



The UFO Enigma

A Publication of the UFO Study Group of Greater St. Louis
Volume 21 - Number 5 - Jan 2001

WHAT IS RIGHT OR WRONG WITH UFO STUDIES & GROUPS?

You probably have asked questions about methods for investigating UFOs. No doubt you have had opinions about this Study Group or UFO organizations which you would like to share. Maybe you have unique ideas about government, industry and media influences on UFOLOGY which you would like cussed or discussed.

The 2 p.m., Sunday Jan. 14, 2001 meeting of the UFO Study Group of Greater St. Louis, Inc. at Grone Cafeteria, Yorkshire Plaza, Watson at LaClede Station Road will offer the forum & food to meet your needs!

With Robert Soetebier as Moderator, three panelist will share their information and opinions on "What's Right and Wrong with UFO Studies and Organizations?" in short talks. After that, you may comment or address questions to the speakers on any UFO or related subject you wish. Our last round table produced several great mini-debates without boring monopoly of our 2 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. session time.

Ray Nelke, who suggested the topic, will lead off. Ray has long been a member of the UFOSG, a contributor to the Study Group's archives and is a widely read student of UFO research. He has also done studies in the paranormal, crop circles and strange creature phenomena. He has contributed material to *Fate Magazine* and other publications.

Ellen Sheire is an American trained clinical psychologist who qualified as a professional analyst after five years at the Carl Jung Institute. She has practiced 28 years. Ellen has been active in UFOlogy since 1993 when George Wingfield lectured on crop circles and she recalled a 1968 close encounter in Montana. She will quote from Charles Lindbergh's discourses about UFOs with with Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung in the 1950's. Lindbergh disputed their existence and Jung responded with potentially bad consequences of governmental coverup. Ellen will compare Don Berliner's concerns today with Carl Jung's prophetic quotations.

Frank M. Brown joined the UFOSG in 1973 after John Schuessler helped him determine that the UFO Frank observed about 1940 was approximately 18 feet in diameter. Frank became Marshall in 1975, blew up weather balloons for the Carlyle Lake picnics, built a model UFO raffled off at the 1985 MUFON Symposium, and reported monthly on tabloid and magazine UFO and related phenomena stories. *The National Enquirer* was accurate!

The Enigma is a publication of the UFO Study Group of Greater St. Louis, and is published monthly, September through June each year. Not affiliated with any national society, the UFO Study Group is an independent, non-profit organization dedicated to the investigation and reporting of both area and national UFO sightings and peripheral areas of interest. Yearly membership is \$20.00. You may contact the UFO Study Group or any of its members and/or submit articles for publication through the UFO Study Group of Greater St. Louis, Inc., P.O. Box 31544, St. Louis, MO 63131. Please include self-addressed stamped envelope for materials to be returned.

Missouri Relatively Quiet
J. D. Scarpellini

Late Summer and Fall didn't bring much change in observations of anomalous events, objects, or sightings in Missouri. While there have been some occasional sightings reported they have been relatively few and widely scattered.

One area that has produced a few reports of sightings of what appear to be similar things is the Eastern part of the Mark Twain National Forest, West of Potosi, MO. There was a report of a spherical white light, about basketball size, seen close to a hiking trail in the Boy Scout Camp at Sunnen Lake. It was seen by more than one person although only briefly.

Another report came from a campground in the area. In this case it hasn't been possible to talk to the campers as they were very frightened and will not discuss what they saw. The second hand description was of a white light seen at dusk on a trail leading to a campground. The report says the campers felt the light "followed" them down the trail, in addition to this they stated that they had seen "craft" - these things frightened them so badly that they left the campground immediately, don't intend to go back and decline to talk about the experience or give even the most basic information such as which campground.

A talk with the Superintendent of maintenance at the Boy Scout camp gave some historical details about a similar light seen in the Fall of the year, over a span of many years. This light was (is?) seen to appear over a small spring then move downhill following the runoff of the spring, disappearing just before the slope steepened downhill toward a small creek. The spring flows only occasionally and with no great volume now, presumably because of the dropping water table. He also made mention of what is called "Haunted Spring" which is about 3 miles West of Potosi on Hwy. 8.

The Sheriff's office was kind enough to check records of calls over the past month or two and found no calls for "lights in the sky" or similar phenomena.

The staff at the National Forest Ranger Station on Hwy. 8 was very helpful even though only one of them has lived in the area for more than a few months. They had received several calls from near Viburnum asking if the power had been turned on (it had not) at the Forestry Tower North of Viburnum. A light had been seen in what was perceived as the area of the tower. One of the Forestry Service employees saw the light while driving home after work but had no explanation for it. Those seeing the light assumed it was on the tower "because it's the only thing up there". So the light may have been at the tower or near it. Teens with flashlights were ruled out because the sightings were repeated and it was agreed that mischief makers with flashlights wouldn't repeat a number of times something that got no attention.

I urge anyone driving through the area, having relatives or friends there, or camping, hunting or fishing near there to watch for anything unusual and talk to anyone familiar with the area. The more people looking and talking, the more likely we are to learn of these things.



