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PROBE

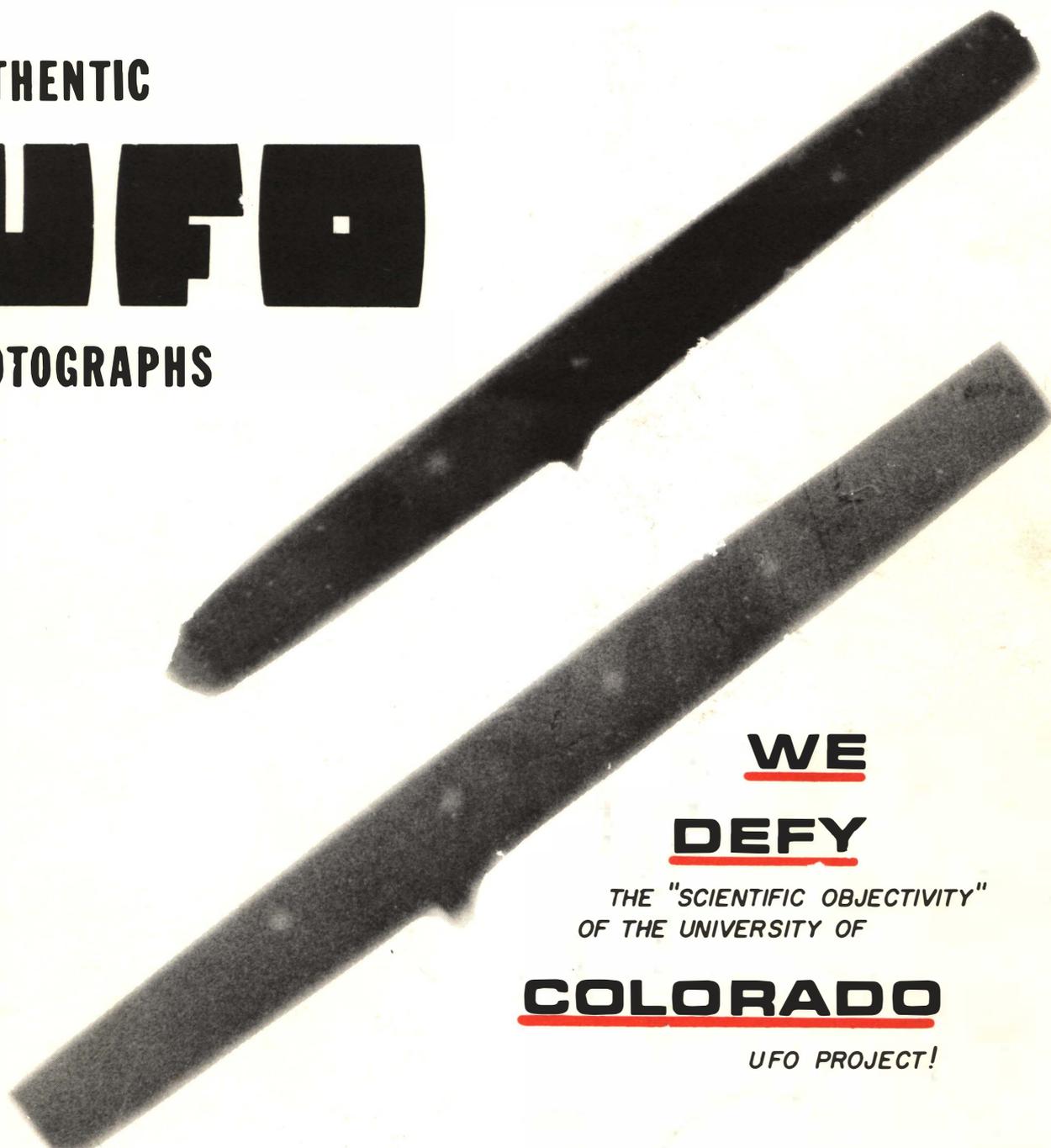
THE CONTROVERSIAL PHENOMENA MAGAZINE

75 CENTS

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- "We Photographed UFOs in New England"
- "Flying Saucers Are Real"
- "Was Mariner IV Sabotaged By A UFO?"
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PROBE MAGAZINE

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editorial

by

J. L. FERRIERE

Life is a sequence of events. It is abundantly replete with emotions such as awe, curiosity, love, hate, respect, joy and sorrow, etc. When viewed from a detached perspective, the singular emotional sequential pattern of any one given individual would appear relatively insignificant, yet Man, with his unique facility for relating to his fellow humans, takes of himself that which he feels may best suit his innate desire to contribute something constructive (or destructive, as the case may be) to the perpetuation of the society in which he resides.

In so doing, Man necessarily involves the emotional patterns of previously unrelated persons, intertwining them, as it were, into an intricate tapestry, with the ultimate

result that the lives of each of us is profoundly effected by the desires and motivations of others.

Since the very inception of this publication in January of 1964, your editor has been keenly aware of his self-imposed obligation to effectuate a constructive emotional atmosphere between himself and of those people who have chosen to let this publication effect, in however small a manner, their daily lives. This publication has never been a financial success, and indeed, your editor could not care less. He never intended this publication to be anything other than an extension of himself and had the financial means been available to him, he would gladly have GIVEN, at his own personal expense, free subscriptions to PROBE Magazine to anyone who would have expressed a genuine interest in attempting to transcend the structural limitations that orthodox science would seek to implant as impediments to TRUE conceptual thought.

Financial loss, hard work, endless worry and a constant up-hill struggle..... none of these had the power to dissuade him from his self-appointed task. He had made a personal vow to himself that so long as he was mentally and physically competent, he would wage a never-ending war on complacency, apathy and intellectual laziness. The only way he could be defeated would be to deprive him of his ability to communicate with his readers. Take away his means of communication and he would be reduced to a pathetic state of complete and total ineffectuality.

As you are well aware, this was very nearly accomplished. It would serve no relevant purpose to detail the exact manner in which this insidious task was very nearly brought to fruition. The factors responsible for preventing publication of PROBE for one full year had every reason to believe that this publication would never again see the light of day.

Oh yes, they had very effectively (through means of financial burdens) caused your editors' communicative media to crumble, literally shattered into a mass of hopeless dreams and frustrated efforts. We can well imagine their perverse satisfaction as your editor wallowed for one full year in the

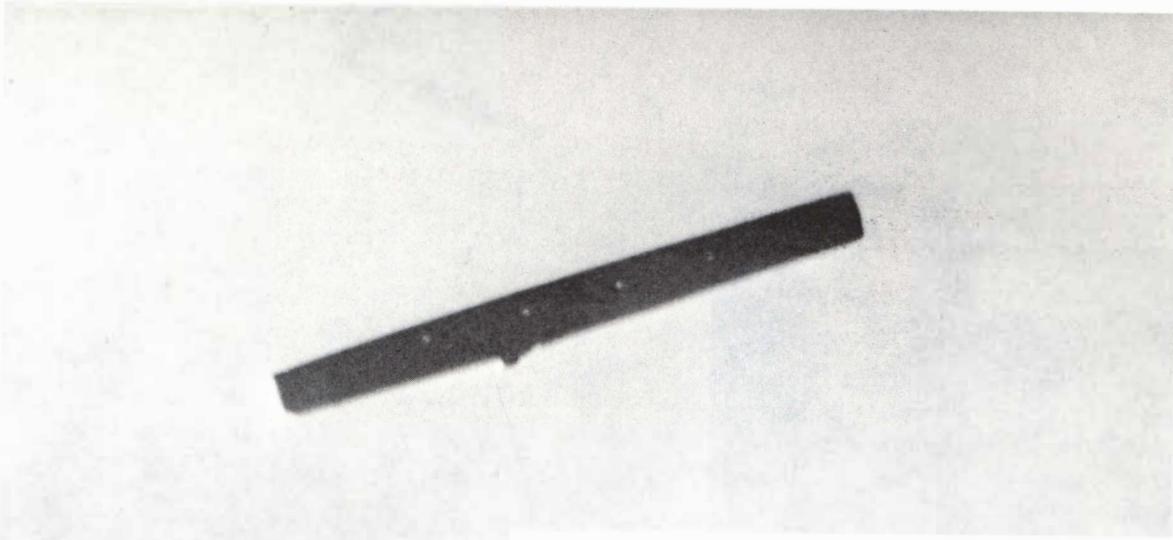
murky depths of despair and self-failure. Literally a broken man, they reasoned that no mere mortal could possess the fortitude to place his ideals and inner convictions above his own personal welfare. And that, dear reader, is precisely where they failed! Did they really believe that your editor would retreat like a wounded animal, devoid of pride and with his tail between his legs? Did they really think that one good punch would send him down for the final count? Could they possibly have believed that an attack on his material well-being would succeed in altering such deeply-rooted inner convictions? But then, they had no way of knowing of the vow he had made to himself. They under-rated his ability to touch the lives of others. They simply did not understand that there were OTHERS who ALSO shared his beliefs and convictions, and who were willing to assist him in his time of need.... to stand up proudly and indignantly and FIGHT for the preservation of ideals that are cherished over and above any temporary physical well-being.

And so, because of man's ability to relate to his fellow man, the publication you now hold in your hands will NOT render itself subject to defeat! On the contrary; we have made NEW allies and as a result, PROBE is back once again; older, wiser and even STRONGER than ever before! One of the redeeming factors during our period of difficulty was your unwavering faith in our good intentions. I can assure you that you will be properly rewarded. The material contained in this issue of PROBE is but a mere sampling of things to come, and, as always, we will attempt to present it clearly, without the tinge of personal prejudice; and insofar as is humanly possible, with pure logic as the outstanding denominator.

To those who were concerned with PROBE's apparent difficulties.... our deep appreciation and a promise that it will take more than is conceivable to the depreciators to sway us from our convictions.

