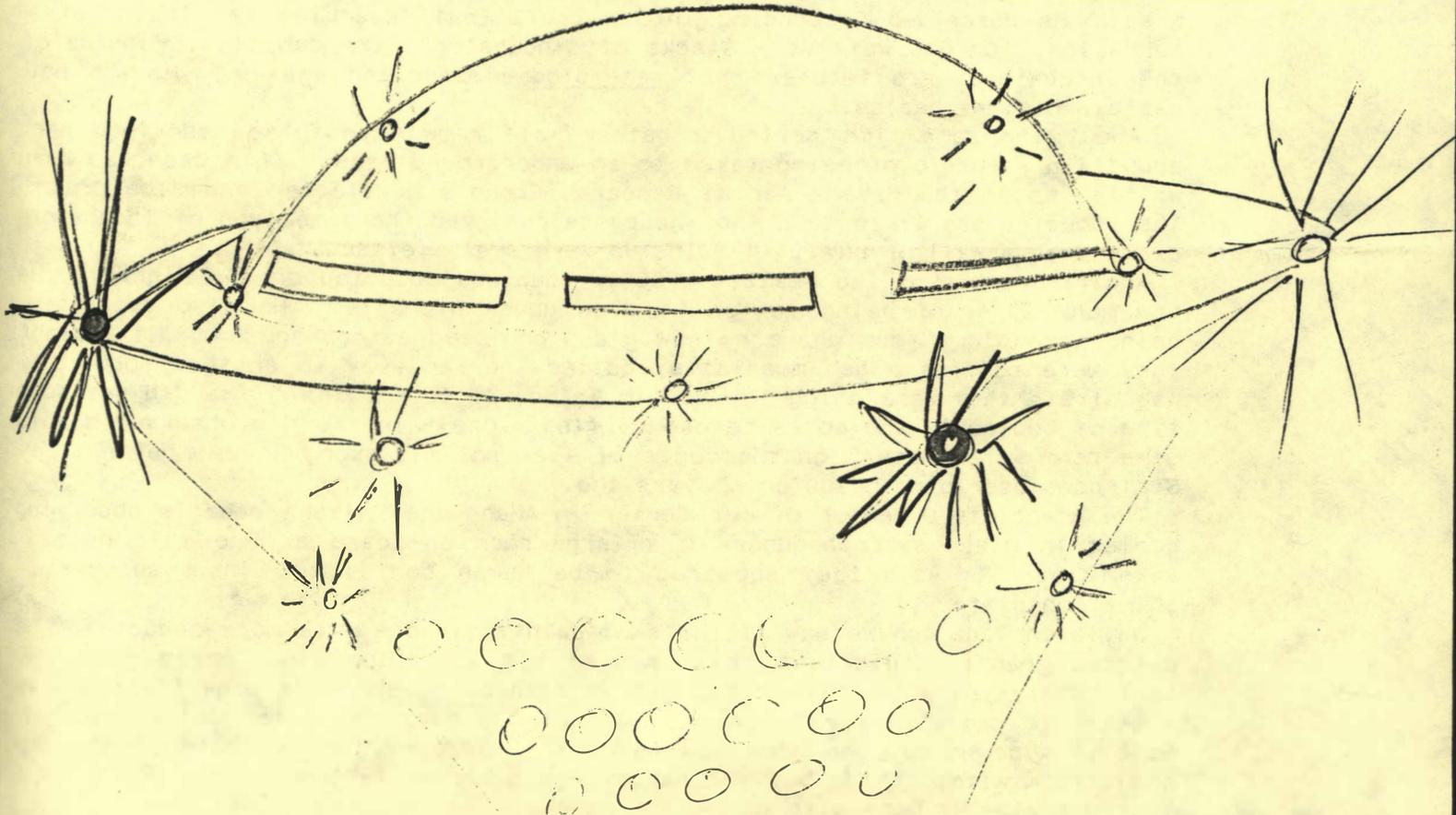


★ THE MISSING LINK ★

NUMBER 92 JUNE 1990



SPECIAL ISSUE ON GENETIC CROSS BREEDING



UFO SIGHTED BY BRUCE SMITH IN WASHINGTON STATE, APRIL 1989

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



EDITORIAL

By Aileen

One never knows how what is incorporated into the pages of the Missing Link will affect the reader. Several months ago I wrote an article about "Phantom Bedmates." In this issue we have a response. Likewise, I am sure that this article will also elicit reader's response.

Several years ago I did a regression session with a person in the Seattle area. He described descending into a craft that resembled the inside of a submarine. On one wall were stacks of "Incubator" like cubicles. Inside of the incubators were fetuses that resembled miniaturized whales. He was not certain of the species.

About the same time period a rather well known contactee described her abduction scenario of being taken to an underground base. This case has been written up in the Nevada Aerial Research Group's newsletter and "The Crux." The abductee was taken to a lab where she observed the same type of incubators stacked on a wall or built in. Inside were small fetuses.

Another member of the Seattle UFOCCI group was abducted on I-5 Highway. He saw many types of beings which he drew under hypnosis. He also described being taken to a room where he saw glass enclosed sarcophaguses. He thought they were coffins - he immediately bolted and ran away to another room. He was afraid they were going to put him in one of the "boxes." He did see some type of bodies in the boxes before he fled. One thing he did observe in this same room were "heads" on shelves. If I am not mistaken, I remember Whitley Strleber describing heads on shelves too.

The Associate Director of our Center in Anchorage, Alaska recalls observing bodies in glass sarcophaguses in a large room on board a huge ship he was taken to. He said they appeared to be human bodies but in a suspended animation state.

While on vacation we saw pictures of paintings done by a male abductee. He painted graphic depictions of scenes of his abduction experiences over the last twenty years. He described hybrid females in the nude cohabitating with himself to produce hybrid babies. One of the pictures described a "praying mantis" type being, who appeared to be in charge of this operation, showing him a room with nothing but incubator like cubicles in the walls. Each had a hybrid foetus or baby within.

The last case I will describe happened in May in the Seattle area. A young man I regressed remembered being taken to a huge ship. In the bright hallway were two beds and "people" on the floor that necessitated him stepping over. On one bed was an alien being with huge eyes. He turned and looked at the abductee. The abductee was put on the other bed.

In the same hallway were cubicles in the wall. In each cubicle there was a red tile on the back wall and inside the incubator was a small alien baby with large eyes. Obviously these incubator like cubicles have an environmental control and perhaps the "red tile" was a sensing device to maintain a constant temperature.

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From these cases we can conclude several things: Babies and foetuses have been seen; they are obviously being produced by someone; male abductees have semen withdrawn; male abductees have been shown their hybrid offspring.

In last month's Missing Link the "dream" of Linda S. appears to describe another aspect of the scenario. Whether it was a dream or a real incident is yet to be determined.

The bottom line is: Where are they "keeping" all of these hybrid children and what is the purpose for producing them?

Only time may tell and then it could be too late for us - or it may be a "new world is coming!"

* * * * *

POEM TO YUSOV

Is it all a game to you, my alien friend?
You know my mind and the secrets which lie within
And yet, would you allow me to know you?
You visit me in the night,
and in the daytime I wonder if it was real.
I long to love you, but what do you know of love?
.... perhaps everything, perhaps nothing.
I only want to know...
....after all, you know everything about me.
Whoever you are, my soul cries out to you.
It cries out against the sadness I have known
with the hope that there may be a better world.
I cling to that hope....