UFOCUS



Volume 4, Number 3

September, 2000

The Easy Way to Brooksville

by Donald M. Ware

On October 28, 1998 I received a call from a psychic friend, Patty McLaine in Camden, Maine, who gave me Mary T.'s name, address, and phone number. Patty said I should talk to Mary about a period of missing time she had while her video camera was focused on a UFO. The camera was on a tripod. I called Mary that day, and after hearing her story I told her I would like to see the video. She sent me three copies. I gave one to Art Hufford in Pensacola, and I showed one at my December monthly meeting.

Mary said that the video was taken from a houseboat on the St. John's River at Delano, Florida just after 2 a.m. on December 25, 1994. It shows a bright star-like object move around, leave the camera field, return, come by fast at a lower position (appeared larger), and then three lights, apparently on the edge of a circular object, seem to descend to the surface near the boat.

I suggested to Mary that she log all events and data about the weather, camera, settings, azimuth, elevation angle, and any strange previous events. Then I suggested that she contact a hypnotherapist if she wants to recover greater understanding of the events. She contacted Loraine Gerber, but no regression was done at that time.

On March 17, 1999 I got a call from Mary. She said her husband was out of town. Early that morning she had a dream in which she was laughing when her bed started shaking, and it woke her up. There were several 5-foot-tall beings with dark eyes in her room. She couldn't move, her arm hurt real bad, and "something else hurt." The dogs were barking. She was frightened. The beings then "backed up through the wall." She told herself she was OK and

went back to sleep. The next morning black and blue fingerprints were on her left arm, but she did not hurt. I suggested that she read Encounters, Abduction, and Reaching for Reality, and also that she may want to attend the Gulf Breeze UFO Conference starting in two days.

On March 21, 1999 she drove from Brooksville, Florida to Pensacola Beach to attend my Face-to-Face Invitational which follows the conference, and to meet me and other understanding people. She arrived about 2 p.m., checked into a room at the Beachside Resort, and enjoyed conversation with several of us on the beach patio. The event started at 5:30 and was over about 11:30.

During the dinner break, about 10 researchers were eating from the buffet at Barnhill's Restaurant on U.S. 98. Bob Oechsler said that after the first course he stepped outside "for a cigarette" and saw a UFO apparently come from a position just east of Sirius, increase in apparent size to twice the size of the moon, and then "explode into many sparks" over the restaurant. Researchers inside included John Shelburne, Steve Hills, Prudence Calabrese, Bruce and Anne Morrison, Johnny, myself and others.

I sent Mary T. my "Dear Colleague" letter on May 6, 1998, and she called me on May 11 to thank me and relate the following: after the Face-to-Face meeting she took a shower, went to bed, and thinks she went to sleep sometime after midnight. She woke "feeling compelled" to check out, get in her car and drive home to Brooksville, about 420 miles. She remembers going across the bridge to Gulf Breeze, going left over the overpass to U.S. 98, feel-

(Continued on page 8)

ing terror, and then looking for a place to stop. Her next recollection was seeing something like a shooting star, but going up. She soon arrived home and called her husband at 4:30 a.m., less than three hours after she had left Pensacola. Her husband said she could not be home. She hung up, and he called back to verify that she was home. The phone record shows exactly 4:30. She said she felt that she had received a "cleansing," and that she no longer had fear of alien encounters or "missing time."

This story strangely suggests to me that Mary T. and her car were given a free ride most of the way to Brooksville on March 22 1999. Also, I wonder where her expressed desires might lead her now. I recall that in 1968 another Brooksville resident, John Reeves, had overcome fear of his

encounters with aliens and was taken to a domed structure on the back side of the moon, with no memory block. That was one year before our astronauts made their first visit.

Note: Billy J. Rachels, Director of the UFO Bureau, has an excellent article, "The 1965 Brooksville, Florida Case — John Reeves: First Man on the Moon," in the Spring 1999 issue of "Alternate Perceptions," issue #46. This can be ordered from Alternate Perceptions, P.O. Box 9972, Memphis, TN 38190 for \$5.95.

Ed. Note: Former Air Force pilot Lt. Col. Donald M. Ware, USAF (Ret.) has served as MUFON Florida State Director and Eastern Regional Director, and is the author of numerous articles on UFO research.

UFO ROUNDUP



**Volume 5
Number 51
December 21, 2000**



Editor: Joseph Trainor



Masinaigan@aol.com

TRIANGULAR UFO SIGHTED IN COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

On Monday, October 29, 2000, at about 10:30 p.m., Mrs. M and her daughter were driving through Columbia, Missouri (population 70,000) when they saw an unusual light in the sky.

""My daughter and I were driving west on Ash Street in Columbia at about 10:30 p.m.," Mrs. M reported. "She pointed up through the moon roof of the car, and we saw a triangular shaped UFO with a white light at each corner."

"We stopped the car and got out to see it better. The UFO was traveling in a straight line at about 70 miles per hour (112 kilometers per hour), about 1,500 feet up (450 meters) and making no noise."

"We recently watched a TV program that reported a triangle UFO over western Illinois by several police departments around the first of the year."

"We didn't know whether to call the police or what."