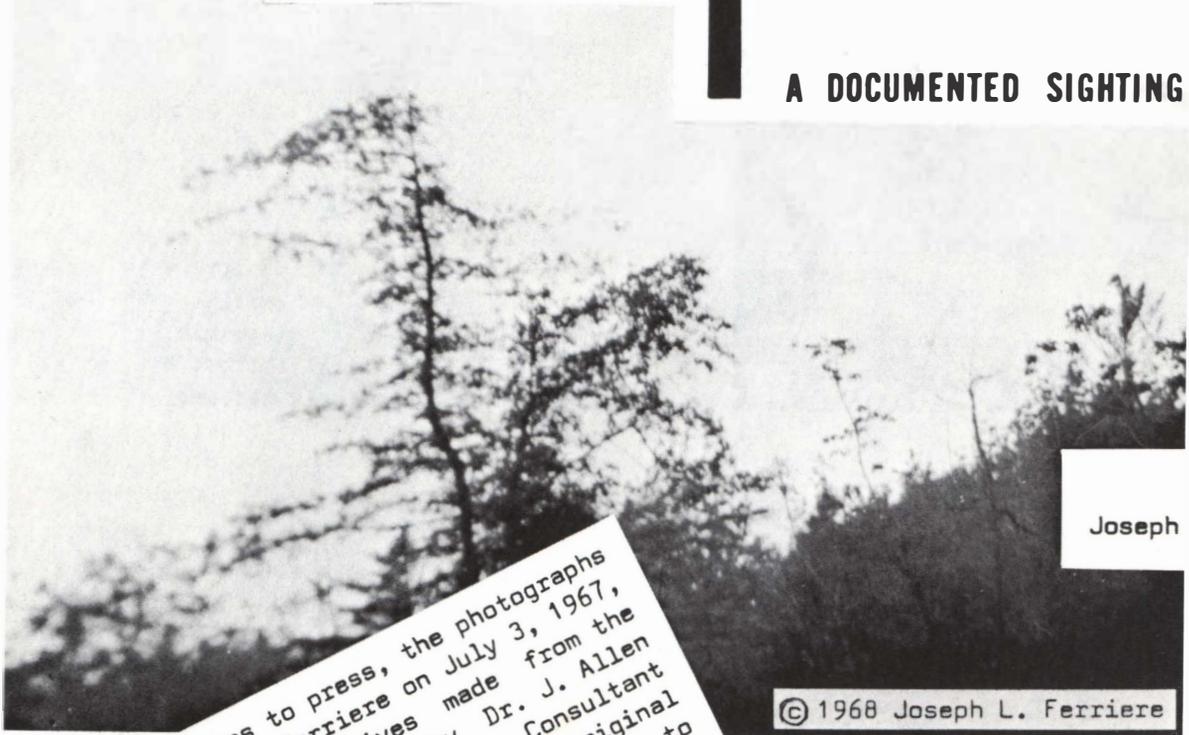
To those who thought they had seen the last of PROBE; Better luck next time and a deeply rooted promise that PROBE will continue to exist, in one fashion or another, long after you have been exposed for what you really are. In the final analysis, TRUTH will prevail! □

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO Dr. J. ALLEN HYNEK AND Dr. JACQUES VALLEE FOR SETTING SUCH A FINE EXAMPLE OF TRUE SCIENTIFIC OBJECTIVITY IN U F O RESEARCH.



NEW UFO PHOTOS

A DOCUMENTED SIGHTING



by
Joseph L. Ferriere

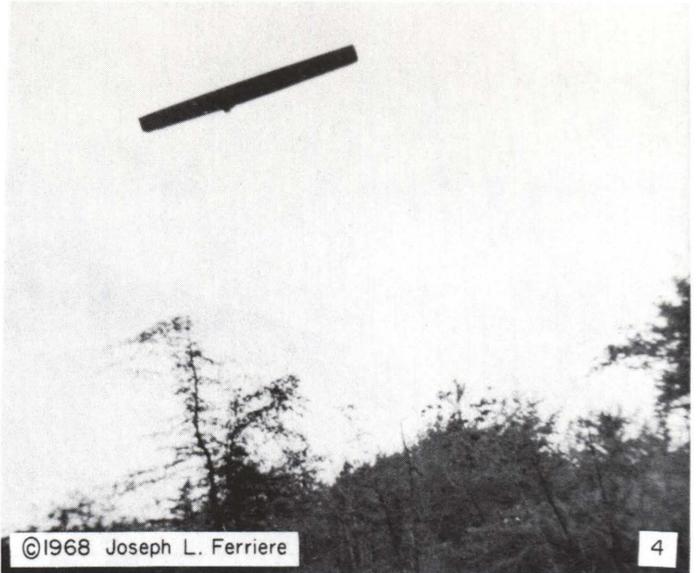
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As this issue goes to press, the photographs taken by Joseph L. Ferriere on July 3, 1967, along with copy negatives made from the originals, are under study by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, the Air Force Scientific Consultant on Unidentified Flying Objects. The original negatives are also being made available to Dr. Hynek. It is our understanding that Dr. Hynek will comment on the photographs after he has completed his analysis.

At approximately 7:15 PM on the evening of July 3, 1967, I observed and took seven photographs of a huge, cigar-shaped aerial object that had been frequenting the Cumberland, Rhode Island area for a period of three days in succession. The following is a documentation of exactly what happened on that eventful date. For the sake of preser-



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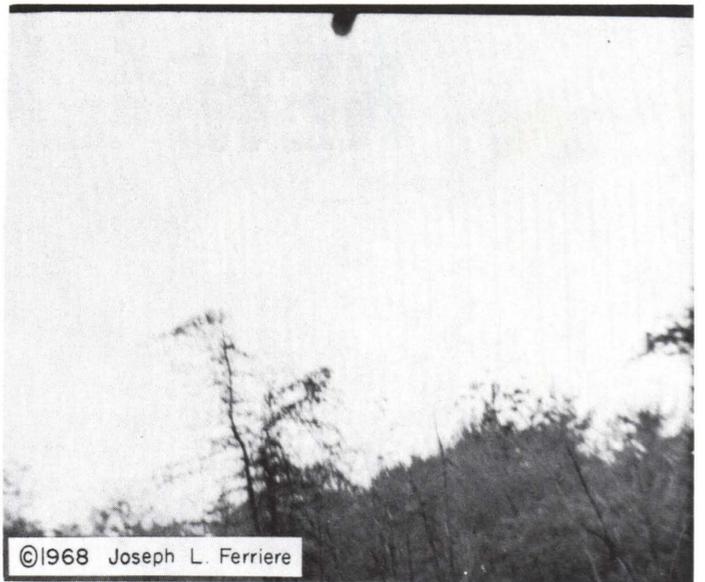
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ving scientific objectivity, I emphatically refuse to speculate as to the actual nature of the objects seen and photographed. I can only say that the objects APPEARED to be controlled, structured craft of a most unusual sort. To speculate further would constitute nothing more than escalation of interpretation and would only serve to confuse the facts.

For a period of two days prior to the date of observation, I had been receiving three to four telephone calls per day. Most of these from people who had been driving through the Cumberland area, reporting the presence of a large, cylindrical object in the sky, approximately one mile from the large Pawtucket Reservoir.

It is not unusual for me to receive news of UFO sightings via the telephone as many people throughout the New England states are aware of my involvement in active UFO research. Naturally, I am in no position to run down every report that is received in this manner, and it was only because of the number of calls I had received over a 48-hour period, that I decided to make a "spot-check" of the particular locale in question.

Using a method of applying the information related over the phone, as to where the object had most frequently been observed, I was able to pin-point the general vicinity of the sightings and arrived, equipped only with camera, at approximately 6:30 PM on the aforementioned date.

The locale was adjacent to, and to the west of, Diamond Hill Road, and featured

power lines that run from Woonsocket, through Cumberland, and on into Wrentham, Mass.

Following the power lines, I walked westward for a distance of about 700 to 800 feet from the road, and finding the immediate surroundings rather spacious, I began searching the section for any signs of physical evidence; such as scorched grass, unusual ground indentations, artifacts and/or substances that might appear foreign to the landscape.

I was thusly occupied for about 45 minutes and as I look back on it now, I recall being somewhat annoyed by the persistent thought that was running through my mind, namely that there was a very good chance that even if I were confronted with some form of physical evidence, I might fail to recognize it for what it really was. After all, when one is not aware of the composition or chemical makeup of a given manifestation, then how can one logically expect to recognize what may represent only a fragmentary portion of said manifestation?

Realizing the apparent futility of my efforts, I had just about decided to abandon the search. I turned to my left, so that I was now facing North-West, and literally froze in my tracks.

There, hovering silently and gently swaying, was a huge cigar-shaped aerial object, about 75 to 100 feet long. My position was such that as I gazed upon the object it was hovering just slightly above eye-level, due to the fact that I was standing on the upper part of a gently-sloping hill.

I noted that the trees, over which it was hovering, were about 60 feet tall from their base to the uppermost tips. I thereby estimated that the UFO itself was operating at a height of about 150 to 200 feet from the ground.

The UFO was colored a very drab, non-reflecting charcoal grey, and three very prominent features were immediately discernable. I could see, rather faintly, four rounded lighter "spots" strung out in a horizontal line, traversing almost the entire length of the surface of the object. The second feature that I noticed was a strange "piston-like" apparatus that seemed to be slowly moving in and out of one end of the large object. Then, concentrating my attention to the lower-central portion of the "cigar", I saw what looked for all the world like an open "hatch" or "trap-door".

Intrigued by the "piston" I made a mental note that, it had been extended and retracted two times during the observation. It should be pointed out that while I am relating all of this in considerable detail, the entire sequence of observational events, up to this point, constituted a time element of only ten to twelve seconds.

At this point I began the process of taking photographs of the object. The camera that I was using is such that I must look down into the viewfinder, locate the subject and then snap the shutter. As a result, photographing the UFO necessitated my relegating actual visual observation to secondary importance.

As I took the first photograph, the object was moving very slowly in a northerly progression, while at the same time executing a pendulum-like maneuver as it rocked very slowly back and forth.

I wound the film and attempted to move in closer to the "cigar", in the hope that I might acquire more detail on the photographic image. In order to do this I had to walk down the hillside, which was very rough and uneven. I made the mistake of concentrating most of my attention on the object, rather than in watching where I was going, and in the excitement of the moment, I slipped and almost fell to the ground. It was from this awkward, off-balance position that I took the second photograph. As the picture well indicates, I would have been considerably better off had I maintained my previous position, but for some reason, perhaps due to nothing more than sheer excitement, I seemed unable to stand still.

