his cave and the girls sweeping away our tracks. The moon was bright and the snow glittered.

In the very last days of World War II, on my way towards Bohemia, I revisited the place. The Slaveks lived temporarily at Zdar. I visited Martin's grave and looked at the cave entrance. I had taken the animal teeth I had collected to the curator of paleontology at Úzhorod, and he classified them as adult cave bear, *Ursus spaeleus*. Thereupon I speculated; the crack is too small; the lump of limestone and stalagmites in front of the crack would not let any debris through; this bear seems to have fallen into the "moonshaft," which may have had a connection to the surface.

On my last visit to the place, I examined the mountainside above the cave and found no sinkholes or pits, the assumed connections toward the "moonshaft." But on these steep slopes in the Tatra Mountains, rockslides could have obliterated or filled in any such connections.

* * * * *



Schematic representation of the mysterious moonshaft.

Boeing News

Boeing, Lockheed team competing for 'space lifeboat' design contract

Boeing Aerospace & Electronics is teaming with Lockheed Missiles & Space Company of California to pursue NASA contracts for the development of an emergency vehicle that could bring astronauts back to Earth safely from an orbiting space station.

The two companies initially will compete as a team for an 18-month preliminary design study contract for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's proposed Crew Emergency Return Vehicle

(CERV).

This "space lifeboat" will be designed to return astronauts from NASA's Space Station Freedom in three emergency situations defined by NASA: an astronaut needing hospitalization within 24 hours, a failure on the space station requiring immediate evacuation, or interruption of shuttle launches preventing the resupply of life-support needs for the astronauts.

NASA intends to deploy the space station in permanent orbit around

Earth in the mid-1990s.

Boeing currently is at work in Huntsville, Ala., under a NASA contract building the station's living and working quarters. NASA considers the station an important national laboratory in space.

Once Freedom becomes permanently occupied by up to eight astronauts, some means of evacuating the crew quickly will be needed in case of emergency.

"The space shuttle will visit Space Station Freedom about five times a

year to exchange crews and deliver supplies," said Dan Gregory, space transportation product development manager at Boeing Aerospace & Electronics.

"But while the shuttle is not at the station, and a need arises — such as an illness requiring emergency surgery — the CERV could return one or more astronauts to Earth.

"In the proposal, Boeing will work on elements such as the electronics and the primary structure," Gregory said.

"The electronics are important and challenging, since CERV must be ready at all times, must work reliably, and must require only minimum inputs from the passengers."

DEAR AILEEN

To the Readers of The Missing Link:

I think I'll start this off by introducing myself to the readers. My name is Jason Hooten and I am 16 years old. I know I am not very old but I can safely say that I have been interested in UFOs and abductions ever since I was old enough to try and understand life around me.

I saw my "first" UFO at the age of six while I was on a camping trip with my parents. I pointed to the sky and said, "Look, Mom Aliens!" Ever since then my attention has been directed to the stars.

It was just this year that my interest, shall we say exploded. I was walking down the aisle at my local bookstore when the cover of Communion jumped out and got my attention. Well needless to say I bought that book and every one since then about UFOs and abductions.

I also started writing to people to get information and their comments. That's how I met Aileen. She has been one of the most helpful of all the people I wrote to. She has enlightened me through her words of knowledge. She even made me an Associate Director of the UFOCCI. I was very thrilled and grateful for that. I feel very strongly I should be involved with UFOlogy. I was planning on going to Jorpan this year. I wanted to go so badly but when you are only 16 and making minimum wage it's really hard to raise the \$300.00 needed for a plane ticket to Seattle. I suppose there's always next year. I will be so excited when that time comes that I meet Aileen and the others who devote themselves and their time to the fitting of the pieces of the biggest jigsaw puzzle in the universe.

I have reason to believe I was a, or still am a contact. I have had many dreams of the greys and the more human race contacting me. I can't say abduct because in my dreams I always go on my own free will. Anyway after each dream I feel like I lost my best friend. I hope I am a contact, but if I'm not I want to help those who are to realize it.

I was hoping to meet new people by going to Jorpan but unfortunately that will not happen so I am asking the readers to please write me. I welcome any and all letters. I want to hear your comments, stories, and feelings.

I hope those of you who are suffering through your experience will be relieved of your strain. I can only sympathize. I know that isn't enough, but it's all I can do. Just try and remember you are not alone. There are people who will help you through your experience. And when you get to the end of your tunnel you will be a stronger and better person..... Sincerely, Jason Hooten, Associate Director, 525 Ave. D, Ft. Madison, IA. 52627...