Columbia is on Interstate Highway I-70 approximately 31 miles (50 kilometers) north of Jefferson City, the state capital. (Email Form Report)



**Filer's Files #49-2000
MUFON Skywatch Investigations
George A. Filer: MUFON Eastern Director,
December 11, 2000
Majorstar@aol.com (609) 654-0020**

CALIFORNIA CONTRAIL MESSAGE

LOS ANGELES -- Rob Maine reports a very strange twist in the contrail story. On December 8, 2000, for the first time contrails have been used to write a message in plain English! At 3:00 PM on Wednesday the words "WHO ARE WE?" with a question mark were repeated all over the Los Angeles sky in block letters! This was at contrail altitude in what ought be a violation of FAA rules over a major city! I viewed through a 20 power telescope what appeared to be an unmarked Boeing 770 aircraft. At 1:00 PM, today I viewed a test of this high altitude sky writing when a perfect H and R and a question mark were written over the San Gabriel Valley. There were two planes visible during the writing of the message. One aircraft appeared to be a KC-10. I watched the formation of a perfect block letter E with two planes flying in formation and turning off the "contrail" at the exact same moment to form the out crossbars of the E. This proves once and for all that we are not dealing with a normal contrail, but a spray that is being controlled by valves! This should have been seen by at least a million people, but I will be surprised to see if any news media mentions it at all. The message was clearly readable for 45 minutes over Pasadena with a hundred people on the street and no one noticed. Could this be a psychological test to see just how brainwashed the American people have become? I find astounding that such a blatant display could occur over one of the largest cities in America and nobody notices it! The planes appear to be coming from the Antelope Valley and Edwards or Vandenberg Air Force Bases. They are gray and have no markings and are usually two or three engine jets such as DC-10 or 767 types. Lots of dot and dash trails appear that seem to be clearing the nozzles or something. These aircraft were flying far above the airliners coming from Los Angeles International Airport. They apparently have stopped trying to hide their existence and thrown down the gauntlet. Has anyone else seen this mysterious WHO ARE WE? Thanks Rob Maine Rmefx@aol.com

Rense.com

New Oz Files UFO Sightings

From Diane Harrison
 Director AUFORN <tkbnetw@powerup.com.au>
 12-21-00

New Oz Files UFO Sightings

From Diane Harrison
 Director AUFORN <tkbnetw@powerup.com.au>
 12-21-00

The Australian UFO Research Network UFO Hotline is now into it's third year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone that has contributed to the success of Australia's one and only National UFO Freecall Hotline number. 1800 77 22 88

A great Big thank you to Duncan Roads of NEXUS magazine and Robert F of The Australasian UFOlogist magazine for their support in getting the UFO number known. Thank you to all the OZ UFO Clubs and investigator the endless amount of time you have put into making the OZ UFO Hotline successful research tool. A big thank you to our 6 UFO Hotline volunteer operators they have done a great job throughout the year.

There are just far too many names to mention but thank you to all of us. Lets hope next year we get the big one :)

Regards, Diane

UFO Sightings OZ Files 21.12.2000

New Oz Files UFO Sightings

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Follow up 1800 Callin Code: 000996 08.11.2000 QLD

Date: 08.11.2000 Day: Wednesday
 Time Reported: 8:47pm
 Location: Lowood, QLD
 Reportee: Peter
 Report given to nearest State Rep: Diane Harrison
 Tel: 07 5

Report: By Diane Harrison

Shape: Rectangular and box shaped
 Size: The Biggest Hovercraft in the UK a Car Carrier
 Objects: 1
 Colour: Dark Metallic but nothing shiny
 Sound: None
 Speed: Fast and slow
 Duration: 10 minutes or longer
 Direction: North
 Witnesses: 2?
 Weather: Clear but some very high fine cloud cover
 Moon: Yes

Peter and his wife and children were traveling home after visiting their parent's along the Warrego HWY at approx 8.05pm then turning right onto the Brisbane Valley HWY. When five minutes later traveling north bound and coming over a rise in the road they noticed what looked like a very bright white light just above a yellow street light on the left side of the road at approximately 500 meters away. Peter's wife was driving the children were in the back seat Peter was in the front passenger seat.

<http://www.sightings.com/general6/newoz.htm>

12/22/00

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Peter said: I told my wife to slow down because this light was now over the whole road.

At first we thought: "MY god, a bloody plane is going to land on the road." I told my wife to pull over to the side of the road as I could see 2 other cars parked on the opposite side of the road facing south.

I saw 4 cars in all and our car making it 5 cars on the side of the road. We saw 2 men standing out of their car looking up at this...what I could only describe as a spacecraft. There was no mistaking it for anything else.

I live on the flight path of Amberley Airforce base and I know what comes and goes from there and this was nothing like I had ever seen before in all the 8 years of living in the area.

I hung almost my whole body out of the passenger window trying to get the best view I could, and I have to be honest...I was scared to death at what I was looking at. I thought if I looked at it through the passenger side window if it did anything at least I was in the car and my wife could put her foot down and try and get away from it.

