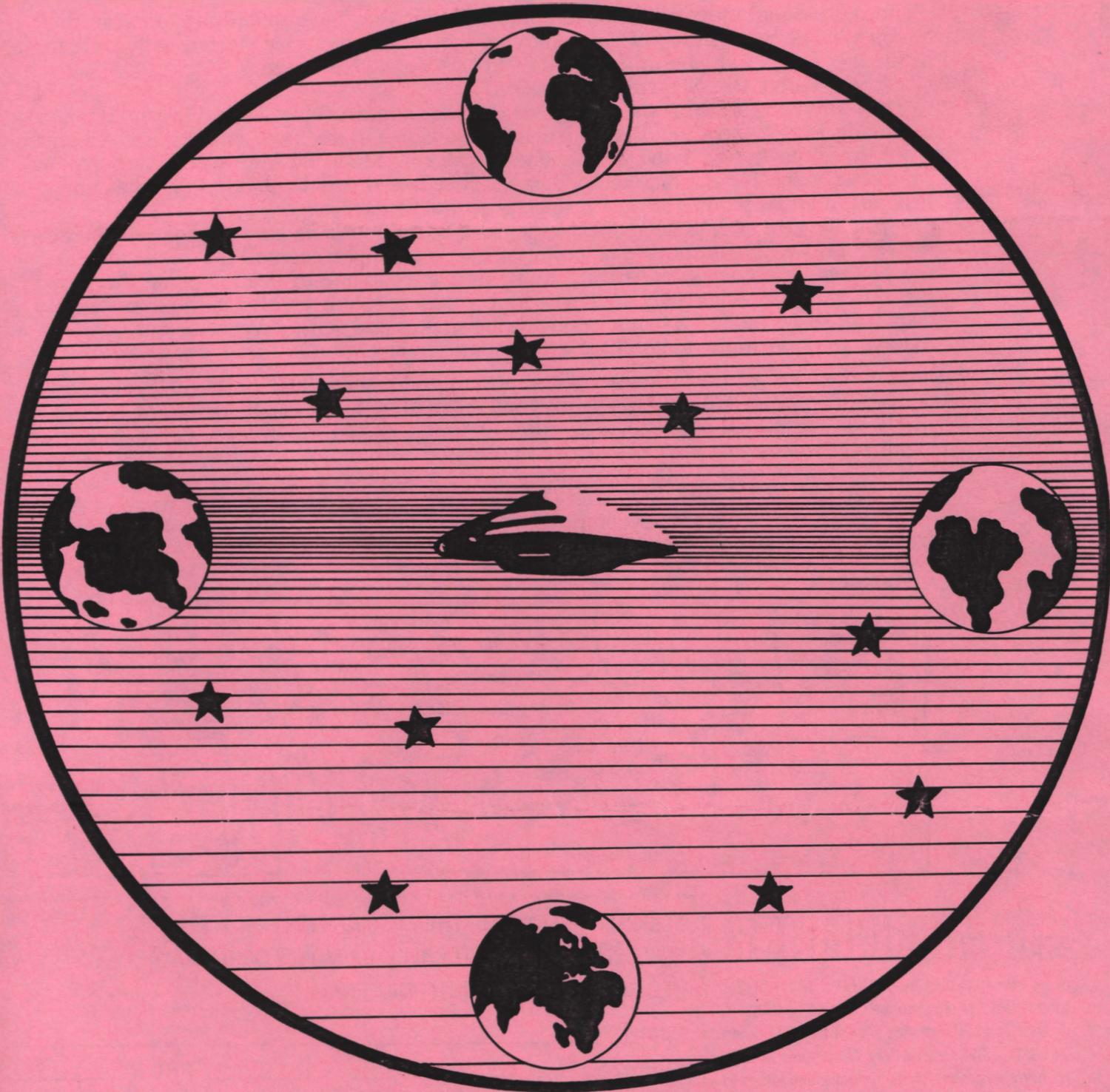


★ THE MISSING LINK ★

NUMBER 91 MAY 1990



Cover drawn by Val Powers, Burnaby, B.C., Canada

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

REPORT FROM S.W. HEADQUARTERS

Bagdad, Arizona
By Marge Savage

We had a wonderful meeting in Bagdad Community Center for UFO enthusiasts. The meeting started early - about 6:00 p.m. and several persons brought food. We enjoyed finger sandwiches, chips and dip, coffee and punch.

The people feel more relaxed and comfortable if they have something to eat in their hands. As we were sitting around enjoying the refreshments we started with a video of the talk John Lear gave on July 3, 1989 at Las Vegas, Nevada.

After the video there was some discussion.

That followed with a speaker guest by the name of Medicine Grizzly Bear, a Medicine Man from Chandler, Arizona. Medicine Grizzly Bear is a Native American from the Pima Indian Tribe. He is one of the few Medicine Men who was born as a Medicine Man. He is a man of wide experience and is widely traveled. He has taught his craft in White schools as well as the traditional Indian Lodges.

During his visit with us he showed us a great Buffalo hide he used to make medicine on. He also willingly showed us pipes he had made from sacred Pipe Stone used in the healing ceremonies. Also demonstrated a technique of healing using the pipe for this purpose on a lady that suffered a leg problem involving the blood. He displayed some beautiful leather pouches he makes and sells. Everyone was thrilled to have an opportunity to purchase an authentic Indian pouch. There was a variety of Indian pouches to select from. They are used to keep their herbs or rocks and crystals in and they are far more lovely than a "plastic zip lock bag."

All that attended this meeting want to thank you - Medicine Grizzly Bear for imparting and sharing your knowledge, music and culture with us. Just as our Indian Friends have learned of the White Man's ways - it was a pleasure to learn many things from our Indian Friend - Medicine Grizzly Bear. Come back and visit us soon. We thank you for that "warm evening" we had the pleasure to share with you. Was it drums or was it all our beating hearts in love and harmony???

* * * * *

MISTER BOFFO

Joe Martin



★ THE MISSING LINK ★

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VACATION, MAY 1990
By Gerald Bringle, Director

Aileen arrived in Phoenix on May 3 at 9:00 p.m. from Seattle. I was there to greet her for a glorious reunion.

From the airport we traveled to Chandler, Arizona - about 20 miles from the airport. We stayed all night at the "Aloha Motel" in Chandler. I thought that was fun because when we had Jorpah in Seattle, September 1989, it was held at the Aloha Inn, exactly eight months ago to the day!

Friday, May 4, we were up early in the morning anxious to get on the way on our trip. We had a friend, Grizzly Bear, who is a Pima Indian medicine man. We went by where Medicine Grizzly Bear lived to pick him up for breakfast. He gave Aileen a beautiful elk skin medicine leather pouch. He also gave us each a medicine ball he made.

While we were in Chandler we drove out to the Chandler airport to see the "UFO" someone has been building for the last 8 years. It was meant for advertising purposes but "never has got off the ground" per se'.

After leaving Chandler we drove out through Fountain Hills where Betty and Paris Colorado live. Paris is a contactee. Paris and Betty took us to the swanky Scottsdale Convention Center for lunch. What a contrast! From having breakfast with a medicine man in the morning to rubbing elbows with the very affluent for lunch!

From Fountain Hills we drove up the Bee Line Highway to Payson, Arizona and stayed at the Payson Lodge. They had a jacuzzi. Of course, we wanted to take advantage of the jacuzzi and swimming pool as a means of relaxing and induce a feeling of euphoria. Saturday, May 5, Swap Meet Day. We couldn't let the day slip by without a swap meet. We drove from Payson to Strawberry, down the historic Zane Gray Highway to the swap meet in Old Camp Verde. We have a friend, Ed Sutherland from Bagdad, who was attending the swap meet. We had a wonderful reunion.

From the swap meet we went to visit the ancient ruins of Montezuma's Well. Wow! What an experience. The water in this ancient pool never varies - yet a million and a half gallons of water flow from the well. The Sinagua Indian Tribe of long ago used the water from this well to irrigate their crops. We put our feet into the water that flowed from the well. It was so invigorating. The water way was framed in yellow columbine flowers and Sycamore trees. When we left we took a bottle of this "holy" water that comes from deep inside the earth with us to drink.

