

NUMBER 103

APRIL 1991

\$2.00



★ THE MISSING LINK ★

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

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

BASHAR AND UFO'S

The article about Bashar in the latest Life Times prompted me to write about my own experiences with Bashar, as well as several extraterrestrial encounters that began in 1963.

I learned that Bashar, an extraterrestrial from Essasanae, was telepathically communicating in Encino in January, 1985. I was initially interested in determining his motives. I knew that there were other civilizations with tremendous technological capabilities visiting us. I'd had several very overt contacts since I was an adolescent in 1963. And I wasn't certain that all of these visitors were necessarily friendly or welcome. While the craft I had encountered had made direct and obvious approaches towards me, no face-to-face contacts or hostile actions had ever been made. My first reaction in 1963 was stark, cold terror. By 1980 I just wanted to be left alone when they "parked" above my house for three nights and then followed my car along a road one evening, blinking lights off and on. I knew they were there, but I had places to go and things to do.

I met Bashar at his first gathering held in Encino. I wanted to know: 1) was he for real; and 2) his purposes in communicating with Earth. There were about 15 people present that first afternoon. We were all wary novices at such communications. Poor Bashar had his hands full. While not 100% certain he was for real, I was reassured that, should he eventually be proven "real," an alien occupation of Earth was not on the agenda.

I saw him a number of times during the first few months of the year. We talked about the earlier contacts, which Bashar indicated had been with the Ceta Reticulae. When I asked why, why, why they would contact me, Bashar wanted to know if they had helped me to know *who* I am.

The following May, two friends and

After a short ascent, it again stopped and silently travelled downward towards us. At several hundred feet or so above our heads, it levelled off and slowed for just an instant as if to say "hello" before speeding out of sight across the lake. I was standing directly beneath the craft at its lowest point. Looking straight up at the underside of the ship, I could see no sky around it and could not judge its size or distance relative to other objects, because all I could see was the underside of the ship.

I had a private session with Bashar — still with many reservations on my part. Inexplicably, as the sessions started, I became angry. The anger grew into a fury for no obvious reason. Bashar began to talk about joy. I absolutely could not believe that he could talk about living a life of joy when there were so many things to be responsible for. How could anyone be joyful all the time *and* responsible! The fury grew and turned into a lava goo that permeated my body and thought. Bashar asked me why I had come: "I want to know about the universe." "You are the universe," he answered. That was the limit! I would not tolerate one more instant of his joyful madness. I was out of there, wishing to never see or speak with him again. We had exchanged two brief sentences.

I left, telling the host I did not want to discuss what had happened in that room and would not be back to see Bashar again. I didn't return to see Bashar or speak about him again until December.

While sitting on a friend's hillside lawn pulling weeds with my husband on a September afternoon, it occurred to me that I hadn't been camping in

years and asked him if he would go camping with me the next weekend. He agreed and we invited friends to go with us. But where? My friend mentioned that Bashar had said his ships would be in the Oxnard area in September. While I had not spoken with or visited Bashar since May, the anger had dissipated to indifference. Oxnard was okay with the group, which had grown to six adults, three teenagers and a toddler. I had discussed Bashar's possible presence in the area with two of the adults. I had not wanted to take a chance on my husband backing out of the trip, so none of the ideas about Bashar or ships being in the area had been discussed with him.

During the week before the trip, undefined thoughts and feelings coalesced to an understanding of sorts that telepathic communication would be enabled in that area during that time. I mentioned this to my husband as we entered the park, knowing that he had experienced telepathy and would find that acceptable and provide some understanding for him. That was the entirety of conversation with my husband about this trip beyond the usual camping arrangements. We arrived in the afternoon, set up camp, hiked and explored the grounds, then began to prepare dinner at dusk.

Composite of UFO shapes based on published UFO photographs. Prepared by Dr. R. N. Shepard, a research psychologist at Stanford University, as an identification aid and included in a paper submitted to the House Committee on Science and Astronautics in July 1968.

At dusk the sky came to life with stars. A large star moved south across the horizon and then reversed its path and traveled north and stopped before ascending at 90 degrees. After a short ascent, it again stopped and silently travelled downward towards us. At several hundred feet or so above our heads, it levelled off and slowed for just an instant as if to say "hello" before speeding out of sight across the lake. I was standing directly beneath the craft at its lowest point. Looking straight up at the underside of the ship, I could see no sky around it and could not judge its size or distance relative to other objects, because all I could see was the underside of the ship. My husband, standing several hundred feet from me, said that it was about the size of a football field.

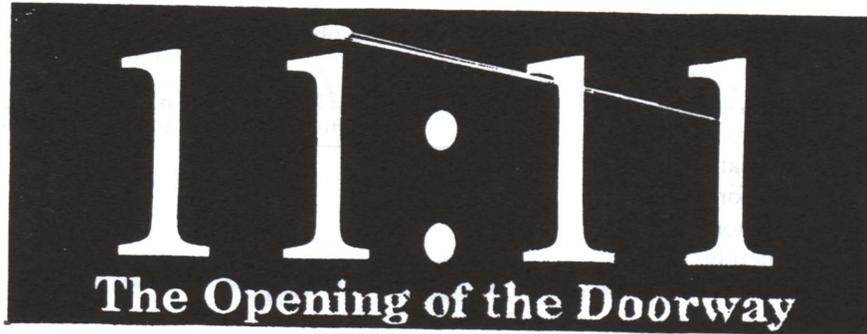
The ship was triangular in shape, with the front and sides shaped like a boomerang. I saw an oval outline at the center, which seemed to be detachable or removable. The covering of the craft was dark. Blue lights seemed to emanate from the skin of the craft itself. I experienced a tremendous sense of love, peace and unity with all life — which I later recognized as pure joy. Five adults and two children were present.

This contact was pivotal to the events and turns my life has taken since. Bashar has shared generous stretches of my path to me — emotions and ideas I had not previously dared to touch. His friendship has been a wonderful sharing of love. And it's okay now if Bashar says that I *am* the universe . . . he and each of us is the universe. And that's all there is ever to share. □

Phyllis Duran



PHOTOGRAPHED OVER BELL ROCK (VORTEX) IN SEDONA, ARIZONA BY LINDA DUDAR, ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, N.J.



*Here we stand, poised on the brink
of a great adventure, that we, ourselves,
have called forth to be!*

The time has finally arrived which we have long awaited. Truly, do we stand poised on the brink of a great adventure! This great adventure is the fulfillment of our Divine Missions on Planet Earth. It is our graduation from the third and fourth dimensional experiences enabling us to rise up into true Mastery and Freedom. We are now entering upon the time of completion. This is the beginning of a new phase of our journey Homeward.

This is not something totally new and unexpected, for we have carried within us, *pre-encoded into our cellular memory banks*, the memories, knowledge and sealed orders which shall serve us in the times to come. These were placed within us long ago, prior to experiencing our initial descent into matter. **The fulfillment of our Divine Missions was the reason we chose to come to Earth in the first place!**

Throughout our cycle of embodiments upon Earth we have laboriously prepared to be ready to serve in our fullest capacity when the preordained time arrives. The time is now. The Call to Awaken has already resounded across the Celestial Vastness, calling us to remember and ultimately, *to embody*, that which we truly are in our magnificence and empowerment.

Now we are issuing the Call to Activation. This activation entails that each of us is faced with a decision of tremendous importance and lasting consequence. Our choice is whether or not we will answer and serve this Call with the fullness of our beings and with an unshakeable commitment to serving our Higher Purpose. This is what we are being Called to do. Our choices must be made now. Please choose wisely with your full consciousness, for the results of the choices made now shall be with you for a very long time and will affect all levels of your life.

Our first task is to transform ourselves into awakened multi-dimensional beings. It is the inner union between Earth ascending and Heaven descending. This sacred merger has already been achieved by many of us and numerous others are awakening daily as the Call steadily intensifies. We are reclaiming our Divine Birthright and Heritage, remembering that we are the Angels incarnate, vast starry beings of Light who are no longer limited to and bound by the illusions of time, space and matter.

Now we are ready to recognize each other and join together as emanations of the One. Indeed, this is of primary importance, for the great work in front of us requires that we unite as one collective whole. The new doorways cannot be opened or passed through by any of us operating as individual units of consciousness. They are brought into manifestation through our Unified Presence, through our focused intent, through our total commitment to serving our Higher Purpose.

We hereby announce the next major planetary activation to take place on January 11, 1992. This is the Opening of the Doorway of the 11:11.

This is the most important evolutionary step we have ever taken on Planet Earth! It heralds the completion of the spiral which we have travelled on since the inception of Earth. The 11:11 signifies a time when the planet Earth and all of humanity shall be given the opportunity to move onto a new spiral of consciousness. The 11:11 is the bridge to an entirely different spiral or energy patterning. It is the step *beyond* the known dimensional universe into a new patterning of Octaves. It is a journey into the Unknown which shall lead us ever closer to home. The opening of the 11:11 is a major planetary event on a scale never before experienced **The full participation of each of you is needed in order to open this doorway.**

The Call is hereby issued to you from On High. On the earthplane it has been received and amplified to humanity from the Golden Solar Angels. Their task has been to reawaken the Star-Borne and to facilitate the accelerated path homeward.

The cycle of major planetary events was begun on December 31, 1986 with the **World Peace Meditation** called forth by John Randolph Price. Next was the **Harmonic Convergence** on August 16 and 17, 1987, activated by Jose' Arguelles. Then came the **Earth Link** in February 1988, centered over Ayer's Rock in Australia, brought forth by Vincent Selleck. The last big one was **Earth Day**, celebrated on April 20, 1990.

Concurrently we have had a series of smaller planetary events, such as **Star Link** in 1988 - activating the Angelic Vortex in Los Angeles, California, **Crystal Light Link** - activating the crystal grids in April 1989 and **Time Warp** in November 1989. Each of these activations has served to further bring the planet and humanity into an increased sense of Oneness - healing, transforming and ushering new levels of consciousness into the planetary Logos.