And therefore I believe.
I would risk everything to know the truth
and yet the truth evades me....
The more I learn about you the less I know
and somehow I feel, you like it that way.
To you perhaps I am just a specimen.
As insignificant as a tiny gray mouse
and stupid besides for I do not know your ways.
Or perhaps it is not your time to reach out to me.
I await you with open arms and a heart full of love.
If I am wrong, it will be my worst mistake
And if I am right.... then what?
So come to me now, my cosmonaut from afar
And if you don't like the person I am
Mold me into the person you would have me to be.
I love you, my Alien.
I am your willing abductee...



NOTE:

The UFOCCI is accumulating any cases of sexual abductions plus seeing babies on board ships that appear to be a hybrid species. Please send in any cases you might be aware of that involve this aspect. Something very bizarre is happening and could affect this planet. What we can do about it is another question but it is better to be aware. Thanks for your efforts.

* * * * *

The following case is most unusual but not unique as there has been another case with exactly the same experience. This case answers many questions to me, personally, that I have been wondering about. (Editor and Director, Aileen Bringle)

PROLOGUE: FATHERHOOD IN THE NEW AGE

One Man's Story of Alien Abduction for Cross-Breeding Purposes
Is this story true? I certainly believe it to be true.

As proof I have only my thoughts, feelings and sensations.

Dr. Leo Sprinkle, noted hypnotist and psychologist, might say, "That's my proof". I also believe that one will not be able to fully understand the final truth, or higher truth of UFO/ETs without knowing this part of the puzzle, even though it may not be true in an absolute, concrete sense of that word. One should know full well that the whole UFO/ET experience is riddled with events and phenomena that don't make sense, or are lies, or appear cruel and viscous, such as rape and fetus snatching.

This may all be untrue. It may simply be a figment of my imagination, or a crazy projection from my own psyche resulting from my own personal turmoil and needs.

This story may also be a total contrivance from the ETs. They may exist, but this story may not prove their existence, for I believe, the ETs are very much involved in their own cover-up of the truth. So what I experienced to be real events may have been hypnotic suggestions, holograms, or telepathic projections, that disguise an even more complex agenda.

Also a word of caution. There is explicit material of a mature nature in this article. It is certainly not a bedtime story for little ones.

FATHERHOOD IN THE NEW AGE, ONE MAN'S STORY OF ALIEN ABDUCTION FOR CROSS BREEDING PURPOSES

By Bruce A. Smith

Lots of people are having kids these days. On April 1, 1990 at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon I found out that I too, and for the first time, had become a father. In fact, as I was to find out shortly afterwards, a father of 34 kids with 8 more in embryo form. You see, I found out that I had been abducted by UFOs/ETs (Unidentified Flying Objects or Extra-Terrestrials) for cross-breeding purposes.

This realization came about during a presentation by the noted UFO abduction researcher, Budd Hopkins. I was sitting in his audience simply as someone who has had a life-long interest in UFOs. I have always believed that UFOs existed, and my belief has been an easy one. I have never had to wrestle with any concerns as to whether UFOs were real or not. In fact, I have often found it hard to understand why some people don't believe in UFOs. Why my belief has been so easy for me I have no ready explanation. I have never seen a UFO, and only until recently did I ever know anyone who had. And prior to my hearing Budd Hopkins I certainly never thought I had been an abductee or even a contactee.

However, I had begun, in the fall of 1989, to have a series of vivid dreams involving UFOs and ETs. In one, I dreamed I saw a UFO hover over the trees, near the home of friends with whom I was staying. The UFO was domed on top and conical below. It was quite large. I saw many colored lights on the external portion of the ship, many porthole-looking windows on the conical portion, and regular looking, rectangular-shaped windows on the lower dome. I saw the whole ship quite clearly. I remember saying to myself. "It's so beautiful". It was and I felt joyful seeing it. But then, after

that first feeling of joy, I felt paralyzed while sensing I was lying on my left side in bed. I thought to myself, "They've got me!" I was quite frightened. "Frozen with fear" may be a good way to describe my feelings. I tried to move and I couldn't. I felt myself panicking. I refused to be a victim so I uttered, "From the Lord God of My Being I call forth the power to move." Somehow I could move my mouth and jaws to whisper that command. After that injunction I could raise my right, upper, arm. I knew I was back in some control. At that point the UFO abruptly disappeared. Just blinked out. It didn't fly away, just vanished. Then it came back to view in the same place, but this time it was a pale grey, black and white imitation of the vivid beauty of my first viewing. I felt disappointed as if I had driven them away by resisting and challenging their control over me. Then the UFO blinked out a second time but quickly came back again, vivid and in beautiful color, as before. I saw it for a second or two and then it blinked out for a third and last time.

The next day I told my friends about this dream.

My friend said, "It sounds like more than just a vivid dream. It sounds vivid enough to have been real." "Nah," I said, "I've never seen a UFO, this was just a dream."

For the next three nights, during the time I stayed in Washington, I had dreams about wanting sex with an alien woman. She was, in UFO parlance, a Grey, a species known to most people as those guys with the big heads and large black eyes that Whitley Strieber saw and wrote about in his book "Communion". But this particular woman was fairly tall, not the 4 feet high that is described in "Communion". And although she had the large head and eyes of the greys she seemed good-looking to me. Also, oddly, I saw her wearing a black wig.

During the night I would wake up with a full erection, feeling horny, and aching to have sex with her. I would sit up in bed and look out the window to the nearby woods. I just knew that she and other greys were out there in the woods. She was there, waiting and available for me. All I had to do was ask her and she would come to me. I felt so conflicted. I was aroused, I wanted her, but I was stunned by my desire to have such sex. I said to myself, "You've reached a new depth of debauchery". But most of all I was just afraid. Too afraid to do anything. I didn't.

My sense of what happened was that they were able to tap into my libido and sleep cycle, get me aroused, and then they waited for me to make a conscious decision to have sex with them. I never did. Somehow I sensed that they wanted me to be a willing partner.

For some time I had been aware of the stories circulating about the cross-breeding program of the greys. As I understood this program, the greys were unable to feel any emotion, and so, were culling sperm and ova from humans so that they would have the genetic material necessary to create the physiological basis for an emotional life. So, as I sat up in bed and confronted their invitation from the woods, I said, "Hey, I know you guys need sperm, and I'd really like to help. But I can't handle it right now. Why don't you come back in about 6 months. I'm sure I would be able to handle it then."

Two weeks later I was back home in Long Island, NY. I had a very vivid dream of actually having intercourse with a grey in my bed.

I had a clear image of three entities coming into my bedroom at night while my wife and I were asleep together in a double bed.

The grey female was there again, wearing the black wig. It made her look somewhat Oriental. The wig had thick black strands, was shoulder length, with straight cut bangs across her forehead. I made the association that she looked early 1960s, something like a crazy Suzy Wong character. As the female entered the room she was flanked by two entities. I can't remember clearly if they were greys or the stock blue, soldier types as seen in the movie "Communion."

She mounted me, straddling my loins as I lay on my back, I asked, "What about my wife?" I was told, "She's not part of this".

I remembered later, and wrote in my notes on this incident, (but can't remember now) that this alien woman was grinning while she was on top of me. I wrote, "it was a grin from somewhere between pleasure and maniacal torture".