We stayed overnight at the Chaparral Motel in Camp Verde.

The next morning we drove to Cottonwood where we met a very unusual person - Dave Hart - at the Yogurt Shop. We feel he may be a contactee. We meet a lot of contactees by casual manner.

From the yogurt shop we went to visit the ancient Indian ruins of Tuzigoot, which means "crooked river". There was an excellent museum and we learned so much about the ancient cultures that lived in this area so long ago.

We stayed in the "View" motel in Cottonwood. From there we drove to Sedona.

In Sedona we met Tom Dongo, a new Associate Director, at the "Eye of the Vortex" book store. There was a lot to talk about: his new book, about the people he knows who have had UFO experiences, and all the things that are happening in the Sedona area. He said there are a lot of people in the Sedona area who have had abduction experiences. After talking with Tom we drove over to Roger and Karen LaChance's home to meet with Annie and Bill Cooper from California. We had a great time visiting with them.

I had an impression we needed to leave there and drive to a coffee shop in down town Sedona. When we parked at the coffee shop Aileen saw a Volkswagen van she said looked like Fred and Shirle' Carsh's van. I couldn't believe it. I thought they were in Canada. So I went for coffee while Aileen went to check it out. Sure enough it was Shirle' and Fred. We had a wonderful reunion with them. We left them and went to the "Eye of the Vortex" bookstore because we were speaking there that night. We had a wonderful reception,. We made a lot of new friends. What a fantastic get together. Afterwards Shirle', Fred, Aileen and myself went for ice cream.

Afterwards we drove back to the View motel in Cottonwood.

Before we left Sedona the next day we visited Gene Falk who makes the most unusual meditation videos we had ever seen. We will be handling his tapes in the near future.

Next morning, May 7, we stopped by to pickup Fred and Shirle then went to breakfast with Tom and Kalita, Tom O'Donnell and later Bill and Annie Cooper came into the restaurant. We took in a few sights before heading up north.

We did stop in Flagstaff to visit with our friend Ray Jordan who volunteered to be an Associate Director in Flagstaff. We had a wonderful visit. Then we were off to Holbrook where we stayed over.

The next morning we took a tour of the petrified forest. We were really amazed at all the different formations we saw. Then off to Aztec, New Mexico through Gallup and Ship Rock. We stayed with Ken Fraley in Aztec, a UFO researcher in that area. The next morning he took us up into Hartz Canyon where two UFOs had crashed in the late 40s.

Ken also served as our guide when we went to the Aztec Ruins National Monument where the Great Kiva is located. We learned a lot about the area through Ken Fraley.

He said there is a strip of land that stretches from Cedar Edge, Colorado where there is an extremely large anthracite coal deposit all the way to Silver City, New Mexico, where there is the largest silver deposit in the part of the country. It would be like the "yin" - black and "yang" - white. In the area between Cedar Edge and Silver City is the only place where the "Tree of the Half Moon", Navajo Willow grows. Aztec that lies midway between these locations would be like the heart chakra of the United States. The Great Kiva would be the very center of the geographical center of the United States. One of the rivers that flow through the valley is called the "Animus River", river of lost souls.

One unusual person we met at Aztec, N.M. is Mary Ellen Masters from Blyn, Washington. We had to go all the way to Aztec, N.M. to meet a kindred spirit from Washington! We enjoyed Mary Ellen's piano music. She is a virtuoso! Her daughter Martha and husband Dwayne were also interested in UFOs. We hated to leave them.

Thursday, May 10, we were able to take a wonderful trip to Durango to see Tom Courtney, a contactee. We had a wonderful visit with Tom and he recounted many wonderful contact experiences. Tom is really a great person. We really enjoyed visiting with Tom. We really liked Durango. It was quite a contrast from the semi-arid country of New Mexico.

Friday, May 11, was the "Big Day.!" This was the day of the wedding and this is what had drawn us to the New Mexico location.

Pat and Judy O'Connell had come from Germantown, Maryland just to get married in the Great Kiva at the Aztec Ruins National Monument. Pat is an Associate Director. The wedding was at ten o'clock at night. This was a very unusual wedding. It went very smooth. They patterned their ceremony after traditional Native American fashion.

The next day we had to leave Aztec for Arizona. We took the long way around; sort of a sight seeing tour through the "Four Corners", then to Chinle so we could take a tour of Canyon De Chelly. This is really a fantastic area. The geological features of this region is like no place I have seen. We spent a lot of time there seeing all the National Park, taking pictures and seeing the ruins of the ancient Indian people.

We drove from Canyon De Chelly National Monument to Keams Canyon Hopi Indian Reservation and stayed overnight. The next morning was Mother's Day. We had a special treat on that day. We went to Shongopavi to see the Hopi traditional "rain dance". They were celebrating Mother Earth Day. They were planting their corn and now they were doing the rain dance to pray for rain. The dancers were dressed in traditional Indian costumes - in this case called the Comanche Kachina dress.

We then drove from Shongopavi across Highway 264 to the Hopi Indian village of Mishongnovi which is close to the famous old village of Walpi. It was like attending one dance, then going across the street to see a corn dance.

At Mishongnovi there were the Corn Dancer Kachinas and the Mud Head clown Kachinas. Just as we got there the dancers were going to lunch so we didn't get to see their dance. When the dancers leave the dance arena and go to the place where they eat the women of the village follow them all in single file fashion with huge baskets of food for the dancers. It really is a festive occasion - sort of like a glorified pot luck.

It was really interesting to see how they had incorporated modern day things of the white man into their ancient Indian ways - such as tobacco. They had little canvas pockets sewn onto their clothing to hold cigarettes. One of the clowns even had a "kermit the frog."

We couldn't stay until the dances had finished because we had to travel on so as of yet we haven't heard if they had rain. I am sure they did because Kermit the Frog is very powerful medicine.

From the reservation we had to drive to Fountain hills so we could spend a couple of days with Paris and Betty before Aileen had to leave for Seattle. Work, work, work, sort of anticlimactic after a great vacation. On the way we stopped in Tuba City looking for our friend Patsy Talashoma who works at Panchos - wouldn't you know it - she took the day off but we celebrated Mother's Day anyway with a Mexican dinner! We figured from the time we left Fountain Hills until we got back we had traveled about 1,600 miles. We really jammed a lot of travel into a few short days.

During the couple of days we spent at Fountain Hills we were able to meet new people; Linda Dudar, Associate Director from Washington, N.J., Waneta Hockenbery, Bob Mecham and Agnes and also my daughters DeAnn and Charlene. We also went to Pinnacle Peak for cowboy steak and beans with Betty and Paris.

While we were at the Colorados we watched "the James" tape made by a contactee in South Africa. Tom Dongo in Sedona made the tape available for us. We will be able to share the tape with others during the coming weeks.

Special thanks to all of our wonderful friends that helped to make our vacation so enjoyable. Special welcome to all the new friends we have met; - it's sort of like family!

* * * * *

NOTES

We want to welcome several new centers to our organization. If you live in the vicinity be sure to contact the following associate directors for any help you may need.

While we are on the subject of new centers there is one thing I would like to make clear. This organization does not get into channeling entities of any kind, does not advocate any religious beliefs - period. We are here to help the individual deal with any unusual aspects pertaining to UFO contact - nothing else.

It seems that I have not been clear enough in our intents and purposes. We want to state that we keep our feet on the ground and try to be practical, and logical while at the same time keep our consciousness in the Universe(s).

William (Bill) Hamilton, III 818-547-6935
249 N. Brand Blvd. Ste 651
Glendale, CA 91203
(For Antelope Valley area, Lancaster and Palmdale)

Ray Jordan 602-774-6334
3831 N. Paradise Road
Flagstaff, AZ 86004

Donna Tietze 713-482-8641
POB 260
Friendswood, TX 77546-0260
(For Pearland and Friendswood, Texas area)

Hi Aileen:

I just had to write after reading the article by Lorne Goldfeather (April 90, M.L.).