All of these quantum leaps have brought us to the place of readiness where we stand right now. Now we are called upon to prepare for the most important activation thus far. This is the **Opening of the Doorway of the 11:11.**

The symbol of 11:11 was pre-encoded into our cellular memory banks long ago, before we ever made our initial descent into matter. It was placed into us, *seared into the very fibers and DNA of our beings*, as part of our preparations prior to beginning our cycle of incarnations upon the Earth. The 11:11 has rested dormant within us since that faraway time, positioned under a time - release mechanization complete with sealed orders which would open when the 11:11 was fully activated. It has been gently sleeping, awaiting its moment of triggering. Now with the dissemination of this information, the 11:11 is finally being activated.

11:11 is our pre encoded trigger that our time of completion is near. Many of you have recognized this symbol as something of great significance, yet have been unaware of its true meaning. With the advent of digital clocks many years ago, the presence of 11:11 began to make itself felt, often appearing on the clock at moments of accelerated awareness. For those of you who have known that 11:11 was something special, we ask you to come forth into positions of leadership for you hold important parts of the key. Let your sealed orders be now opened!

The Star Borne

The Star Borne are all of us presently incarnate who know that we originate from somewhere other than this planet. We are beginning to remember that we *chose* to undergo incarnation on Earth in order to serve in the transmutation of matter. Once this is achieved, we would be able to move both the planet and the portions of humanity *who will choose themselves* onto an entirely new evolutionary template. This is our graduation from the dimensional illusions of duality and separation, our step into mastery and freedom, our fulfillment of Our Divine Missions, and our return home to conscious Oneness.

Right now, at this very moment, there is a mass awakening of the Star Borne taking place on Earth. This awakening is of utmost importance, for it is crucial to the opening of the 11:11 that all of the Star Borne awaken, remember, activate and rise up into their fullest empowerment! This is what we came here to do! This is the moment that we have been long awaiting - yearning for in the depths of our hearts while calling out to our starry brethren at night.

Our preparations for this time have been lengthy and often arduously lonely. We have now entered the Time of Completion wherein freedom beckons to us from the other side of the Doorway. Please do not miss out on this opportunity which has never before been presented to us and shall not be offered again for countless aeons!

The Map of the 11:11

The doorway of the 11:11 is the bridge between 2 spirals. *This bridge is the channel for our mass ascension.* In the old spiral is the patterning which contains dimensions 1-6. These are the boundaries of our known dimensional universe. This is the spiral which we have traveled on since our first earthly experiences. Inherent within this patterning is the illusion of duality and separation. Herein we have labored under the concept that we were individualized units of consciousness, separate from the Source, stranded beings searching for God. Here we felt ourselves alone, *abandoned perhaps*, ever striving to remember something of vast importance which always resided just beyond the grasp of our conscious minds. Yet there has always been embedded within us a deep yearning to return Home, though we knew not where that magical place, or state of consciousness, might be found.

After we pass through the doorway of the 11:11 we shall move onto a new spiral formation. The patterning found herein is one of octaves. It contains Octave 7-11. It is free of the dimensional experiences and contains an entirely new level of consciousness. Octave 7 is where the Earth shall reside. It is here where the new dispensation will be revealed and brought into full manifestation. This is where we shall experience the prophesied 1000 years of peace.

One of the most important aspects of the new spiral patterning is that we shall truly know that we are One and we will no longer feel separate from the source.

Most of the ones who will journey to Octave 7 shall remain there to build on the new. However, a small group of us shall choose to continue onwards to Octave 11. In Octave 11, another repatterning is possible, which leads to the Beyond the Beyond.

The Opening of the Doorway

In order to open this doorway we need a critical mass number of a minimum of 144,000 awakened Star Borne to unite together in conscious Oneness all over the planet on January 11, 1992. The center of this activation shall take place at the Great Pyramids in Giza, Egypt. This is due to the powerful alignment there of both the Master Grid and B grid vortexes. This is the only location on the planet where these two major planetary grid systems are presently aligned and activated, hence there is a double helix vortex present. The Great Pyramids have long served as the beacon for remembrance of our starry origins and contain the key for our homeward journey.

The doorway of the 11:11 opens once and it closes once. Only one may pass through. This one is our Unified Presence, *the many as One*. The 11:11 shall open on January 11, 1992 and close on December 31, 2011. Unless at least 144,000 of us gather together either physically or in spirit throughout the planet on January 11, 1992, the 11:11 will not open at all and we shall have missed this Golden opportunity for our mass ascension into new realms of consciousness. The date can also be written as 1.11.1992. Notice that it contains an 11:11 within the 1111992. Together the numbers add up to 33 which is the master vibration number of universal service. 425 also adds up to 11, which is a figure some of you may be seeing now too.

Creating the Key

The key which opens the doorway of the 11:11 is created by all of us joining together as One on a scale never before experienced on Earth. Each of us who are Star Borne holds a piece of the key.

All of our fragments must be placed together in order for the door to open. The sharing of our individual pieces of the key shall take place all over the world, beginning on January 1, 1992 and culminating on January 11, 1992.

We call you to join in on January 11, 1992 that together we may open the door. The key is turned by us forming star mandalas of people large and small, all over the planet. At the appointed hour of 11:11 these myriad starry mandalas will begin to activate and turn in synchronicity with the large spiral at the Great Pyramids which shall be forming a master cylinder and be in continuous motion for at least 24 hours. It is our combined activation that will open the doorway.

Focus on the whole instead of the fragments of the whole. See all of humanity as one vast starry being, held together by love. Remember that you are no longer alone; there are millions of us here.

Plans are now being formulated with Power Tours, who are coordinating air and land accommodations. Departure from New York will be on January 5, 1992 & return to New York on January 15, 1992. Each group or light center around the world should try to send at least one representative to the Egyptian gathering, that we may be fully aligned on a planetary basis.

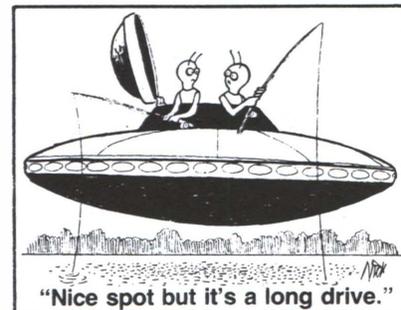
Reported Elsewhere

Space program shifts focus

Government efforts to refocus the space program are ending confusion about the nation's space policies, according to the New York Times. A recent report by a committee appointed by the Bush administration has strongly supported the continuation of both unmanned and manned space exploration, including the long-term goal of sending astronauts to Mars.

Solar arrays are adequate

Photovoltaic solar arrays will be adequate for the space station until the end of the century, according to Aerospace Daily. A solar dynamic power source, which generates power by concentrating the sun's rays, has been favored by some members of Congress. Photovoltaic arrays could provide the Space Station with an adequate 75 kilowatts of power, the Daily said.



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"I bring Earth a message from Alpha Centauri,
and it goes something like this..."

A PAIR of Martians landed on a country road on Earth in the middle of the night. "Where are we?" one asked.

"I think we're in a cemetery," his companion answered. "Look at the gravestone over there—that man lived to be 108."

"What was his name?"
"Miles from Omaha."

—Louis Phillips, *Way Out!* (Viking Kestrel)

THE TAU CETI CONNECTION

by Forest Crawford
Collinsville, Illinois

*(Article reprinted from UFO Journal of Facts, published by
UFO Archives, P. O. Box 1726, Tucson, Arizona 85710. \$19.95 quarterly)*

The eggs had their typical lack of firmness and the sausage tasted more like greasy rope than pork links. The orders to mobilize saved me from this breakfast experiment. We proceeded down six flights of stairs below the COMPTRAPAC submarine base in San Diego to "shoot-the-tubes". After placing my few pieces of jewelry in a container I climbed into the cylinder to travel the tunnels to an unknown assignment. I wondered what was so important to upgrade our pay from E-3 to E-6 before we left and besides that, we could not even finish breakfast.

As I am told of our departure, a familiar, uneasy feeling comes over me. When you push down on the accelerator in your car, one can feel the tug of inertia sinking you into your seat. When you travel the tubes there is no feeling of motion but you know when the door opens you will be in another place hundreds, even thousands of miles away. For some comfort I check to see if the watch hidden in my pocket was still there. I quickly look to see if it is even running. It seems to be working normally, so why no jewelry? Because of electrical charge buildup perhaps?

The soft clang of the door opening made me tense again. I did not even feel us stop! Peeking at the watch I noted only 30 minutes had passed. We must be in California, Nevada or ARizona, I thought. As I stepped form the windowless capsule I hear a military policeman murmur "Turners' Rangers." Our reputation had preceded us. As I re-adorned my jewelry the first surprise of this assignment was about to come.

A high ranking Navy O.S.S. Officer informs us that we will not be allowed above ground while in North Dakota. NORTH DAKOTA!! Several of us were led to a larger hanger-type room that had been quickly set up to function as a laboratory. Resting on heavy jack stands in the middle of the room was a large, disc-shaped craft. The chief scientist present was introduced as Professor Bear. As his briefing and some discussion proceeded, I rapidly developed a rapport with this talented, open minded and gentle man.

The craft had crashed near Phoenix, Arizona and was moved to this North Dakota base. Two dead alien bodies with fatal radiation exposure were found outside the craft. I reflected on my O.S.S. training for crash retrieval and remembered thinking, "Why bother? We will never get a chance to be involved in anything that exciting." Well, not only was I involved, I was the security team leader. This meant that when the craft was opened I would be the first one inside! After all, one does not send a high-ranking officer or a chief scientist to possibly encounter an alien booby trap or extraterrestrial virus. Come to think of it the prospects did not excite me either. As Professor Bear prepared his ultrasonic sound generators for opening the craft, my apprehension turned to intensity; after all, this is what my training was for.

As the "Bear" turned his equipment on the smooth solid metal surface of he craft began to ripple like when you throw a stone in the water. When the ripples seemed to gain harmonic stability the now liquid metal parted in a circular iris-like fashion. As I stepped inside I noticed a fresh pine scent and a strange smoothness to everything. The interior was rounded off and continuous with no seams or rivets. It was as if the walls, floor and ceiling were formed out of one piece of metal. Even a table in th center of the craft looked as though it had been pushed out of the floor. What appeared to be control panels had no knobs, switches or dials. There were strange symbols highlighting these futuristic yet simple consoles.