The craft was rectangular and box-shaped with what looked like another rectangular compartment on top of it. The top part had what looked like round lights or portholes gold-orange and blue in colour. The only way to really compare the size of it for me is it was as big as the Hovercraft in the UK that carries cars and stuff across the English channel with a cabin on top of it. It had no propellers no sound and when we went under it, it had red lights at each corner of its underbelly.

It was dark metallic in colour. It had this big spot light beam coming from the top of it. This light was stronger than any search light or truck spot light I have ever seen.

My wife said, "My God, Peter it's a spaceship! What do we do?!"

I told Linda, "Don't stop engine!" Linda was getting really scared and started shouting "come on we have to go!"

Linda started to shout louder when the craft moved to the left in a split second and just hovered off to the side of the road above the trees over an open paddock.

Then a car came from behind us just as we went to pull away...with its spot lights on high-beam. I guess the driver thought as we did it was a plane coming into land on the road. Linda got really scared for the kids and started shouting again "Let's go!" So, we took off down the road and turned left heading across country to Lowood to get home.

Linda said: "The open paddock looked like it was full of

<http://www.sightings.com/general6/newoz.htm>

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New Oz Files UFO Sightings

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triangle shape lights shining on the grass. It was really weird."

Peter Said: "I was looking and watching the craft out the back window while Linda drove as fast as she could on the winding road home. The road climbs up hill and it was easy to see the craft. I was keeping an eye on it. Then all of a sudden the spot light beam hit me right in the face lighting the whole of the car.

By now, Linda was hysterical and I was sh-t-scared, thinking this thing is going to come after us. My kids were crying and scared also."

Comment:

This case is under investigation as we feel Peter and Linda are sincere and have nothing to gain from making this up.

AUFORN contacted the Local News Paper, the Queensland Times, asking for the other witnesses to come forward to verify the sighting. That same day of running the story in the newspaper we received calls on our UFO Hotline from 3 other independent witnesses that saw what Peter and Linda saw that night. The witnesses in the parked cars have yet to contact us.

Another witness has since contacted us saying he has the craft on video he said it's not really clear but it is good, and you can see the beam of light shoot out and down to the ground.

Amberley Airforce Base was contacted but had nothing to report.

We will keep you informed of the outcome.

Investigators:
 QLD Director, Jan Stone; Robert Frola; Diane Harrison

Follow up 1800 Callin Code: 001016

Date: 15 November 2000
 Day: Wednesday
 Time Reported: 10:54 am
 Location: Warrimoo/Blacksland, NSW
 Reportee: Steve
 Investigator: Karen Burden
 Tel: On file

Steve called after seeing Doug on Channel 7, the morning of the 15th November 2000. He stated that around 8 years ago (1992?) on New Year Eve that he was standing on a bridge above the upper house at the duration of the fireworks display. Steve said he saw a bright white speck of light in the South around 45 degrees above the horizon fly across the sky the Northern Horizon in around 3-5 seconds. He said it was extremely fast and was very bright like a star. No other witnesses were apparent.

<http://www.sightings.com/general6/newoz.htm>

12/22/00



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 MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE REPORT ON CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS

NOVEMBER 2000

FOR PURSUIT OF THE FIRST

VOL. 8, NO. 11

ALIEN MOON BASE DISCOVERED 30 YEARS AGO

From Eric Howarth, 11-17-97
 (Credit: www.sightings.com & CSETT)

NOTE: The following story was submitted by an Air Force veteran with an above-Top-Secret security clearance. Although we cannot vouch for the ultimate veracity of this story, and the author is writing under a pseudonym because of his national security oath, we feel the individual presents a strong degree of credibility. He states that he has not revealed this event to anyone before.

"Nearly thirty years ago, my supervising sergeant called me aside and informed me that there was a technical problem in a highly-classified area elsewhere on the Air Base. At that time, all systems were expanding to support increased military efforts for the Vietnam War. As a part of that, it was my job to support and maintain highly-classified Intelligence and Reconnaissance-related Electronic Photographic Systems, recently installed in a new Top Secret facility on the base. Our unit was under the command of the Director of Intelligence at Headquarters SAC, Tactical Air Command, Langley Field, Virginia.

"My supervisor stated that the Lunar Orbiter program (*August 1966 to August 1967-Ed.*) had encountered a problem with an Electronic Photographic Contact Printer, identical to equipment that was utilized in the darkrooms of our own unit. This was the first Lunar Orbiter program, the purpose of which was to bring back the first close-up pictures of the surface of the Moon. These photos would later be utilized to select an appropriate landing site for the first manned landing on the Moon, in 1969. As the only electronics repairman on the base with a Cryptologic Security Clearance, a step above Top Secret, I was being loaned to the project to see if I could resolve the system problem. More than excited at the prospect of helping out and possibly having a chance to view the first close up photos of the surface of the Moon, I was briefed on security, and gathered the appropriate equipment and tools for the task.

"Driving across the base on the perimeter access road that skirted the flat dusty fields and long runways in the distance, I noticed an experimental helicopter hovering fly-like in the air just above and to the south of the massive arching metal-grey hanger, one of the largest on the base that housed the Lunar Orbiter project.