As you know, I have what I call special dreams - they don't happen often but when they do I record them.

For some reason these dreams are sort of abstract and symbolic - I guess it's my mind trying to cope with the content of the dreams - so I usually have to analyze them - but sooner or later something will happen to show me that I have somehow picked up this information - for example a news clip on T.V. or a newspaper article - in this case Lorne's article (the dream always comes first).

DREAM

1-15-90

I walked into a movie theater. I was told to put on this loose fitting garment - sort of like a cotton nightgown. There were a lot of men and women there. The lights were on but sort of dim like in a theater.

I went in and sat next to this woman (I didn't know her). She seemed to be in her late fifties.

Suddenly the scene changed and the woman was now lying on her side on some sort of cot or table.

A man in a tan uniform came up to her and said, "I have to check you now." He then reached into her body and pulled out this baby - only the baby wasn't human.

It was the color of a red crayon and it looked sort of wax like. It was maybe about 7 pounds and had a human shape. The baby moved its arms and legs but made no sound. Its eyes were large almond shaped and very dark - almost black. I don't remember any other features like a nose or ears. The eyes were very alert - not overly large but not human.

The man in the uniform seemed so proud and very pleased. He handed the baby to the woman who was totally confused. I heard her say "How am I every going to explain this to my husband?"

The man then asked me if I wanted one too? I replied, "NO WAY!" and turned and walked away. I turned around to look back and there were dozens of women lying on those cots with men in uniforms handing them red babies with black eyes. I felt repulsed at this sight. Then I woke up.

That's it. Maybe it means nothing but I honestly don't know anymore - why do I keep having these stupid dreams. I can't do a darn thing about them. I feel helpless because I can't help anyone. It's just so darn frustrating. I don't know what any of it means anymore. Oh well, life goes on! Love, Linda S.

Dear Aileen:

I went up to a small mountain community called Grass Valley to go to a fair with, at that time, a very dear best friend. She like me, too has had several UFO experiences. On October 13, 1989 Donna and I got married (it was on Friday the 13th! but neither of us is superstitious) for 13 has been a good luck sign for us both.

While in Grass Valley (August - March) I learned that UFO sightings up here are so common a lot of the residents call them "Scout Ships" or merely "Scouts."

One night while Donna and I were on our way back from the Post Office (a 4 mile walk round trip), we both saw a bright orange light source that just appeared and then vanished. That same night residents of Grass Valley, Nevada City and North Hill all saw a large brilliant orange UFO and it was seen to land in the North Hill area. The next day Donna and I searched for the landing site to no avail.

On the Anniversary of mine and Jim's experience of 2-2-88, I was enroute down the same route taken the year before. With me were a psychic, a newspaper reporter and a Shaman/psychic. All felt something except the reporter who is a hard boiled skeptic. At the Tehema County line the same drugged but paralyzed feeling crept over me. The psychic driving the car turned and looked at the county line marker; stopped the car and looked at me 'They're mad that he's not along' she said. (All that any knew was that it was the one year anniversary of a UFO incident.)

At the same moment in Tahoe, California, the same narcotized feeling crept over Jim while he sat in the car that we had driven up in just the year before. A car rear-ended his. Just after his rear ending he had series of alien visitations; first in dreams, only then actual physical visits. Jim says that the entity that visited him told him that Jim and I were being 'prepared' for the Summer of 1990.

It's this summer that Jim, Donna and I are going back up Hwy 32. There are some caves that Jim and I found on subsequent visits after the original incident but never got to due to sudden and unexplainable deluges of rain every time we tried to go there. This summer when we go we're going to get to those caves as we're determined to but the alien told Jim that we will this time due to the fact that 'we're supposed to now' and that 'the aliens are letting us'.

On the second year anniversary Donna and I were staying with Jim in Tahoe. It had been about two years since I'd seen him. All the day of the anniversary I had tried to convince Jim into doing a taped review of the last two years. He didn't want to and later that night when Donna and I walked up to the store I knew that 'they' were mad with Jim. We went to bed that night and I had been asleep for probably just under one hour. I was dreaming of a huge round saucer shaped UFO and in my dream it was hovering over Jim's place. It shot out a brilliant blue-white ray. I was awakened at this point by Donna. There had been an explosion outside and the house had lost it's power. Shortly after I was awakened Jim ran into the room, even in the rooms low light I could see Jim's face filled with nervousness. His eyes wide with excitement. "See Michael, they came on the two year anniversary!" Then he went back up stairs to bed.

The next day I spoke with a power company's lineman fixing the line. He thought it was odd the wires hadn't been knocked down from a snow load. The wires had been subjected to a high heat externally and yet the night before had been below freezing. The part that perplexed the lineman was that only one side of the street had been without power - Jim's side of the street. In follow up it was never explained how the lines had gotten burned through and the power company was very perplexed.

Jim's roommate said that night he couldn't get to sleep because "someone kept running up and down the stairs" and he got nervous when he said that he knew that there had been at least two people in his room. When he turned on the light there was no one there and upon shutting off the light they would once again be there.

My friend Jim has since moved away and is now living back in Sacramento. He plans to come up to Chico once a month to visit with Donna and I and to continue to look into what happened on Hwy 32. We're not going till Summer as that's when the aliens have told Him to go up. I'll continue to try and get Jim's incidents and memories down as when Donna and I were up there Jim admitted to us that he's dying of cancer. The doctors are going to get as much as they can but even then they've only given him three years to live. Jim says he's not going to die as on one of our trips to Hwy 32 the aliens are going to pick him up, cure him and take him back with them. I hope and pray that this is true as I'd hate to loose my only male beast friend.

Perhaps one day soon Jim and I will finally discover what's behind an incident that haunts our dreams, sleeping and waking hours!

.....Michael and Donna Farmer, Associate Directors, Chico, CA.

ANALOGY

By Roman Nacht

In Nazi papers we read slogans used by Propaganda . For instance, "Juden-Problem" (Jews-Problem) or "sie leben unter uns!" (They're living among us). We read also about "solutions".

Today we read in different UFO magazines about "alien problem", about "aliens among us"; about "the final solution" or: "They need us - we don't need them!"

It is only an analogy I underline, but still we all know how the Nazi propaganda affected the Jewish nation. I say IF we do not expand our consciousness up to cosmic dimensions, to dimensions of Christ and we do not accept to see our Universe as our HOME we share with many races (Grays included) - if we do not accept a fact that our GOD/Father loves us exactly the same way as other races because we are all brothers and sisters - we will enter a time where each one will suspect his neighbor/brother or sister; that he is, or may be, an alien implant into his nation or a strange mutant or a kind of android.

What kind of life will that be? So long as we do not learn to see through the matter, through the physical garment we will live in illusion and we will not see reality that in everybody - in a white, black, yellow or gray body lives a divine, cosmic creature, or a fallen angel if you wish a mystic "diagnosis."

After the fruits we can know if the tree was healthy or not. So it is easy to see through the matter and see who is who. If we want to be unattractive to our fallen (as we are fallen) brethren from other "dimensions of consciousness" we have to work on ourselves in order to become more divine than they are; more divine so that they cannot use our DNA any more because our genes will be too noble to them so we will be able to program them and become FREE!

There is something else I would like to say after almost 15 years of investigation: unhealthy sensations labeled as "unsolved mysteries" or "paranormal phenomena" bring no proof. If we do not want to believe what others have found we have to check ourselves and in an end effect TO KNOW - to know for sure.