The outside of the craft had no apparent damage yet the interior showed some distortion, possibly from the crash. Next to one of the panels I could see something that would challenge my training and challenge my perceptions of reality forever. The craft was just another piece of hardware, but seated next to the panel was a human! Its gender was obviously male. Aside from his unusual dress he could have walked past you at the grocery store and not commanded much attention. Upon noticing some injuries about his head I instinctively and quickly moved toward him to help. His skin was a bronze color, reminiscent of Mediterranean or South American cultures. His hair was similarly brown and very short in a Roman or crew style cut. The only real difference in appearance from earth humans was that his ears were slightly pointed. He reminded me of pictures of Quetzacoatl, the deity of the ancient Toltecs.

He was conscious and in great pain. One leg was partially pinned by the shifting interior. I was examining cuts on his cheek and lip when I first touched him. An overwhelming feeling of compassion came over me as I heard his voice in my head. I could understand him clearly even though his mouth did not move. The communication was strictly telepathic. I perceived his fear of being harmed and told him that I would not let anyone harm him. Suddenly, a voice from the doorway refocused my attention on the duties at hand.

I called back that we had a live one. The craft filled with gloved and masked medical personnel to help free the occupant. He was quickly carried outside and placed on a gurney. I remarked that he felt heavy for his size and a few others that had assisted agreed. As the alien was whisked off for medical attention Professor Bear examined the inside of the craft. He found what he thought was a star map depicting the Constellation Eridanus and wondered if that might be where the alien was from. After a brief discussion concerning the nature of the communications, Bear asked me to accompany him to the medical lab. As we talked along the way I referred to the alien being as "Hank." The professor asked if that was the name the alien had given me. I explained that it was not and that I had chosen that nickname based on its Native American reference to a "troubled spirit." The professor smiled and said, "Hank it is," and the name seemed to immediately stick.

In the antiseptic, impersonal medical room, Hank's discomfort was compounded by his complete undressing. While still in great pain he was examined from head to toe. No stone was left unturned, so to speak. They treated him as if he were the baby of some rare animal species being first born in captivity. It became evident that Hank could not communicate with everyone involved so I was asked to be translator. I had no trouble understanding that the normal anesthetics we were administering had little or no effect. Suddenly, with Hank's discomfort still a concern, everyone's attention became divided between the being and a new person arriving on the scene.

This new person was obviously important yet seemed to make everyone uneasy. Even Hank recoiled in fear when he came close. He barked a few stern orders and several people, myself included, marched into a nearby conference room. The man introduced himself as Frank Drake and told us he was head of the operation. The reports would hence forth be titled "Project OSMA" (with an "S"). As the sound of his continued briefing faded into a day dream I thought about my regimented life had just jumped track and was now speeding off in a totally new direction.

This extraordinary story, according to the witness, is not fiction. Oscar is a simple country person from rural Missouri where he lives with his wife, three children and a menagerie of stray animals. His life is seemingly uncomplicated and unhurried. However, his eyes reflect a clarity indicative of inner knowledge and understanding. We first came to meet this man as the result of a lead from nuclear physicist and renowned UFOlogist, Stanton T. Friedman. At the "Show Me UFO Conference 1989" in St. Louis, Friedman asked Bruce Widaman, State Director of Missouri MUFON, if he

would attempt to locate a witness that called responding to the "Unsolved Mysteries" show on the Roswell crash. The person in question had possibly been involved in a crash retrieval while in the military. The tip had come from a former neighbor of Oscar's.

Widaman, of course, agreed to follow up since Friedman felt the investigation should be handled locally. It was known that the witness did not have a phone. So with little less than a name, town and rumor to go on, the search began. Widaman and Alex Horvat, Public Information Officer for Missouri MUFON, arrived in the small town near St. Louis after dark. After questioning a girl at a local convenience mart no further leads were found. Horvat suggested checking the local bar. This produced a description of a front yard that might be the elusive witness'. After driving up and down the lane several times, one yard seemed more appropriate than the others so they hesitantly stopped. Stepping from the car into the country night proved harrowing enough as several large dogs snarled and barked from the surrounding darkness. Widaman was further unnerved when a large black dog began licking his hand as he knocked on the door. Not knowing whether he was being greeted or tasted by the animal, Widaman was relieved to see someone answer. After a brief explanation of who and what our investigators were, an invitation to sit and talk came as a positive sign. The stranger did not know where "Bill," the name given Friedman, was, but that he was his brother. After Widaman and Horvat explained their purpose and some of their feelings and ideas he finally conceded that he was in fact the man they were looking for. He explained that his real name was Oscar and that the name "Bill" had been given so he would know where any inquiries were coming from.

As Oscar told the story that began this article it became obvious that because of his military background, the name was necessary for his protection. The account unfolded further to reveal horrible injustices to Hank and to Oscar himself. At the direction of Drake, the team conducted medical experiments such as spinal taps, marrow sampling, taking organ specimens and other exploratory surgery on Hank without anesthesia. Oscar had spent many hours over three months communicating with and growing close to the alien. One day he stepped between Drake and Hank with his .45 caliber pistol drawn and demanded an end to the torture. Drake withdrew but the next morning Oscar had new orders to depart immediately for Saint Albans Hospital in Connecticut where he was incarcerated for debriefing. He remained isolated for several months until the efforts of Lt. Charles Turner, Oscar's commanding officer, got him moved to a psychiatric ward. His family, who had now been out of touch with him for almost three months, was told that Oscar had suffered a head injury during a submarine accident. After spending time under psychiatric care, which would damage his military record, he was oddly enough given an honorable discharge.

After having returned to civilian life he and his father embarked on a hiking trip to North Dakota. They purposely entered the restricted area surrounding the base where Oscar had been stationed. Perimeter patrol picked them up for removal from the area. While in their company Oscar asked how Hank was doing. One of the guards confided that the alien had died several months earlier.

The next trip out to the country included myself and David Rapp, a physicist with 13 years experience in the aerospace industry and also Director of Investigations for Missouri MUFON. Because of our backgrounds in science, the discussion focused on technical questions about Oscar's experiences. After questioning the logistics of a tunnel system stretching from California to North Dakota to Washington D.C., it became evident that this was not feasible. With careful questioning it was discovered, according to Oscar, that the tunnels only went a short distance and did not actually connect to the North Dakota base. The capsule shuttle was accelerated and then a time/space window simultaneously opened. The "exit door" of the time/space window simultaneously opened at the prescribed destination where the

capsule would appear in a tunnel and decelerate. The technology was supposedly a combination of our own knowledge, rooted in the Philadelphia experiment, and acquired alien technology. Oscar also talked about the geological location of time/space/dimension doors. These places allow the easy entry of extraterrestrial craft into our atmosphere. Two such large natural doorways were reported to be just northeast of *Seattle*, Washington and south of the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior.

The pattern from the panel inside the ship was confirmed by Rapp to match stars of the constellation Eridanus as seen from earth. It was later confirmed by Hank that the stars of origin of his people were Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani. In later sessions Oscar discussed some reasons for the presence of the aliens. He said they do not like the situation with some of the small grey aliens. He corrected us when we used the term "grey" and said they were actually white. The Tau Cetians feel the abductions being carried out by some of the greys are a great injustice to humanity. "They are a parasitic race that has and is praying on human civilizations throughout the universe," Oscar relayed. He added that our government's involvement with the greys is very dangerously out of control. He described them as "bug people" and said they are actually closer to plant life than mammalian. Oscar is adamant that the bug people are using human fluids for sustenance. They feed by immersing their arms in vats and/or rubbing the fluids on their bodies. He claims that they are also kidnapping children. The Tau Cetians have been preyed upon by these aliens before and they are working with other races and communities that were also victims. One such race that Oscar claims was run off of their home planet by the bug people was what we now call the Nordics or Pliadians. He claims, because of his ongoing contacts, he was made aware of the Billy Meier case in Switzerland and swears that is a real contact. Oscar's comments about the bug people do not necessarily apply to all races of grey aliens, only those he claims are working with governments of the world to gain power with no concern for humanity.

I find all of these comments interesting especially when you consider one investigative detail of this case. I have seen Oscar's house, his Mother's house, his work shop and truck, and at no time were any books, magazines, transcripts or movies about any subject, let alone recent UFO material found. When asked about the strange absence of reading material, he claims that if he wants to know something he merely concentrates on it and the answer comes to him via his alien friends. Could he be an avid reader of the latest and most controversial UFO documents and just be hiding them when we came over. This is highly unlikely since without a phone, our visits were always unannounced.

While undergoing debriefing, a friend of Oscar's began sending his personal belongings from his locker to his family. Oscar had hidden a Polaroid picture of Hank from one of the files in his locker. He had the picture in possession for two years before military intelligence people came and asked for it back. He returned the picture but had many Xerox copies hidden. One of these copies was enhanced by an artist to produce the picture included in this article so that anyone having profound abduction experiences with grey aliens will recognize the Tau Cetians. He wants people to know that if they are contacted by the Tau Cetians to not be afraid because they are here to help.

This attitude is reflected in correlations with a totally independent case involving a woman from Springfield, Illinois. Jill Waldport appears to have an ongoing and very serious involvement with grey aliens. After Budd Hopkins spoke to her at length the case was recommended to John Carpenter, State Section Director for Missouri MUFON and myself. The intensity and detail of the case is reminiscent of Debbie Tomies' (Cathy Davis) experiences. In my first interview with Jill, she asked if anyone had ever been abducted/contacted by more than one race or group of aliens. I told her that it was reported with some frequency and asked her which other ones she

had seen with the greys. She said that it was a totally separate contact and that they did not like the greys.

When asked about their appearance she reported that they were human, approximately five and a half feet in height, 180-200 pounds but not fat, tanned looking skin with short hair cuts that laid flat against their heads. I asked her to describe their eyes, ears, nose and mouth. She said all features were essentially normal except the nose was broad and flat and their eyes were brown. Oscar reported the weight of Hank to be 190 pounds and five feet seven inches tall. He also noted the broad, flat nose.

Jill informed me that the aliens told her they didn't like what the other aliens were doing without her consent. They had come to help her learn how to protect herself. They explained that she needed to psychically build a shield around, like a brick wall, when they came for her. This would keep her from being deceived by their mind tricks. She tried it the next time the greys came for her and it seemed to work. At this point the correlation counter in my mind was working overtime so I decided to go for gold and asked if they told her where they came from. Believe it or not she replied, "Tau Seat-eye, does that make any sense?" Later I mentioned to Oscar that I was investigating a case that involved intense interaction with the greys and Tau Cetians showing up to help. He was asked where the case was from and I told him near Springfield, Illinois. He rattled off a very accurate description of Jill and said he was aware she had been contacted.