I regained my composure, located the UFO in the viewfinder, and took the third photo. After I had wound the film I looked up from the camera to reassure myself that the UFO was still present, just in time to see something small and silvery being ejected from the "hatch" and flashing off toward the South. This smaller object was expelled at a tremendous rate of speed, as if a bullet had been shot from a rifle. I became momentarily flustered, not knowing on which of the objects to concentrate my attention. The smaller object was rapidly becoming a mere speck as it continued a steady course southward, and I decided to revert my attention back to the "cigar" primarily because of its size and close proximity. This proved to be a wise decision as the large UFO had now til-

ted so that, in relationship to the ground, it hung suspended at a 45-degree angle.

As the "cigar" hovered thusly, I noticed for the first time since I had begun photographing it, that the "piston" was fully retracted; and the object had drifted closer to me. I took the fourth picture, and as I was winding the film, glanced up to see the object again.

By the time I was ready to take the fifth shot, the "cigar" had assumed a vertical position, so that the "piston" extended once again, was pointing straight down. The UFO had begun to ascend at a 90-degree angle and I had difficulty locating it in the finder. As a result, I was able to catch only the lower part of the UFO as it accelerated very rapidly upward. The object disappeared behind me, departing in a southerly direction, on an apparent course that would take it directly over the Pawtucket Reservoir. I did not see the large cigar-shaped object again.

I hurriedly looked to the direction in which I had last seen the smaller UFO, but was not able to effect visual contact with the object. Returning my attention to the North-West, the direction in which the big "cigar" had hovered, I spotted the smaller object hovering silently; close to tree-top level. It was at an approximate distance of three-hundred feet, and I now saw it clearly for the first time.

It was disc-shaped, surmounted by a dome, possessed a high degree of reflectivity, as compared to the dull, non-reflective appearance of the "cigar". It also appeared to contain surface irregularities, in that the outer surface seemed to incorporate slight inwardly-curved corrugations, as opposed to a perfectly smooth, though curved, surface. I estimated its size as being in the vicinity of twelve to fifteen feet in diameter and approximately six to seven feet from the base to the uppermost peak.

I took one picture as it hovered motionless, and had no sooner done so, when the "disc" began moving off toward the south, quite slowly at first. Fearing the likelihood of being unable to obtain another photo I rapidly wound the film, re-located the "disc" in the finder, and managed to obtain one more picture as the object began to accelerate rapidly over my head and to the South. The UFO had effectuated such rapidity in its acceleration that the possibility of obtaining another photograph was immediately rendered negative.

The fantastic experience was ended, but I could not help but entertain a slight expectation of a return visit. Thus I remained at the site for another ten minutes or so, constantly scanning the skies, paying particular attention to the direction in which both objects had departed. But, I was not to be afforded anything over and above that which I had already experienced.

At no time, during the observation, was I able to detect any sound whatsoever from either of the Unidentified Flying Objects. Had they been propelled in any conventional fashion, I most assuredly would have detected audible evidence of their presence since the larger object, at one time, approached to within two-hundred-and-fifty feet of me, and when at its maximum distance was no more than six or seven-hundred feet away.

Upon arriving at my home, I contacted Mr. Leonard Brodt of Woonsocket, and he was kind enough to process and develop the film. Upon seeing the results of my efforts, I felt certain that I had been gifted with the best photographic evidence of UFO reality to date - a belief that I still retain - and will continue to hold for the remainder of my Earthly sojourn.

The photos and negatives have since been examined by WJAR-TV photographic personell in Providence, Rhode Island; Samuel S. Reynolds of the Woonsocket Call newspaper; Tibor J. Csapo, artist and advisor for PROBE and August C. Roberts, world reknowned UFO photographic expert and Staff Photographer for the Bachelor News in Wayne, New Jersey.

The entire observation lasted no more than four minutes. The position of the Sun was to my left and slightly behind me, and although the Sun was quite low on the horizon, the sky was still rather bright with very few clouds.

My estimation of the relative size of each object is subject to possible error. Since the objects neither passed in front of or behind anything in the area, I cannot triangulate the exact dimensions, but feel that my estimate is fairly close. There was very little wind at the time and consequently I did not think to take a bearing on the wind direction or velocity. I have yet to see any conventional aircraft, including jet planes, with which I might compare the speed employed by both objects as they left the area. I felt no physical discomfort, neither before, during or after the observation.

For psychological purposes, it may be relevant to attempt to describe my emotional reactions: My very first impression, upon seeing the large UFO, was one of insecurity bordering on apprehension. This feeling changed rapidly to a feeling of sheer curiosity such as I had never before experienced. I think it would be safe to say that my curiosity was so intense that it bordered on reckless abandon, since I remember feeling that obtaining good photographs of the object, was, at that precise moment the most important thing in my life.

The next emotion I recall... was one of momentary frustration as the large object expelled the smaller UFO, and I did not know which way to rivet my attention. After I had re-located the larger object, I experienced a rather subtle lack of emotion and began acting with regulated precision. This feeling of emotional detachment remained until the final photo had been taken. As soon as neither of the objects was any longer in the area, I experienced a great feeling of relief; and this was accompanied by the return of inner excitement; a feeling that lingered for a period of about two days.

The Summer of 1967 was, in Rhode Island, a veritable onslaught of UFO activity, both real and imagined. Inevitable, synonymous with the advent of increased UFO activity came mis-judgements, wild rumors and speculations; and abundant controversy.

Insofar as my own personal experiences then, these are the FACTS. The photographs taken by your editor on July the third, in 1967, are authentic photos of Unknown Aerial Phenomena. I will not, under any circumstances, speculate as to their nature or origin. I simply but unequivocally submit that my own personal experience of July 3rd, 1967, indicates beyond a shadow of a doubt that mankind has been confronted by one of the greatest scientific mysteries of all time. Very often, the eventual solution to a genuine mystery depends, to a large extent, on the manner in which the problem is approached.



On the night of November 2, 1966, Woodrow Derenberger, a salesman from Parkersburg, West Virginia, was driving a truck along Interstate Highway I-77 near the city, when a vehicle from outer space landed on the road ahead of him, forcing him to stop. He then conversed with the pilot of the space craft.

This incident was only one in a pattern of "outer-space contacts" which has been expanding steadily over the past few years, involving hundreds of persons in the U.S.A. and around the world. Where this activity will lead, no one can be certain. But -- by carefully studying a single "contact" case, (i.e., the Derenberger case) we may be able to find some clues to solving the great UFO mystery. This, then, is a capsulized summary of the Derenberger "contact".

* * *

by

W. W. Derenberger

My name is Woodrow W. Derenberger, I am 50 years old. My story began on November 2, 1966.

It was a cold and rainy evening, approximately 7:00 P.M. On this date, I was driving my Ford Econovan down Interstate Highway I-77, coming from Marietta, Ohio, to my home in Mineral Wells, West Virginia. I was driving up a long hill, at about 50 mph. My truck was loaded with stereo's and sewing



UPI photo

machines. One of the sewing machines fell off the top of a stereo causing me to turn on my dome lights to see what had fallen. At this time I noticed a car coming up the highway behind me, and he blinked his lights to pass. I kept on at the same rate of speed and the car passed me. Directly behind this car, about 50 feet, this ship, as I have come to call it, came up beside my truck and at first, I thought it to be another car. Then I noticed that it had no lights. I then turned my head and glanced at it and saw that it was something that I had never seen before.

At this time I was not frightened. Then it pulled a little ahead of me and turned crosswise on the highway and started slowing down. To keep from hitting this object, I slowed my truck and pulled off the highway to the right onto the berm so that I could go around it, but it completely blocked the road from berm to berm. It kept slowing down until it came to a complete stop, as I also did, not more than 8 to 10 feet from it. As soon as it stopped, a door opened and a man

I MET A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

stepped out.

Immediately as he stepped to the ground, I received a message to roll my window down on the opposite side of my truck. I heard no audible voice, but I somehow knew what the man had asked me. I leaned across the truck and rolled down the window. The man then walked up to the side of my truck and stood very close to the door and said that he would like to speak to me. He asked me not to be frightened, and then asked my name. I was so frightened by this time that I could not answer him. He told me I could either think or speak verbally, whichever was easier for me.

He said his name was Cold. He then asked me if I worked for a living and if I had to -- I told him yes, that I was a salesman. He then said that he was a "searcher". He again repeated that I should not be frightened, that he wished me no harm, only happiness. He had a very pleasant smile on his face and his arms were folded, with his hands tucked under his armpits. He asked me what the lights in the distance were, and although he did not point, I knew the direction about which he was inquiring. I told him it was Parkersburg, a city. He asked me if all the people lived there, and I told him it was a place of business and of trade, and that most of the people lived in outlying areas or the suburbs. He told me that a place of this kind where he was from was called a gathering.

He then said, "Mr. Derenberger, look at me. I am the same as you are. I sleep, and breathe and bleed even as you do." Although he was speaking verbally to me, I could well understand every word he was saying. I felt no pain of any kind. My truck motor was running smoothly. Both of my headlights were on and also the dome lights in my truck. After the man stepped from the ship, it rose off the ground and hovered from 50 to 100 feet above my truck during the duration of our conversation. As he walked in front of my truck, I could see him very plainly in the headlights of my truck. He had a very pleasant appearance. He was approximately 5' 10" or 11" tall and weighed approximately 180 to 185 pounds. His hair was very dark and thick and combed straight back over his head. He seemed to have a very good tan. He looked normal in every way and was very friendly. The expression on his face changed at times. He then asked me why I was so frightened, and said that his country was not nearly as powerful as ours. He also told me to report

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this incident to our local officials, and at a later date he would confirm my story. He then said that he would meet with me again. I talked with him approximately 10 minutes. I did not see him give any kind of sign, but the ship descended, and settled directly beside my truck. Mr. Cold then walked in front of my truck, to the ship. The door opened and I could see another form reaching out to close the door, or to possibly help Mr. Cold on to the ship. The ship then left and went straight up, making a soft, fluttering sound.

As soon as it was at the top of my truck, I very hurriedly left for home. I do not exactly remember driving home. I think at this time I was in a complete state of shock. When I got home, I immediately asked my wife to come to the kitchen, and we sat down at the table. She could see the state I was in, and the first question she asked was, "Did you have an accident that has killed someone?" I assured her that nothing of that had happened, and then told her of my experience. It startled her very much at first; then she suggested we phone the police. I thought I had settled down by then, but after I got them on the telephone, I began shaking uncontrollably, and my voice quivered, so that she took the phone from me and related my story to them. Also, she was told by the police, that our call was the third-one of its kind in this area that evening. They later called my wife and told her she should consult a doctor for me. However, by this time I had settled down and felt more like myself.