"Upon entering the hanger, I was asked to present my Top Secret Identity Badge, in exchange for their internal higher-level Identity Badge, this was to be worn around the neck on a chain. Another guard

escorted me through a series of security doors to an expansive open area within the hanger. Large black fabric curtains hung from a metal grid suspended from the ceiling. These, in effect, cordoned off various working areas within the larger space. Passing through one of the draped areas, I entered a large open space where people in small groups stood talking quietly, with a sense of seriousness and concern. I was immediately struck by the number of people who were present, who appeared to be civilians, and also some scientists from other countries. With a bit of instant shock and judgement, I thought to myself, why are they here? I had a very strange feeling--a feeling that something is off here, something is not quite right.

"I was introduced to a man dressed in civilian clothes and a lab coat, the head of the project, a Dr. Collie, I believe. In a very gracious and reserved manner, bringing to mind an image of Sherlock Holmes, he softly conveyed to me that the equipment in question was holding up the processing of the first close-up photographs of the surface of the Moon and also delaying the release of photos to be provided for study and release to the world, and how grateful the program staff would be if there was anything that I could do.

"An Airman escorted me into a darkroom. Inside,

another young Airman assembled strips of high resolution 35mm film into what is called a mosaic. He was placing side-by-side successively numbered photographic scans of the lunar surface, which had been transmitted back to earth from the Lunar Orbiter. Each surface scan covered a narrow band of terrain, and successive orbits around the Moon were required to assemble a complete photographic image of the lunar terrain.

"The mosaic negative created by that process was then placed into a Resolution Enhancing Contact Printer. Photographic paper was placed on top the the negative, and an exposure begun. The negative was scanned by an electron light beam generated by a large cathode ray tube, similar to the tube in a black and white television set. The light beam was picked up by a photo-multiplier tube and, through a feedback loop, modulated by the various changes in density of the photographic negative, enhancing the contrast, brightness and resolution of the image in the process. The resulting 9.5 inch by 18 inch high resolution contact print was then examined by a photographic interpreter or scientist, who viewed the images under a microscopic type viewer, analyzing the features and terrain of the lunar landscape.

"Talking with the Airman on the other side of the room, questions floated into my head. I was curious and fascinated with the whole process. How were the signals from the Lunar Orbiter transmitted to the lab? How were they converted into images on photographic film? How were the images correlated and aligned into the final mosaic negative? I knew these were all questions that I should not ask, and yet, at the same time, I was alone with an Airman who was obviously as enthusiastic as I was about his job.

"Under normal operating conditions, many other people would have been in the 'lab, part of the assembly line of production. But, here we were all alone, so I began to ask all of those questions. After about thirty minutes of technical discussion and a complete rundown on all the steps in the process, the airman turned to me and said candidly, 'You know they've discovered a base on the back side of the Moon!' I said, 'What do you mean?', and again he said, 'They have discovered a base on the Moon!' and, surreptitiously, at the same time dropped a photograph in front of me. *THERE IT WAS, A MOSAIC PRINT OF THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, WITH SOME SORT OF GEOMETRIC STRUCTURES CLEARLY VISIBLE. SCRUTINIZING THE IMAGE, I COULD SEE SPHERES AND TOWERS. My first thought was, 'Whose base is it?' Then I realized the full implication: it was not anyone of this Earth.*

"I did not dwell on the photograph—I quickly took it in visually and moved away in case someone else should enter the lab. I knew that I had been given a gift, information that I should not have seen. With my position being that of a dutiful Airman, I asked no further questions and went about my business, quietly thinking to myself that I couldn't wait to hear about this on the news the next few days! I told myself, do whatever you can to get this thing fixed...so the world can see this and hear about it!

"Two days of labors paid off--a tiny diode on one of the circuit cards had shorted. Replacing the defective component, I was surprised as anyone that I had found the problem. Dr. Collie was more than pleased and offered several of the first photographs of the Lunar surface to me in appreciation of my efforts. As he autographed some the prints for me, I longed to ask more questions about the Moon Base, but knew that that was forbidden, and that I would have to wait for the evening news for the answers, along with the rest of the world.

"Now, here it is more than thirty years later, and I am still waiting to hear the report on the evening news of what was found on the back side of the Moon.

"I feel that it is my moral obligation to take the risk of coming forward with this information at this time, especially after a recent request by Astronaut Dr. Edgar Mitchell, who has asked that those who have information which could help shed light on the ongoing cover-up of an Extraterrestrial Presence by the Military and Government come forward with that information."

The big story of 2000, though, can be summed up in one word--

Calama. Since the start of the ongoing UFO flap in this city in northern Chile, there have been two astounding incidents that just might be a turning point in ufology--the reported discovery of alien eggs last spring and the very public abduction of two humans there in late October.

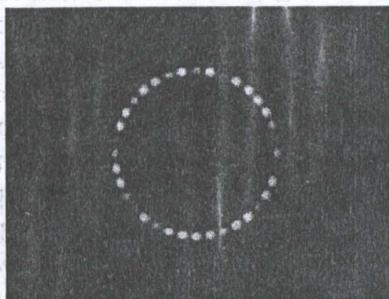
An ominous turning point? Time will tell. Meanwhile, welcome to the Twenty-first Century, which starts next Monday. Be sure to buckle your seatbelt. We're in for a wild ride!