Horvat showed several pictures of people from the archives of UFOlogy, one of which was Drake, to Oscar. He immediately picked Drake's photo from the stack and one could see the anger come over his face at the sight of this man. Follow up research by Horvat produced an interesting set of circumstances. The crash in question happened in 1961. Some of you will remember that Drake headed project OZMA program, the predecessor to S.E.T.I. In 1961 Drake announced that OZMA, in its search for intelligent extraterrestrial radio signals, would first look to the stars Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani.

An interesting possible correlation with the predicted natural time/space windows can be found by studying patterns on special energy maps. One such map is a Bouguer gravity anomaly map. Oddly enough, a fairly local low gravity area can be found at both locations mentioned by Oscar. I encourage everyone to analyze these patterns further, comparing them to possible underground alien bases, etc. My research is finding some interesting patterns emerging by comparing the location of gravity anomalies, geomagnetic anomalies, Indian reservations, military bases and cavern entrances. These specialty maps can be purchased at great prices from Geoscience Resources.

A final correlation involves yet another abductee/contactee case who claims profound dowsing ability among other unique traits. Oscar told us that he moved to his present residence because of instructions by the aliens. The property supposedly has lines of energy (Ley Lines) that intersect to form a triangle and create some energy vortexes that make it easier to communicate and visit with him. He described a clearing in the woods behind his house where they best talk to him. Being a good scientist I like to test these things out so it was time for a double blind study. Lynn Cavins, the contactee with dowsing ability, was only told we were going to a special place to conduct an experiment. She identified a line of energy here and a whirlpool of energy but the real surprise came when we let her go wherever the rods took her. Without being told a single thing about the location or the owner, she wandered around approximately 5 acres of land and came upon a clearing in the woods. With a look of wonder on her face she said, "Oh my god, this is where he comes to talk to the aliens isn't it?"

As one can imagine there are many other facets and correlations to this case that space does not allow for. Perhaps more another time. The telepathic communication

continues as well as occasional physical visitation. Several of Oscar's friends and family have witnessed crafts in the air and other paranormal phenomenon associated with his contacts. An interaction between Oscar and Davins has just begun and promises to be very interesting. Strange things happen when two contactees get together. Many things about this case may seem hard to believe and even harder to prove, but I feel a good scientist will go where the data takes him and not pre-judge. Always keep an open mind.

* Some material used to write this article also supplied by Alex Horvat.

* * * * *

(This article was re-typed from "The UFO Enigma", Volume 11, Number 5, Jan/Feb. 1991, St. Louis, Missouri)

PLATE 2

Professor Bear's hand drawn star map copied off a panel inside Hank's craft.



PLATE 1

This picture is an artists enhancement of a copy from a Polaroid photo taken of Hank, the alien from Tau Ceti, before his death. Note the scares on the right side of the face acquired during the crash of his ship.



ANALYSIS OF ABDUCTEE'S PHYSICAL ANOMALIES AFTER CEIII EXPERIENCE
 by Brent Raynes, A.D., Waynesboro, TN

GENERAL CLASSIF.	SEX	BLOOD TYPE	HANDEDNESS	DATE OF BIRTH			PSI	HEALING	POSSESSION	POLTERGEIST	OUT OF BODY	TELEPATHY	PRECOGNITION	UFO REPEATER	INSOMNIA	DYSLEXIA	STUTTER	ASTHMA	SLEEP TALKING	SLEEP WALKING	MENTAL BREAKDOWN	SUICIDAL IMPULSES	ALCOHOL ABUSE	DRUG ABUSE	AMNESIA	ANXIETY ATTACK	SEVERE DEPRESSION	DUE TO UFOS	SPIRITUAL AWAKEN.	CHILDHOOD CONTACT			
				MO	DA	YR																											
T.M.	C	F	O+	R	05	08	24																										
T.L.	A	M		R	11	20	37																										
A.U.	A	F		R	07	17	52																										
C.V.	C	F		R	11	01	45																										
J.W.	P	F		R	09	22	45																										
L.W.	R	F	AB-		07	11	37																										
A.M.	A	F		L	05	19	39																										
G.M.	A	M		R	07	14	34																										
R.C.	A	F		R	07	03	61																										
M.G.	A	F		R	05	23	40																										
A.C.	P	M		L	08	20	47																										
H.L.	A	M		L/R	08	27	63																										
T.S.	R	M		R	05	15	47																										
G.M.	R	F		R	08	02	32																										
M.P.		F		R	11	07	40																										
B.D.		M		R	12	29	46																										
A.A.	A	M		R	07	30	71																										
J.S.	C	M		R	02	14	34																										
S.S.	C	F		R	08	31	35																										
TOTAL NO.	19																																

TC - TEMPORARY COND. 10 BOTH PSI/UFO REPEATERS
 NR - NOT REPORTED 15 PSYCHIC REPEATERS
 NA - NOT APPLICABLE
 A - ABDUCTEE
 C - CONTACTEE
 R - REPEATER
 P - PSYCHIC



is published monthly by the UFO Contact Center International. For subscriptions, send \$20.00 (U.S. dollars), and \$35 overseas airmail to: 3001 South 288th St., #304, Federal Way, Washington 98003, USA. We welcome articles, cartoons, and letters to the editor. The articles and opinions expressed in the Missing Link are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the views of the UFOCCI. Editor and Director: Aileen Edwards. UFOCCI is a non-profit organization within the state of Washington. (206) 946-2248

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The following letter was written in response to Phyllis Duran's article in the January Missing Link.

Dear Phyllis:

You mention almost subliminal instant flashes that seem to occur several times a year (for you). I was just re-reading my January Missing Link and I decided to drop you a note.

About the second or third time that I saw these flashes I realized that something was really occurring here. I was in Pappy's Restaurant in Portland on 82nd Avenue. These flashes, very quick, would illuminate the whole restaurant, but not brightly. I think that I saw three of them in a period of about ten minutes. I looked carefully around outside and so forth, at first thinking that these were the sun flashing off of windshields. The sun was heavily obscured by clouds, and I looked all over checking to see if any mirror effect was occurring, originating in the restaurant or outside. Nothing like that was possible at the time. I concluded that there was some non-ordinary energy effect going on.

I have noticed these several times since, in different locations. Usually if I see one, I see one or two more. I always check to see if they are from some ordinary source, and one time I quickly found out that it was from the TV.

The other times it was obvious that they were completely "anomalous."

I doubt if most people see these. I am very quick at thinking and also at perception, and I no longer invalidate my perceptions as I did when I was a young and dense macho humanoid.

So far I haven't connected these with a UFO sighting, but after I first read your letter over a week ago, I saw some in my house, and quickly ran outside to check the outdoors. I couldn't have seen anything if there was something to see. The clouds were low and heavy, and there are too many tall firs around my front yard to have any kind of a view.

I just read the rest of your article. In your second paragraph from the end you say, "...when the coffee and cigarette were gone I laid back down and slept. I could not wake up. The others went outside and watched a light show."...

Something that is obvious to me when you "could not wake up" is that you were probably having an "out of body experience" and you were not about to be interrupted. (There is no such thing as unconsciousness or any real sleeping you know. We are aware continuously. But out of body experiences are very hard to remember, like dreams.)

If you were out of your body, you were probably "up there."

I have a technique for recovering experiences like that, bringing them to memory. I do not use hypnotism or anything that anyone would call weird.

I have had though, two UFO sightings since about May of 1989. The first sighting was seeing four diamond shaped (as on a deck of cards, four equal sides, and two small angles and two large angles.) objects shooting over my house at about mach 3. This was in the middle of an afternoon. They went from South to North over my house, completely silent, and about 2,000 feet over my head. Each had a little straight tail behind it, about half as long as the length of the object. Since then I got interested again in UFOs. I have found out that diamond shaped ones have been seen by others, but are not common. Probably very few people even noticed these over Portland in the middle of the afternoon, because most people are focused on their problems and very significant projects.

I notice stuff like this because I love the sky and am a bird watcher.

6 weeks ago, about 8:30 at night, my last sighting was some super weird conglomeration of lights in the night sky that appeared to be heading for some Rube Goldberg circus.

I wrote up both sightings in detail for MUFON.

Anyway, UFOs are functioning liberally, and these flashes are definitely something that is going on.

I'll stay alert now, and if I get any kind of significant stories or sighting or telepathy, I will write you and let you know.

About five years ago I got a telepathic message from the Pleiades. I have been alert ever since, but I get nothing that I can remember that has been significantly sequential. I was as certain of that telepathic message as I am certain of my scrambled eggs in the morning. It takes a real weird kind of focussing and discipline to pick them up though, because they are subtle, in a higher vibration.

Love, Roggy Bear, Portland, Oregon

* * * * *

STAR WARS SHOCKER!

OUR NATION'S Star Wars defenses were designed to shoot down invading UFOs — not Russian missiles, says an expert.

"The REAL purpose of Star Wars is to protect us from flying saucers," international UFO investigator Antonio Huneus revealed at the National New Age and Alien Agenda Conference in Phoenix, Arizona.

"The Soviet Union is aware of this, and an agreement on the issue was signed by both nations."

The United States government officially denies any UFO factor in the creation of the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), which is commonly known as Star Wars.

But sources deep within the Pentagon say Huneus is absolutely right — flying saucers, not Soviet nuclear warheads, are the asers' intended targets.

"The United States and the Soviet Union are at peace right now, and it makes no sense to spend hun-

Space-age defense is to protect us from UFOs — not the Soviets, says expert

By WAYNE DIAZ

dreds of millions of dollars for a high-tech defense system against a nation that's now our ally," says a highly placed military source.

"The focus of the program has ALWAYS been protection against invading UFOs.

"We know they exist, and it's just a matter of time before they decide to attack Earth."