The next day, November 3, I was asked to come to the local television station, WTAP. Here I met with the local authorities, and the state and city police, a United States Air Force Sergeant, and all the news media of Parkersburg. I was asked to describe my experience in full detail many times. They tried every way possible to break my story, but could not. The Air Force Sergeant said at this time that I definitely had had an experience of some sort. That evening my story was carried in our local newspapers, and was also picked up by UPI, which carried it all over the world. Following this, I appeared on local television and radio, in Parkersburg. The next few days I received hundreds of calls and many, many letters from all over the world. I later talked with many people, NICAP -- who said they would release this shortly, the Air Force and NASA in Cape Kennedy, Florida. These people talked

as though they believed my story and were not too surprised by it.

On November 4th, I was driving home from Pomeroy, Ohio, and a friend of mine was riding with me. We were going down Highway 7, when I began having a tingling sensation around my eyes and the top of my forehead. I rubbed my forehead and I knew at the same time that this was Mr. Cold trying to make contact with me again with telepathy. I did not want to receive him, but the same sensation persisted and I finally answered him. The gentleman riding with me knew that something was going on, as he later told me he also had some sort of feeling but didn't know what it was.

Mr. Cold then told me to slow down and drive very carefully, that his ship was directly over my truck and that they were following me. At this time he told me several things of his own planet. He told me that the first time he had contacted me, he had only asked me questions to calm me and to settle my fears. At this second meeting, I was not frightened. He asked me repeatedly to drive carefully. I had a feeling that I cannot explain -- it was not pain -- it was as though I was hearing my own voice, but with his words. This is very hard to explain because previous to this, I knew nothing of mental telepathy.

Mr. Cold told me he was from a planet called Lanulos; he said this is located close to the galaxy of Ganymede. He told me that his country was practically the same as ours, that they have woods, streams, fields, and oceans, as we do. He also said that he had taken samples of our vegetation, and also some of our animals and with very few exceptions, these were as they have them. He told me that he wanted to talk with me later, that I had very good receptive powers of telepathy. He gave me quite a bit of information at this time. He said that he is married, his wife's name is Kimi, and he has 2 sons, 8 and 11 years of age. Since that time, they have had a baby girl, born the week after Christmas in 1966.

Mr. Cold also said that their time is not exactly as ours. They have 3 climates -- planting, harvesting and cold. He said that his people have a life expectancy of 125 to 175 of our years. At this time he told me his first name was Indrid, and that he was getting ready to break contact, and that I would receive a severe shock and to prepare myself for it. I was listening very intently

to every word he said, and had begun to think of questions to ask him, when he told me he was leaving.

When he broke contact, I felt very exhilarated. I had a small throbbing pain in my right temple, which left shortly. I decided not to tell anyone. However, I did reveal this to NICAP at the next meeting they had with me. I had almost daily contacts with Mr. Cold after this.

About 4 days after my initial experience with Mr. Cold, I came from work at approximately 9:00 P.M. and was met in my back yard by Mr. Cold and his companion, Carl Ardo. Mr. Ardo travels with him as a navigator. I was very excited and did not notice the cold weather. They were with me for approximately 2 hours, and would not come into the house because my wife was frightened. Since then she has lost all fear of them and has entertained them in our home.

On this visit, they asked me about our people and our way of life. He has never at any time asked me of our military strength; he has shown no interest or asked me of our weapons, or anything along this line. He asked me how we live, how our people get along together, how long we have to work, and how many hours per day, and many, more questions of our everyday lives. He told me that his people do not understand the word "hate"; they do not know how we can hate one another. As he says, "We are all brothers."

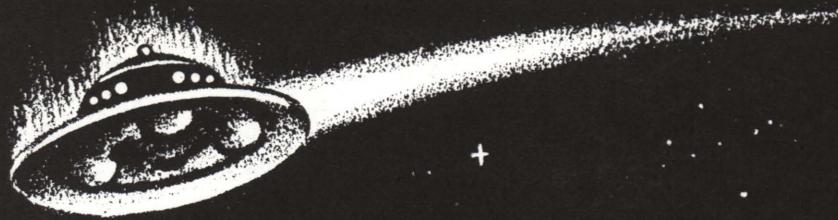
These people do not have a written record of how their planet began; however, they do have a legend. They believe their forefathers came from Earth in a space ship and after they had landed, somehow lost the art of space travel. It was many, many years before they again learned how to travel in space.

Mr. Cold told me that their religion, and their belief in God is the same as our own. They believe there is but one God, who created everything that is good, and is the Father of all. Mr. Cold has told me many times that they would like to land and come and talk with our people, but he has met several times with hostility, has been shot at and also other ships of his friends have been shot at. At one time in Arkansas, he was shot with a shotgun and he had to have several pellets removed from his legs and thighs. These people are as much afraid of our people as we are of them. Yet they say they would like to make friendly contact with all our people, and be able to tell us

their ways and learn ours. They would like to be able to trade with our country, Mr. Cold says that they have things that we would like to have, as do we have things that they need. He has told me things that I have no way of knowing whether they are true or untrue, yet in everything he has told me I have never, never in any way learned that he has been untruthful. He has told me that he made an offer to our Government that if they would guarantee safety for both him and his ship, he would land. But for some reason unknown to him, our Government will not grant him his request. He said that our Government leaders said that no physical harm would come to him, but otherwise he would have to place himself and his ship in their hands and they would do what was best for him and for us. Mr. Cold has declined this offer. I have no way of knowing if this is true.

In their country, they don't have a Government as we know it, but a Guiding Council. Their officials are also elected. There are 56 members in their Council, and they are elected every six years (in our time). Any time one of the officials proves to be unfit for the job, he can be dismissed and another one elected. These people are very friendly and have never had a war on their planet, nor have they crime, as we know it here. They not only talk with telepathy, but have a language of their own. I know a few words of their language. When a couple is married, it is said that they are "united". The wife calls her husband her "united", and the husband calls his wife his "union". Their children are very healthy, but they do have sickness. They also have diseases they cannot control, as we do, and have death they cannot prevent. When their children are old enough to know right from wrong, no matter what age, they are sent to school and go until they are 28 years old. At this time, if they have not reached the standard of learning that they should, they go to school until they do. Everyone works at a job that he himself chooses. If a man does not like his work, he can ask for reclassification and can be assigned to something else.

There is much more to my story, which will be published in a book very soon. These people are very friendly, and are waiting to make contact with everyone. I wish for every one to have the same opportunity as I have had to meet these people and to know them. I only hope that someday they can come here freely, as they so greatly desire. □



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** 9. BETHURUM, Truman: -----	"Aboard A Flying Saucer" -----	3. 15	_____
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22. MILLER, Max B.: -----	"Real Magazine" (Aug. 1966; many saucer photos & stories)	. 65	_____
23. MILLER, Max B.: -----	"Real Magazine" (Dec. 1966; many saucer photos & stories)	. 65	_____
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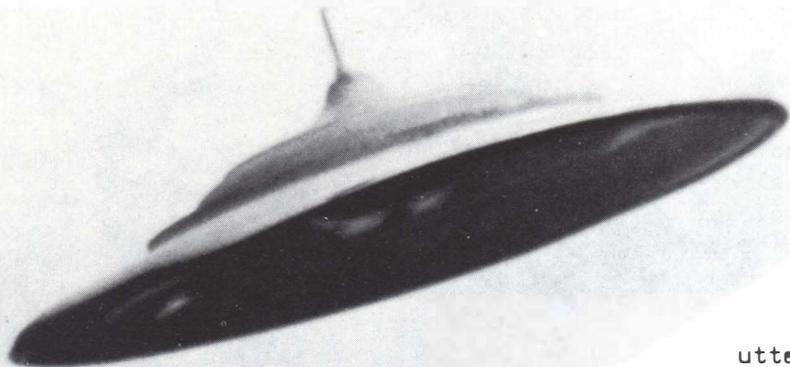
the
MYSTERIOUS
story
of
mr
TRUDEL

July 17, 1967. H. TRUDEL



Your name is Harold A. Trudel. A lifelong resident of Woonsocket, R.I. You are twenty-nine years of age and the father of three children. You are at home with your wife Mary and the time is 4:00 P.M. The day, July 17th, 1967, is one that has thus far been uneventful, but the calm serenity you are currently enjoying is soon, very soon, to be suddenly and inexplicably altered. Within a matter of minutes you will be possessed of an uncontrollable "urge" to visit a particular location that you have previously frequented in the vicinity of East Woonsocket. You feel it is imperative that you bring with you a "loaded" camera, and then, within 45 minutes, you are at the desired spot.

You are standing at the edge of a large field that is bordered by dense woods, and you can see the figure of a man, tall and handsome, approaching you from the opposite edge of the field. He approaches to within three or four feet of you and you notice that he does not carry anything resembling a weapon. Your first thought upon seeing the man, at long range, was that he might be a hunter or marksman since the general locale had, at times, been utilized for target practice. Now that he is at close range, you see that your initial presumption was incorrect. He is smiling and you somehow feel comfortable in his presence. It appears that he radiates benevolence and understanding. After a short exchange of conversation, in which you explain the circumstances that pre-



...cipitated your arrival at the location, you are invited to follow this strange person. The whole situation is totally illogical. Standing in a field at least one mile away from the nearest house, being invited to follow, with no explanation of why, a man whom you have never before laid eyes upon.

Yet, for some completely inexplicable reason, you place great trust in the stranger's good intentions and proceed to follow him across the field, past a small brook, and into yet another field.

At this point, the stranger stops, points toward the trees bordering the eastern edge of the field, and says, "There, is what you came for." You look in the appointed direction and see a large UFO rise from behind the trees and silently glides toward you.

You are about to record for posterity some of the most amazing and controversial "flying saucer" photographs ever taken. When the final photo is taken, you will be unable to find any trace of the "stranger's" presence, but your story will be afforded independent confirmation of sorts, shortly.