I don't remember ejaculating, or even if she had a vagina. I don't remember having sex, just the straddling part. It didn't seem long before she was finished. I remember the three entities walking out of the bedroom. At the door, a grey turned and stared at me for a very long second or two. Then they were gone.

The next day I was very disturbed about the dream. I was excited by the idea of having sex with this alien woman. I began to fantasize about it. As much as I enjoyed thinking about it, my enjoying the dream scared me. I thought that my libido was out of control. Usually I have plenty of guilt about masturbating, going to an occasional peep show at Times Square in New York City, or just reading porno magazines. But having sex with aliens and enjoying it was far beyond my normal control and acceptance. What was happening to me? I wondered. I'm fantasizing about alien sex. Boy! Talk about cheating on your wife, and she was right there! My mind was reeling.

Fortunately, I had a therapist to talk to about all of this, but not without some trepidation. After all, it's one thing to talk about how badly one's mother screwed up your life, but it's another to discuss one's longing for an alien mistress. My therapist's perspective on my dreams were that they were a manifestation of a lot of unsatisfied sexual desires, plus I was feeling trapped. She speculated that I may have felt so stuck in my life that I thought that it would take something as miraculous as a sexual fling with an alien to fully satisfy me. This interpretation made sense to me, and I felt relieved.

That was my understanding of things until I heard Budd Hopkins. By then I had already begun to make changes in my life. I had gotten a divorce, sold my business, and made plans to pursue a lifelong desire to relocate to the countryside in Washington State. I had even started a relationship with a woman whom I found very exciting sexually and personally, but strangely I was impotent with her. I was unable to ejaculate. But the dreams began to fade in frequency and vividness, so I thought I was on a more fulfilling pathway of life.

However, my perspective on the nature of my dreams changed radically once Budd Hopkins started to describe the case of a 23-year old guy who had disturbing dreams of having sex with aliens. As soon as I heard the details I began to cry. Softly, deeply. My girlfriend, sitting next to me, and who knew of my dreams, held my hand tightly and knew that something powerful was happening to me. When Hopkins revealed that his client had become sexually dysfunctional I became emotionally distraught. It took all of my strength to stay seated and stifle the sobs so that I wouldn't disturb those seated near me, nor draw attention to myself and my anguish. I felt like I wanted to fall on the floor and writhe, cuddle myself and just rock back-and-forth to soothe myself.

My tears told me that what I had known to be dreams were in fact not. They were real events. They were not some fantasy or psychological manifestation that popped out in my sleep. I actually had had sex with aliens.

Why did I cry? To this day I'm not sure. Was I sad, angry, outraged? Those are thoughts that come to mind, but they feel like intellectualizations. Maybe I am still emotionally closed off to the experience. I believe that is probably the case. Deep inside I may be horrified at what was done to me, so much so that I continue to protect myself by not remembering or even sensing what my true, deep feelings are.

After my tears subsided, in some vague way I knew I had been changed. Life was suddenly much bigger to me. Abductions and contacts didn't just happen to others. They were not just stories I read or heard about. It had happened to me. Strangely I

began to feel as though I was living life more fully. Sure I was scared, even angry, but it all seemed too wonderful in such an awesome way.

But at one point near the end of Hopkins presentation I realized that if I had been copulated with, then there would probably be offspring somewhere. "My God! I've got kids somewhere in space", I suddenly thought. "I'm a father!" And probably like all fathers before me, the realization, so profound, so deep, slowly flowed through me like a high tide coming on shore. A feeling bordering on the "I can't believe it and maybe don't want to, but I'm glad it's true" filled my heart and mind.

Then I got angry. I looked up at the ceiling and pointed a finger from a fist on my lap, "You guys had better beam me up now", I demanded. "You guys have got my kid and I'd better get up there pretty damn quick and take care of him. God knows you guys can't. You guys are nothing but a bunch of thievin', bumblin', space idiots snatching' people and babies. Ya better get me up there right now to take care of those kids. Ya HEAR ME!!!"

Over the next few days I was in turmoil. What had they done to me? Stolen my sperm? Stolen my passion? Stolen my ability to ejaculate, and put my relationship with my kind woman-friend into real jeopardy because of the frustration I felt during love-making. I was angry and frustrated. They had really diddled with me, the bastards.

And yet I knew I was a partner in this event. I was aroused in my "dream", and liked it. While staring out the window at my friends' place, I was excited. I wanted her, but was too scared by both her and the implications of my desire. I couldn't handle the ETs nor could I handle my sexual desires. It was a double whammy.

I've always had a lot of sexually-based guilt. Now I was busting at the seams.

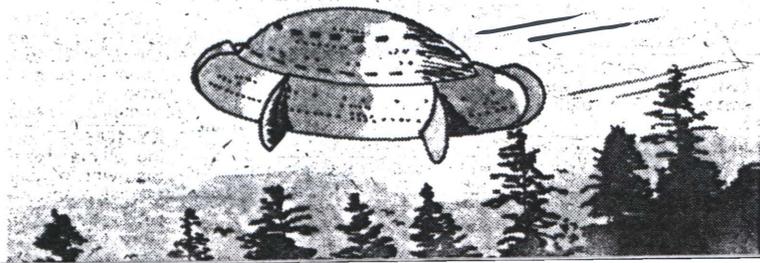
What to do? Does life just go on? Hardly. How do I understand what was happening to me. I felt getting more information on the actual events would be a good starting point. I made a few inquiries as to hypnotists who might be able to regress me back to those eventful nights. However, I was relocating to Washington State in two weeks so I had certain limitations on how deeply I could pursue my hypnosis. As it turned out, I was unable to directly contact any of the several referrals I had, so I let the matter drop until I reached Washington. Nor did I pursue any of the abductee self-help groups due to the short time I would remain in New York.

As I drove from Long Island to my new home, I felt the edge come off my concerns about the ETs. The anger drifted away, and I became prideful of my new found status as a father of space kids. I felt special. "The ETs had picked me from all of humanity for their special work", I thought. I liked feeling special. It was exciting to feel like I was on a special mission to help save a species of alien creatures. And, ah, "They couldn't do it without me." Such specialness was a potent elixir.

Also, I began to feel that the ETs had helped me. They had helped me confront my deep sexual desires and frustrations, ones that I was in profound fear of. Over the months of dreams I realized I was too dependent on others. I needed to be taken care of or befriended far more than I needed a full, powerful, adult sexual relationship.

My wife had been much older than I. Too, she had had a hysterectomy, so she was a very safe, non-threatening sexual partner. My girl friend was quite sexual, but more importantly she was my safe harbor in a hurricane of personal change. My impotency may have been influenced by the ET suctioning off my sexual energies, but the root cause, I believe, was that I didn't want to share my seed with her. I didn't love or desire her enough to be that intimate with her.

I was becoming aware of so much. Aware that my dreams were real events. Aware that my intimate relationships were based on need, not desire. It's as if the shock of acknowledging alien sex woke me up to the depth of dissatisfaction I was having in my earthly relationships.



That's how things stood as I traveled across the country. Until I reached Santa Fe. There I had another experience that opened up a whole new vista to my ET experiences. The greys took me up on my demand to take care of my kids.