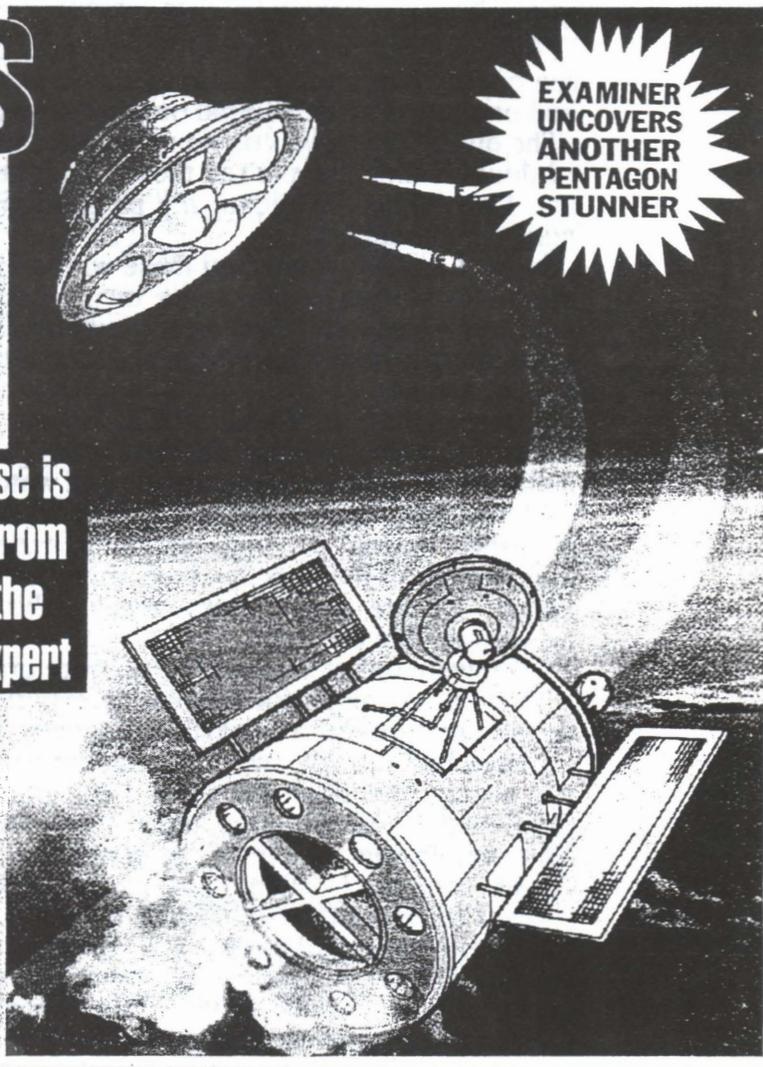
This isn't the first time the U.S. and the Soviet Union have swapped secret information regarding UFOs, Huneus says.

"A confidential meeting of American, Canadian and Soviet UFO researchers was

held in Canada in 1970," he reports.

"During that meeting, famed UFO expert J. Allen Hynek is reported to have given the Soviets photographs of aliens killed during a UFO crash outside Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947.

"Those photos were never released in the United States, but now they're turning up all over the Soviet Union."



UFO EXPERT Hynek reportedly gave the Soviets photos of aliens.

Recently one of our Centers had a booth at a psychic fair in Dalles. While there the Associate Director met a man that said he had been abducted and taken to a planet called (her spelling) Chiron. The Chiron wanted him to start an orphanage on earth for children that been taken to their planet - some as long as 200 years ago! He tried to explain that there would be no one that even knew of them by this time and that it would be virtually impossible.

One of our correspondents had some information to share with us on a place he had heard similar to that name. Along with that information he sent much more. The following is an excerpt from his letter. Perhaps some of you will have more to add after you have read it.

I've been subject to psychic phenomena all my life; it sort of hit a "plateau" about twenty years ago, and I thought that was pretty much going to be the extent of my development --- a plethora of erratic and potentially useful abilities that seldom did what I wanted when I wanted them to.

Then, three years or so back, they began developing again.... at what sometimes seemed an alarming and utterly confusing rate. At this point, I'm able to do things that there aren't even conventional descriptive terms for; I don't really know myself just what they are--- I can just do them, and they seem to be corroboratable by outside sources... at least, in many instances.

This seems to be one of those instances; more often than not the information that comes to me makes no sense whatsoever to me, or at least not at the time, but it either makes sense to whomever the information is for --- or else it makes sense to me or someone else later on, in light of later developments.

Twilight Zone time.

On rare occasions, prior to my sudden recent recurrence of development, I'd experience instances of innate knowledge - knowledge that I didn't acquire by conventional means (reading, conversation, overhearing, etc.) - that almost invariably turned out to be something like eighty-plus-percent accurate. In the past three years, those instances of innate knowledge have become more and more frequent, and they seem to work best when I'm writing (it makes no difference whether I do it in longhand, on a typewriter, or at my computer keyboard --- just as long as I'm writing, somehow); it just flows out of me, unbidden --- another instance of innate knowledge. I had no idea whether what was coming out was valid, truthful, or pure hot air.

The means of convincing the hostile aliens already on Earth to leave, and of convincing the oncoming fleets to change their courses... well, that's a little involved, but if you're interested, here goes.

Back in the mid-seventies, it occurred to me that, if the psychosomatic mechanism of the human brain could make a person sick even when there was no pathological source of illness, why couldn't it be made to *reverse* the process, and make a person healthy despite genuine illness? I had to work with exceedingly crude equipment at first---I had little money, and the equipment available back then was best describable as pathetic. I had to contend with three-second tape loops and conventional speakers playing back the suggestions at a bare murmur---but it worked. The medical problem I was using the experimental system on responded - *very* favorably - to the process. I dubbed it voluntarily Induced Contra-Psychosomatics (V.I.C.P., for convenience's sake), and carried on with the experimentation as best I could, considering the circumstances.

Later on, I acquired a frequency converter system that translated the audible spoken words in my experimental suggestion program into subsonic --- sound pitched just barely below the threshold of humanly audible hearing, but still detectable by the human body... and since it's fed directly into the subconscious mind in that manner,

the conscious mind has no way to "filter", or interpret it - and therefore pass judgement of any kind on it, and perhaps negate its intended purpose in some way. The subsonic converter boosted the effectiveness of the experimental subliminal program remarkably.

Unfortunately, the original subsonic converter proved rather fragile; it broke down, and I was forced to take it apart, identify the components, map out the construction and connections, and build a new one.

Somewhere along the line, the second frequency converter broke down, and while I was waiting for the first of the following month to come around so that we'd have the money to repair it, I got to thinking about an article I'd read, years before, about a college professor who discovered that it was possible to record thoughts with an ordinary tape recorder. He held a microphone to the top of his head, concentrated on dice coming up *six* every time they were rolled, cut the recording into a loop, and played this soundless recording back in a room where student volunteers were rolling dice and recording the results... without them knowing it was playing. The dice consistently came up *six* far more often than the laws of probability would allow for; in another room across campus, a control group was doing exactly the same thing---without a tape loop of the same sort playing---and *six* came up in their rolls in strict accordance with the laws of probability. I wondered if the same thing could be applied to my subliminal system; it would be a way to get it back on-line before my illness started really kicking up on me seriously again.

I didn't have a working microphone at the time, so I wired up the frequency converter's ultrasonic transducer to serve as a mike (I learned a long time ago that microphones will work - at least to a limited extent - as speakers, and speakers will work - again, to a limited extent - as microphones) and held it to the top of my head while I concentrated on the subliminal program. Then I played the soundless recording back through the same transducer and waited to see whether my medical condition would fall apart, the way it always did when the subliminal system broke down.

It didn't. The system worked as well as if the frequency converter was still on-line.

Unfortunately, the recorder/player I was using at the time finally broke down, and after that the effect just didn't work, for some reason. I finally figured out that the transducer was producing an electrical signal that was either too high or too low in frequency for the other models of recorders and players to pick up... or else the signal was just too faint for them to pick up, record and play back decently.

So, it boils down to this: With the proper equipment, I could track down the frequency the transducer generates. With the proper financial resources, I could get a frequency-converter-and-amplifier built that would pick up that signal, convert into frequencies that conventional tape recorders can utilize, and allow a recorder to record---and then play it back through the amplifier-converter to another transducer, producing a powerful reproduction of the original thoughts...i.e., telepathic recording and playback. With enough signal gain, it's just possible that the telepathic playback could be heard consciously by others---or if it was played back at a slightly lesser "volume", it could affect people without them knowing what was going on.

The potential for such a system is almost unlimited... and the potential for the abuse of same is utterly horrifying. But, the same can be said of practically every other scientific advance ever to come down the pike, so... Assuming the principle proves to be valid and workable, as the evidence suggests, and set up properly, a large version of this system could broadcast the thought to the malevolent aliens that our own sun was starting to radiate the same kinds of energies that they're fleeing the galactic core because of; if the broadcast were powerful enough, the hostiles already on Earth would flee the planet (and at the same time, the broadcast could be tailored so that it would affect *only* the hostiles)---and the hostiles approaching our solar system would pick up the same broadcast, and believe that our sun is about to undergo the same

deadly process that the galactic core has undergone. The broadcast could even be tailored to make them believe that the star-sun of every inhabited world along their path is doing exactly the same thing, so that they'd only approach systems with uninhabited planets in them for their sources of supplies.

In terms of modern-day technology, the systems is completely feasible; everything necessary to build it exists except the proper concepts. *That* part of it I have; we just need to interest someone in providing the funding necessary to do the research and development. By using solid-state electronic data storage systems (like the RAM or ROM systems in a desktop computer---or Charge-Coupled-Device data-storage systems) it would be possible to compress the system into something the size of a Walkman tape payer, capable of running for a week on a single battery charge, and putting out a signal that would affect people a mile or more in all directions. Soldiers equipped with such units might well be able to walk right into extant alien bases unnoticed, because their technological-telepathy broadcasters would be putting out a signal that would convince the aliens that each person wearing one of the tech-tel units was invisible, inaudible and otherwise undetectable to them. The soldiers could simply walk up to them and tie them up without the aliens suspecting their presence... and take over their bases without a shot being fired or a drop of blood being shed.

In theory, at least. By extension of the basic theory (prepare for an excursion into improbable-sounding possibilities), this could also lead to the development of the first known really working technological psychic amplifier, providing Earth with an entire potential arsenal in the battle against potential invasion...the "wild" psychic talents only hinted at by ESP research; telepathy, clairvoyance, telekinesis, teleportation, full psychokinesis (material and energetic transmutation)---and a lot more. Things the hostiles could very well not have defenses against.