I know that God loves His children and has no secrets hidden from them. His will is that we open our eyes and see Reality. If we want to become objective we must not focus only on evil Grays stealing our "eggs and sperm" - it will be better if we concentrate on people having to tell us about their everyday work under a benevolent inspiration from above. How they developed a cosmic awareness and feel brotherhood with all the CREATION. They can also tell you who is their real enemy-brother and why... They are building for themselves and also building for others (and under very difficult circumstances): schools, kindergartens, enterprises where everybody are partners and co-owners making enough money to keep a high standard of life. Yes - it is true! They built a New Jerusalem based on the Sermon on the Mount and NO!, those thousands of people are not a sect or a kind of religious movement of some kind. They recognize themselves as children of ONE GOD and they try to live on Earth as in Heaven on higher planes of consciousness. They will leave a New Israel after them - a land without an army, without weapons, without hate among people. This place does exist. I've been there many times and I am a witness as to how they started in the mid seventies. This place is in West Germany near Wurzburg in a town by itself. Remember - by their fruits you will recognize the tree.

About the author: Roman Nacht is a psychologist and psychotherapist. He learned in West Germany esoteric psychology. He practiced in Israel for seven years. He has studied for the last 14 years "UFOlogy", parapsychology, etc. He has traveled extensively - always helping to establish inner harmony because, as he believes, it is the Mother of health and true peace. It is also a duality of GOD. He now lives in St. Cloud, Florida for the last month.

REPORT FROM SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH UFOCCI

By Kaye Studstrup, Associate Director

On Monday, April 9 I was coming out of my class at school with four other women. It was 9:05 - and My God, here in the sky was this huge round object just there in the sky. At first I thought it was the moon, and I turned and looked at the mountains to see if the moon was over in the east and it was. I then decided to look at my watch because I was not sure what was going to happen. It was 9:05. Then I thought to myself "What the ___ is that!!!"

Then I said to one of the ladies out loud, "What the ___ is that? Jokingly she said maybe it's a UFO... I said my God it must be then I watched it for short time and they just walked off and then this object shot off to the Northwest like a speeding jet and it changed color and disappeared.

When we saw it it was large and it was white in the center and glowing a florescent green around it. It was very blurry - the object itself - and out from the side of it it looked like it had a long vapor green trail.

When it took off it was still glowing green with white in the center and then it turned white and it was gone. It was 9:10 pm.. We went into our cars and drove home. However, I just kept thinking about this strange thing.

When I got home I called everyone I knew and they thought I was crazy so I called the news station to see if anyone had reported this object and the girl said yes that a lot of people saw this green thing speeding across the sky.

The station said it was a meteor or a fallen star. I said sure, that's like my friend telling me it was space junk re-entering.

The next day my friend called and said that this thing was seen in Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and across the western skies.

My friend, Mildred Biesele with MUFON said that the Planetarium said that the scientists were tracking it and it was a meteor.

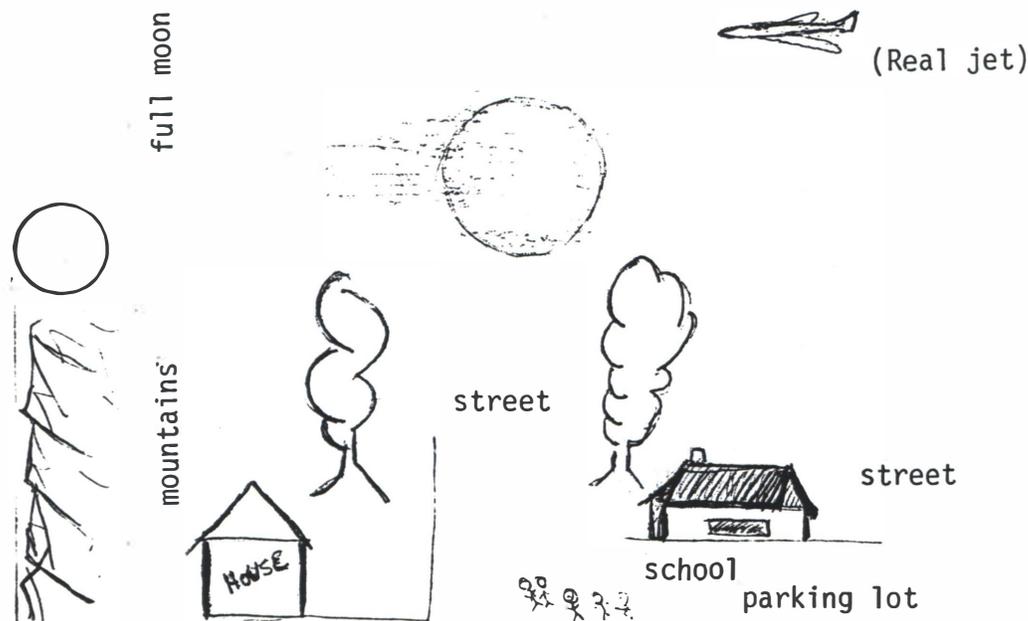
This was no meteor - it was standing still too long and traveled in a different pattern than a meteor.

Two things have happened with me since this occurred.

1. I was very psychic before and now it's almost frightening.
2. I have to sleep all the time - morning and night, afternoons, anytime. I keep taking all of my vitamins but it's like something or someone wants me to go to sleep.

I have not talked to the other women since this happened because we had Easter break from school. I certainly intend to though.

* * * * *



The following is taken from the "UFO SEEING EYE", March 1990, Issue 3, 7973, 129th Street, Surrey, B.C., V3W 9A9, Canada.

E.T. TRUTH

In an excerpt from an interview with Billy Meier, published in Wissenswertes #5, February 1989, the following question was asked to Mr. Eduard Meier whose extraterrestrial contacts are from the Pleiades.

Question: Now there are all kinds of reports on extraterrestrial activities and contacts, e.g. with the "ASHTAR COMMAND", "UMMO", and the "Galactic Union." What do the *Pleiadians* say to this?

Answer (Mr. Eduard Meier): All the reports and statements on alleged contacts of Earth people with extraterrestrials of a so-called "Galactic Union", or a group named "UMMO", or with the much mentioned and alleged "ASHTAR COMMAND", are founded on swindle, lie, fraud, and schizophrenic hallucination, like it is the case with each form of channeling and other countless horror stories of alleged contacts. Of one million assertions on alleged contacts with extraterrestrials and beings from other dimensions, there are only 203 in accordance with truth, or about one real contact on 5,000 wrong assertions.

One thing is sure, and a decisive sign: All there is religiously or even sectarianism founded in alleged contacts of any kind is identifiable from the beginning as swindle, lie, fraud, sick hallucination, imposture or schizophrenia. The true love and teaching of the Spirit and of the Creation does not know a religion in the cultist sense, but simply and only the complete and universal valid truth of the Creation and Spirit.

Regarding ASHTAR Sheran, there is yet to say that this name on Earth rates as a pseudonym for the extraterrestrial criminal and querulous ARUSEAK. In earlier times, that extraterrestrial was operating illegally and criminally on Earth. Because of that, he and his followers were banished into another dimension, a very long time ago, by *Lyrian, Vegunian, and Pleiadian* security forces, too far away to return, and taken away all possibilities of travelling by technical or spiritual way. So neither in the spiritual nor material form it is possible for him and his companions to contact Earth, or with Earth people or other living forms in our space-time structure.

Today, ARUSEAK alias ASHTAR Sheran and his followers have tasks that are determined, led and controlled by the *Plieadeans, Lyrians* and *Veganians* and that do not include tasks and contacts on Earth anymore. All different assertions are only lies, fantasies, hallucinations, fraud, imposture, and schizophrenia.

From: *Friei Interessengemeinschaft, Semjase Silver Star Center, Hinterschmidruti, Switzerland.*

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* * * * *

The following article is from "The New Atlantean Journal", now defunct. It was published by one of our newest Associate Directors, Pat O'Connell. Pat now publishes the Inner Peace Prosperity Network newsletter.

We want to congratulate Pat and his new bride Judy. They were married at Aztec National Monument May 11 in the Great Kiva.

The date of this article was February 11, 1979. The reason we are running it is because of our friends in Hopi Land who receive the Missing Link every month. (and for other reasons...)