The photographs themselves, the last of twenty-five taken by you at varying intervals throughout June and July, 1967, will engender emotional reaction ranging from cries of "fraud" to complete belief in your fantastic series of UFO observations. You are destined to be called everything from "faker" to "psychic", and you will win new supporters, while losing old friends.

The story of Harold A. Trudel reads like part of a script for science-fiction movies.

The aforementioned (capsulized) version, of what he claims happened on July 17, 1967, is just the most "recent" of his experiences in keeping a watchful eye on the haunted skies of East Woonsocket. His story is so utterly complex that it would take fifty to sixty pages of script to even begin to explore it fully and to the gratification and justification of all who have become involved. This article will acquaint you with some of the basics that led up to the July 17, 1967 incident.

As stated previously, Trudel appears to be endowed with a knack for engendering the full range of human emotion in those of us who have researched his experiences. This may be due to the fact that he is totally and incontrovertibly human. He has displayed facets of his personality that are desirable, and yet others that are undesirable. He has repeatedly displayed a facility for saying or doing the wrong thing, and has resultantly caused some to harbor ill feelings toward him.

He has done things that, were he a man attempting to "build belief" in his story, he would never have done. And yet, with all of this, he vigorously continues to maintain that his photos and story are authentic. He is, in essence, a mystery within a mystery. The complete unraveling of his story and his complex personality will be attempted in a forthcoming book. But for the present, these are the claims, and some of the photographs of and by the mysterious and enigmatic Mr. Harold A. Trudel.

On June 10th of 1967, at approximately twelve noon, Harold Trudel was out riding in his car in the general vicinity of East Woonsocket, stopping at various locations and watching the skies. He had seen UFOs in the area on previous occasions, (see the 1967 Spring issue of PROBE. Copies are still available at 75¢ each) and he felt a small degree of expectancy on this day. He drove to a spot on West Wrentham Road and parked

"I stand my ground on what I've seen and what I've photographed".

Harold A. Trudel

near some high-tension lines, waiting and watching, camera loaded and ready. In a matter of minutes a bell-shaped, metallic flying object approached the power lines from the west. As the UFO hovered over the lines, Trudel, feeling some great degree of insecurity, crouched behind some nearby foliage and began taking photographs. The object maneuvered about in the area and Trudel altered his position, at times moving in closer to the power lines, but still attempting to stay hidden, not wanting any possible occupants of the strange craft to be aware of his presence.

The UFO was in sight for about five minutes and before it flashed off toward the North, Trudel had captured seven photographs of the bell shaped aerial visitor. The observer had noted an "antenna" protruding from the central lower portion of the object but upon later questioning stated that he did not, at any time, see the "antenna" come into contact with the power lines.

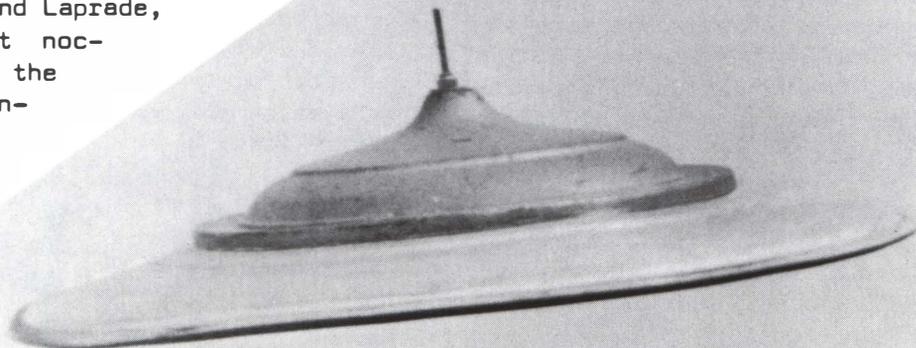
When the film was developed, it could be clearly seen that Trudel had obtained some extraordinary evidence indeed. It was generally felt that the photos were authentic and that the object itself resembled, to a great degree, the UFO that had been seen to "tap" power lines in Exeter, New Hampshire; in the Fall of 1965. The strange sequence of events was under way.

Exactly six days later, and in the same location, Trudel saw and photographed a similar object. The only difference, being that, there was no "antenna" in evidence during this observation. Actually, Trudel had re-visited the location every single day. Following the initial observation on June 10th., feeling that the first visitation constituted something other than pure chance. Now other residents of Woonsocket began spotting UFOs and organized "sky-watch" parties began to frequent the area. Your editor, accompanied by Tibor Csapo, Leonard Brodt, Walter Novak and Armand Laprade, undertook frequent nocturnal visits to the site but nothing unusual was seen, except for one "occasion", when Mr. Brodt and

your editor saw something, glowing a very bright red, approach them as they stood beneath power lines. Mr. Brodt was preparing to take a photograph of the object, but the glowing mass suddenly veered to the left and was lost behind tree-tops. Trudel's next encounter with a UFO was one that created an uproar in Rhode Island.

At 5:10 P.M., on the evening of July 11, 1967, Harold Trudel, again cruising the West Wrentham-Diamond Hill area of Woonsocket, saw and photographed a domed, saucer-shaped object hovering over power lines. At 5:35 P.M., just 20 minutes after Trudel took his photos, 19,800 consumers in Woonsocket and surrounding communities experienced a complete power failure!

The July 12th edition of the Woonsocket Call carried the following front-page headline: "AREA BLACKOUT A MYSTERY". It was revealed that an intensive investigation of the cause of the brief, but wide-spread power failure had been undertaken by the Blackstone Valley Electric Company. It was also revealed in the newspaper article that many residents had reported hearing a "rumbling" sound and seeing a "white fireball" just prior to the "blackout". Officials, theorized lightning may have hit transmission lines, or that an animal, or a falling tree limb had caused a "shorting out" of a line. Whatever was the cause, it cleared itself within a matter of minutes, much to



the relief of the general public. In no case did professional electrical engineers, UFO researcher or Mr. Trudel attempt to make any positive connection between the sighting and the blackout. The only definite statement emerging from those surveyed on the UFO sighting report was that the account corresponded with numerous other reports in other sections of the country at varying times during the last few years.

On July 13th, one of Trudel's blackout photos appeared on the front pages of the Providence Evening Bulletin, accompanied by an article asking, "DOES UFO SHED LIGHT ON R.I. BLACKOUT?" The controversy was now in full swing, and the view of the vast majority of the public at this time was perhaps best expressed by an executive for the Woonsocket Call, who said, "I don't know if I believe in UFOs, but when they land I'm going to be awfully polite".



June 10, 1967. H. TRUDEL

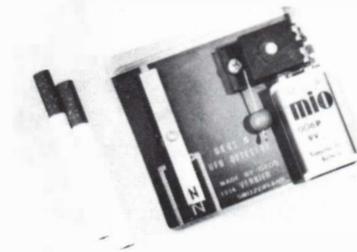
The next recorded incident in Trudel's UFO involvement is the aforementioned July 17th sighting; more on which will be contained in the following article.

Adding to the mystery was the fact that Leonard Brodt, who had seen and photographed a UFO in December of 1966, spent more time on skywatch duty during the Summer of 1967 than anyone else, Trudel included, and never once saw anything that even remotely resembled a "flying saucer". This raised considerable doubt in the minds of some as to the validity of Trudel's claims. Brodt, for example, who at first had tended to accept Trudel's claims and photos as genuine, now feels that he was deceived and that there is a good chance that the Woonsocket "flap" of



June 10, 1967. H. TRUDEL

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1967 never really took place at all. (this is most unfortunate, since it has resulted in Mr. Brodt's discontinuing his active interest in the field of UFO research. He was one of those valuable rarities; a truthful and sincere researcher.)

There were other reasons also, that contributed to Brodt's present opinion, but it is hoped that Mr. Brodt will carefully consider the nature of the complex personality with which he is dealing. It would be the easiest thing in the world to simply regard all of Trudel's claims and photos as being fraudulent, turn our back on him, and in so doing, remove the "problem" once and for all

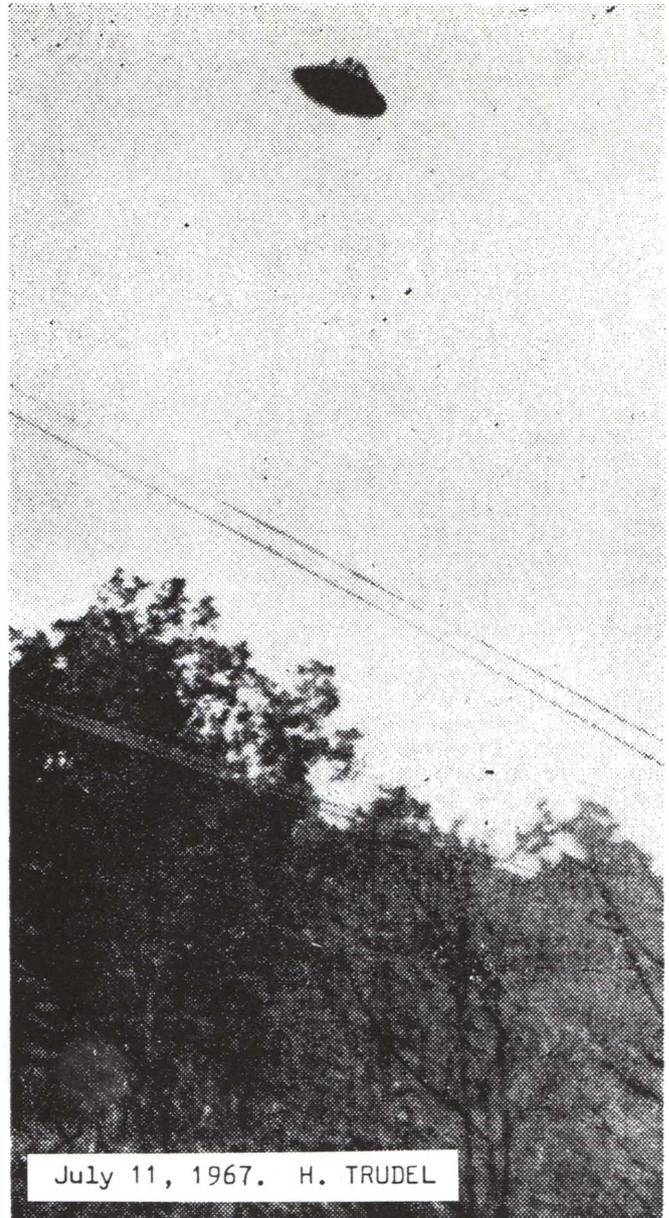
But then we must also negate the eyewitness testimony of others. We must disregard the mysterious group of Army trucks that arrived at an abandoned quarry on Elder Ballou Road in East Woonsocket at night, and extracted "something" from the quarry; then, silently drove away with no explanation of the operation.