Of course, whether this will work or not can only be determined by research. If you have any ideas as to how this can be accomplished, or if you think including some references to it can raise some interest in the system, feel free to do so. Aside from being a writer, I'm also an inventor (I come up with the basic technological concepts easily enough---coming up with the backers to allow me to build the prototypes is another matter altogether); if I could find a decent backer, I could develop and build the necessary system quietly and unobtrusively, and maybe avert the oncoming problems without the majority of the Earth's population ever knowing there was a threat.

But, as things stand, that course of action is infeasible. Perhaps your book will lead to action that could get someone interested in developing the tech-tel system.

Now that you know the source of my information, I'll pass along what I've gotten in response to the questions in your letter.

The *Sharonii* (this word isn't quite right, but it's the closest I can get to it, considering the limitations of the English language and its alphabet) and most of their allies have a very sophisticated medical technology, by our standards; as long as they can maintain a specified degree of control over an organism's environment, they can suspend the aging process. That explains the age of the children in question.

Unfortunately, they also have a very sophisticated psychological technology; the children don't know that their minds have been tampered with, but they have---drastically. The reason the Sharonii want to return the children to Earth is because, once here, they can merge with the general population and begin carrying out their pre-assigned tasks---which would further the interests of the Sharonii...and ultimately destroy all civilized life on Earth. Their one great drawback is that they aren't quite sure how to reintroduce the children to Earth without causing such an uproar that they'd be quarantined for decades---which would negate their entire purpose. They're quite adept at manipulating individual minds (let's just call it what it really is;

brainwashing), but they're not quite as adept at manipulating entire planetary populations...particularly when the populations in question are of a differing species, with an entirely different planetary/social/cultural mindset---and which vary so widely even among themselves (after all, things quite acceptable in America - like eating a hamburger - is utterly unacceptable in India, where cows are still held sacred; multiply this one intercultural aberration by the thousands of differing cultures across the planet, and the Sharonii face a nightmarish morass of cultural peculiarities that make one single, workable approach utterly beyond their devising); they hoped to find someone native to Earth who could see some solution to the problem that they'd missed, and simply couched it in the most innocuous terms possible.

In short, our own human failings served to protect us, in this instance. but it's not a foolproof protection; sooner or later the Sharonii, or someone affiliated with them, will figure out a way around the problem. If we don't scotch their plans first---well, you already know that part.

From everything I've been able to pick up on the matter, the tech-tel system operates on an entirely different principle than the systems they use to duplicate what we know as psychic phenomena; it's entirely possible that they know nothing about the basic principle, and have no defenses against assault from that quarter. They might have no more defense against true, powerful psychic assault than contemporary technology does.

Given the chance to develop the basic tech-tel system, it might never be necessary to involve the military in the actual repulsion of the oncoming fleets. I've no doubt they'd find out about it, in time, but by the time they do, the danger might well be past--if the necessary resources can be located and recruited.

Any ideas?

One hint to pass along: Some kinds of conventional microphones and speakers *can* pick up and reproduce the energies produced by human thoughts, but I suspect that they're terribly inefficient... and that a simple innovation in that area may be all that's needed to produce powerful receivers and broadcasters of the effect. But there's no real point in going into detail about it until I've determined whether you -- or someone else within your circle of acquaintances and contacts - have any interest in the matter.

So for now I'll just sign off and let you folks think it all over, and come to some decision of your own. Best wishes, Dennis L. Crabtree, Mississippi.

* * * * *



Anne Bower, Associate Director
Houston, Texas



Judy Stryker, Associate Director
Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Friend:

My name is Bigfoot. I'm E.T.'s sidekick. I've been E.T.'s partner for 2 1/2 years and may I say I've had some real strange things happen to me while I've been out in the field investigating with E.T.

E.T. seems to think I have some psychic ability and I say it's both of us and not just me. Well enough about me. If you don't mind, I'm going to tell you about one of our many true adventures. Let me say just one thing before I start. Like E.T., I don't believe in lying to you, so what I'm about to tell you is the honest to god's truth because, I don't believe in making up stories for the fun of it. This took place in March, 1990, the first night of the full moon.

Both E.T. and I had a strange feeling that we should go up to our special place where we've been so many times before as a team. So we did just that. As we got out of the car and started our long walk into the woods we could feel the strangeness about us. It took us about a half hour to get to where we were going.

There was still snow on the ground in places. E.T. threw a piece of plastic on the ground for him and I to sit on. As yet, the moon had not come up. The time was about 6:30 p.m. The temperature was about 40 degrees F. The sky was crystal clear. There were thousands of stars visible. About fifteen minutes had passed without seeing anything. All of a sudden E.T. spotted a white ball of light going from West to East. Within five minutes another one. This one came from the south and went north. Within the next 20 minutes three more had come over. In all; five of them in a half hour or so.

E.T. told me to get my crystal out and he took his out. We sat back to back. He faced northeast and I faced southwest. We sat there with our crystals touching our foreheads. We both started concentrating and asking for some kind of a sign. That way we would know that our friends had heard us. This went on for about 5 or 10 minutes. All of a sudden we both asked each other, "Can you hear a voice coming within you?" We both agreed that we did. The voice said that within five minutes or so they would be passing over the area and when they did they would let us know so we could see their crafts.

Five or six minutes had passed. All of a sudden E.T. shouted there they are! Sure enough - there they were! Two big red objects gliding through the night sky. We watched them for about 5 minutes playing tag, stopping and going until they were out of sight.

I know some of you people out there are going to say that this is hog wash but believe me, it's not even close to being hog wash. So let's get on with it.

For some strange reason E.T. and I had a strange feeling that something big was about to happen down at a place we call, "The Point." Let me tell you about The Point real quick. The Point is a place where you can go and see strange lights doing strange things at night *almost anytime*. Sometimes the lights aren't there, or at least not at the time we are there. Well we decided to head for The Point to see why we had such a strong feeling about The Point. So out of the woods we came, and down the hill we went.

By the time we got to The Point it was about 8:05 p.m. The moon still hadn't come up. We got out of the car and started scanning the skies for any kind of a sign. It didn't take long!

As we looked northward we saw our two red balls of light. One came from the east and one from the west. They were on a collision course. Just when it seemed like they would hit one another they just vanished from our view. That's when things really began to happen.

The time was 8:10 p.m. by my watch. That's when we caught first sight of the top part of the moon starting to rise. Believe it or not, we were able to see the moon rising. The whole show lasted only 10 minutes; at least that's what my watch said. By 8:20 the moon not only had risen but it was about a quarter of the way up from the hill

top. We still don't understand how it got that high in 10 minutes. If anyone out there understands that please let us know. My watch is still working okay. It keeps real good time so I know it wasn't that it went haywire on us. Even the clock in the car had the same time because we checked it. I'm sure that some of you out there are thinking that it's just our imagination playing games with us. How wrong you are!

All of a sudden we caught sight of a multicolored object rising just to our right. We watched as it came up over the hill and started to climb into the night sky. It was then that E.T. got an idea to get his spot light out and signal to get its attention. Whatever he did with the light, it repeated, such as; move the light up and down, and then right to left. It repeated the motions. E.T. went one step further. He started to flash the light on and off. It repeated the same. Next he started to do some sky writing. He wrote, "Hi Friend" and it followed the same light pattern. We tried to get it to come closer to us but failed at this trick.

All of a sudden just above the hill the sky lit up. The color was like an ultraviolet blue. Then we saw something that looked like a small ball of colored light zipping around the top of the hill. The big ball of light began shooting white flashes of light; sort of like a camera flash in our direction. These were pretty bright. They were bright enough that you could see the reflection of the flash and see the light hitting the car.

Remembering what time it was when all this started, we figured it to be about 8:30 or 8:45 at the latest. Surprise! It was about 10:05 p.m. But for the likes of us both, we can't seem to remember what happened from around 8:30 or 8:45 till that time. We both felt lightheaded and disoriented and had what looked like three or four pin pricks on our arm. We remembered nothing about what went on from 8:30 or so till 10:05. E.T. and I both have some of the marks left. We both have trouble sleeping most of the time and seem to go into a trance and daydream a lot. We also have never ending dreams at night and seem to wake up between the hours of 12:30 a.m. until at least 3:30 a.m. or more.

E.T. said that in one of his dreams (remember they are voices he hears in his dreams) he was given a message to deliver to all the UFO networks. E.T. will finish out this letter.

Hi Friends:

It's your old buddy E.T. again. The message dream that I had I've had three or four times already and I feel that I should share it with you. "They" told me to tell you this.

"To all UFO networks: the time draws near for us to share and go public with our findings. This way we can put all the pieces together and come up with answers to end this mystery.

"To all those who think their organization is better than the rest: This means MUFON in Pennsylvania. First because you may have retired government officials working for you doesn't mean you will be the first to solve the mystery. Shame on you. Your networks will be the first to die. For without unity of all UFO organizations there can be no truth. Even as I write to you, there are leaks within your organization that will eventually bring you down. Soon mistrust between your members will show. The end is near for your organization. I'm not saying it will happen right away; but it will happen.

"To Uncle Sam and his crew: Soon within the next three to five years there will be an event that will happen that will prove all along you've been lying to the public about Ufos. UFO sightings will be at an all time high, starting this year and will increase until the big event. You can look forward to two major UFO events this year. One will take place over a highly secure area or a place that is very important to you. No location given at the time. The other will be witnessed by many and filmed for

T.V. Again you'll prevail with your lies. This incident will bring about a lot of questions with no answers and the belt will tighten around your waist just a little tighter than before."

Please don't take this out on me for I'm just delivering a message to you.

They told me that this major UFO sighting will take place at some kind of a major event such as a big football game or parade or something involving a lot of people and cameras.

There are other things they have told me but not concerning the government.

Last of All:

"The Vatican has a letter from Fatima that they will not release because of its contents. This was supposed to be done in 1970. By holding this back they are doing more harm than good. Release it so more souls may be saved.

"If the Lord didn't want you to say anything, he would have told you not to say a thing about it. Even as I write this, the prediction that is contained within the letter has, and is, coming true.

"You are to prepare the flock and save as many as possible. By doing what you are doing your flock is beginning to decrease instead of increasing. Its time you do what the Lord has asked you to do and not as you want to do."

Good-bye for now, Love and Light, E.T. & Bigfoot.