BIGFOOT? REPORTED SIGHTINGS NEAR VILLAGE REVIVE HOPI LEGEND OF TRIBAL GOD

*By Maggie Wilson
Source: Arizona Republic*

A "large, hairy, humanoid creature with incredibly big feet" has been reported sighted in recent weeks near Polacca, a Hopi Indian village at the foot of the reservation's First Mesa.

According to Kendrick Outah, who first reported the sightings in Qua Toqti, a Hopi newspaper, all who have had a close encounter with the creature are "public figures, reliable people".

Others call it Hairy Harry, or the Incredible Hulk, but some elders of the tribe have another more fearsome name for the apparition... MASAU-U... one of the gods of the Hopi pantheon. For the traditional Hopi that name alone makes the now eerie events even more disturbing. For knowledgeable "Pahanas" (the Hopi word for Anglos), the name MASAU-U brings a degree of esoteric fascination to the story that far surpasses the Bigfoot legends.

Outah said the first sightings occurred at Polacca's Assembly of God Church and he reported the thing "caused every dog in the village to begin barking simultaneously" and disrupted church services.

The Hopi Tribal Police were called, Outah said, and found smears of fresh blood on the church bus and tracked footprints "unusually large" but otherwise like human footprints; down Polacca Wash. But the footprints disappeared where First Mesa's sheer cliff walls make their precipitous rise.

Another sighter told Outah that he heard strange noises in the night and, going to investigate he saw a "very large and hairy living thing" standing beside the shadow of a tree trunk. Again oversized footprints were found. Again the footprints disappeared at the edge of the mesa by the ancient village of Walpi.

A third sighting occurred in the light of the January 13 full moon, heralded by the barking of dogs gone berserk. When a Hopi husband went to the window he said he saw the being standing near his house before "it ran on toward the west and disappeared from sight." Other Hopis have claimed similar experiences (including one who noted that the creature had a head as big as a large pumpkin), but said Outah, "these three sightings have been substantiated by police officers who were dispatched at the sighters' request for assistance.

But the suspicions persist among many Hopis, especially the older ones, that they are seeing the manifestations of a major deity - MASAU-U, the god who controls the underworld, death and darkness. "There is a certain being at First Mesa whom it could be," a Hopi man cautiously volunteered. "Because of the way life is now this being might be showing himself to tell the people to shape up and settle down to living the Hopi way." Among many Hopi, that's the general idea that MASAU-U is reappearing to warn them. MASAU-U has been described as the antithesis of the bright living world of the Hopi. A fearsome creature of the night who wears a large

blood-smeared Kachina mask and rabbit skin robe, he can, according to legend, pass back and forth through the plane of the living and the dead. He is the only Kachina deity who can appear at any time of the year, not just the period between winter solstice and summer solstice when other Kachinas appear.

"Through the Kiva, the underground ceremonial chamber, and the grave are his domain, his appearance is not always the fearsome creature of the night. In day, according to legend, he can transform his appearance and can be distinguished from any other handsome young Hopi man only by the incredible length of his feet - roughly the length of a normal man's forearm."

So are the recent Bigfoot sightings in the First Mesa's villages really the result of a kiva priest donning MASAU-U mask and rabbit skin robe and taking it upon himself to warn backsliders from the Hopi way? "In my experience, things aren't done that way among the Hopis." "The manifestation of MASAU-U would be regarded more as a divine revelation though I hate to hazard even that guess." "Hopis see, do, hear and think things that make compete sense within the framework of their own culture. They believe they've seen the creature. I'll let it go at that."

* * * * *

NOT OF THIS EARTH

By Cynthia Griffin

The story you are about to read has been written many times and many ways. Each incident has been similar in the fact that people have seen something that is rare and sparks controversy mainly because it is something that most people have never witnessed themselves.

It has always been ironic to me that when one person views another who do or see the impossible, that the first reaction is usually one of disbelief. When the world was thought to be flat it had to be proven, to be seen to be otherwise "believed."

The only proof I have is that of my sense and a fellow companion who validated my sanity by being there. How many others have not spoken for their own reasons? Seeing is believing is echoed but when one SEES the so-called-impossible then the question of "is there anything REALLY impossible" is asked.

While hiking the return trail in a remote California park, Paul and I stopped to rest and call his dog that we had lost track of on the climb to the summit. We stood looking onto a slope with a big meadow and some craggy rocks below. The sun went down leaving streaks of reds, pinks, blues and a brilliant gold trimmed with white on the few clouds remaining. We took turns yelling the dog's name and enjoying the freedom of our voices.

We both saw the dark movement and Paul who hadn't been concerned about the missing dog exclaimed, "There he is!" As it came closer Paul and I looked at one another. It was neither the dog nor a bear or anything we had seen before. We stood still transfixed.

When it kind of leaped up on the trail not more than five feet away Paul grabbed my arm and began to run pulling me along. I had stared into its eyes and I was walking right up to it! With the grabbing of my arm FEAR was felt but before I felt no danger. It had communicated to me telepathically telling me that it would not harm us. I felt a kinship and know I would have embraced it.

It did want me to stay with "THEM" for there was a family in the area unseen to us. Though its mental powers were strong it gave a choice to us and did not command. It was a gentle being and far from vicious.

Paul was afraid and did not want to communicate; so we ran. I did not fight the death grip he had on my arm. The fear was mixed with curiosity as we descended down the hill.

The Being followed us about four feet behind until we were almost to the parking lot. It could have overpowered us but instead it was curious at our running. I found humor at how we were reacting to it myself.

In the parking lot the next day Paul returned to find the dog was okay. He did not want to discuss what had happened. Paul closed the door on our friendship and became too busy to even chat. I was a reminder to him of the occurrence that he wanted to forget.

They are hunted for "proof", trophy and money without regard to their resemblance to humans and the feelings that they do have. They are intelligent and have their own system of protection but are caught off guard sometimes. To be hunted and be intelligent is a mistake man makes which is a similar category to slavery because of a different color of skin tone.

I have returned and witnessed again a meeting. I had to deal with fear of my companion. Until communication without fear can be the friendship cannot progress.

The Being is called by other names such as: Sasquatch, Bigfoot, Yeti and more. They are scattered in this world in bands such as a tribe or "family." Like the great whale, they are gentle but powerful and protective of their loved ones also.

A NEW NAME HAS BEEN GIVEN THEM. The name is a gentler one and hopefully, a new realization of them will be given with it.

(This is the family name.) The name is Lnopi - pronounced L as in La no as no, pie as in apple pie. They are transplants from another space and planet and not of this earth....

* * * * *

George Andrews, author of "Extra-Terrestrials Among Us" has sent us the following case from his upcoming book, "Extra-Terrestrial Friends & Foes," to be published by Llewellyn Publishing.

FROM EXTRATERRESTRIAL FRIENDS & FOES

A young woman who was abducted with her four-year-old son from her automobile on a country road was able to describe her experience without the *help of hypnosis*. What follows is a summary of what she had to say.

What happened was very strange. It was really hot. I decided to take my son out for an afternoon ride down the dirt roads. My son had fallen asleep in the back seat of the car and I was just driving along when I saw this very shiny object. It was about the size of the bottom of a Coke bottle. It was shining and glaring in my face.

Pretty soon something started happening with the steering wheel. It started vibrating. I'm shaking now just from talking about it. The wheel kept shaking. My first thought was I've got a flat. I'm shaking just reliving it. I pulled over the side of the dirt road. I didn't turn the engine off. I just stopped the car.

Somehow I knew I was supposed to get out of the car but I could not move. It was like everything on the outside of my eyes was blurred but looking straight ahead I could see things very plain. The object was in the road - on the side of the road. I thought if I could touch that thing and get the blur out of my face; if I could just go over and turn it over - that's what my problem was. I was kind of hypnotized by it. Like I said, this was in the heat of the day and I thought I was having a heat stroke. All these things were coming to my mind but I couldn't say anything and I couldn't move.