We must, in this field of research, NOT REJECT the claims of others solely on the premise that there are flaws in their personality. The fact remains that Trudel, the center of a raging controversy, has agreed to a series of "tests" that are designed to determine just how much, if any, of his story can be believed.

Despite the current confusion, the evidence must and will be examined meticulously. It may very well turn out that certain portions of Trudel's story will eventually be relegated to the ranks of conscious fraud. Also to be considered is the possibility of un-conscious fraud; wherein Trudel would act, not of his own volition, but under the influence and control of others. Again, there is a good possibility that his claims are true, but that anomalies in his personality have done his claims much harm.

If, it is proved beyond all reasonable doubt that he has consciously and willingly perpetrated a gigantic hoax, then he has removed himself from the ranks of serious UFO researchers; and will be exposed accordingly. Should we find that some, but not all, of his story is true, then we must explore the possibility of a highly complex psychological reaction that might have led to the manifestation of a "wish-fulfillment", sub-consciously evoked, partial deception.

But most important of all, if the series of "tests" currently under consideration,



July 11, 1967. H. TRUDEL

Whatever it is, it was photographed by Harold A. Trudel in Woonsocket, last Tuesday, he says.

the undertaking of which Trudel has willingly agreed to, should determine that his story is true, then we must accept the fact that there will be serious ramifications. The story, if true, presents us with evidence that the series of observations may have been generated specifically for him, Trudel, for reasons we cannot at present fathom.

As stated previously, the foregoing is nothing more than a capsulized version of the fantastic Trudel mystery. A mystery that will be explored fully in a forthcoming book now in preparation. Whatever the results, it can be safely assumed that Harold A. Trudel is not destined to remain much longer as "a mystery within a mystery". □

'THAT'S THE ONE'

... Paul V. Rainville of Uxbridge pointing to UFO in photo taken by Harold A. Trudel of Woonsocket, at left, stating it is similar to a craft he spotted in Blackstone last week.



Coincidence or Confirmation?

by the Editor

At approximately 10:15 PM. on the evening of July 17, 1967, Paul V. Rainville, 20, then a resident of Uxbridge, Massachusetts, was driving north on Route 122, heading for home, after work, when two vehicles came to screeching halts on the road in front of his car; forcing him to apply his brakes.

Rainville looked out and saw what had caused the sudden reaction. Overhead, was a large disc-shaped object about 30 to 40 feet in diameter, wavering from side to side as though it were experiencing a lack of stability. The object was approaching an electrical sub-station as it fluttered downward, at a rough 45-degree angle. The UFO stopped its descent and hovered at an altitude of about 25 to 30 feet, directly above the substation, for a few seconds.

The object then seemed to regain stability and promptly took off, at an opposing 45 degree angle, climbing steadily and at a fantastic rate of speed. The UFO disappeared instantly, as if it had flown into a cloud, but the sky was cloudless on the night in question. The two cars that had come to an abrupt stop on the highway did not linger, obviously considering discretion the better part of valor. Rainville had not noticed the license plates and was resultantly deprived of substantiation... for the present.

About six months earlier, Rainville had been driving toward Uxbridge, Mass., on the same route, shortly after dark, when his car was suddenly bathed with a bright white light as he approached an intersection of power lines. He had seen an egg-shaped UFO

swoop down, illuminate his car, and then take off at a high rate of speed.

On July 18th, the Woonsocket Call carried an account of Rainville's experience of the preceding evening. Paul Rainville had told his mother, Mrs. Vernon Rainville, about his experience; she in turn had related it to the newspaper.

I contacted Paul Rainville on the night of the 18th and we arranged to get together on the following evening. I had already seen and obtained copies of the photographs that had been taken by Harold Trudel, about FIVE HOURS before Rainville's encounter, and I planned an experiment. It was, admittedly a long shot because of the time differential, but it was worth a try. I called Samuel S. Reynolds, Uxbridge Bureau Manager for the Woonsocket Call, and asked him to be present at my home at 7:30 P.M. on the following evening (Rainville was due to arrive at that time also). I then called Harold Trudel and

asked him to arrive at my home on that same evening; but at 8:30 PM. so that there could be no possibility of his influencing the results of the planned experiment. All parties agreed to be present.

Trudel had taken eleven photographs on the 17th, after his alleged encounter with a mysterious man, mentioned in the previous article. Only ONE of these photos would be utilized in the experiment.

Both, Paul Rainville and Sam Reynolds, arrived at the specified time. The first ten or fifteen minutes, following introductions, consisted of exploring Rainville's observation of the 17th. At this time, neither of my guests was aware of the photos taken by Trudel on that same date. At 8:00 P.M. I produced twelve different photos of UFOs - which had been taken over the past year and-a-half. One of these had been photographed by Harold Trudel, five hours before Paul Rainville had spotted his saucer on Route 122. I spread the photos before my guests. I asked Rainville if he were able to identify any one of the objects as being similar to what he had observed.

We watched closely as Paul looked at each photo very carefully and then indicated that

one photo in particular represented almost exactly what he had seen. I cautioned him not to make a hasty judgement; to reconsider the other photos once more. Rainville looked again, at the eleven other saucer photos, but once more stated that the one he had previously selected closely resembled the object he had seen.

It was difficult for me to conceal the inner excitement that I felt as I turned each photograph over, one, by one, showing both, Rainville and Mr. Reynolds, that, each photo had been dated on the back. I flipped over the photo that Rainville had carefully selected; last. One could have heard a pin drop, as the date stood out in bold print... July 17, 1967. Incredibly, out of a dozen different photos, Rainville had selected the one photo which was taken on the very same date that he had experienced his visual observation!!

Harold Trudel arrived at 8:30 P.M. It was immediately evident that he and Rainville had never met before. Both men became quite excited when they realized that they had independently verified each other's claims. Sam Reynolds, learning for the first time of the photographs, questioned both men simultaneously. A feature article, appeared later, in the Woonsocket Call.

The strange sequence of events in Woonsocket, Rhode Islands' "summer full of saucers" had taken an incredible twist....

The Trudel photos of July 17th had been tentatively identified as being the same object that had been seen by Paul Rainville on that same night. It was almost unbelievable. Trudel's story of a mysterious stranger, who had led him to a UFO, took on a new aura of mystery. But, the story was far from over. Young Paul Rainville was also destined to meet a "mystery man", with far less pleasant results than were afforded Harold Trudel. More mystery and intrigue was to be added to the explosive situation. But, irregardless of whatever might occur in the coming weeks and months, the fact that the two principals involved in the enigmatic July 17th incident submitted independent verification of each others' claims would stand as an undeniable, well witnessed fact.

Albert K. Bender, of "MEN IN BLACK" fame, has once more undertaken active UFO-research on the West Coast. This is more than a mild surprise in light of the numerous "MIB" cases recently reported. Perhaps Bender has found the antidote.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN THIS MAN?



VITAL STATISTICS

Name Ramor Bolak
Age 30 years old
Height 5' 11"
Weight 175 - 180 lbs.
Hair black
Eyes Color unknown
Complexion Dark

" Yes! I have even spoken with him! "

Paul Rainville

This drawing of "Ramor Bolak" was done by Rainville's sister, Janet, and is said to be a very close likeness. Brother and sister collaborated on the drawing, with Rainville supplying a detailed description of the mysterious Bolak.

In the article, "Coincidence or Confirmation", the reader is given a vivid account of the extraordinary events of July 17, 1967. One of the participants in that sequence of events, Paul V. Rainville, subsequently underwent a chilling and frightening series of visitations by a mysterious man who warned and intimidated HIM. The effects produced upon Rainville, as a result of the harrasment, were very nearly disastrous to his health and well-being.

At the time that Rainville was undergoing the frightening encounters, many people in various parts of the country were also entertaining similar visitors. The witness had no knowledge of these other "visitations" and felt that he alone had for some entirely oblivious reason, been singled out for harrasment by parties unknown. Here then, taken from Paul Rainville's notes, that he kept throughout the series of events, is precisely what happened; in his own words. - Editor, J.L.F.

The first notation made by Rainville is dated August 8, 1967, and reads as follows:

"After having seen the UFO fluttering down toward the electrical sub-station on July 17 I have put in as much time as possible sky-watching. Tonight I went to Elder Ballou Road in East Woonsocket, looking for UFOs. I didn't see anything unusual and at about 9:30 P.M. I got into my car and left for home. I noticed almost immediately that I was being followed by a black Cadillac that had a lone driver. I took every side road I knew of to try and lose the Cadillac but he continued to stay on my tail for three full hours. Now I was convinced that whoever was tailing me was not about to give up the chase. I headed for home, the Cadillac still behind me, and when I turned into my yard, the black caddy just kept right on going, right past the house. Maybe it was because the lone driver's lights were a distraction, but I could swear there was no license plate on the front of the Cadillac. No, there must have been a license plate. I just couldn't see it. Who was driving that car? Why follow me all over the place like that? Looks like somebody's after me, but why? Well, let's see if it happens again.

The second notation in Rainville's records is dated August 10, 1967:

"I'll never forget this night as long as I live! What the hell is going on anyway? It's Thursday night. About 9:00 P.M. I went into Powell's Tavern in North Smithfield to relax and have a few drinks. I had four glasses of beer, saw that it was 9:30 and decided to head for home. I was not inebriated at all and was in perfect control of all my faculties. I walked out of the door, walked toward my car and noticed a man walking towards me. He came from a dark corner of the parking lot and apparently did not have a car as I saw no cars parked there. When I went to open my car door, the man, who was still approaching me, said: "Paul".

"I turned to look at him and he said, "Your name is Paul, isn't it". I had never seen the man before and felt that there was something weird about him. I told him that he was right, my name was Paul, and I asked him who he was. He stared at me and said, "My name is Ramor Bolak, I understand you do quite a bit of sightseeing at Elder Ballou Road". There was something real strange about the way he spoke. His voice was always at the same level and never varied, except when he definitely stressed the words RAMOR BOLAK.