* * * * *

Dear Aileen:

I'm sorry if I've hurt any body's feelings that's in MUFON. But you see, I've had some run-in's with them in the past. Therefore, I don't really trust them anymore. I also have some friends who have had some bad experiences with them. They have a tendency to lie out their teeth to you and try and make you seem like you are a liar or crazy.

They personally told me I wasn't good enough to be a member because I wasn't a doctor or lawyer or some high ex-official. No one would believe a word I said because of my social status. This is what the people that run the MUFON Network in Pittsburgh said to me when I asked to join in with them. If the rest of the people in that organization think in the same way, just think of all the information that was lost due to their ignorance.

Love and light, E.T.

Editor's Note: I wasn't going to print the above letter but due to **MANY** complaints in the same vein, I felt one person's opinion may say it all. I feel sorry that this type of behavior is happening to honest and sincere persons wanting to be of service.

* * * * *

SEATTLE AREA UPCOMING MEETINGS

APRIL 20	CLOSED MEETING
APRIL 13	Touring Lecture Team - University of Oregon
APRIL 29	5:00 p.m. (Sunday afternoon) Open Meeting Camelot Square, Federal Way, Washington
MAY 11	Closed meeting
MAY 18	Special Meeting at Polish House, 18th & Madison, 1st Floor Auditorium 7:00 - 10:00 Featured Speakers: Touring Lecture Team

Dear Aileen.

"Close Encounter in Cambodia" in your March issue caught my eye for all the reasons that P. Bostrom mentioned and also as a lonesome critter we seldom run across, the "accidental" encounter. Not only did the report highlight UFO activity in war conditions in a taboo location and the high priority placed on gathering such information by our government, it also reported conduct of extraterrestrials in apparently uncontrolled circumstances. Since most close encounter reports involve highly controlled meetings apparently tailored to specific objectives, this Cambodian encounter probably held surprises for everyone, extraterrestrial and Earthian, and looks to the heart of what is rational, moral, and ethical. Since this is a letter to the editor, I am going to take the liberty of meandering but will keep it short.

First, let's recap the close encounter as told by the platoon leader to P. Bostrom. A platoon of American military intruding over the borders of an enemy at war encountered a group of aliens or extraterrestrials. Although the aliens were not armed and showed no signs of hostility, one of the Special Forces personnel from the American military, George, opened automatic fire at close range. One of the aliens fell down and the military personnel believed him to be dead, in view that he had just been fired upon by an automatic three-way Winchester at 30-35 feet. One of the aliens approached George and lightly slapped him on the cheek, causing George to fall to the ground unconscious. George regained consciousness as did the alien, who apparently had only been shocked by the burst of fire on him, and the aliens left in their craft.

The platoon headed back to the border and agreed to not report the incident. Almost immediately after returning to the base, the group was called to be interviewed by high ranking investigators, including those referred to only as MJ or Majestic-12. Obviously, someone had broken the agreement to keep the incident quiet within the platoon. The group was sequestered for several weeks during interrogation and narco hypnosis that included scrambling the memory of the incident with aliens. George was reassigned out of the unit. The remains of a badly decomposed body whose flesh appeared to be "liquified" were brought to the platoon leader to identify as George very soon after reassignment. Identification was impossible except by the dog tags on the body.

Starting with the idea that we have precious little information upon which to base any conclusions and the little information we do have is heavily weighted with our own cultural perceptions and motives, I suspect that the models used to observe extraterrestrial activity are inadequate to draw any conclusions. Psychologist Jean Mundy points out that the abductee and skeptic share the same problem -- how to deal with an event that threatens the entire structure of their reality. This cultural assessment made within the context of our own culture could in part explain the reasons behind abduction forms. If we can understand that abductions shatter the reality of the abductee as well as the skeptic and thus accounts for much denial, perhaps someone else has caught on to this idea also and learned to deal with it from a unique vantage. Perhaps methods of abduction and contact have been designed around our denial and cultural models.

Jean Mundy, for instance, theorizes that the first-page clue in abductions is that the eyes of abductees are left open even though the rest of the body is paralyzed. This suggests to her that the visitors want their abductee to see and therefore learn a lesson. The lesson that is being taught is to lay down their weapons. Whether the abductee encounters a loving father in his experience or terrifying vulnerability, the lesson remains the same. One does not use a weapon against

father nor an obviously overwhelming opponent. This theory does not address the reality that laying down one's weapons may be appropriate in some circumstances. In fact, the need to lay down our weapons against each other becomes necessary in coming to terms with our differences.

Scott Peck is a noted psychologist who worked extensively with men suffering post trauma stress syndrome after WWII and author of The Different Drum dealing with community and community building. Peck commented, I believe, that the 20th Century will be remembered not for atomic power but for the 12 Step Program. (I am paraphrasing from memory here.) Those familiar with the 12 Step Program know that it is a powerful tool requiring tremendous self honesty and surrender that has literally saved the lives of many people. There came a time in my own self search through the Lakota Sioux tradition that I realized I had carried a veritable arsenal of emotional and social weaponry most of my life. Unilateral emotional and spiritual disarmament was necessary if I was to grow beyond my fears and denials. It was a harrowing and tremendously rewarding step to recognize the need on an intimate level. The first thing I learned was that I would need to find new ways of dealing with many situations, and the learning would never end.

A more rational and moral response than the one of the alien leader who lightly slapped George on the cheek is hard to imagine. George was obviously dangerous and had opened fire at close range on an unarmed alien demonstrating no hostility. Had he done the same to another Earthian, he would probably have been murdered in his tracks if that capability was within reach of his opponent. It's hard to imagine another Earthian under similar circumstances only subduing George until the situation could be brought under control. In fact, George's platoon leader figured he had paid with his life for panicking when he first fell. The alien took only the action necessary to deal with the danger at hand, which was George's fear and panic.

In numerous abductions and contacts with extraterrestrials, we find recognition of the survival of consciousness beyond the physical as well as universal laws of cause and effect. These grow out of perceptions obviously far different than typical military or religious thought in contemporary America. Can you imagine opening a World Series at Dodger Stadium with songs about consciousness of all life through and beyond physical form? Religious standards, like "Battle Hymn of the Republic" or "Old Rugged Cross", express very different perceptions and values than those embodied in such consciousness or the universal laws of life and cause and effect. The most popular religious model in America is salvation through the death of another. Implicit in the death of one individual bringing salvation to all is abbreviation of the cause and effect of individual effort.

Discussions with extraterrestrials and abductees/contactees often include life reviews, including past lives and implicit cause-effect encompassing universal laws of life. From such a model of perception, George's burst of fire on an unarmed humanoid posing no threat could be seen to hold the potential of far greater consequences than the immediate situation one short day in Cambodia. Not only did George present an immediate danger to others but a potentially far greater problem to himself.

The platoon agreed to remain silent about the aliens they had encountered in the jungle before returning to the base. Within a very short time after returning, however, the platoon was sequestered and questioned. Somebody had broken the agreement with the rest of the platoon and again placed the entire group in danger. In fact, the entire group were subjected to narco hypnosis and implanted with false hypnotic memories of the events in the jungle because of the broken

silence. George was reassigned outside of the unit but a badly decomposed body was brought to the platoon leader shortly after his reassignment for identification. The skin of the decomposing corpse appeared to be liquified. Since the teller of the story did not know who had broken silence nor under what circumstances George died, the trail of George's known behavior ends here with the corpse decomposed beyond recognition. The liquified appearance of the skin is interesting, considering the array of unknown chemical agents used in the Viet Nam era. (Restitution payment has only recently started to the cancered and sterile men who fought through deadly chemical jungles.)

I was awed at the intelligence, discipline, and compassion of a creature of any origin able to deal with George as the alien did. I suspect that the unique scenarios of abductions or contacts are so thoroughly tailored to the individual being approached that the conduct and reports reflect more the abductee or contactee than a clear view of extraterrestrial behavior. This apparently unplanned meeting between an extraterrestrial crew and an American military platoon is interesting in that it was unplanned and demonstrated admirably rational and compassionate behavior.

Warm regards,

Phyllis Duran

INDEPENDENT, London, England - Sept. 25, 1990 CR: T. Good

We know the aliens are out there

"OH YES, we know who they are. We can tell you exactly who they are. They come from a distant universe of four planets. They're using Patricia to make people aware of what we are doing to our own planet, and what that means for the whole solar system."

This was not the usual pub conversation. Malcolm Jacobs (Pepsi) and Patricia Mee (small glass of sweet white wine) were sitting soberly in a Leeds lounge bar. They had just seen an advance performance of *Communication*, the film version of Whitley Strieber's book about being abducted by aliens and were comparing the screen experiences with their own.

The film features Christopher Walken (who has the casting advantage of looking half-Venusian without the benefit of make-up) as the American writer who communes with small blue men who have escaped from a *Dr Who* props cupboard. The screening had been arranged by Bufora (the British Unidentified Flying Object Research Association) for an invited audience of ufologists (UFO researchers), abductees (folk who have been whipped aboard flying saucers against their will) and contactees (people who maintain a long-term dialogue with aliens). This is not a world without its jargon. In the pub there was a mix of experiences and sceptics: "I've got about as much chance of getting a drink in this pub as I have of being abducted," said a sceptic at the bar.

Malcolm, a taxi driver, and Patricia, a personnel assistant, come from Stretford near Manchester and are not sceptics. "I'm sure UFOs exist," said Malcolm. "I know they exist. The

Patricia Mee knew from an early age that she was different. She was sent to earth by extra-terrestrials. Jim White met her among ufologists

questions we should be asking are what can we learn from them and what can we offer them."

Patricia, who knew there was something different about her from the age of three, now believes she was placed here by aliens. "As a kid I was always looking up at the sky," she remembered. "I couldn't go to bed without saying goodnight to the stars. I thought I had someone with me all the time. I wouldn't look in a mirror in case I saw them."

"As a kid I was always looking up at the sky. I thought I had someone with me. I wouldn't look in a mirror in case I saw them"

Throughout her teens she lived in an uneasy state, feeling isolated and confused, seeing unexplained lights, communicating with her invisible friend. Then, in her

early twenties, she had her first writing experience. Her cousin, who happens to be clairvoyant, rang her up out of the blue and told her to expect a message. "I'd been tearing my hair out in confusion. I felt I was constantly turning the corner and yet not getting anywhere. Then I was in the office and suddenly, everybody got up and left. I was all alone, shut my eyes, and when I opened them again, written on a piece of paper in front of me, not in my handwriting, were the words: 'Hello. I'm here to help you.'"