An Illustrated Sighting

By James Neff

webmaster@rense.com

12-15-00



Click the image above to access a very large 'looping' gif animation (622k) which very closely approximates what was seen, with time compressed. The sighting lasted for well over 3 minutes in its entirety.

It was August, 1969, approximately 9:30 pm and still boiling hot in central Arkansas. For those without air conditioning (or the money to pay for it), it was one of those nights when the doors and windows stayed wide open and a glass of ice tea never far from your hand, while box fans spun wildly trying to make hot air seem like cool. Miserable. Not even the slightest breeze passed through the screen door. The cicadas in the trees were roaring so loudly that it was impossible to hear the TV. You get as close to naked as you can when the humidity is 80+, and some just go the whole hog and don't worry about what others might think. They figure they're serving time in hell, anyway.

But on a night like this, a kid is outside, right in the thick

of it. The coolest possible place on all the earth was laying bare backed in your pajama bottoms in the freshly cut St. Augustine which the neighbor gentleman kept so thick and healthy. Like millions of little green air conditioners, you felt like you were on a carpet of cool breezes. That's where I was, along with my older sister and little brother, when I had my first UFO experience; splayed out on the grass in a bowl-like dip in the neighbor's front yard, watching the stars between the veil of two enormous oak trees on either side of us.

At some point in our gazing upward at the infinite, we noticed something twinkle just a bit in the field of stars. I don't recall any of us actually speaking, but it was clear we all saw the same thing in that same moment. By the time the thought "what is that?" passed through the mind, it seemed awfully different to the eye... something was there... something colorful. We strained to make certain with our eyes, what appeared directly above to be a ring of fabulously colored lights rotating counter-clockwise and twinkling wildly, randomly. The brilliance of it suddenly snapped us each out of our heat dulled stupor, and we began to point and nudge one another with little gasps of awe. Then the cicadas in the trees went absolutely silent, at once. A horrible silence. An unnatural silence that was louder than breaking glass and very paralyzing. In those few moments, it had grown much larger, and its black circular form obscured stars and was distinctly evident against the color of the sky in midnight-blue. I'd never seen such beautiful colors... looking washed away any fear; swirling, molding one into the other, rapidly like liquid-color-light in transition from one hue to another to another, around and around, spinning as if to be revealed through what appeared to be forty or fifty small circular openings. But how terrific and bright the colors were! Almost too bright to look at, garish and burning with color, broken up only by the occasional spin of bright white through the portals. It was truly mesmerizing. And still, perfectly silent. There was a crisp, static feeling in the air, either real or imagined. Our mouths were simply agape.

It popped into my mind suddenly, no... it's not getting bigger, it's getting closer. It's coming straight down over

us. I realized it was some kind of craft, it's physicality was certain. Then like a snap I realized that something like this certainly would know we were below it... or did it impress upon me that fact? Why would I think such a thing? I didn't even know what this thing was, much less consider in that brief minute or two the concept of it being occupied by anything intelligent... but... the overwhelming impression was that we were "known" to it, and looking at us just as intensely as we were looking at it! My sister, a good six years older than me and certainly wiser, let out a slight prefix of a common middle class obscenity and before I knew it, she had my brother and I by the arms and we were running as fast as we could across the lawn, leaping the hedges into our own yard. "Don't tell Mom!" my sister blurted, as we went bounded up the steps, bolting into the house and flinging ourselves onto the couch in unison. For the first time that whole night, there was a solid gust of wind through the screen door, as if it followed us like a wake.

Our mother looked over at us three and figured we were just pranking her, acting so strangely. "What are you three up to?" she said. We didn't blink. I didn't know why we shouldn't tell her... but, I figured my sister knew what she was doing and followed her lead. As I sat there, I couldn't get the image out of my mind. I wanted so badly to rush out the door and look up and see if it was still there. Just hanging above the tree tops, I imagined, some enormous silent machine showering the neighbor's yard with colored lights. What the hell was that? Where does something like that come from? Five minutes ago I was a normal, average, lower middle-class plump white kid with buck teeth and a bad haircut that watched cartoons and believed the universe was flat. Now I was someone else. I was something else. Forever. Nothing could reverse that. Collectively, the ideas and realities of what had just happened trickled down on my mind and enveloped me in a sense of agitated despair. Something came out of the sky and made me an outcast in this culture, in one instant... and I didn't ask for it. And I resented it as time went by, but I found it impossible for my mouth to stay shut about it. But dread gave way to intense fascination and an insatiable thirst for more information and more truth. And my hands wouldn't

keep silent either, and from that day I began to draw and draw and push every medium I could find around until it relinquished some semblance to what I saw and experienced, in hopes that perhaps someone else might also be struck by the same lightning. Soon, I found others who either openly or secretly had experienced the same... or more. And there was some comfort in that.

The grass between those two oaks remained stained hard yellow for many years to follow. There was no room between those oaks for a landing, so something else happened on that spot where we were laying. My sister's instinct to grab us and dart was dead-on.