"When he first talked to me he had put slight emphasis on the word isn't but not as strong as on his name. I got the impression he wanted me to be very sure of his name. To his question, I said, "That's right. How do you know?" and he just looked at me and said "I'll see you up there". Then he turned and walked away, back into the shadows at the corner of the parking lot, and I immediately jumped into my car and left.

"He had black hair, large eyes, was stocky and seemed to be well proportioned. All the time he talked to me he never moved a muscle, his arms hanging straight down at each side, and his expression never changed. He was not smiling and seemed very unfriendly. He was wearing dark slacks, a dark shirt and a dark sport coat. Somehow, I knew right away that he definitely knew I had seen, and was very interested in UFOs. For a moment I had the thought that he might try to stop me from looking for UFOs, any way that he could. He seemed like a very cold and unemotional person, who was very, very sure of himself. I don't know what's going on, but I don't like it! I hope I never see that man again. He doesn't want me looking for saucers, I know, but why? Why?

The third dated note in Rainville's records is as follows:

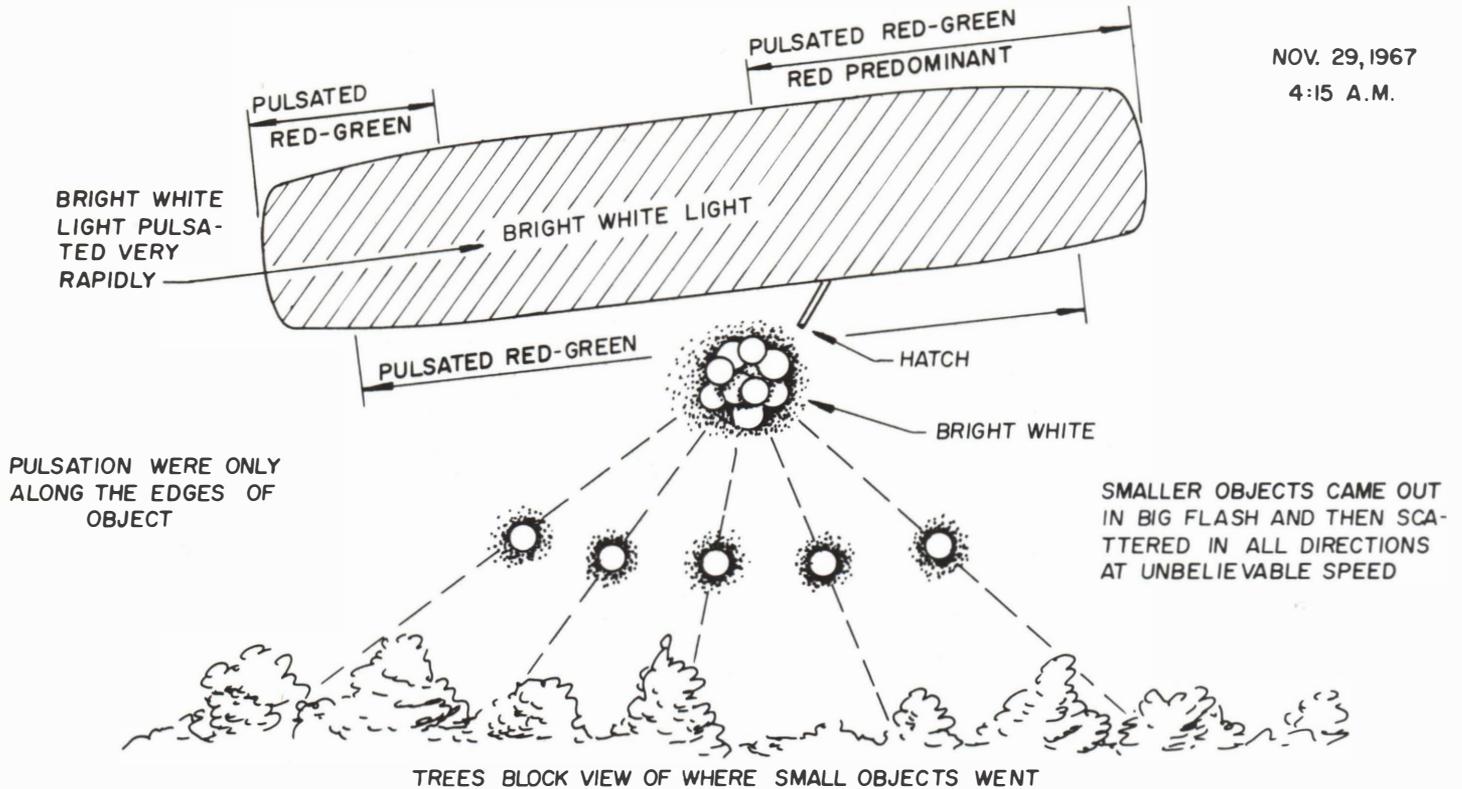
"August 11, 1967 - 2:15 A.M. I left the home of Joseph Ferriere after telling him of my experience with Bolak. I was followed by a black cadillac (the same one maybe) from near Joe's home, all the way to my home $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. No license plate again! Now I'm sure of it! Now I know something is very wrong. I'D better watch it from now on!

There is now an interval of twenty-three days wherein nothing unusual apparently was experienced by Rainville. The next note is dated September 3, 1967, and reads...

"I was driving on Wrentham Road in East-Woonsocket when, off to my right, I saw a very large humanoid figure; covered with dark hair. As it turned and ran from the roadway, it looked something like a gorilla, but it stood very erect and was about ten to twelve feet tall! It had very long arms that hung almost to its knees. I couldn't see any detail. Just a huge hairy form. I slammed on my brakes to see where it had gone, but I couldn't find any trace of the creature. Now what the devil was that all about? Well, whatever it was, it was better than Bolak. Him, I don't ever want to see again!

continued on page 27

NOV. 29, 1967
4:15 A.M.



I got up at 4:15 a.m. on November 29, 1967 and happened to see this large cigar-shaped star in the sky which was very bright and twinkling; so I decided to stand in the window and watch to see if anything was going to happen.

I watched for about ten minutes and was amazed to see something very bright drop from the center of the bottom of this cigar-shaped object and they came out all at once and were round and separated all in different directions going downward.

There seemed to be either six or eight of these small objects. About three to five minutes later, one of these objects seemed

to drop straight down much closer to home, as a matter of fact, I thought I was going to hear an explosion; I waited, but didn't see anything or hear anything. Probably one of these objects came down to the SUB STATION in Blackstone.

I saw this cigar shaped object very bright and twinkling. I saw colored lights blinking on the outline only, they were red and green. The smaller round objects which I had seen drop out earlier were very bright also. These small objects which came out of this cigar shaped object came out at a fantastic rate of speed.

signed: Mrs. Vernon Rainville

ANOTHER CIGAR-SHAPED UFO.

Local residents of Shelborne, Nova Scotia, saw a cigar-shaped object appear to glide into the Atlantic Ocean off nearby Shag Harbor, about one-half mile offshore, at 11:30 P.M. on October 3, 1967.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police were called to the scene and arrived in time to see the object floating and finally disappearing beneath the water.

Witnesses said a dark object, over sixty-feet long with four lights along the side, glided to the surface of the water. Fire boats at the scene reported a thick, yellowish foam on the water.

A spokesman for seven Navy divers said that all probable areas where the object might have gone down had been fully covered with absolutely no clue or trace of the aerial object.

THE COLORADO UFO PROJECT :

A MANIFESTATION OF INTELLECTUAL DISHONESTY AND PERVERSION OF SCIENTIFIC INTEGRITY!

by the Editorial Staff

There are times when one wishes that he had never become involved with UFOs. Such a time is perhaps best exemplified when you find that a group of people in whom you have placed all of your trust has, in return, rewarded you with premeditated deceit. In a field of research where one is constantly striving to latch on to something substantial, dishonest manipulation on the part of allegedly sincere researchers can very often inflict mental scars upon the sincere proponent of UFOlogical objectivity.

The degree of disillusionment fostered in such manner is in direct proportion to the degree of acceptability of the party which so chooses to partake of intellectual dishonesty.

While it is generally conceded that distortion and suppression of UFO data by the United States Air Force is consistent with rules and regulations that are designed to mask both intellectual incapability and scientific retardation, it can also be honestly observed that the study of UFOs never did have a place on the military agenda after all, since the objects in question have never manifested a potential threat to the security of the United States.

When, in October of 1966, the Secretary of Defence announced that the investigation of UFOs was to be shifted away from the Air Force and into the hands of Dr. Edward U. Condon and the University of Colorado, it was hoped that public reaction to military incompetence would cease and desist and that a new era of scientific investigation would initiate a semblance of objectivity that had previously been conspicuous by its absence.

The fact that the "Independent scientific investigation" was being financed by the Air Force, gave rise to considerable doubts in

certain quarters, but by-and-large, it was felt that the reputation of Dr. Condon would insure a truly objective inquiry, conducted in the finest tradition possible. Unfortunately, albeit not surprisingly, the Colorado Project has succeeded only in perverting its representation of the scientific community.

As was revealed by veteran writer, John Fuller, in the May 14, 1968 issue of Look Magazine, a disgusting and underhanded hoax has once again been perpetrated on the American taxpayer; this time to the tune of half-a-million dollars. Your editor first became aware of the Condon Project's complete lack of respect and integrity when it was revealed by veteran UFO researcher - Ray Palmer - that one of the first steps undertaken by the project staff was to cast sarcastic aspersions upon the character of Kenneth Arnold.

Arnold, whose character and honest representation are virtually without blemish, received a telephone call from one of the five psychologists on the Condon staff, and was subjected to abusive and intolerant questions regarding his mental competence. He was told, in essence, that if he really believed that he had seen flying saucers, then he was ready for the civilian equivalent of a military "section eight", a medical discharge on the grounds of mental incompetence!

One might expect such childish logic from a five-year-old, who had just had his favorite lollipop taken away, but this vitriolic intolerance from a supposedly mature human being far from represented an objective and respectful approach. Rather, it smacked of sheer ostentatious idiocy.