Editor's Comment: Jason Hooten could be an example for the nation's youth. If they were like him we would have nothing to worry about. Jason has sent me drawings of his encounters with an alien. Without hypnosis I still would venture to say that he definitely is an abductee. He displays the sensitivity so many develop after contact. Keep in mind this young man's name, you will hear more about him in the future.

Dear Alleen and Gerald:

I'm still having trouble "coming down" from the high of JORPAH! I guess, in reality, I don't want to - who wants to think about everyday, mundane subjects when there are far more important, exciting things to occupy one's mind?

This was the third JORPAH for my friend, Dorothy B_____, and myself and, although the last two were great, this one far surpassed them! The spell-binding speeches of all the guests were excellent and surely gave us all something to ponder over and investigate in the months to come. Talk about variety! So many different topics were brought up it's hard to remember them all! Each one was as engrossing as the previous one (there were no weak spots or speakers). We all came away with lists of things to look up - books to buy! For instance, I've ordered a book Gary (from Canada) suggested I read, called "Holy Blood, Holy Grail" - it sounds fascinating. The list goes on and on!

The icing on the cake, of course, was being asked to attend your SURPRISE wedding! It was a real joy for all of us to share your happiness.

The foremost aspect of *this* JORPAH, I think, was the love and friendship we experienced - the brotherhood. It seemed easier to become involved in things. This could be because we are getting to know each other a bit better, but I feel it definitely helped to be in a place like the Aloha where a "closeness" was easier to come by. If a person didn't get involved in the discussions etc. it was by choice really, because the opportunity was there for everyone!

I am visualizing health for Helene Charbonneau - she has certainly had her share of problems and it's time for life to treat her better!

For you two, of course, a world full of love and wonder! If you do have JORPAH in Arizona we will try to make it but even if we can't, believe me, we'll be there in spirit!

Love... Betty Berentson

Editor's Note: Betty I couldn't resist sharing your positive letter and greetings with everyone. I wish everyone felt like you do and it would be a wonderful world. Thank you for sharing your feelings.

* * * * *

OUTSTANDING ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR FOR THE YEAR

JAMES C. VAN AVERY, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

This year's award went to a very deserving individual. Jim Van Avery deserves recognition for his contribution to the UFOCCI.

Jim is a Digital Design Electronic Engineer at the Boeing Company in Seattle, Washington. His forte, however, is "Future Memory." Jim spoke at the Parapsychology conference in Boulder, Colorado last June on his research into future memory. He was so well received that Phyllis Atwater asked permission to include his dissertation in her next book.

He has helped the UFOCCI in many ways; those include: taping numerous videos, cassettes, transporting members, designing items for various activities of the UFOCCI.

Jim has also performed as Master of Ceremonies at Jorpah, and on several television shows we produced in Seattle.

It is with pride that we award the beautiful leather portfolio with the inscription "To the Outstanding Associate Director - Jorpah 1989 - James C. Van Avery."

* * *

From an anonymous subscriber:

All of us are of this planet - no matter what past life we lived or if we are a walk-in. We are of Earth and are here to help or learn in whatever manner is best for us. There is no one above or below another, because we are all equal.

We are all in need of opening our minds and hearts to each other instead of judging. We need no one to lead us astray because we are doing it to ourselves.

All groups, organizations and people are trying to be ones who are right. Each is right in their own way. We are building walls between ourselves; the abductees, contactees, etc. The walls need to come down.

We are all on our paths of learning. What might be correct for one will not be correct for another. We must learn in the best way for us; it doesn't matter if anyone else accepts it. It is for us to open our hearts and minds and accept the other person's ways.

No matter how any of us were treated, we all need each other; to learn and help mend the hardships along the way.

It does not matter what space being is teaching who; where they are from, or what they look like. As long as that person feels at ease and is learning is all that matters. We are judging what others are learning - this is not for us to do. What can be good for one can be bad for another.

The building of walls and judging have to end. We all need each other - just not in our groups, cities, state, etc. but all over this Earth.

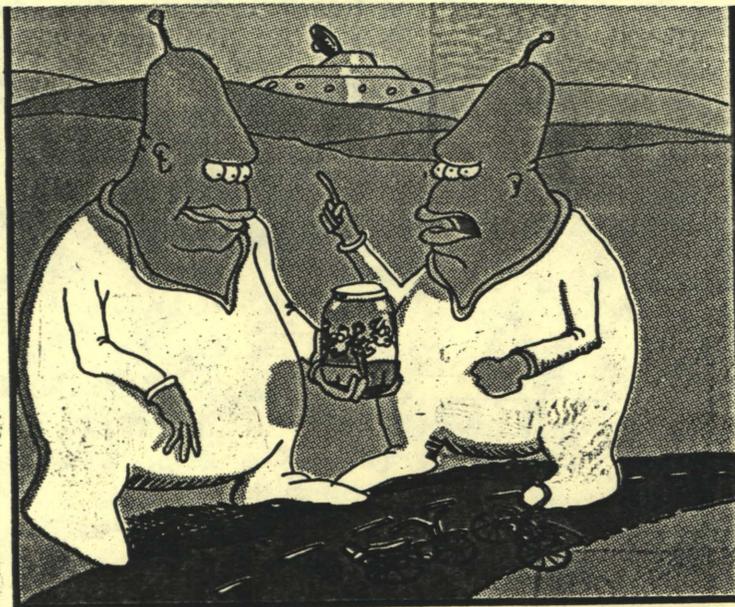
We are all family on this earth, we must start to realize this and learn from each other. Push our differences aside - join each other and find ourselves.