The next thing I knew there was something rustling in the pines. I couldn't look to my side but I was aware of the noise. I could hear something - not a hum - it's a sound I can't pinpoint, but I heard it one time before. Then these things came out and the car stopped. The engine died. They looked very much like the things you were showing pictures of but the chin was more rounded - not as pointed. I didn't talk to them verbally, it was all in my mind I was talking to them. My mouth wasn't moving. There were three. I would say that one was a woman. The other two were a little bit taller than her, but not much.

They have ranks. It's like an army, but it's not. You know that one is of a higher rank than the other by the way they talk. There was no difference in their dress. I knew by the way they talked.

It was the two men that took my son out of the car. They had him in front of me. That's the only reason I got out of the car. It seemed like hours that we went up into the trees and across the rocks. I couldn't see their feet. On their hands were three or four fingers with round suction cups on the tips. As for the color of their skin, this is what she told me. The color-tones in our eyes do not pick up the true colors of their skin. Our different colored eyes will show their skin as having different colors. The color we see has to do with the makeup of our eyes. The alien woman told me that a person who is color-blind can actually see their true color. To me they looked grayish-green, but some areas were darker. She told me that their skin is not their true skin. Their skin is like a shield for the atmosphere they have to go through..

The guy kept saying "You're telling too much, you're telling too much." As we were walking she kept reassuring me that everything was going to be all right. They feel pain but it's not like the pain that we know. So when they are doing things to us they don't think that we are really and truly having pain. She had compassion, the others yes and no.

When I got to this ship or whatever it was it blended in with the rocks. I thought we were going into a cave. I didn't want to go in but they had my son. I thought they were going to kill me. Everything that I was thinking was like I was thinking it out loud. she kept reassuring me that it was going to be OK.

We got in and right away they take your clothes off before you're even aware they've done it. They do have a section strictly for men and a section strictly for women. I still have some small white round tubular scars. One is a little beneath my thumb. I have one on top of my hand in the shape of a star. When I get a tan the white marks really stand out.

I was on my period and they didn't understand that. I had to explain everything to her; why we have menstrual periods, the egg, the whole thing. She said they already knew about the egg and the sperm. The samples they were taking were being put in jar-like containers. They weren't jars; I don't know what they were called.

I wasn't giving her information, they were hearing my thoughts. That's the way they were getting my information. The alien that I think was a woman sounded like she had more of a woman-like voice. The woman said, "No you're not deliberately giving me information, I already know it but this is for our records." She also told me the cure for cancer was in spices and roots from our own plants that we have here. She said that in the future our doctors will find out.

She told me that they have experimented with human beings. She even showed me some of the things they did to babies. They had deformed babies up on a shelf in some kind of liquid. Some alien, some part alien and part human, some human from different areas of the world; some deformed baby animals too. They still haven't had luck with reproduction between humans and their culture. Our species and their species don't mix. The hybrid children live for a certain length of time and then die. I'm a Christian and I don't want to believe in this kind of stuff but it happened to me.

They have instruments that can camouflage their ships as army vehicles. The guy kept coming over and saying "You're talking too much!" There was this other man and he sounded upset with the first one. There were several of them in there. Each time that this one would tell me something they were listening to what she was saying. I felt like they were agreeing with her. She wasn't the head one. I didn't know what she was.

When she took some blood she was trying to hit a vein in my finger. I kept telling her there's no vein big enough in my finger; it's in my arm. Our metal is different from theirs. I can't explain it. It's not a hard metal as we know it. It's soft, but not soft. I don't know how to describe it. It's like when you get a needle in your arm and it stings. This doesn't sting, it hurts, but it's not real painful.

I'm getting so nervous just talking about it. They did make a rectal examination. When they put this tube up to take the stool they kept saying "samples".

The woman kept talking to me. I was so interested about what was happening with my son. I could see him and see them standing over him, but I couldn't see them doing anything to him. My mind was panicked but I couldn't react with my body. They had total control over my body.

They put a glass bubble-like thing over me. Every so often they would put this bubble over me. The lights underneath the table would come on. It was like a very warm bathwater type of thing. She would go away and then she would come back. Everything I was thinking was being recorded. I mean all of it. I don't know whether the bathwater thing was to soothe me. I don't know what it was for.

She did not need to push the instruments. She would wave her hand and the bubble-like thing would come over me and she would walk away. There was always someone above my head. A man was stationed there. (Her voice broke with emotion.)

I have a red spot now. It looks almost like a red strawberry on my breast where they did something. I don't know what it was. It was like a connection to some kind of a machine. I have some little red marks on my arm where they put some little incision-type things. Later I even asked my doctor about it and he said they were broken blood vessels.

This thing that was behind me, he was there constantly all the time. There were others around, doing other things. They had taken samples of weeds, samples of air, samples of wild bird eggs. They had bugs and dirt and stuff. They had this gigantic rotary-type thing and it would revolve. They would put these samples in it. Each one of the shelf-type things had different-colored lights. It seemed like I was on the table there for hours.

In this other chamber there was a black man. She told me that he was from Ethiopia. They were taking samples off of him. They have transfer machines. Their seconds are many thousand of times faster than ours. I don't understand that kind of stuff. Whenever I looked at this man she came over and the bubble came down. They were taking this stuff out of my navel. They don't want you clean, they want you with everything natural, so they can test it. When they were taking my belly button samples, she didn't do anything she was just doing the talking. It was the other man that was standing on the other side that was doing most of it. She was soothing me. He was using an instrument like a dentist would use, the kind of instrument they put in your mouth with a mirror-type thing. They were taking all the sweat and yucky stuff that had collected in my belly button.

The black man was in a round room about 8 feet in diameter (which looked) like glass but it wasn't. Each room was like that. He was in the one next to me. They were taking samples off him like hair and skin and putting them in different bottles.

Then there was this thing about the heel. They took a shaving off my heel. Then they were trying to stick a needle up in my heel. I felt that pain. I kept asking her why they were doing this. Then one of the guys would come over and say "You're talking too much!" so she never did get to tell me. Then they took my little toenail off. To this day it automatically comes off. It can grow out and I can be in a bath or I can be walking around and it will just fall off. It didn't used to do that. It just fell off again the other day. They took my little fingernail off and took a blood sample from my little finger but I don't have any problem with that fingernail falling off.

I kept wanting to know what they were doing with my son but he was in another part of the place and their backs were to me. He was little so I couldn't see what they were doing to him. I kept saying, "Please don't hurt him!" They kept telling me that my son was of very high intelligence. I could tell she wanted to tell me more but wasn't supposed to.

She showed me a little bit of the history of this world. It was up on a big screen. When she was showing me a balloon type cone thing would come over me and I would watch on the screen. It was all from the past: wars, droughts, floods, murders, burning houses, volcanoes, forest fires. It was like they were trying to tell me it was our fault that these things happen. I wondered why they thought it was our fault. It didn't make any sense to me.

They did have a little bitty baby crying. At first I thought it was one of theirs, but it was human; a baby they had taken from somebody. She told me everything was OK that the mother didn't know where it was at and didn't even know it was gone. As far as the mother knew the baby was asleep. I got mad; very mad. I said, "How dare you do something like that without anyone even having a say so? And how about what you're doing to me without even having a say so?" Then that alien man came up and he was mad. I could tell he was mad. But I had not consented. I was controlled. I went with them because they took my son. I was experiencing tunnel vision like being hypnotized. When I said, "You don't have the right to do this!", she didn't say anything back, she just kept looking at me.

It was as if they were fascinated by how soft and pliable our skin is and how it bruises easily. They told me some things about my family history and some things about my childhood.

He did tell me one thing that stuck in my head because I always thought that if you could be hypnotized you could tell it all. I said to myself "I'm going to be hypnotized so I can tell about this so nobody thinks I'm crazy." He told me "We can even control that." I said "How can you control it? You can't control my consciousness, where it is stored." He said "We can let people remember certain things and we can blank out certain things if we don't want them to remember." I said, "Even under hypnosis?" He said, "Oh, yes, we have programmed doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, and continue to program them for updates." They do monitor us though because they showed me scenes from my childhood - always the most terrible times - never the happy times. Like when I cut my toe off. It was caught in a bicycle and they knew that. When I was a little girl I was riding behind my sister and my toe got caught in the spokes and got cut off. My older sister went running to my mother and she stuck my toe back on with cobwebs. I'm three-quarters Indian, and one-quarter Irish. We couldn't afford a doctor so my mother crawled under the house and got cobwebs and all these old Indian remedies and put my toe back on. She saved my toe. So they knew that and they wanted to know what kind of cobwebs my Mom used. I said I didn't know.