To this day, my brother scarcely remembers the event. Just vagaries and the acknowledgment that "something" was seen and "something" happened. He was just too young, I suppose. My sister and I have never forgotten a microsecond of it. Whenever we talk, we mention it. It's always there, always in the background of our consciousness and conversations. It's a stronger bond between us than our blood. We both went on to have several other UFO experiences each, but 1969 really sticks out as the "biggie" for us. The night the universe got a lot bigger than NASA told us about in school and on television. The night the Bible, the parts I knew of it at least, simultaneously made more sense and yet less sense than ever before. The night I felt akin to Ezekiel and more privileged than John Glenn, and yet not the slightest bit shamefaced before heaven. Something to grow on. A strange seed. An awakening to possibilities in a world thoroughly drunken on the mundane and trivial, and the smirk and sideways glance of the debunker and skeptic ping like sleet off the armor of the truth. Sharing that truth is the only thing left to do.

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UFO ROUNDUP



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1951: OFF THE RADAR SCREEN

"At 3 a.m. on December 20, 1951, a Curtis C-46E airliner (civilian version of the World War II transport plane--J.T.) took off from Chicago and ascended into the clouds. Aboard were two pilots, one stewardess (today they're called flight attendants--J.T.), 42 adult passengers and two infants. They were planning to fly direct to Newark, New Jersey. The planned course would have taken them across the southern tip of Lake Michigan and along the southern shoreline of western Lake Erie."

But a strange event altered their intended course.

"Climbing out of Chicago," the C-46, identification number N59487, "quickly reached its assigned altitude, 9,000 feet (2,700 meters) and Captain B.E. Smelser leveled off on his planned route eastward."

Its two propellor engines humming, the C-46 made its way eastward through the dark pre-dawn sky. The airliner flew over South Bend, Indiana, reporting in to their tower. Then they checked in at Goshen. Finally, they made contact with the tower at their next checkpoint--Toledo, Ohio.

The passengers were in good hands. As an Army Air Corps (now the U.S. Air Force--J.T.) pilot, Captain Smelser had logged more than 10,000 flight hours on combat missions, including 3,000 hours as a C-46 pilot for the Air Transport Command.

"Co-pilot E.T. O'Leary had almost as much experience. Also he had shown particular attention to planning this flight. It was to be

his eastern route check."

"After Toledo," the airliner's "next checkpoint would be Cleveland, Ohio. The airliner was skirting the southern edge of Lake Erie when something peculiar happened to the avionics aboard..."

Touching his earphone, O'Leary turned in the cockpit's right seat. "Skipper?"

Smelser kept his gaze straight ahead. "What is it, Ed?"

"I just lost Cleveland." The co-pilot's face showed mild bafflement. "I had them for a second; then I lost them."

"You must have brushed the dial. Try that frequency again."

But O'Leary could not raise Cleveland Center. Smelser noticed something else, as well. The avionics were no longer registering VOR navigational radio signals.

"For that matter, they did not receive navigational signals from anywhere. Try as they did, their communications transmissions went unanswered."

"The pilots tried to tune in continuous weather broadcasts. Nothing."

The C-46's "radios provided no evidence that anyone else in the world existed."

On the ground, controllers in both Toledo and Cleveland were startled when the C-46's blip suddenly vanished from the radar screens. Immediately an alert went out.

"Alone, speeding through the high, misty overcast, the 47 souls inside N59487 were as alone that dawn as anyone could be. No one on the ground or in the air knew it, but the C-46E was not traveling southeastward," as planned. "Those aboard the airliner were being carried northeastward over Lake Erie toward Lake Ontario."

"Whether it was a strange and powerful steady wind carrying them northeastward or whether something altered the compasses in the cockpit, the two pilots had no way of knowing."

"As the clock ticked on, Cleveland's mysterious absence became more and more disturbing. Finally, the pilots knew that they must be near Cleveland, so they began flying different courses, trying to receive Cleveland. The radios were useless."

"This isn't helping," Smelser said, leveling off on their original heading. "All we're doing is burning up fuel. How much do we have left?"

O'Leary did his fuel-exhaustion calculations and then checked them again. "Forty-five minutes, Skipper. After that...good night, ladies!"

Captain Smelser frowned. He knew that "if they waited until the engines ran dry while they were still in the clouds, they would probably kill everyone aboard, including themselves. If they began a descent through the clouds, they ran a risk of flying blind into a mountain. In addition, the lower altitudes would burn up their fuel more quickly."

Smelser exhaled heavily. "Okay, Ed. We got one chance. We stay upstairs until the last possible minute. Then I'm taking her down, leaving just enough fuel to line us up for an emergency landing."

The cockpit clock ticked on. At the predetermined moment, Smelser eased back on the throttles and pushed the yoke downward. The airliner dipped into the sea of clouds.

"Turbulence buffeted the C-46 during its descent. Smelser's grim gaze found the altimeter. Eight thousand...seven thousand...six thousand. He licked dry lips. The danger of hitting a mountain increased with every foot they dropped below the flight level of six thousand feet.

"Though fuel was almost gone, they could take a deep breath when they broke out of the clouds. They could see for miles. What they saw was not reassuring--an expanse of open water."

"Where the hell are we?" O'Leary asked.