On my third night in Santa Fe, I was sleeping in my travel trailer, in the Tusuque Indian campground. I awoke suddenly in a panic. I knew they were back. My mind started screaming, "This is for real. This is the real thing. This is not a dream." I felt terrified. I was laying on my back in bed with my legs straight out. I remember feeling two hands firmly, but not harshly, holding my lower legs, just above the ankles, as if to steady me. The entity holding my legs said to me, "Don't worry, it's your father". Instantly I felt relaxed. My knowingness said that I was too panicky to travel to the spaceship as scared as I was, so I had to be steadied. I felt I was being guided into a beam for the uplift to the spaceship, much as one is lifted onto a stretcher.

I wanted to go, to be a conscious part of whatever was going to happen, but I was too afraid. All I could do was say, "From the Lord God of My Being I call forth the power to make sure I don't get hurt". I didn't want to miss out on a grand adventure.

I knew too, that I'd feel even more special by being able to stay conscious. Then I'd really be a major leaguer in the ET game. But, I was unconscious for the whole event. The next thing I knew I was back in my bed, and, I knew it was over.

As terrified as I had been, I wanted them to come back. I was sad the experience was over. Mentally, I asked, "will you come back?" In my head I heard the reply, "Sure, you're just getting interesting." I gave myself a jab of doubt at that point, saying, "Nah, you're just talking to yourself", but as I write these words I believe the message to be real.

I didn't recall anything specifically from the experience. I didn't see anyone, nor do I remember, what, if anything, I did. But somehow I knew sex wasn't involved. I didn't have any sexual feelings that I could remember, certainly no erection. But after it was over I asked cynically, "Well did you guys get what you wanted?", meaning sperm and sexual energies. Maybe I didn't remember any sexual events because they may have sucked me dry of my sexual energy, and therefore, I wouldn't have the recall without the energy to effect the biochemistry of memory.

The next day I remembered the experience well. Not any more than what I have already described, but the whole experience felt fresh and real to me. All day long I thought about it. What happened? What's going on? Who are they? What do they want? Why do they want me? Throughout the day I had a strong sense that they beamed me up the previous night in order to take care of the kids. They needed a father's touch.

I really wanted to find out what was going on with these aliens. Why are they doing whatever it is that they're doing? Since I was traveling, I figured hypnosis was out of the question. Asking the greys directly was out because I was too scared every time I encountered them. But somehow in the light of day I felt empowered, emboldened. I felt that if I saw them during the day I'd be ok. I could handle contact then. The question was how to contact them during the day? It was up to me to make the contact. So I did.

I know some pretty powerful, Kundalini-like meditation which help me get in touch with life outside of day to day consciousness.. So I did my thing and went looking for the Greys.

I found them. Over the next few days, in the mornings before I'd travel the highways of New Mexico and Arizona, I'd travel first to see my kids in space.

Each visit was similar. I would feel myself descend from above into a metallic-looking room I felt was inside a space ship. The room was quite large, in a "D" shape. It reminded me of psychiatric hospitals' day rooms I had worked in. Directly in front of me I would see a row of cribs and bassinets or incubators. A few adult Greys were off to my right in the bulge of the "D". A bunch of little ones, maybe 4 - 9 years old were to my left and back not far from a stairway to another room which I could see

kids coming and going to. Near me, to my left were the older kids, whom I thought were young teenagers.

I know I was in an alien environment. Everything felt different - air, aroma, sights, sounds, textures. Nothing reminded me of earth except me and my seed. The kids looked pretty human except their eyes and heads were bigger. The kids were very stand-offish towards me. They weren't frightened of me, but held back like I was a substitute teacher walking into their high school classroom. I felt the kids were sizing me up and not cutting me any slack.

I asked the adult Greys, "How many kids are mine?"

"30 - 40", they answered.

"What do you mean, 30-40, don't you know exactly?", I was flabbergasted that I had fathered so many kids and furious at their casualness about the number.

"34 children specifically if you must know, and 8 embryos, some of whom may not survive. That's why we gave you an imprecise number."

"How many hybrid kids do you have in total?" I asked.

"34 million" was the reply.

"Wow", I thought, "that's a lot". And there's that number 34 again.

"What's so special about the number 34?" I began to doubt whether I was getting the mental transmission correct from them.

"Do you mean 34,000,000 or 340,000, or 34,000". I asked. I received a jumbled response that left me with the feeling that the number probably wasn't 34 million, but that they still have a lot of kids up there in space.

"Why 34? What's so special about the number 34?"

"The numbers 3 and 4 are building block numbers" I was told. I saw an image of three blocks sitting on 4 blocks.

"The number two is too universal, and the number 1, is, well, part of everything". So we use 3 and 4."

Each visit lasted about 10-15 minutes. Each time I arrived, the kids would be waiting for me. I began to wonder, "How come they're waiting for me? Do they know I'm coming? Could this whole experience be contrived for me? Could it be a hologram or some kind of telepathic programming that I just plug into?" Doubts followed the experiences, but the visits felt real to me.

I would gather the kids into a circle and we'd have a little dance/movement therapy session. That's kind of like a group circle dance that is for the purpose of expressing one's feelings in a physical manner. The music that we moved to was the music I used during my meditation and what I continued to listen to through a Walkman. I just knew the kids could hear the music also. They had never heard music before. Yanni's "Out of Silence" was their first exposure to music.

They had no rhythm whatsoever. I asked them to just gently sway back-and-forth in rhythm to the music. They didn't know what to do. So they watched me and soon an inner knowingness kicked in with them and they were able to sway a bit, while standing in place.

Then I asked them to join hands. They had never held hands before. They had never touched each other before. Sure, they had been brushed-up against or felt some physical contact before, but never a direct communicative, sensual touch before. After some more swaying and holding hands in a circle, I felt it was enough for us all and I "called it a day", and left.

Upon returning to my conscious world I felt quite moved by the experience. I was near tears. My kids needed so much help and I felt so inadequate. Who am I to teach them about feelings? I'm just learning to get in touch with my own. Maybe since I'm learning and aware of the process, that makes me a good teacher. Nevertheless, I felt these kids needed a professional movement therapist, someone who had worked with autistic kids. These kids were not autistic, just totally unexposed. I wanted to put an ad in the paper, "Movement Therapist needed for emotionally regressed kids.



Travel required." My 10 year background as a Recreation Therapist in the psychiatric wards of the VA and a county General Hospital seemed inadequate for the job. Yet, I had some basic skills, and as the saying goes, "I may not be perfect but I'll do until perfect gets here."

The next day I went back. I formed the circle again. I asked the kids to introduce themselves, one-by-one, by saying their names. They had no names. Names aren't used in the Grey culture. They don't need names in their group consciousness. I received a communication that said:

"It's like this, when a faucet breaks, we don't have someone pick up a phone and call a plumber. No one is needed to call anybody, any individual, or business. Here, when a faucet needs to be repaired, that need is known and those who fix faucets just know to come and repair it."

Somehow I just realized that everything is just business to these guys. No one ever gets thanked for a job well done. I never saw a smile or sensed that a ybody was happy in my contacts with these aliens. No singing, humming, whistling, or even cursing. Nothing. Everybody just goes about their business.

On this second day at one point, as we were dancing, I asked the kids to bend over and touch their toes with their hands. As we did that I asked them how they felt. One kid said he felt like he was going to throw up.