I felt like they were so superior to me; so very, very intelligent - far beyond me. I'm just a country girl. They knew what level I was on and that's how they communicated with me - on my level. There were words they didn't understand. Like I said to them, "I bet you've had every Tom, Dick and Harry on this ship, or whatever you want to call this turtle-type instrument here." She said in a slow computerized voice, "Tom, Dick and Harry? Turtle?" When I said, "You-all", she asked "why do you say you-all?" I said "There's more than one of you." They couldn't understand why we aren't as advanced as they are. We have the ability to be as advanced as we want to be but we limit ourselves. We block knowledge out because we don't want to learn.

Remember what I was telling you about the black man? The male alien pointed over to him and said there will be no way he will remember. I said "hypnosis will bring it back". He said "No. Do you see what they are doing to him now?" They put this instrument to his ears and the back of his skull. It looked like a stethoscope but it had a little thing in the very back of it where it was shaped like a J; like a hook. There was a long tube that went from that into a metal cabinet. He said, "He will not feel or remember anything except for feeling he might have dreamed it."

I remember a baby calf that was alive. They hadn't started on it yet. It was frozen but it was alive. It was standing up in one of the little rooms.

They had different types of bugs and all sorts of samples of stuff.

But to this day I still don't know what they were doing to that baby. I could hear it crying and I did get a glimpse of it. It was a human baby. They didn't say what they were going to do with it. I kept telling them "How dare you take that baby! You have no right!"

I kept calling them "turkey". He would say "Turkey?" and they would all look at him. I called him "Turkey!" and I said it so loud I guess everyone heard it. I said it in my mind. I screamed it in my mind and everybody heard it.

I do know that later when I was being brought back my son was up in front of me and the female alien was trying to convey to me that she was very sorry. I could tell from her voice. I got back to the car and I was sitting in the car. I looked back and my son was still asleep in the back seat fully clothed like he was before all this happened. The car was running. The steering wheel was still vibrating but the round thing on the side of the road was gone. I thought, "Wow! I must have had a heat stroke!" Then the experience started coming back into my mind and I thought "this is a dream." Then something made me look to my right and there she was just standing there. She was reassuring me that everything was OK now. She was by herself.

Then all of a sudden she was gone. It was beginning to get dark. I had been away about six hours.

There is an astute observation in Valdamar Valerian's "The Matrix" (Arcturus, 1988) that seems relevant to the J-shaped instrument that was applied to the back of the man's head, making him forget everything that had happened, remembering it only as a dream. Valerian notes that slowly pulsed microwaves create gaps in memory.

This woman remembers a specific incident that occurred at the age of 14, involving a time loss that lasted from 2:30 a.m. until after daybreak. She has not yet been regressed under hypnosis to explore this period of missing time. Here is what she was able to tell me without the help of hypnosis.

In 1958 when I was fourteen years old and my brother Michael was twelve, we had an unusual experience. It was summer, around 2:30 in the morning when I was awakened by a feeling of heat upon my face only. I was lying on my back, face up. It was very uncomfortable as if an oven door had been opened. As I became fully awake I noticed almost immediately an odd low-pitched pulsating humming sound. I tried to rise up in bed but it wasn't easy because I could feel a pressure in the room that was like shock waves that corresponded to the humming sound that faded in and out. The sound became fainter and the heat was gone. I then propped myself up on my elbows and listened to the sound. I thought it wasn't a helicopter, was not a plane... then all at once I knew it wasn't anything I could identify. I had the feeling that it was a very large craft. I then became a little afraid of it. I realized to my horror that whatever controlled it wanted me to come outside. I knew it had great power and I knew it communicated with me through thoughts and I was terrified beyond any imagination. I felt so small, so helpless. My world, everything I had grown to trust and feel security in was shaken to the very core in that one moment.

I decided all at once that I must go to my brother Mike. His name flashed into my brain. I got up and walked to my doorway. His room was past my parent's bedroom but I didn't have to go that far; he met me in my doorway! He too had been awakened. I said, "Mike what could it be?" and he answered, "I don't know but I'm scared." We glanced around the corner into my parent's bedroom and I said, "Mike I don't think we can wake them up." He agreed. We knew somehow that our efforts would be in vain. We knew it wanted us outside as I have said. I had a vision of my hand turning the doorknob that led to the carport outside. I think this vision was planted into my brain by the visitors. I decided to fight the thought off. Mike agreed to sit on my bed and talk to me until daybreak. We were sitting on my bed and all of a sudden I became very dizzy and very faint--almost sick. I then blinked my eyes a time or two and it was instant sunlight!

I was so grateful that it was gone that I didn't question how the sun came up so fast. We decided to eat cereal and milk. As we were seated facing each other across the table we suddenly stared into each other's eyes and without words we both were thinking, "We won't mention any of this to Mom or Dad."

For several years we had no memory of this event. It was about fifteen years later when on a visit to California from Texas to see my Mom and Dad and Mike that I mentioned seeing a strange light in the sky in Arizona that seemed to follow our car. I said that it would burst forth in brilliant white light; like a super-nova, and then return to a pinpoint of light and then burst forth again. Mike said, "That reminds me, do you remember that time that thing hovered over our house when we were kids? I said yes, but how could we just forget about something like that?"

I'm going to leave out a lot and give you the basics now. When I was fourteen I began to have several recurring odd dreams. Some of them triggered conscious memory of an abduction, years later when I was remembering the dreams. I was then able to recall more than just the dreams. I was able to consciously recall three beings

escorting me out of my home. They were between 3 1/2 to 4 feet tall, large bald heads, large dark shiny eyes. They wore dark uniforms. Everything else I recalled through dreams. I now realize that they aren't just dreams, but are repressed subconscious memory that is trying to surface. Here are my dreams:

I am being examined by a being with large dark eyes. He talks to me but I don't recall his mouth moving. He tells me that I can go home in a short while. He is taking fluid from me through a long thin tube. I am told it is from my ovaries to make "more just like you"! I am also told that I will live forever (apparently a reference to cloning).

I am told that they have been watching us for a long time. They have an underground base on our moon, which we will learn about eventually. They seemed pleasant and friendly and even smiled a few times. However, under the circumstances, I was frightened most of the time. I would wake up from these dreams confused and frightened, wondering "What does this have to do with me?" They said that they chose me because I was special in some way, but I can't remember why. I believe the visitors can find you no matter where you move to.

Several months after the experience when I was 14 Mike and I were alone in the house as my Mom and Dad were out grocery shopping. I had been dreaming about someone talking to me. When I awoke, I could still hear a voice. It said, "You can have great power, we will show you!" I felt like I had taken a tranquilizer. I felt so relaxed, so rested, so very mellow. I got out of bed and went down the hall. I was standing in the kitchen doorway watching my brother Mike rinse off some drinking glasses he had just washed. There were four of them lined up to dry. I heard a voice tell me "You can break those glasses, just stare at them and try, you can do it." I thought to myself "I know I can break them." All at once they began to crack and fall apart. I was pleased with myself but not really surprised. Mike turned and looked at me. He recalls now that I had a very sly evil grin on my face. I then turned and walked back to my room. Since then I have lost the power, if it was me that really did it. I have tried since then but to no avail.

Here is my theory about it: the visitors made me think I had broken them but they had broken them by using a high frequency sound wave.