"One of the Great Lakes," Smelser replied, "But which one? It looks like the Atlantic Ocean down there."

Just then, all of the C-46's radios began operating normally once again. "The silent radios began reporting from Rochester, New York.. Rochester had the flight on radar," and the airliner "was on the Canadian (north) side of Lake Ontario. Smelser explained what had happened thus far."

The flight controller said, "We thought you went down east of Toledo. We're bringing you straight in. Heading one-four-zero (degrees) magnetic."

"One-four-zero, roger," the captain said, stepping down on the

right pedal and turning the yoke slightly in that direction. In the right seat, O'Leary hurriedly did the navigational math.

Suddenly, the left wing's Wright-Cyclone engine began to sputter and cough.

"Number One engine!" O'Leary shouted.

"Number One feathered." Smelser switched off the engine, letting its propeller spin idly in the slipstream. He knew he didn't have much time left. They had to get to shore and land before the Number Two engine's fuel ran out.

Smelser turned the airliner northward, heading straight for the north shore beaches of Lake Ontario. Silently he beseeched the droning right-side engine. Come on, baby, just a little more. Just a few miles more...

The snow-covered shoreline appeared on the horizon. Slowly, agonizingly slowly, it filled the cockpit windshield. The engine on the right let out a prolonged wheezy sputter.

"There goes Number Two," O'Leary said, "This is now a very heavy glider."

Smelser could see Lake Ontario's waves breaking on the rocky beach. Just inland lay a belt of wind-stunted maples and open fields covered with snow. He glanced at the altimeter. The needle kept dropping. Three thousand...two thousand...one thousand. The beach seemed impossibly far away.

Only one chance, Smelser thought. We're going to need more airspeed to make it ashore. But to get it, I'm going to trade altitude for it. And once that altitude's gone, I can't get it back. I can't climb, not without those engines.

Smelser eased the yoke forward, and C-46 descended more quickly. Grabbing his microphone, the captain told the stewardess and the passengers to get ready for an emergency crash-landing.

Six hundred...five hundred...four hundred--the altimeter continued its relentless drop. Whitecapped waves flashed beneath the airliner's wings. Both propellers fluttering uselessly, the C-46 headed for the line of trees.

Smelser's grip tightened on the yoke. One more hurdle, baby!

The airliner cleared it but just barely. Bare tree limbs raked the C-46's aluminum underbelly. Ahead lay a rolling snowfield. Fighting to keep the artificial horizon steady the captain said, "Extend

flaps."

O'Leary tugged the lever, triggering a mechanical whine. "Flaps down, skipper."

For the first time, Smelser raised his voice. "Hang on!"

"Captain Smelser left the landing gear up in the retracted position," fearing that the wheels might sink into the snow, causing the aircraft to flip over. He drew the yoke back gently, letting the plane's nose rise and the tail slide onto the powdery snow.

And they were down! The C-46 skied downfield like a runaway toboggan, stirring up vast clouds of snow. The fuselage shuddered. Passengers screamed in the cabin. The pilots watched a barbed-wire fence appear and seemingly rush toward them.

And then the C-46 halted, just short of the wire. Behind them a flattened path of snow stretched for nearly a mile. The plane's belly and the engine nacelles were chewed up, and the propellers bent beyond repair. But other than that, the airliner was intact.

Laughing in relief, O'Leary said, "Thank you for flying our airline."

Smelser grinned. "I'm just glad this is your check ride and not mine."

"No one was injured."

"The official probable cause of the accident was fuel exhaustion."

"Whatever happened to the radios aboard N59487 could not be explained by experts at the time. It has not been explained since." (See the book *The Great Lakes Triangle* by Jay Gourley, Fawcett Publications Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut 1977, pages 82 through 85.)

Well, here we are at the end of another year of UFO Roundup. And what a year Y2K has been. We started off with ice bombs falling on Europe and finished with weird ice circles appearing in Canada. In between we had hundreds of UFO sightings, some dramatic abductions, multiple apparitions of the Virgin Mary, the Chupacabra, a new monster, El Lobizon in Argentina, weird animals sighted or shot, and... hey, Hillary even made it into the USA Senate.

LOCAL MEETINGS

UFO STUDY GROUP OF GREATER ST. LOUIS

Meets regularly the second Sunday of the month at 2 PM. at Grone's Cafeteria, 1269 S. Laclede Station Rd. in Yorkshire Shopping Plaza, St. Louis 63119. For more information call Walter Palmer at 314-771-0173 or call Spence Wolling at 314-966-4955.

MUFON MISSOURI-ST. CHARLES, MO.

Meets regularly the third Tuesday of each month at 6:30 PM at the Holiday Inn Select at 4221 South Outer Road., St. Peters, MO., 1/2 mile W. of Cave Springs, Exit 2. For more information, call Bruce Widaman at 636-946-1394.

MUFON OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Meets regularly the third Sunday of each month at 2 PM at the Ponderosa Steak House in Collinsville, IL. From St. Louis take 55-70 east to Illinois 157. Turn left or north on 157 and go a short distance to an overhead sign that says Police Left. Turn left there and you will see the Ponderosa sign. For more information call Forest Crawford at 618-345-0554.

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