This singular initial act served to convince both Palmer and your editor that the Colorado Project was, without any possible doubt, an investigation designed not to attempt to determine the true nature and origin of UFOs, but rather to assassinate the collective character of those individuals who had, out of personal concern and in good faith, reported seeing strange or unusual aerial contrivances.

Further support of the Project's abrasive perversion of scientific objectivity came in January of 1967, when Dr. Condon was quoted by the Elmira, New York "Star-Gazette" as having stated: "It is my inclination right now to recommend that the Government get out of this business. My attitude right now is that there's nothing to it, but I'm not supposed to reach a conclusion for another year".

This statement, from a man who headed a half-million-dollar taxpayer-financed "investigation", that had not yet even entertained a proper assimilation of pertinent data, was enough to crumble the hallowed halls of science and represented a lack of respect for the scientific methods. It was, in fact, a statement that could only serve to condone intellectual laziness. Even at that early stage it appears that the Doctor had assumed the position wherein one reasons that since UFOs perform contrary to the currently accepted laws of physics and aerodynamics, there can therefore be no UFOs. It is small wonder that such fallacious logic was not carried a step further, wherein it could just as illogically have been ascertained that since there can be no UFOs, then there are no people reporting UFOs, and, since people who do report UFOs defy the current standards of acceptability, therefore, forty-six percent of the American public does not exist!

The same line of reasoning (?) had been employed back in the late 1800's and resulted in a most positive determination that meteorites do not exist. One would think that the resulyant embarrassment would have dictated the abandon of such intellectual deficiency in this enlightened age, but the Colorado Project plodded on with its savagely determined effort to blaspheme any further attempt at honest scientific endeavor.

Rather than attempting to zero in on the number of high credibility cases, Dr. Condon partook of his valuable (and expensive) time to entertain the lunatic fringe. There was

for example, the "spaceman who offered to land his saucer on the Colorado campus", and the man who offered to introduce Condon to the "space people", in return for a sizable sum. It is not enough that the project entertained the vociferous extrapolations of these pathetic cosmic characters and other assorted supreme celestial outcasts, but they actually afforded investigative time and effort in concluding that the cases were "hoaxes", a result that could have been predicted by any reasonably bright ten-year old child. My apologies to the youth of America for the previous comparison as many of the bright, unaffected ten-year-olds with whom I have had opportunity to converse, have displayed a far greater faith in intellectual honesty than has thus far been displayed by certain members of the "scientific establishment".

By September of 1967, dissension within the ranks of the Colorado personel was manifestly rampant, and there was talk of a mass resignation by those members who refused to compromise their own ideals by becoming accessories to the insidious deception. These members felt that the prejudicious attitudes displayed by Condon and Robert Lowe, the Project Coordinator, would result in an unjustifiable negation of a more than adequate amount of good, solid evidence.

In January of 1968, a "memo" written by Lowe in August of 1966, before the project had ever got off the ground, was discovered by a senior member of the staff. The "memo" directed to University officials, stated that the basic aim of the project would be to make it APPEAR that a totally objective study had been undertaken. But the real aim would be to indicate that there was no objective reality to flying saucers by stressing investigation, not of UFOs, but of the people who report seeing UFOs. The entire sickening memo can be read in the May 14th issue of Look, and is incontrovertible proof that the Colorado Project willingly sacrificed the esteemed name of Science to play host to an ill-conceived and deliberate attempt to relegate the Constitutional right of the American public (insofar as the right to be fully and properly informed) to a state commonly referred to as "LIMBO".

When Condon learned that the "memo" had reached the eyes of other members of the staff, he called the member, responsible for making the contents of the memo known, to his office, and, in a furious rage, told him

... "For an act like that, you ought to be ruined professionally". Another member of the staff, Dr. Norman Levine, was accused by Condon of being disloyal and treacherous, to which Levine replied that, his first loyalty was to scientific objectivity.

In an article which appeared in the March 30, 1968 issue of the Bachelor News, a paper published in Wayne, New Jersey, your editor made a public offer of his original negatives of a cigar-shaped UFO to both - Dr. Condon - and - Dr. Hynek. Doctor Hynek, displaying a true scientific interest, acknowledged receipt of the offer and made arrangements to examine the negatives.

Whereas, Dr. Condon, once more displayed his neglect of valuable UFO evidence by refusing to even acknowledge the offer.

No one will be led astray by the contents of the Condon report, which will be replete with psychological discourses on the mental instability of UFO observers, and the propagation of electrical and plasmic phenomena

continued from page 23

We come now to the fifth and final notation for the strange series of events. The notation is dated September 5, 1967. 8:35 P.M.

"Oh no! Not again. Who is this weird character? Why doesn't he just leave me alone! I took a walk in front of my house. I was relaxed and smoking a cigarette, when, I suddenly had an urge to turn around, and there he was! He just seemed to appear from nowhere because I hadn't heard him approaching. But if I hadn't heard him, then why did I turn around? I don't know; anyway, it doesn't matter. The only thing that matters, is that Bolak was back.

"He gave me that cold, unfeeling stare and then he spoke .. "Paul, you seem to know too much about flying saucers and us. We feel that you should get out of this field and dispose of what you have. I will see you just once more for my decision". I just stood there and listened because he seemed to cast a spell that stopped me from interrupting him. I watched him turn and walk away until he was out of sight. He never even turned around to look back, and he wore the same dark clothes that he wore when I first met him. After this second meeting, and the chain of events before, I'm now absolutely positive that this person and whoever else he is connected with, is out to stop me in any way that they can! I'm afraid

as the stimuli responsible for generating "spaceship" reports. But, that is not the important issue.

What IS important is, that while thousands of poor and deprived human beings march on Washington with a request for a chance at the necessities of life, asking for only a small portion of what is rightfully theirs, the pompous ego-maniacs responsible for the Colorado UFO abomination sit in resplendant wealth and glory; completely impevius to the fact that they have made a mockery of honest scientific endeavor!

The half million dollars wasted on the distasteful project might have fed and clothed many a worthy American. That is a fact of life that those responsible for the Colorado Project will bear as an everlasting stigma. The term "scientific endeavor" has been perverted to a degree that one would not have thought possible in this day and age. May scientific honesty and integrity forever rest in peace. □

.... I think something terrible is going to happen to me... "

EDITOR'S CONCLUSION: The story of Paul Rainville and the strange sequence of events which befell him, does not end here. There is much more to his story, little of it is good, most of it unfortunate.

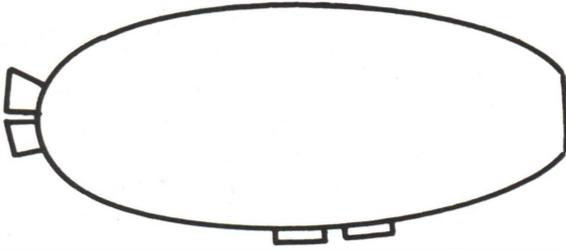
Having discussed his experience with him a number of times, the last, just before this article went to press, it is my carefully considered opinion that due to the personal and delicate nature of events that subsequently transpired, to delve any further into his story at the present time, would most likely be detrimental to Paul Rainville's health and well being. Suffice it to say that the promised final visit from Bolak has not, as of this writing, transpired; and Rainville still retains his interest in Unidentified Flying Objects.

He is now happily married and it would appear that to all intents and purposes, the nightmare has ended. But the peace of mind that Paul Rainville and his young wife are now so grateful for, came at a very high price. As I write that the Rainville story has reached it's end, I can only hope that it is truly so. As a final note, your editor would appreciate receiving any information on the current whereabouts of Ramor Bolak. If you have seen this man, please contact me at your earliest possible convenience. Thank you. □

UFO SIGHTING IN MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE 29, 1967.

3:15 P.M.



I first saw it while traveling west on Route 2 - from the left of the highway at Lake St.

At the Lexington turnoff, this object crossed over Route 2, heading north. After it crossed, the object tilted up, then leveled off. Seconds later it tilted down then changed direction, proceeding west, parallel with Route 2.

The trees hid it from view as I went down hill. As I came up an incline, where I had a good view, the object came into sight still traveling in the same direction. Again I lost sight of it because of the trees. When I saw it again, it had changed direction, heading northwest. This was at the turnoff for Lincoln Lab. At that point, I assumed it was headed toward the Bedford - Billerica area. It disappeared from sight because of the terrain.

At arms length, the object was measured by the thumb and forefinger, held apart about four inches. It appeared medium grey in color and shone when the sun's rays reflected off of it, giving it a silvery appearance. There was no sound.

My estimated speed (driving behind a truck) was about 25-30 miles an hour. The object when flying parallel to Route 2 seemed to be traveling a bit faster. The changes of directions were all a smooth continuous motion. I noticed no portholes or any markings of any kind on the surface of the object. It had no vapor trail. The day was clear and sunny, blue sky and white clouds.

It is estimated that the object was between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away, being at a height varying from 120 to 250 feet. The estimated height was arrived at through two methods - through the windshield, the object was seen at about a five-degree angle from a horizontal plane. Estimated length: 242 feet at $\frac{1}{4}$ mile - 484 feet at $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

CANADIAN MINE WORKERS SEE CIGAR-SHAPED UFO.

Two strange aerial objects were seen hovering close to the ground level in Caledonia, Ontario, Canada last June 13, 1967.

About 2:30 A.M. Carmen Cuneo, local Domtar worker, stepped outside briefly and saw something he had never seen before, nor is likely to ever see again. In the vicinity of the lower part of the mine dump by the pond, he saw two UFOs.

One was about 36 feet long and cigar shaped, with four evenly-spaced small windows along the side facing him and had a boom-like aerial sticking out at one end. The other UFO was saucer or disc-shaped and about 15 feet in diameter. Both ships were hovering some 12 feet above the ground.

Almost at the same time, Carmen noticed three small men with hats similar to those worn by miners and which had four small amber lights (in a row) on the peaks, walking on the ground under the boom of the large ship.

After watching the sight for about ten minutes, Carmen thought he should get someone else to verify what he was seeing and called his friend, Merv Hannigan, around 2:45 A.M. Both Carmen and Merv continued to watch the hovering craft until 3:05 A.M., when both objects noiselessly took off toward the southwest, with many varied colored lights in evidence. Mr. Hannigan did not see the "men" and it is assumed that they had disappeared into the craft. (Credit: Saucers Space & Science; Willowdale, Ontario, Canada)



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