Later I recalled a voice telling me that I could have the power to rule many people. I saw a flash of a vision of a city of average size and I knew I was able to rule it as I wished. However, this thought greatly disturbed me and I refused to listen any more to the voice inside my head. It took over two hours of mental rejection for me to convince the voice to "go away and leave me alone". I remember finally just concentrating on a few simple words like "No, go away!" repeated hundreds of times. Now and then I would throw in "You will never win this battle!" Finally the voice was gone. This ordeal left me totally exhausted, because I was using such intense concentration. I had been very frightened of having power over people. Most people would have said, "Fine. When do I start?" but I felt like that much power had to be evil. I was very idealistic as a young teen, a real humanitarian. I equated power with slavery and rejected it.

By Sarah Overstreet

UFOs? I'd just rather not even know

If this were 25 years ago, my cousins and I would be right in the middle of a ghost hunt.

Billie Jo and Ginger lived in a tiny Kansas town, and about all there was for kids to do was go down to the tavern for some chewing gum, climb boxcars, and play in the many decaying houses whose families had moved away years earlier in search of jobs in the bigger cities.

No one paid much attention to the houses, because no one wanted to live in the town. The hapless owners just gave up and let us have at 'em.

They were exquisite places for calling forth ghosts, a practice we never tired of. We never tired of it because we never actually found what we were looking for. Sometimes we felt "cold spots" and occasionally we even heard strange voices cut the still air — just enough to keep us coming back without truly frightening us.

As I grew older, I gradually lost my belief in ghosts; a combination of changing philosophy and, I'm sure, having never actually seen one. My cousins and I gradually stopped looking for flying saucers, too; our faith a victim of our failure to experience.

But recently in Kansas folks were seeing UFOs — about 100 people in southeastern Kansas and northeastern Oklahoma reported sightings. Reading their accounts, I realized I

haven't stopped believing in flying saucers as much as I just stopped thinking about them; and I think that's because I'd just rather not know.

The Kansas UFOs did all the usual things — hovered, zipped swiftly while making no noise, rose straight up in the air. They had colored, blinking lights. One careful of folks reported a "round thing with two red lights" from which popped two 9-foot, green, glowing, thin beings that may or may not have had heads. Across the world in the Soviet Union, Tass, the official government news agency, reported sightings of a "shining ball or disc" from which emerged human-like creatures, 9 to 12 feet tall, with "very small heads."

A couple years ago, one of the reporters at the TV station where I work did a series on local UFO sightings, and one report really impressed me. In it, members of North Arkansas Community College's women's volleyball team, who had been returning from a match, told of seeing a round, blinking, "saucerlike" object come close to their bus, hover, then zip back and forth across the horizon. Although the whole busload saw it, only two or three were willing to tell the story on camera — the rest were afraid of being branded as wackos.

It's the same with my high-school friend's father: When he called the local airport to report what he'd seen, they guffawed and set the tone for all

future re-tellings. If you aren't a family friend and don't earn his trust, forget it. But it is the only UFO story I put any real stock in, because this man is about the straightest arrow I've found in this crooked old world. I know either he saw what he says he saw, or a cow kicked him real hard and he hallucinated it.

The way he tells it, a saucer-shaped object (like a "teacup upside down on a saucer") with red and blue blinking lights hovered and then landed on his back-40 one evening at milking time. When it took off again it left a circle of scorched earth behind.

Still, I won't think too much about flying saucers until one lands too close for comfort. I have enough trouble with my fellow humans to fret about aliens that I haven't ever seen. With my luck, anything that lands in my back-40 will be carrying a couple of single women, younger and prettier than I am, who'll work for less money and whom the men in my life will regard as exotic foreigners.



SARAH OVERSTREET

CITRINE

By Gerald Bringle, Director

When I was at the Rock Show in Quartzsite, Arizona in February 1987 I bought a real nice citrine crystal. It was about 1 1/4 inch thick and about 6 inches long.

Like so much of the work I have done with rocks and crystals it is mostly experimental. When I first got the Citrine crystal I didn't know how to use it. I tried laying on my stomach and I placed the crystal on the lower part of the spine north side toward my head. I left it there for a while. It did start to feel uncomfortable so I moved it up my spine.

I must have laid there for about 15 minutes slowly moving it up my spine from time to time. I really didn't notice anything unusual except the discomfort in the lower back region when the crystal was there.

When the crystal got up between the shoulder blades all the tension went out from the two acupressure points at the tips of the shoulder blades - wow! it felt great. The area around those two acupressure points started to tingle. Even after I removed the crystal there was a great tingling sensation all over the upper back region. I was really pleased. I hadn't realized there had been so much tension in that area. My whole upper back area really felt great as if someone had loosened a tight spring.

So anyway, I went along four or five months not really finding anything to use the crystal for. I really didn't know how it should be used. One day I developed a stiff neck. The left side of my neck was really sore. Several of the acupressure points around the left shoulder were acting up. I really was in a lot of pain and discomfort. I drive truck and every time I have to back up I have to lean out the window and look back. Each time I had to back up I would just cringe because the pain was excruciating.

Usually I can get a crink out of my neck if I can have someone who knows how to "pop my neck." But I was at work and there was no one around to help. So I worked on the offensive acupressure points all day trying to get some relief. I got some relief but when I got home I still had the stiff neck. I had been thinking about the citrine crystal. I remembered the experience I had had several months ago so I decided to use it and see if it would work on my stiff neck.

After I took my shower I layed flat on the bed - tummy down. I placed the citrine crystal between my shoulder blades next to the skin. I layed in this position for two minutes - nothing happened. Then I began to feel as though I needed to push the crystal down my back away from the head. I left the crystal there about one minute but it became uncomfortable. When I first layed down the pain was so great I couldn't lay with my head turned to the left. My pain wasn't so great when I layed flat with my head turned to the right. I noticed that after I felt the discomfort on the lower part of the shoulder blades I decided to raise the crystal up my spine toward my head as far as it would go. I also found I could lay my head to the left without too much discomfort. I felt the crystal must be working. I placed the crystal as far as I could get it up my spine, in fact part of the crystal was laying on my neck. I layed there for about one minute. I felt so much better.

After this little bit of treatment with this crystal the pain was gone! Absolutely no stiff neck, even the acupressure points stopped hurting. It is really the most amazing thing I have experienced since using these crystals and rocks. Not even drugs or aspirin, or any other pain medicine work this fast. No side effects. The result is permanent. I did not need any repeat treatments. I was absolutely thrilled and amazed at the effects. I have never seen anything like it.

When you are laying on your tummy and using rocks or crystals on your back be careful where you put your hands. you could short out some body circuits. Usually I keep my arms outstretched above my head. However, you need to cross your feet so the healing power can circulate throughout the body. It doesn't matter how you cross your feet - right over left - or other way around; whatever feels comfortable. Usually I cross my feet one way then switch like equal time. If you cross your feet one way and it is uncomfortable - switch. To give the rock or crystal on your back an extra boost I put the three crystals (Lapis Lazuli, Bornite, Quartz) in my right hand.

Written on April 6, 1990, Friday, 9:55 P.S.T., Bagdad, Arizona,
U.S.A by Mark Sheviak, for Gerald, Aileen and Charlene Bringle.

HOPISONG

Sing a song of silver turquoise
And the clouds shall part
Over the Violet Green and Pink Flame,
Over the Mesa, the sky fluorescent,
And you old Joshua, you adore,
As the cattle yawn and spheres of stars
And delicate sand and energy of white quartz,
You old pueblo hills, send my love to your ancestors,
Hopi, sing the song celestial and
Rain shall descend like fire and mercy.
Oh eagle butterfly, with owl eyes,
You are the glory, spirit heart.
Oh Hopi Song, dance in LOVE.
Dearest Zuni breath of flowers,
How shall we greet the starry velvet night?
Dear River of Crystal water
Dance in black and red, dear warriors of mercy.
Shall Rainbow Mist fill the horizon of your eyes?
Shall your painful dryness explode in cacti flower
paradise?
Dearest River of Song and Life,
Hopi eyes and Hopi Heart, you, secret ambition,
And peace descends on the desert
Like sleep on a child's face.
Dearest Heart.
Rainbow Heart.