I stopped and stood up. The kid wasn't sure what to do. I told him to straighten up and go sit down and relax, that the nausea would soon pass. I had the sense that he didn't know what to do. These kids didn't have any experience identifying feelings, knowing where they came from and why they were having them, nor what to do about them. The kid didn't know that he was nauseous from bending over, and that if he straightened up and sat down he'd feel better. I don't think any of the kids would have known to do that under similar circumstances.

So I told them about feelings. I told them that feelings aren't good or bad. They just are. We can respond to them in different ways, even ignore them, but that may not be too helpful. Even humans often ignore a lot of their feelings and that can get them physically sick, and/or physically disturbed. I told them that they should at least acknowledge their feelings. Be truthful to yourself, then decide what to do about them.

Later that day, after I had returned to my in-the-world consciousness, I went to explore Bandolier National Monument in northern New Mexico. I was hiking along the abandoned ruins of the ancient Anasazi Indians, when all of a sudden I received a major communication. I felt my mind flooded with a complete, clear understanding of what the ETs are doing, and what their program is all about. I felt as though they had slipped a "CD disc" into a "CD player" of my mind. I heard:

"This is the story. The hybrid kids are going to populate or at least experience physically, the earth directly some time between the year 2020 and 2030. By then the earth will be a much different place. These hybrid kids are being prepared to live in that new environment and with the new spiritual frequency that the earth will vibrate in. All that live on earth must adapt to these changes and be in harmony with the new earth. All living organisms currently on the earth that do not adapt by elevating themselves to the new, higher, more spiritually evolved frequencies will leave the earth experience."

"You will be, if you choose, since we need you and others like you, elders to the new ones of ours on earth. You will be the reference point for these kids, to show from where and what they have come."

"You will be the bridge from the old to the new, from the old planet to the new; old Homo sapiens to the new gene pool. You know so well the ocean of emotions your



people have. It will be as a flood to the new ones. You can help them adjust, understand, accept and integrate; help them make the transition."

I felt thrilled to be a part of such an epic mission. Then I began to get worried, "Hey, I'll be 80 years old then." I thought I better make sure and learn how to compress time by then so that I wouldn't age, and still be in shape to handle these tykes in 2030.

Then I felt I was being used. I had to go through catastrophic earth changes in order to be a "grandfather" to these new breed of kids. I said to the Greys mentally, "What do I get out of it?" The reply I heard was, "We'll help you survive the earth changes." Didn't sound like a great deal, but at least an adequate one, so I consented to stay with the program.

Over the next few days I began to feel there was more to it than what I had been told via the "CD player" communication. On my own, I began to develop a fuller awareness of what these aliens really wanted. First, I was convinced that they didn't need the sperm. That was a scam. They can get all the sperm they need, gallons of it from sperm banks, or their own laboratories. The sperm snatching is a means of hooking me into the program. They needed me to be hooked into caring for these kids. They needed me to feel like a father to these kids. I realized, with some sadness, that these kids were not mine. They were theirs. The Greys had devised a specific plan to breed their own kids. I realized that if I wanted my own kids I was going to have a regular family just like every other Homo sapien. I wasn't going to be able to piggyback my needs of fatherhood onto the alien's emotional renourishment program.

Also, this idea of losing my sexual energies really weighed on my mind. Were the Greys storing it up for the kids. Was passion needed besides sperm to make a baby? But maybe the Greys drank my passion like an elixir. Maybe I was just a tasty bit of "soul food?." The more I thought about it the less I like it.

The experience of always having the kids ready for me when I arrived in the spaceship continued to concern me. Was I being plugged into a telepathic VCR, "being a father to my kids", that the Greys would store, and play back to the kids whenever the kids needed a dose of fatherly love and attention? I thought of a woman I had heard at a UFO conference, who was abducted with great regularity, every-other-Sunday, if I recall the story correctly. She felt that she had a space kid also, and was being abducted to give "Mother's Love" to the kid. The aliens also hooked her up to some kind of machine which she felt milked-out her maternal feelings and she sensed they were then able to store it. These aliens had even abducted her little boy to play with the hybrid kids, but her boy didn't want to go because those kids didn't like to play his kind of games.

Maybe the aliens have just royally conned me by giving me strokes to think that I'm really special, while their just stealing my passion and raping me. Maybe I have a Patty Hearst syndrome. My alien kidnapper/terrorists have got me thinking they're good guys and I'm joining them in their struggles. "Gee, no emotions? Too bad. What can I do to help?" They may be nothing more than really clever interplanetary thieves.

Yet I went back one more time because I cared about the kids. As we formed a circle I asked myself "can I see specifics about the kids? What do they look like? Can I see what kind of hair they have?"

I realized that I couldn't tell if they had hair or not. I realized I couldn't tell any specifics. I couldn't even tell if they were boys or girls. Somehow I felt limited to only seeing what I had heard from books and other abductees. I felt I was living a guided imagery session, that it wasn't "really real". I felt it was a set-up. I felt totally used. I started screaming at the adult Greys. They felt like my "handlers", in the way spies and boxers have such.

I stormed out.

After a few days, my anger died down again, and I began to think about everything that had happened. When I was angry I didn't even want to think about aliens at all in any way, shape, or form. Then, one day, I realized I might have an implant. Maybe even two. It was just a thought that dawned on me.

On my left inner, forearm, I have a small, red, hard lump just under the surface of my skin. I remembered noticing it suddenly one morning, when I was about 20 years old. I remembered saying to myself, "Hey! What's this doing there?". At first I thought it was a pimple and tried to pop it. I couldn't. Never have. For the next twenty years the lump and color and location have stayed the same.

Then I recalled, that a couple of years ago, while scratching the back of my head, I found a new small lump behind my ear, near the neck bones. Again I thought it was a pimple and again tried to squeeze it. Again, no success. In the past few months, I have begun to get intense muscle pains in the area right around the lump.

As I realized I might have two implants, I really began to get upset. It's one thing to get snatched in the middle of the night for an hour or two, but it's really bad to be tagged and monitored 24 hours a day. It's like being raped, and then having to see the rapist's mark on your body every day.

Funny thing is, I'm not sure I want to get rid of the implants. I don't know if I want to give up my opportunity for a "great specialness". Suppose I need the aliens to save my life. How would they know I was in danger unless the monitor told them so.

I've got a real issue of personal sovereignty here. Being independent, secure, and sovereign is of great importance to me. How do I reconcile that desire with the fact that I allow someone to stick things into me and snatch me without warning or even an invitation? I can't; somethings gonna have to give.

Now, why am I writing this story? Maybe I'm attempting to switch the fulfillment of my need for specialness, from the fathering of ET kids to being an outrageous storyteller. I've begun to fantasize about telling this story on TV talk shows. Often I feel like I'm doing nothing but switching addictions. Instead of joining a group for abductees, maybe I should join an Alcoholics Anonymous for people who need to get "high" on feeling special.

Perhaps I will pursue having this story published. I wonder, is it worth sharing? Is it important enough? Certainly the amount of psychological processing that I have done is unlike any other account of any other abduction that I have read. Also too, I don't know many other abductees who have consciously tried to recontact their abductors. Somehow, I feel my story may be an important piece, one of many such important pieces, of understanding the UFO/ET puzzle.

As I write this story, I feel clearer, and stronger about severing my relationship with the ETs. I feel closer to deciding to have my possible implants examined and if they are implants, have them removed. My desire to be sovereign is getting stronger than my need to feel special.