The people of this planet; all of us who are the contactees, abductees, need to start reaching each other - through writing, talking; we must understand each other. We cannot afford to be pulled apart by our misunderstandings.

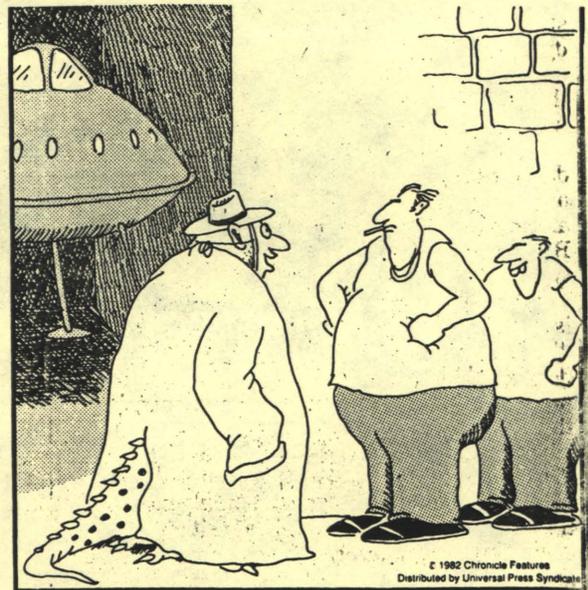
No one can be sure of anything, but to learn we must go on; then again we must remember, we all need each other. We are family. As they say, "Divided we fall, together we stand."

* * * * *

(Editor's note: No, I did not say the above but it is worth saying to remind us of our purpose.)



"Now don't forget, Gorok! ... THIS time punch some holes in the lid!"



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"Why ... yes ... thank ... you ... I ... would ...
like ... a ... knuckle ... sandwich."

Space music concert draws UFO visitors

A CONCERT of UFO music attracted some surprise guests — an actual fleet of ships from outer space!

The four spaceships dropped by to attend a concert of flying saucer sounds recorded by renowned UFO-ologist and former NASA scientist Dr Fred Bell.

Some 600 astonished concertgoers received the shock of their lives when the fleet suddenly appeared outside the concert hall, in Murnau, Germany, and hovered in the early evening sky.

Concert producer Michael Hesemann said: "I could see the flying saucers, which were about 21 feet across, appear one at a time through the windows of the concert hall. The entire crowd gasped and about 30 people ran outside."

Added concert hostess Frauke Plog: "It was ab-

By LINDA DECKER

solutely astounding! The spacecraft were only 50 feet away, and I could feel gentle waves of energy flowing over me, which caused a cut on my hand to heal instantly.

"Several other people and myself were signaling the ETs to land, but after about 10 minutes, the four spacecraft suddenly lifted straight up and dashed across the sky. They were gone in seconds.

"Six Air Force jets came screaming out of

nowhere, passing over the place where the UFOs had hovered. The jets turned around and zoomed off, chasing the UFOs until they disappeared. And the police cordoned off the entire town and checked everybody, looking for any extraterrestrial visitors."

Bell believes the UFOs were drawn by his new musical release, Fellowship: The Sound, which contains real flying saucer sounds that he recorded.

He told the EXAMIN-

ER: "This concert was the first time I ever had played Fellowship: The Sound through the Fire Star Orb equipment, which has an effect like a negative ion generator. The combination created a frequency which is similar to that of the Pleaidian UFO flying saucers."

Bell, who has successfully passed rigorous lie detector tests regarding his contacts with ETs, said other concerts where he has performed have had the same UFO visitations.



SPACESHIP SIGHTED outside the concert hall.



DR FRED BELL plays music to attract UFOs.

Last month we printed the Semjase Silver Star letter concerning Dr. Fred Bell. To be fair we are printing an opposite article this month. It was sent in by Dr. Stephen Kurzweil. He would like to know where one can purchase a copy of Dr. Bell's music. If anyone knows send it in and we will print it.