"This Lillian, her cousin," added Malcolm. "She's now one of the top healers in the Manchester area."

At first, Patricia sought solace in the spiritualist world, looking for explanations. At a psychic meeting she met Malcolm. "I knew when I met Pa-

tricia," said Malcolm. "You understand me? I knew." Spiritualism did not help Patricia articulate what was happening, however.

Then somebody suggested the couple should meet Philip Mantle, a Bufora researcher. After talking to him, Malcolm and Patricia began to see things more clearly. "I think I've grown a lot in knowledge and purpose over the past eight years," said Patricia. "I'm here to help. If we keep disrupting our planet, the bad vibes will send the whole universe off kilter. Ultimately the planet is crying out for help, that cry is being heard by people who know what harmony is, who've learnt."

"They're not like those midgets on the film," said Malcolm. "They're about seven feet tall, like basketball players."

Philip Mantle has been talking to experiences for 11 years now, devoting his time away from a job in the printing industry to research. He met his wife on a UFO watch on the moors: the top tier of their wedding cake was an icing flying saucer. "There are more UFO sightings in the Pennine area than anywhere else in Britain," he said. "It's called a 'window area' in ufological parlance. There was a recent 'flap' in South Yorkshire, hundreds of sightings of a triangular shape, slow-moving. If it was a nationwide sighting it would be a 'wave'."

He has investigated virtually every flap and wave in the country. He has interviewed all the great cases: PC Godfrey in Todmorden who was abducted for 15 minutes in 1980; a lad in South Wales who has unexplained scars on his wrists after an encounter

with a bright light in a field. He remains, much to Malcolm's astonishment, completely unconvinced. "I can't buy it at all. I haven't got a conclusion, I'm a fence sitter. I believe nothing and I question everything."

This puts him at odds with American researchers who have spent years bending experiences to fit their prejudices. There is a chap in Essex, for instance, who Philip has spoken to on many occasions. He claims to have been abducted by ugly creatures with hairy faces. The Americans dismissed him as a loony because this did not fit into their parameters: aliens wear long, smooth, expressionless face masks.

Some Americans, too, are keen on the conspiracy theory. The UFO conspiracy has taken over from Kennedy as the conspiracy theorist's conspiracy theory. Indeed, someone has just published a book positing that Kennedy was assassinated because he was about to spill the beans on UFOs.

Malcolm believes the conspiracy theory ("of course governments know"). Philip Mantle does not. Governments know less than amateur investigators like him. He reckons that 95 per cent of UFO sightings are easily explained: aircraft, stars, planets, even the moon are misinterpreted in the night sky. The other 5 per cent are not unexplainable, just more interesting. "We like to think of it as chronicling modern folklore," explained fellow researcher Andy Roberts.

He and Philip prefer not to offer explanations, but to listen and collate. Over the years they have spoken to many people like Patricia and Malcolm, and recognise the similarities, the philosophising, the methods and manner of communication. Philip knows certain key words and phrases that, like IRA call signs, differentiate genuine experiences from the plain hoaxer.

His patience as an interviewer means that he has won extraordinary confidences - a woman in Liverpool, for instance, told him of an experience she had in the Fifties: he was the first person she had told in more than 30 years. An odd partnership has grown

up between the experiences, who fervently believe, and the academics researching folklore and mass delusion.

"Nobody believes people like Malcolm," said Philip. "Every-

body laughs at them. Doctors, neighbours, friends, family. In a sense, we're their last port of call."

"These guys do a fantastic job," said Malcolm. "There may be lots of people with experiences who don't know where to turn, tearing themselves inside out. They should talk to these guys."

And, like all true marriages, the two sides could not agree over the film they had just seen. The academics loved its psychological nuances and its lack of flashy compromises ("the best UFO film ever," said Philip Mantle). Malcolm thought it was desperately slow. "Not like *Close Encounters*. Now that's a brilliant film."

Bufora can be contacted by conventional means on 0924-444049.

"They're not like those midgets on the film. They're about seven feet tall, like basketball players", says Malcolm

by Richard Price, Sr.

I was a boy; she a young lady.
Some might be thirty, some could be eighty.
They don't care who, or where you're from.
We don't even know from whence they come.

Some of us scared. Some of us willing.
To those we tell, the experience is chilling.
Some are told to save our earth.
Others have given a new form of birth.

Some are implanted. Some with fears.
These things to carry throughout their years.
We know who we are and somehow must cope,
to live out our life with some ray of hope.

* * * * *

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(Maltreya's words)

"Begin by dedicating yourself and all that you are and have
been to the service of the world,
to the service of your brothers and sisters everywhere.

Make sure that not one day passes without some act of true
service and be assured that My help will be yours."

"Many there are now who would gladly know that I am here.
Tell them. Tell them that the Son of Man has returned, that
their Elder Brother is among them, that the long wait is
over, and fresh and eager for the battle has come their
Friend and Leader".

"Many are the ways to serve; many are the paths of ascent.
No one today need feel deprived of a mode of service, of a
path forward to the future.

All paths, all means, flow to God.

Take, My friends, the nearest of these paths
and with Me serve your brothers."

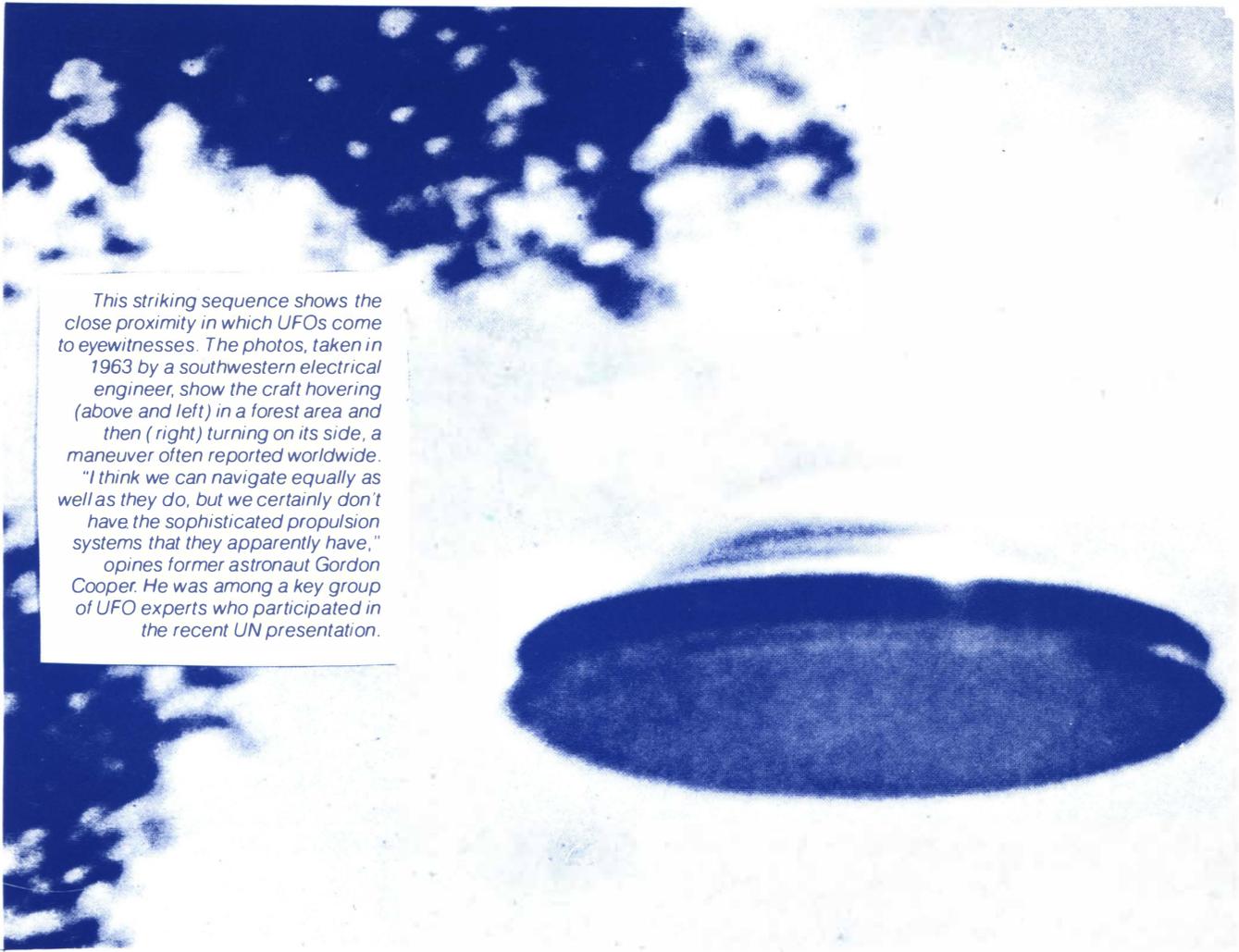
EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Aileen

In the past several months it has been our aim to change the
negative direction created by so much conversation on the
"greys". That is a word I have eliminated from my vocabulary
just because of the negative connotation.

Because of this direction, and because of the By-Laws of the
UFOCCI we have made the decision to change Associate Directors in
Las Vegas. The new Associate Director is Geoff Groff. Geoff is
very concerned for the abductees and the trauma they suffer after
contact. He will be holding "group therapy" meetings for the
abductees where they can interrelate and find comfort in learning
of other persons cases.

THE UFOCCI AND THE MISSING LINK ASSUME NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR
ARTICLES AND PHOTOS SENT TO OUR OFFICE TO BE USED IN THE MISSING
LINK.



This striking sequence shows the close proximity in which UFOs come to eyewitnesses. The photos, taken in 1963 by a southwestern electrical engineer, show the craft hovering (above and left) in a forest area and then (right) turning on its side, a maneuver often reported worldwide. "I think we can navigate equally as well as they do, but we certainly don't have the sophisticated propulsion systems that they apparently have," opines former astronaut Gordon Cooper. He was among a key group of UFO experts who participated in the recent UN presentation.

**UFOCCI
3001 S. 288TH ST. #304
FEDERAL WAY, WA 98003**

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