*Joseph
Aug 31, Sept 1/2*



ALASKA ABDUCTION

Transcript of a hypnosis session

There's something in my tent. Somebody is coming in my tent. I see him. The flaps on my tent flies open. I can see the shadow. I can see a blue light. How did they do that? The trees are there but this thing is over the tress. How did he get down here? That man - he is down here with me. That man that came from the ship. The one that has the blue light that is over the tree over my tent.

Why is he lifting me up like that? He's not using his hands though. Whoooo - he is pointing his hands at me and I am floating. I am going up, I am going up! I am going up into that thing but I am laying down. I can't move, I am spinning. Here he comes, he is coming in there with me. He tells me that --- that light has disappeared.

I am lying on a table now. There is a little door. I see two people. Two things and they look like that one guy that was out there. He's tall. Tall like that man I seen before but he doesn't have the same face. Ooohhh... I can see him good. He has a face like the one that looked at me through the window but he is tall. His ears stand up on the sides of his head. Straight up. He is telling the one to do something. I am not laying down any more.

I am sitting up against the wall. There is a seat built into the wall. I am looking up now. We are preparing to go on a ride. That is what happened - they took me off the table.

They examined me before. They stuck a needle in my foot. They stuck a needle in my foot! In my left foot in the bottom of my foot! What is that stuff you are putting in my foot? **He speaks in my mind - "It will help you. You need this."** Why is he sticking that in my foot? (Getting excited) **I don't want that thing in my foot. Don't stick that thing in my foot (crying).** He tells me I am okay. They use the blue liquid to break down the atoms in my body. It has something to do with the blue light. It is a transporting system. That is how they locate me, by the blue liquid. They use that stuff - liquid, fluid - on all contactees. It is nothing from this planet. That blue liquid came out of me one time. It came through my nose. I don't have any shoes on. I have clothes I had on in my sleeping bag. I see my black pants and I have my black and white shirt.

I am sitting on a chair. There is somebody sitting in that window there. Somebody on a small chair. There is somebody at the window looking at me through the little door there. I didn't see that before. This thing is big. I see myself up against the wall. This looks like a space ship. I have never seen anything like this before. It's got a seat that goes up the wall. Like... there is a panel on the wall and it has buttons on it. **I have seen that before!** This is a funny looking ship.

This person is looking through the door. You know there is three people on this ship. Two little, myself and somebody looking through the window. **The one looking through the window I have seen before.** I am looking around, I can just about see everything now. The floors are funny. Little tiny holes of some kind. There is nothing underneath them. It is black. I can see that, there is that guy sitting at the window and the guy that stuck that thing in my foot. **OOOHHHH**, now he is starting to sit down. I think we are going someplace. He's sitting down and there is a door the other guy keeps looking through. **He smiles at me. I have seen him before, he smiles at me again.** Is he teasing me? It's the same guy that looked through my window as a kid. He's there with those guys but he is like a kid too. **He knows me. He is 200 years old but the other guys are much older.** He is just a kid. All them guys have big heads, little teeny lips, long necks and a robe on the back of his neck. He has a silver one too. Ooohh boy, I like that suit. He has a metallic cover and a red suit - something coming out of the top. It is like wings. It is a good looking suit. He is a Commander of that ship.

Look at his feet! He has weird feet. His feet look like a chickens feet. Four toes - no complexion - just grayish white. His feet are like his face, the same color. They look alike almost, except one is 3 feet tall, one is four feet and one is seven feet.

That seven foot one is a Commander. I can tell he is a Commander because that guy that is sitting by the window is the same but he has different colors. Same type clothes but different colors. Not different colors but different color shirt that comes under. I am not sure that is a shirt or a one piece suit but it has wing like over the neck. The collar stands up. Standing up like a wing.

These guys are going to take me on the ship. We are already there. We are going through a tunnel - an opening in the earth's atmosphere. A window. We are going through a window in the sky. I want to see all the stars! The stars there. Oh, yes, we are coming into a base. There is a bigger ship. We are landing. There is another dimension. It is there. Nobody is going to know. It is so big - I have never seen anything so big. It is sitting over the top of Earth. It is above Earth. We are going forward. It is opening up.

It look's like a bubble. It's a round bubble. (The ship they are approaching) Big windows. I could see inside - we are going inside it. There are hundreds of people inside it. I can see the people even before we go into the ship. This thing opens up and it opens up and It is two wings like, oh yeah, it is opening up and letting us fly in. There are more of those ships. This is the landing base. This is where they land the ship too. **There are people walking around and it looks like an airport - like an airport that is indoors.** It is different. We are landing now, we are turning in different positions.

It has different people. There are people dressed up like earth people, no - there is people there, **there's people like you and me there. The little ones, machines, androids, there is different races and combinations.** There's the one who picked me up.

Their walking me out now. Taking me out of the ship now. They are holding my arms. All three of us are going down the ramp. The Commander is there. I keep staring at him too. I don't know why he is there. He has bubble eyes. He is so intelligent. **Why is he looking at me? He knows too much about me. I don't like that feeling. He knows more about me than I know about myself. He looks like an insect.** I don't know.... They take me there, they are taking me off right now. They are taking me to another level.

There are rooms there. I can see. There are many, many other rooms there, not just rooms but space like open areas like a cargo bay or something. It is humongous. Bigger than a football field.

Just inside where they put the ships are smaller ones. (rooms) There are also rooms. **People are laying on tables with bubbles laying over the top of them.** Is that what they are going to do to me? I see all these people there. They got these people there. They put these people there. They put these people there but they don't look like they are dead. **There are hundreds of people.** There are 20 rooms, more than 20 different rooms, they got bubbles. "That doesn't look like a door there, how do they get inside there?" I see that door now. It slides open. They take me through that door. They take me in that room. All these people laying upon these tables.

He tells me that I have seen this before. Don't be surprised. You have already seen most of these things. You are the one who got this idea and we need you, we need you to do the things we want you to do. This is why we brought you here because in time you will be asked what this room is. **This room is the salvation of our souls. Yes, you see the bodies but the souls are fluid and the souls, what do they have to do with the souls? They take these people's souls.** Oh! That's why they do this. That is why these people disappear. These people are from

places all over the world. From all over Earth. These people have been kept alive.

This ship is a "transformation ship". This is what they call this. It's a "light city". "The Light City." This ship is known as a light city and it has carried these people and this is what they are telling me. They tell me that this ship has been travelling around Earth for thousands of years and these people are there to be kept for the time for the changes. These people have been missing for a long time. They have been missing from Earth because they disappeared. They have been taken up. They are kept suspended to be possessed by the souls of their fellowman. We need these bodies to be places upon the Earth when the time of change comes. They will return to Earth when the time is right. They will return to Earth to guide us through these times. These bodies, these souls of light are carried into the next generation. We take care of these bodies with that power. We keep them suspended in time because there is no time in space.

Yes, they have been reported missing. The people on Earth know these people have disappeared but in time in another generation they will return. Their souls are suspended in time also.

The souls have been taken, but they are not in danger. God protects them. They are alike too, they are like us. They chose this, they chose these bodies. Like these bodies were not of use any more. My body has been chosen too. But my soul has been kept in my body.

Ohhh... I have been in this place many times and they told me the reason my body was not... the reason my body was taken out was so I could experience this. When I left the blue star I made a decision. They took me, they said my soul has been in thousands of different bodies. My soul is an old soul. My soul - old soul. My soul went through changes on this Earth many times. My soul has traveled around the Universe in other galaxies. My soul is like a beam of light that shineth from the beam of light from the stars of the sky. My soul is the energy of the sun. My soul is one like all. It is that soul that shall lead you to your destination. You will be called upon to take the courses of the times. You do not remember this. "Why is this my decision?" "It is happening for a reason."

They have taken all these souls - all these bodies - their souls to complete the energy. Souls for use as a power source of energy. God is all the souls. They have taken all the souls because there was no longer a use. Oohh, I understand. Their souls were taken from their bodies because their bodies were no longer of use and replaced them in other bodies. That is how they do that.

When we are kids we choose a body and once our souls have went through a change in that certain body, the souls are taken back out but they are not used as well and placed in others of more convenience to the plan.

They keep saying, "The Plan." "The Plan" is the time of the changes. Your life will be what you generate upon this Earth. Many souls have possessed other bodies of people, I understand it. They take the souls out of the body that are not of use to that body and replace it into other bodies for their experience to learn. All these bodies learn different things because the of the plan - each person has a different job, person has a different mission.

Power is the ultimate power of all the souls. Power will be given to that power. I can stop that war. That war will end. I will stop that war. I will be that man that stops that war. Through the powers of God. God has chosen me to lead my people through this time. The people are one. We are all one in the Universe. Our God is power and energy. He is not a man. We are all God. We are God in a different soul for that energy is the source of all creation. All creation upon this Earth, in the stars, upon this ship, upon this galaxy, everything is God. These people will be left this earth. This place will be devastated. The change in mankind. It will happen so fast.

(Speaking to the hypnotist, Aileen Bringle) You are the teacher of the souls from the time of (what sounded like) Equopod. The Equopod was the time of the ages of Equo. In ancient times. It was the time of teaching the souls of the Universes. It was your goal to lead these people through these times. Your goal is to teach us that we are the ones of the Universe. Your purpose is to wake us up. Your purpose is to wake us up to the times. You don't know you are very special and you are always. We are all one. Love is the people of the soul of the Universe. We must love each other. God loves us all. God of the Universe.

We chose - each one of us contactees, to do certain things. Each one of us have a mission. Each one of us must lead our people Each one of us who believe will be saved from the devastation. Earth will change. It will change.

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FIFTH KIND

By Elena Ruiz de Castilla

I found the recent article in the Missing Link concerning bedroom visitations to be very interesting and enlightening. Most UFO journals would probably hesitate to share such information simply because it is so difficult to determine whether something actually occurred on a physical level. The truth of the matter is that something definitely is happening, whether physically or psychically. It is nice to know that they have some sexuality, after all, MJ-12 would have us to believe that their essential workings don't function due to atrophy or whatever. It is unfortunate that they seem to use sex simply to accomplish their genetic objectives.

Personally, it is my belief that a willing sexual encounter with an ET can be something truly out of this world in intensity and in its after affects. I tend to tell myself that my experience with Yusov was only a dream, however, it was an extremely vivid dream. In fact there were several dreams but one that stands out above the rest. I have tried to reproduce the experience by describing it on cassette and listening to the cassette as I go to sleep but have not obtained any results of a significant nature.

During this dream, or abduction, or an astral projection experience, or whatever it was... I was taken aboard a UFO and Yusov was telling me about the changes I must make in my life. He showed me a beautiful panorama of stars and then another view where there was only one or two dim stars. The message was that the choice was mine. I understood it to mean that I could make something beautiful of my life or I could just go along with my dull meaningless existence. However, thinking back perhaps it had something to do with genetics. The thought has occurred to me concerning Jacob in the Bible where an angel came down a stairway to him in a "dream" and showed him the stars telling him that his descendants would be as numerous as the stars in the heavens.

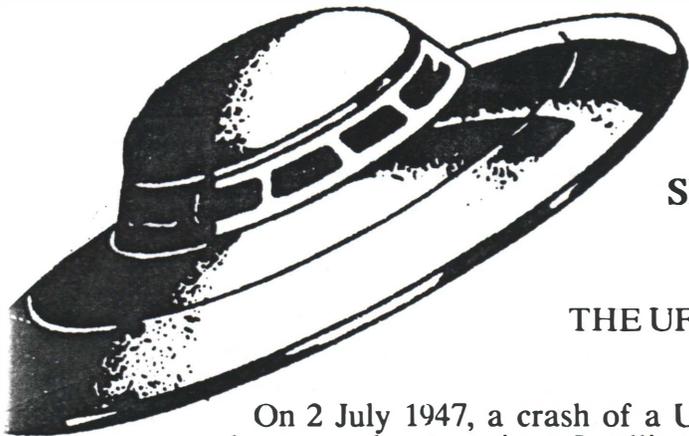
To be honest, I am not the least bit concerned about populating the Universe, and furthermore the ETs will have to reverse my tubular ligation if that's what they have in mind!

After he showed me the stars, he was standing behind me and I could feel him put his arms around me. He could sense that I was feeling intensely aroused and he commented telepathically to me "You find it erotic that I am an extraterrestrial." I felt a little angry and aggravated that he had so easily known what was in my mind.

He took me up a narrow stairway which seemed to hug the inner wall of the circular room we were in. I suppose the room above was his bedroom chamber. There was a long conversation which took place in which he asked me why I was willing to make love with him. I told him how I had been hurt and disappointed in all my relationships and I felt like an ET wouldn't hurt me like earth men had. He told me that he could love me but he couldn't give me what I really wanted because of his obligations with the work he had been assigned to do.

I will not get into a description of what occurred next but the effect it has had on my life has been tremendous. It just makes me angry that he doesn't come back more often. I was having dreams about him and about being abducted on a regular basis back in November and December but now it seems they have forgotten that I exist. Although I continue to receive communication from Yusov it isn't the same.

In the communications I have asked him why he doesn't come to me consciously on a physical level. His answer is that I am not physically capable of receiving his energy until I lose weight and start taking care of myself. I hate to think that ETs may have a hang up about beautiful skinny women. He says he is getting after me about my weight for my own good - that appearance doesn't matter.



SPECIAL REPORT 1

By Clifford Stone

THE UFO RECOVERY OPERATIONS

On 2 July 1947, a crash of a UFO in the Roswell, New Mexico area brought home to the American Intelligence Community and the world an undeniable fact. That fact was that the earth was being visited by an intelligence outside the earth. The big questions now facing the American Intelligence Community were where do the flying saucers come from, what is their purpose on earth, and how should this discovery be handled? To compound matters, the American Press picked up on the story that the Roswell Army Air Field (RAAF) had in its possession a "Flying Saucer" and ran that story on 8 July 1947, nation wide.

What the people at Roswell Army Air Field could not have known at the time was that Kirtland Army Air Field also had a "Flying Saucer" in its possession at the same time. However, secrecy had been maintained on the object recovered by Kirtland.

On 3 July 1947, elements from Kirtland Army Air Field, White Sands, and Ft. Bliss recovered a crashed saucer from the San Augustin Flats area of New Mexico. This object was tracked on radar and the military knew its location. Washington was notified of the crashed saucer and Major General Twining was immediately sent to Kirtland to take charge of the recovery operations. Dr. Vannevar Bush was also immediately dispatched to Kirtland to head up the scientific team that was to do a study of the find.

The decision was made to keep all information concerning the recovery of the crashed saucer "Top Secret" by MG Twining and Dr. Vannevar Bush. This decision was upheld by the 303 Group of 40 Committee. However, the people at RAAF was not aware of the top secret decision and MG Twining was not aware of the second flying saucer crash recovered by RAAF until after the story broke in the national media on 8 July 1947.

The biggest problem now facing the Intelligence Community was how to effectively dismiss the Roswell Incident to the press. To accomplish this task, Major General Twining, Chief of the Army Air Force's Material Command, telephoned General Ramey, Commander of the Eighth Air Force, and demanded that his office come up with an effective cover story for the press.

General Ramey called a meeting of his intelligence staff and they came up with the effective cover story of stating the object was nothing more than a weather balloon. General Ramey then telephoned the Commander at RAAF and informed him that RAAF was not to make any further statements concerning the recovered object, the debris was to be flown to Wright Field with a stop at Carswell Army Air Field, and that all future statements concerning the debris would be made by his (General Ramey's) office. It should be noted here that the debris was never flown to Wright Field after its stop over at Carswell. The debris was transferred to a waiting C-54 and flown to Kirtland so that it too could be studied by the scientific team already at Kirtland.

One of General Ramey's officers who was on his intelligence staff expressed concern that if all the news media did not "buy" the balloon cover story, it might be desirable to have some outside agency involved so as not to give the appearance that the military was attempting to cover anything up. General Ramey agreed with this assessment.

The intelligence officer from General Ramey's staff requested and received the assistance of the FBI through the FBI's Cincinnati Field Office. The teletype message sent by the agent in charge from the Cincinnati Field Office to FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C. clearly indicates that neither General Ramey's office nor the people at Wright Field believed the balloon story. The teletype read in part, "(censored) further advised that the object found resembles a high altitude weather balloon with a radar reflector, but that telephonic conversation between their office (Eighth Air Force) and Wright Field had not borne out this belief."

Once the FBI had assisted in ensuring the acceptance of the balloon cover story, they were no longer given additional information concerning this incident. After all, it was the intent of those who knew the full story to keep it within as small a group as possible.

From that day on the information concerning the Roswell Incident and similar cases to follow, would be classified Top Secret, compartmented, and placed under a strict need to know basis.

General Twining now knew, as did others at the top of the American Intelligence Community, that Flying Saucers were something real, under intelligent control, and that they did not originate on earth. The next logical step would be to orchestrate an operation for the recovery of any other crashed saucers or unknown debris that might fall to earth, as well as information on sightings of valuable military intelligence interest. It would also be necessary to set up a domestic public relations unit to quell public interest in the phenomena.

The domestic public relations unit was an easy task for the Air Force. It has been known by such project names as Project Sign, Project Grudge, and Project Blue Book. Its mission was to explain away as many of the UFO sightings as possible that were reported to the Air Force by the public, military sightings that became public knowledge through the media and to reassure the public that there was nothing to fear because flying saucers did not exist. Since these projects were in fact public relations, they were, for the most part, made available to the public and the media. This was not to be the case with the recovery project(s).

The recovery project, for the most part, was given to Air Force Intelligence. However, every branch of the American Intelligence Community was to become involved with the recovery project to ensure timely information. The receipt of timely information was important to ensure that recovery teams could be sent to any place in the world, recover the object or debris, and to do so without drawing any attention to what was going on.

The 4602d Air Intelligence Service Squadron (AISS) was given responsibility for the recovery operations. The 4602d AISS had three missions as part of its participation in the recovery operations. Those missions were (1) Unidentified Flying Objects (not to be confused with the Project Blue Book mission), (2) Project Moon Dust, and (3) Operation Blue Fly.

The 4602d AISS was responsible for the collection of UFO reports within the United States and those sightings in foreign countries made by military personnel. They collected only those cases considered to be of great technical intelligence interest. Also, the Department of State assisted in these cases of great technical intelligence interest as we shall see later in this report.

Project Moon Dust was a specialized aspect of the over-all material exploitation program of the United States Air Force. The mission of Project Moon Dust was to locate, recover, and deliver descended foreign space vehicles, objects of unknown origin, and debris of such items.

Operation Blue Fly was established to facilitate expeditious delivery to the foreign Technology Division (FTD), and other locations, of Moon Dust or other items (including UFOs) of great technical intelligence interest.

These three programs were eventually turned over to the 7602d Air Intelligence Group where they remain to this day.

When questioned about these three programs, the Air Force replied that the only UFO program they were aware of was Project Blue Book which ended its operation on December 17, 1969, that the Air Force terminated Project Moon Dust in the late 1960s or early 1970s, and that the Air Force has no knowledge of an Operation Blue Fly ever existing even when confronted with the evidence of the existence of this operation under their control. However, the Air Force cannot explain why documents released under the Freedom of Information Act going into the 1980s making reference to Moon Dust and referring to objects of unknown origin were still being sent to the 7602d Air Intelligence Group.

A Department of State document released under the Freedom of Information Act had this to say about Moon Dust. "The designator 'MOONDUST' is used in cases involving the examination of non-US space objects or objects of unknown origin." The document further stated, "Based on the information provided by the post, the Department of State in conjunction with other interested agencies will determine subsequent action required."

Once the term Moon Dust was made known to the UFOlogy community the Defense Intelligence Agency considered their Moon Dust material classified and refused to release it even on appeal. The Department of State started to refer to a message number on teletype Moon Dust reports as opposed to the term Moon Dust. Later the Department of State would change the message number to the term "initiative" thereby they could state that all these reports were unsolicited and submitted on the "initiative" of the people assigned to the post making the report. After all, this tactic did seem to work for the CIA.

The reader of this report should keep in mind that UFOs have not gone away. They are still with us. Also, the Department of State, the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, and the various military intelligence agencies still require their people in posts around the world to continue to report UFO sightings as routine procedure as these reports present a potential source of great technical intelligence interest to the US Government. The US Government still maintains thousands of UFO Reports that remain classified in the interest of national security, while maintaining that UFOs do not present a threat to the national security of the United States.

Based on my own investigation of UFOs, I am certain that UFOs are real, under intelligent control, and do not originate on this earth. I am further certain that the United States Government is a party to an ongoing cover-up of UFO information and not telling the American public the truth about what it knows concerning UFOs. After all, if UFOs are not something real why require transmission of UFO reports as a potential source of great technical intelligence interest to the United States Government?

It makes me wonder if the CIA really believes its own Credo. The last paragraph of the CIA Credo contains this quote, "And Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

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BOOK SEARCH: GERALD IS LOOKING FOR A BOOK THAT WAS WRITTEN BY UFO RESEARCHER AND AUTHOR "MAX B. MILLER". THE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED BY FAWCETT BOOKS BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW THE NAME OF IT. IF YOU ARE AWARE OF THIS BOOK(S) PLEASE WRITE TO GERALD AT POB 337, BAGDAD, AZ 86321.

BY THE WAY, I FORGOT TO LIST HOW MUCH IT WOULD BE TO STAY OVERNIGHT IN THE CABINS AT JORPAH. FOR TWO NIGHTS IT IS \$20.00 AND FOR ONE, NATURALLY \$10.00. THE JORPAH ITSELF IS FREE.